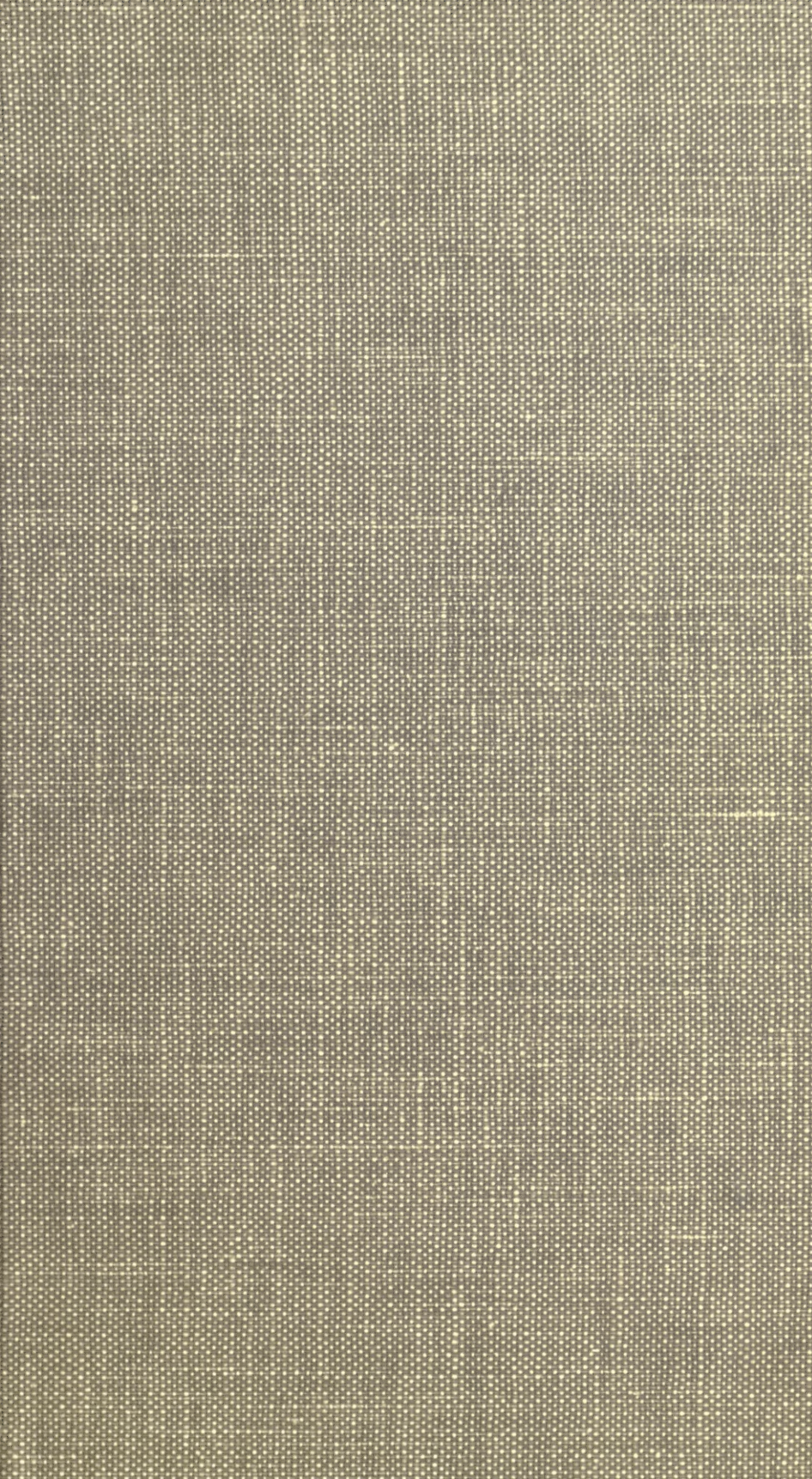






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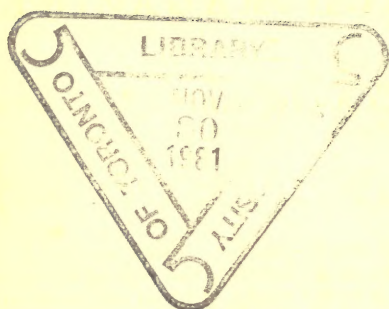


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BLACKWOOD'S

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No. CCCLXXV.

JANUARY, 1847.

VOL. LXI.

THE COURT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE schoolboy, agape at the tinsel splendour and seeming miracles of a holiday pantomime, longs for a peep behind the pasteboard parapets that limit his view. When the falling curtain puts a period to Clown's malicious buffoonery and to the blunders of persecuted and long suffering Pantaloon, he marvels as to the subsequent proceedings of the lithe and agile mimes who have so gloriously diverted him. He is tempted to believe that Harlequin sleeps in his motley skin, that Columbine perpetually retains her graceful rose-wreaths and diaphanous muslin. He can hardly realize the relapse of such glittering apparitions into the prosaic humdrum of every-day life, and would gladly penetrate the veil of baize that shrouds from his eager eyes the mirth-provoking crew. Better that he should not. Sadly would his bright illusions fade, sore be his disenchantment, could he recognise the brilliant Harlequin in yon shabby-genteel gentleman issuing from the stage door, and discern her of the twinkling feet rewarding herself with a measure of Barclay for the pironettes and entrechats that lately ravished his youthful vision.

Not unlike the boy's desire for a peep behind the scenes, is the popular hankering after glimpses of royal

privacy. The concealed is ever the coveted, the forbidden the most desired. Keep an ape under triple lock, and fancy converts her into a sylph; it was the small key, the last of the bunch, that Bluebeard's bride most longed to use. For the multitude, the Chronicles of Courts have ever a strong and peculiar attraction. With what avidity is swallowed each trivial detail concerning princes and their companions; how anxious are the humble many to obtain an inkling of the every-day life of the great and privileged few, to dive into the recesses of palaces, and contemplate in the relaxation of the domestic circle, those who in public are environed by an imposing barrier of ceremony, pomp, and dignity. In the absence of more precise and pungent particulars, even the bald and fulsome paragraphs of a court circular find eager readers, who learn with strange interest the direction and extent of a king's afternoon ride, and the exact hour at which some infant principule was borne abroad for an airing. Less meagre and more satisfactory nourishment is afforded to popular inquisitiveness by the writings of those who have lived in the intimacy of courts. Seldom, however, do such appear during the lifetime both of the writer and of the

Dix Ans à la Cour du Roi Louis Philippe, et Souvenirs du Temps de l'Empire et de la Restauration. Par B. APPERT, de la Société Royale des Prisons de France. Berlin and Paris, 1846.

personages to whom they chiefly refer, and when they do they are often valueless, further than as a sop to public curiosity. Truth is rarely told of kings by those who enjoy, seek, or hope aught from their favour. These split upon the reefs of flattery, as a disgraced courtier does upon those of spite and disappointed ambition. And again, history affords us examples of men, who, having, through misconduct or misfortune, lost the countenance of their sovereign, resorted, to regain his good graces, to shameless adulation and servile panegyric.

We do not include in any of the three categories just named, the author of the book before us. We should not be justified in attributing to interested motives his praises of his former patrons; but believe, on the contrary, that, although familiar with courts, he is no mere courtier. Had he been more of one, his fortunes might now be better. From a very early age, Monsieur Appert devoted himself to the prosecution of philanthropic plans and researches, having for their chief objects the amelioration of the condition of the lower classes, the reform of convicts, the education of the army, and that of children who, by the desertion or vices of their parents, are left destitute and unprotected. He has frequently been employed by the French government, and has occupied various important posts. When only one-and-twenty, he was appointed director of a model-school for the army. With reference to his humane schemes, he has published many volumes on the education of soldiers and orphans, on the prisons, schools, and other correctional and benevolent institutions of France. With these we have nothing to do. His present book is of a lighter and more generally interesting character. For ten years he held the office of almoner to the Queen of the French, and to her sister-in-law, Madame Adelaide. The charities of these royal ladies are, as we shall presently show, on a truly princely scale. To this almonership no salary was attached; M. Appert performed its arduous duties gratuitously, and esteemed himself well rewarded by the confidence and good opinion of the illustrious persons he served. His

income from other sources was ample; his position honourable, and even distinguished; his friends, true or false, were reckoned by hundreds. But misfortune, swift of foot, overtook him in the zenith of his prosperity. Heavy pecuniary losses, chiefly resulting, as he implies rather than informs us, from ill-advised loans and generous assistance to unworthy persons, impaired his means. Concerning his disgrace at court, he is more explicit. He attributes it to the envy and intrigues of courtiers, against whom, as a class, he bitterly inveighs. That his office was one well calculated to make him enemies, if he conscientiously fulfilled its duties, is made evident by various passages in his book. During ten years that he was in the daily habit of seeing them, and of distributing the greater portion of their charities, the queen and Madame Adelaide, he tells us, never made him the slightest reproach; but, on the contrary, invariably approved his proposals and requests, none of which, he adds, tended to his personal advantage. The king, on various important occasions, showed great confidence in him, and a strong sympathy with his philanthropic labours. Nevertheless, the occult, but strong and persevering influence employed against M. Appert, at last prevailed, and he was removed from the court, laden with costly presents from the royal family, who assured him that they would never forget, but always acknowledge, his long and devoted services. After his disgrace, he sold a villa he possessed at Neuilly, and left Paris, with the intention of founding an experimental colony of released convicts, and of the children of criminals. Whether this experiment was carried out, and how far it succeeded, he does not inform us. He is now travelling in Germany, visiting the schools, prisons, and military institutions, and writing books concerning them. The King of Prussia has received him favourably, and given him every encouragement; the sovereigns of Belgium, Denmark, Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, have written him flattering letters, and promised him all facilities and assistance during the stay he proposes making in their respective dominions.

It was at Berlin, in the spring of the present year, that M. Appert completed, after very brief labour, his three volumes of *Memoirs*. He confesses that they were written in haste, and whilst his mind was preoccupied with the objects of his German tour. This is to be regretted, for the result proves that the work was too quickly done to be well done. The motive of his precipitation is unexplained, and we are not told why it was necessary to complete, by the 15th of March, a book destined to appear but in late autumn. Did the *snail-wagen* pace of the German *buchdruckerei* need half a year for the printing of a thousand pages? Surely not; and surely M. Appert might have given himself a little more time,—have indulged us with more detail,—have produced, instead of a hasty outline, a finished picture. His materials were ample, his subject is most interesting; he is no novice in the craft of authorship. Besides his opportunities of observation at court, he has enjoyed the acquaintance, in many cases the intimacy, of a vast number of notable persons, military, diplomatic, scientific, literary. Ministers and deputies, peers of France and nobles of the old regime, generals of the empire and distinguished foreigners, were reckoned upon his list of friends; many of them were regular partakers of his periodical dinners at his Paris hotel and his Neuilly villa. It was in his power, we are convinced, to have produced a first rate book of its class, instead of these hasty and unsatisfactory sketches. Each night, he tell us, especially since the year 1826, when he was first attached to the Orleans family, he wrote down, before retiring to rest, the events of the day. And yet such is his haste to huddle over his work that he cannot wait to receive his voluminous memoranda and correspondence, but trusts entirely to his memory. As far as it goes, this serves him pretty well. “Whilst correcting the last page of these *souvenirs*, I have received the enormous mass of notes and autograph letters which ought to have been of great utility in the composition of the book; and, on referring to the various documents, I am surprised to find that my memory has served me faithfully upon every subject of inte-

rest, and that I have nothing to rectify in what I have written.” Nothing, perhaps, to rectify, but much, we should think, to add. Monsieur Appert’s notes, judging from one or two verbatim specimens, were both copious and minute, and must include very many interesting particulars and anecdotes of the remarkable persons with whom he came in contact during the varied phases of a busy and bustling life. Could he not, without indelicacy or breach of confidence, have given us more of such particulars? His memoirs would have gained in value had he deferred their publication some ten or fifteen years; for then many now living would have disappeared from the scene, and he might have spoken freely of things and persons concerning whom he now deems it prudent or proper to be silent. But personal recollections of the present French court, even when loosely and imperfectly set down, cannot fail to command attention and excite interest. And much that is novel and curious may be culled from M. Appert’s pages, although we regret, as we peruse them, that they should have suffered from too great haste and an overstrained discretion.

M. Appert opens his memoirs in the year 1807, in the prosperous days of Napoleon, whose ardent admirer he is. The earlier chapters of his book, relating to the Empire and the Restoration, have less to recommend them than the later ones, and we shall pass them rapidly over. At the age of fifteen he became a pupil of the imperial school of drawing. Here he carried off the first prizes, was made sub-professor, and hopes were held out to him that he should take a share in the education of the King of Rome. But this was in 1812; the decline of the empire had begun; Russia had given the first blow to Napoleon’s seemingly resistless power;—the hopes of the young professor were never realized. Upon the return of the Bourbons, after Waterloo, he lost his sub-professorship, on account of his well-known Bonapartism; and because, whilst giving a lesson in mathematics, he employed, to mark the curves and angles of a geometrical figure, letters which made up the words “*vive l’Empereur!*” Soon afterwards, however, he again obtained occupation, although

of a far humbler description than that to which he had once aspired. He was employed in the organization of elementary and military schools, upon the plan of mutual instruction. In this he was most successful, and his reports to the Minister of war proved that, in three years, one hundred thousand men might be taught to read, write, and cipher, at the small expense of three hundred thousand francs, or half-a-crown per man. In 1820, although then only twenty-three years old, he was intrusted with the inspection of the regimental schools of the royal guard and first military division; and his connexion with the army brought him acquainted with many of the Bonapartist plots at that time rife. Although often confided in by the conspirators, who were aware of his attachment to the Emperor, he took share in none of their abortive schemes for placing Napoleon the Second on the throne of France; but, nevertheless, he was looked upon with suspicion by the government of the Bourbons. Still, however, he was permitted to become the director, without salary, of a school established in the prison at Montau, appropriated to military criminals. To this prison, in the year 1822, were sent two non-commissioned officers, by name Mathieu and Condere, implicated in the conspiracy for which General Berton lost his head. Yielding to his sympathies and to the prayers of these two young men, who were bent upon escape or suicide, M. Appert promised to assist their flight. He did so, successfully, and the consequence was his own imprisonment at La Force, where he was placed in the room subsequently occupied by the poet Beranger. Pending his trial, he had for servant a celebrated thief of the name of Doré, of whom Vidocq, the thief-taker, more than once makes mention in his curious books. This Doré, who, for a robber, was a very decent fellow, and who served M. Appert with the greatest punctuality and fidelity, once had the audacity, alone and unassisted, save by his own ingenuity, to stop a diligence full of passengers. With a skill that would have made him an invaluable confederate for a London or Paris *kite-flyer*, he constructed several excellent men of straw, the size of life,

and quite as natural—at least in the dark. These he invested with the needful toggery—neither fresh nor fashionable, we presume, but serving the purpose. Finally, he fastened sticks, intended to represent muskets, to the shoulders of the figures, which he posted in a row against trees bordering the high road. Up came the diligence. “Halt!” shouted Doré, in the voice of a Stentor; “Halt! or my men fire!” The frightened driver pulled up short; conductor and passengers, seeing a row of figures with levelled fire-arms, thought they had fallen into the power of a whole army of banditti, and begged for mercy. Doré came forward in the character of a generous protector, sternly ordered his men to abstain from violence and remain where they were, and collected from the trembling and intimidated passengers their purses, watches, and jewels. “I forbid you to fire,” he shouted to his quaker gang, whilst pocketing the rich tribute; “they make no resistance; I will have no useless bloodshed.” The conductor, delighted to save a large sum of money secreted in a chest, quietly submitted: the passengers were too happy to get off with whole skins, and the women thanked their spoiler, called him a humane man, and almost kissed him, out of gratitude for his sparing their lives. The plunder collected, the driver received permission to continue his journey, which he did at full speed, lest the banditti should change their minds and forget their forbearance. Doré made his escape unmolested, leaving his straw regiment on picket by the road side, a scarecrow, till daybreak, to the passing traveller.

The few persons acquainted with M. Appert's share in the escape of Mathieu and Condere, proved staunch upon his trial: nothing could be proved against him, and he was acquitted. The affair gave rise to long and bitter controversy between the Liberal and Royalist newspapers. Of course M. Appert lost his place under government, and he now had full leisure to busy himself with his philanthropic investigations. To these he devoted his time; but the police looked upon him as a dangerous character, and, in May, 1823, orders were again issued

for his arrest. Forewarned, he escaped by the garden-gate at the very moment that his pursuers knocked at the front door. The cause for which he was persecuted, that of Bonapartism and liberal opinions—the anti-Bourbon cause, in short—made him many friends, and he had no difficulty in concealing himself, although prudence compelled him frequently to change his hiding-place. One of his first retreats was the house of Lafayette, then looked upon as an arch conspirator, and closely watched by the police, but who, nevertheless, afforded a willing shelter to young Appert. A happy week was passed by the latter in the hotel and constant society of the venerable general.

“I had his coachman’s room, and a livery in readiness to put on, in case of an intrusion on the part of the police. I dined with him *tête-à-tête*, and we spent the evenings together; the porter telling all visitors, excepting relatives and intimate friends, that the general was at his country house of La Grange.

“Monsieur de Lafayette’s conversation was most interesting, his language well chosen, his narrative style simple and charming; his character was gay and amiable, his physiognomy respectable and good. His tone, and every thing about him, indicated good humour, kindness, and dignity, and the habit of the best society. He had the exquisitely polished manners of the old regime, blent with those of the highest classes of the present day. His vast information, the numerous anecdotes of his well-filled life, his immense acquaintance with almost all the celebrated persons in the world, his many and curious voyages, the great events in which he had borne a leading part, the historical details that he alone could give on events not yet written down in history, constituted an inexhaustible conversational treasure, and I look upon it as one of the happiest circumstances of my life to have passed a week in the intimacy of that excellent and noble general.”

All, however, that M. Appert thinks proper to record in print of these anecdotes, historical details, &c., consists of a short conversation with M. Lafayette, who predicted the final downfall of the Bourbons, and the

advent of a more liberal order of things. In 1823, many besides Lafayette were ready with the same prophecy. M. Appert then asked the general whether, in the event of a revolution, the Duke of Orleans, who appeared sincerely liberal, who encouraged the progress of art and science, sent his sons to the public colleges, cultivated the opposition members, and was generally popular with the advocates of the progress, might not become King of France.

“‘My dear Appert,’ replied the general, ‘what you say is very true, and I myself greatly esteem the Duke of Orleans. I believe him sincere in his patriotism, his children are very interesting, his wife is the best of women. But one can answer for nothing in times of revolution. Nevertheless, the Duke would have many chances in his favour; and for my part, were I consulted, I should certainly vote for him.’

“Seven years after this curious conversation, which I wrote down at the time, General Lafayette still entertained, and expressed at the Hotel de Ville, the same opinion of the Duke of Orleans, now King of the French.”

From Lafayette, M. Appert transferred himself to the Duchess of Montebello, the ex-lady of honour and confidential friend of the Empress Maria Louisa. In her hotel he abode a month, and then went into the country. After a while, the police, who, by not capturing him, had shown great negligence or impotence, discontinued their persecutions, and he was again able to appear in public.

To arrive the sooner at the reign of Louis Philippe, M. Appert does little more than briefly recapitulate the principal events of the last few years of the Restoration, introducing, however, here and there, a remark or anecdote not unworthy of note. Take the following, as a Frenchman’s opinion of the military promenade of 1823, and of its leader, the Duke d’Angoulême.

“The battles were unimportant, our troops showed themselves brave as ever; but, in order to flatter the prince, so much fuss was made about the military feats of this campaign, about the passage of a bridge, for in-

stance, that all sensible men in France and throughout Europe, laughed to hear so much noise for such small conquests. At last the Duke of Angoulême returned to Paris; entertainments were given him, triumphal arches erected, Louis XVIII. and the Count d'Artois told him he was the greatest captain of the age; the old generals of the empire, now become courtiers and flatterers, added the incense of their praise to the royal commendations. The poor prince came to believe that he really was a great warrior. A lie, by dint of repetition, acquires the semblance of a truth, especially when it flatters our self-love, our vanity and pride. Behold, then, Louis Antoine, *Fils de France*, a greater captain than Bayard or Turenne. Napoleon I do not name; of him the Restoration had made a *Corsican marquis, who had had the honour to serve, with some distinction and bravery, in the French army under the orders of the princes, during the reign of H.M. Louis XVIII, King of France and Navarre.*

"Before his departure for this famous war, the Duke of Angoulême's disposition was simple, modest, and good; when he returned he was subject to absence of mind and to fits of passion, and his understanding appeared weakened. Exaggerated praise, like a dizzy height, often turns the head.

"Louis XVIII., long a sufferer from the gout, at last died, and MONSIEUR became king under the title of Charles X. The priests and ultra-royalists rejoiced; they thought their kingdom was come."

In another place we find a description of the personal appearance of the valiant commander, who, duly dry-nursed and tutored by his major-general, Count Guilleminot, won imperishable laurels in the great fight of the Trocadero. "Short in stature, and red in the face, his look was absent, his gait and shape were ungraceful, his legs short and thin." M. Appert describes a visit paid by the duke, then dauphin, to his cousins at the Palais Royal. "This visit, a rare favour, lasted about twenty minutes, and when the Duchess of Orleans, according to established etiquette, had replaced the dauphine's cloak, the

duke and duchess conducted their illustrious visitors to the first step of the grand staircase. Here the dauphin had a fit of absence, for, instead of saying adieu, he repeated several times 'word of honour, word of honour.' The dauphine took hold of his arm and they returned to their carriage." This absent man is next shown to us in a very unprincely and unbecoming passion, for which, however, he received a proper wiggling from his royal dad. The anecdote is worth extracting.

"The sentries at the gates of the château of St. Cloud had orders to allow no person in plain clothes and carrying a parcel, to enter the private courts and gardens. One of the dauphin's servants, not in livery, wished to pass through a door kept by the Swiss guards. The sentry would not allow it, and the servant appealed to the subaltern on guard, who was pacing up and down near the gate. 'You may be one of Monseigneur's servants,' the officer politely replied, 'and that parcel may, as you say, belong to His Royal Highness, but I do not know you, and I must obey orders.' The lacquey got angry, was insolent, and attempted to force a passage. Thereupon the officer, a young man of most estimable character, pushed him sharply away, and told him that if he renewed the attempt he should be sent to the guard-house.

"From his window the dauphin saw admission refused to his servant. Without reflection or inquiry, he ran down stairs like a madman, went up to the lieutenant, abused him violently, without listening to his defence, and at last so far forgot himself as to tear off his epaulets, and threaten him with his sword. Then the officer, indignant at seeing himself thus dishonoured in front of his men, when in fact he had done no more than his duty, took two steps backwards, clapped hand on hilt, and exclaimed, 'Monseigneur, keep your distance!' Just then, the dauphine, informed of this scene, hurried down, and carried off her husband to his apartments. 'I entreat you, sir,' said she to the officer, 'forget what has passed! You shall hear further from me.'

"The same evening the king was told of this affair, which might have

had very serious consequences, for all the officers of the Swiss guards were about to send in their resignations. As ex-colonel-general of the Swiss, Charles X. was too partial to them not to reprimand his son severely for the scandal he had caused. To make the matter up, and give satisfaction to the corps of officers, he desired the dauphine to send for the insulted lieutenant, and, in presence of that princess, who anxiously desired to see her husband's unpardonable act atoned for and forgotten, the king addressed the young officer with great affability. 'Sir,' he said, 'my son has behaved most culpably towards you, and towards me, your former colonel-general. Accept these captain's epaulets, which I have great pleasure in offering you, and forget the past?' With much emotion the dauphine added a few gracious words, and the officer, not without reluctance, continued in the royal guard as captain. The dauphin, who was good in the main, did not fail, the next time he saw the new made captain, to offer him his hand in sign of reconciliation, and, by a singular chance, this officer was one of the last Swiss on duty with the royal family when it departed for Cherbourg on its way into exile."

How striking the picture of regal dignity here presented to us! The heir to the French throne scuffling in his own palace yard with a subaltern of foreign mercenaries, and rescued by his wife from possible chastisement at the hands of his opponent. The king compelled to apologize for his son's misconduct, and almost to crave the acceptance of a captain's commission as plaster for the wounded honour of the Swiss guardsman. There is an unmistakeable Bourbon character about the story. And truly, both in great things and small, what a pitiful race of kings were those older Bourbons! Fit only to govern some petty German state of a few dozen square miles, where they might revel in etiquette, surround themselves with priests and flatterers, and play by turns the tyrant and the fool. High time was it that a more vigorous branch

should oust them from the throne of a Francis, a Henry, and a Napoleon. The hour of their downfall was at hand, although they, as ever, were blind to the approaching peril. And little thought the glittering train of gay courtiers and loyal ladies who thronged to Rheims to the coronation of Charles the Tenth, that this ceremony was the last sacrifice offered to the last descendant of St. Louis, and that the corpse of Louis XVIII. would wait in vain, in the regal vault at St. Denis, for that of his successor.*

In 1826, M. Appert was elected member of the Royal Society of Prisons, of which the Dauphin was president, and about the same time he became a frequent visiter at the Palais Royal. The Duke of Orleans took much notice of him, and begged him to pay particular attention to the schools and prisons upon his extensive domains. Madame Adelaide (Mademoiselle d'Orleans, as she was then styled) desired his assistance for the establishment of a school near her castle of Randan; and the Duchess of Orleans craved his advice in the distribution of her charities. He passed some time at Randan, where the whole Orleans family were assembled, and he describes their rational, cheerful, and simple manner of life. It was that of opulent and well-educated country gentlemen, hospitable, charitable, and intellectual. Kingly cares had not yet wrinkled the brow of Louis Philippe; neither had sorrow, anxiety, and alarm furrowed the cheeks of the virtuous Marie Amélie. "At that time, both Mademoiselle and Monseigneur were gay and cheerful. Since royalty has replaced that life of princely retirement, I have never seen them enjoy such calm and tranquil days; I might say, never such happy ones." From Randan, M. Appert started on a tour to the south of France, and to visit the galleys. When he returned to Paris, he undertook to assist the Duchess of Orleans and Mademoiselle in their charities; and from that time he saw them every two or three days, sometimes oftener. At last came the

* According to old usage, each defunct King of France awaited, at the entrance of the vault at St. Denis, the body of his successor, and was not consigned to his final resting-place till its arrival.

July Revolution. The Orleans family were at Neuilly, and whilst the result of the fight between king and people was still uncertain, the duke, apprehensive of violence from the royalist party, shut himself up in a little pavilion in the park. There his wife and sister secretly visited him, and took him the news as it arrived from Paris. From his retreat, he plainly heard the din of battle raging in the streets of the capital. On the 28th of July, a cannon-ball, fired from Courbevoye, fell near the palace, and at a short distance from the duchess and her sister-in-law. There could be little doubt of the intention of the shot. This circumstance made Mademoiselle think, that in their fury the royalists might attack Neuilly, and carry off the family. Accordingly, the duke, accompanied only by his faithful adherent Oudard, left his retreat, and crossed the country on foot to Raincy, another of his seats, situated near Bondy. This was on the 29th July; the duke was dressed very simply, and wore a gray hat with a tri-colored cockade. As soon as the cannon shot was fired from Courbevoye, Mademoiselle said to the duchess, "My dear, we cannot stand by those people any longer; they massacre the mob, and fire at us; we must take a decided part." Hastening to her wardrobe, she tore up several silk dresses, white, blue, and red, made them into cockades, and distributed them to the household. From that moment, it is evident, that if the royalists had had the upper hand, the house of Orleans was ruined.

On their way to Raincy, the duke and Oudard fell in with a peasant, digging his field as if nothing extraordinary was occurring. They asked him the news. "*Ma foi, Monsieur,*" replied the man, "they say that the people are thrashing the royal guard, that those stupid Bourbons have run, and that liberty will once more triumph."

"And the Duke of Orleans?" was the next question. "What do they say of him?"

"No doubt he is with his cousins, since he has not shown himself at his Palais Royal. He's no better than the rest; a fine talker, and nothing else."

Not overpleased at the peasant's reply, the duke asked no more questions, but continued his pedestrian journey. Forty-eight hours afterwards, however, he was at the Palais Royal, with the men of July for his body-guard; and ten days later he was King of the French. How far he owed his elevation to intrigues and manœuvres of his own—how far he had aimed at the crown which thus suddenly settled upon his brows—are questions that have been much discussed, but never satisfactorily elucidated. M. Appert's opinion is worth recording. To us it appears a temperate and rational one.

"I consider it proved that the Duke of Orleans did not, as many believe, work for the overthrow of his cousins. As a shrewd and clever man, he could not forget the chances given to his family by the retrograde policy of the Bourbons; he remembered that he had five sons, brought up in the public colleges, partaking the intelligence and opinions of the rising generation, and therefore secure of public sympathy; he bore in mind also, that the Duke of Bordeaux, who alone stood above his sons, in the sense of legitimacy, but far below them in the opinion of the masses, was still very young, and liable to the diseases of childhood. All these were so many motives for him to court that popularity which the Tuileries each day lost. He did not omit to do so. He showed himself cordial and affable with the popular members of the Chambers, adopted and sustained the system of mutual instruction, which was protected by the liberal section of the nation, in opposition to the priests, and founded schools on that plan on his estates. A generous patron of artists and men of letters, for political refugees, Poles, Greeks, and Italians, he was ever ready to subscribe. In short, without conspiring, the Duke of Orleans did as much to advance the royal destiny of his family as the elder branch, by a completely contrary line of conduct, did to compromise theirs."

If these were the sole arts and conjurations used by Louis Philippe to compass his ends, certainly no crown was ever more fairly come by than his. And verily so uneasy a station,

so thorny a seat as that of King of the French, was scarce worth more active efforts; it would have been dearly bought by a sacrifice of honour and principle. The life of Louis Philippe is one of incessant toil and anxiety; his leisure is less, his work harder, than that of his meanest subject. Late to bed, he rises early, rarely sleeping more than four hours; after a careful, but rapid toilet, his day's labour begins. He seldom breakfasts with his family; it would take too much time; but has his frugal repast brought on a tray to the room where he happens to be. When he was Duke of Orleans, he read all the letters and petitions addressed to him, writing upon each an opinion or an order for the guidance of his secretaries. This practice he was of course obliged to discontinue when he became king. At the commencement of his reign, the number of letters and applications of various kinds, sent to the different members of the royal family, amounted to the astonishing number of a thousand or twelve hundred a-day. Although, upon an average, not above fifty of these possessed the least interest, or deserved an answer, the mere reading and classing of such a chaos of correspondence gave employment to several secretaries. After a while, the flood of petitions abated, but M. Appert estimates them, in ordinary times, at six to eight hundred daily. Of the letters, only the important ones are laid before the King, who answers many of them himself. He examines the reports, projects, and nominations brought to him by his ministers, and, at least twice or thrice a-week, presides at the council-board. Private audiences occupy much of his time; his conferences with architects, with the intendants of the civil list and of his private estates, are of frequent occurrence. The galleries of Versailles, and the improvements at Fontainebleau—all made after his plans, and in great measure under his personal superintendence—court-balls and dinners, diplomatic audiences, correspondence with foreign courts, journeys of various kinds, visits to the castle of Eu and to military camps—such are a portion of the innumerable claims upon the time of the

King of the French. But, by a clear-headed, active, and earnest man, endowed with the faculty of order, which Louis Philippe possesses in a very high degree, much is to be got through in a day of twenty hours; and, after doing all that has been enumerated, and many other things of less importance, the king still finds time to devote to his family, for the necessary healthful exercise, and for the perusal of the principal newspapers and publications, both English and foreign. "Each morning, either before or after breakfast, *all* the newspapers, political pamphlets, even caricatures, were laid upon the table, and the king and the princes were the first to read aloud the articles published against them. They examined the caricatures, and passed them to the bystanders, saying, 'What do you think of this?'"

The taunt of parsimony has ever been prominent amongst the weapons of offence employed against the July monarchy by the French opposition press. The avarice of the Civil List, the candle-end economies of the Château, the *maigre chère* of M. de Montalivet, have been harped upon till they have become bywords in the mouths of the mob, always eager to detect the petty failings of their superiors. They have been a fertile subject of pun, sneer, and witticism for those pasquinading periodicals which care little for truth or justice so long as they can tickle the popular palate, and keep up their circulation; a perfect treasure for such loose and ephemeral prints as the *Charivari* and the *Corsaire*, the *Figaro* and the *Tintamarre*. Even graver journals, the dull and fanatical organs of the Legitimists, have, in a graver tone, made scornful reference to degrading and unkingly avarice, whilst that witty monomaniac, the editor of the "*Mode*," has launched the keen shafts of his unsparing ridicule against the *mesquinerie* of the usurping princes. It is easy to get up and sustain such a cry as this, against which it would be beneath the dignity of the persons assailed, and of their newspaper organs, to contend; and, when supported by a rattling fire of squib and jeer, daily printed for the reading of a people who, of all others, are most apt to prefer their jest to their friend, it is any thing but sur-

prising that a fabrication should acquire credit, a falsehood be accepted as truth. We believe there is no ground for accusing the Orleans family of avarice. True, they do not, in imitation of some of their predecessors, indulge in a reckless prodigality, and squander enormous sums upon profligate courtiers and lewd women. They better understand the proper distribution of their great wealth. They do not gamble, or maintain *petites maisons*, or establish a *Parc-aux-cerfs*, or commit any other of the disgraceful extravagancies for which so many Bourbons have made themselves conspicuous. In this respect they have improved upon the traditions even of their own house. Louis Philippe must be admitted to be a great improvement, both as a private and public man, upon his dissolute and disreputable forefathers, even by those bitter and malicious foes who convert his habits of order and proper economy into a grave offence. We learn from M. Appert to what extent he sins in these particulars. To preserve his health, which is excellent, he lives very simply. At dinner, he rarely eats any thing but soup and a solid slice of roast beef; but the twenty-five or thirty persons who daily surround his board are subjected to no such frugal diet. The royal table is perfectly well served; the wines, especially, are old and delicious, and the king takes as much care of his guests as if he were a private gentleman giving a dinner. The intendant of the household submits each day's bill of fare for the queen's approval. Such, at least, was the custom in the time of M. Appert, whose personal experience of the court, as far as we can judge from his *Memoirs*,—for he is sparing of dates,—extends up to the year 1837.

"The king takes particular care of his clothes; and I once saw him in a very bad humour because he had torn his coat against a door. The papers in his private study, the books in his library, are arranged with great order, and he does not like to have their places changed in his absence. Whilst conversing, his majesty amuses himself by making envelopes for letters, and often makes those for the large despatches serve twice, by turning

them. He has the habit of wasting nothing, not even a thing of small value, that can again be made available. He loves neither play nor field-sports: of an evening, in his domestic circle, he sometimes amuses himself with a game at billiards, but seldom for long together; for it is very rare that he can get more than an hour to himself, uninterrupted by the arrival of important despatches, by the visits of ministers or foreign ambassadors."

We discern nothing very reprehensible in the harmless little peculiarities here enumerated. It may be stingy and unkingly to dislike being robbed, and in that case Louis Philippe is to blame, for we are told that he keeps a watchful eye over the expenses of his household. On the other hand, he is generous to prodigality in the repairs and embellishments of his palaces and domains; thus giving employment to many, and preparing for posterity monuments of his magnificence and of his princely encouragement of the artists and men of genius of his day. He has no abstract love of gold, no partiality for gloating over money-bags: his expenses, on the contrary, often exceed his income, and entail debts upon his civil list and private fortune. He has an open hand for his friends, a charitable heart for the poor. Party feeling should not blind us to private virtue. Even those who least admire the public conduct of Louis Philippe, who dislike his system of government, and blame his tortuous foreign policy, may, whilst censuring the conduct of the king, admit and admire the good qualities of the individual.

"I remember," says M. Appert, when speaking of the subordinate officers of the royal household, "that one of these gentlemen, having amassed, a great deal too rapidly, a certain competency, asked the king's permission to leave his service, and return to his own province, where an *aunt*, he said, had left him a pretty income. 'I have not the least objection,' replied his majesty; 'I only hope that I have not been your *uncle*!'" And with this good-humoured remark, the heir, whether of dead aunt or living uncle, was allowed to retire upon his new-found fortune. Another anecdote, highly characteristic of him

of whom it is told, may here be introduced. The burial-place of the house of Orleans is at Dreux. From an exaggerated feeling of regard or friendship, or whatever it may be called, the dowager-duchess, mother of the king, inserted in her will an earnest wish, indeed an injunction, that her intendant, M. de Folleville, should be buried in the outer vault, which precedes that of the Orleans family, and that a slab with his name and quality should close his grave. The king duly complied with his mother's wish, but caused the inscribed side of the slab to be placed inwards, thus fulfilling the desire of the duchess without exposing her to the ill-natured comments of future generations.

M. Appert takes us even into the royal bed-chamber. He does so with all proper discretion, and we will venture to follow him thither.

"The king and queen always occupy the same bed, which is almost as broad as it is long, but whose two halves are very differently composed. On one side is a plain horse-hair mattress, on the other an excellent feather-bed. The latter is for the queen. The princes and princesses are accustomed, like the king, to sleep on a single mattress. There is always a light in their majesties' apartment, and two pistols are placed upon a table near the king."

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!" In this instance, however, the pistol practice is the result probably of an old habit rather than of any apprehension of a night attack upon the Tuileries. We have passed the days when kings were stabbed in their beds or poisoned in their cups; and the attempts of the Fieschis and Lecomtes do not appear to prey upon the robust health or dwell upon the imagination of their intended victim. With Marie Amélie it is very different. The anxieties and sorrows she has experienced since 1830 have been terrible; and doubtless she has wished many times that her husband had never exchanged his retirement at Neuilly, his circle of friends at the Palais Royal, for his present exalted but difficult and dangerous station. "Ah! M. Appert," she more than once exclaimed, "he who invented the proverb, 'Happy a king,' had

certainly never worn a crown!" When we contemplate the careworn and suffering, but benevolent and interesting countenance of the virtuous Queen of the French, and call to mind all her trials during the last fifteen years, the constant attempts on the king's life, the death of the Princess Mary and of the much-loved Duke of Orleans, and the perils incurred by her other sons in Africa, how can we doubt the sincerity of this exclamation? In unaffected piety, and in charity that blushes to be seen, this excellent princess finds consolation. M. Appert becomes enthusiastic when he speaks of her unassuming virtues, to which, however, his testimony was scarcely needed. None, we believe, not even her husband's greatest enemies, have ever ventured to deny them.

"The queen disposes of five hundred thousand francs a-year for all her personal expenses; and certainly she gives more than four hundred thousand in charity of all kinds. 'M. Appert,' she would sometimes say to me, 'give those five hundred francs we spoke of, but put them down upon next month's list, *for the waters are low, my purse is empty.*'" Imposture, ingratitude, even the insolent form of the petitions addressed to her, fail to discourage her in her benevolent mission. "Madam," an old Bonapartist lady one day wrote to her, "if the Bourbons had not returned to France—for the misfortune of the nation—my beloved mistress and protectress, the Empress Maria Louisa, would still be upon the throne, and I should not be under the humiliating necessity of telling you that I am without bread, and that the wretched mattress upon which I sleep is about to be thrown out of the garret I inhabit, because my year's rent is unpaid! I dare not ask you for assistance, for my heart is with my real sovereign, and I cannot promise you my gratitude. If, however, you think proper to preserve a life which, since the misfortunes of my country, has been so full of bitterness, I will accept a loan: I should blush to receive a gift. I am, madam, your servant, Ch—r."

Here was a pretty letter to set before a queen; a mode of imploring alms that might well have disgusted the most charitable. But what was

Maria Amélie's reply to the precious epistle. She was accustomed to open all the petitions addressed to her—and numerous indeed they were—with her own hand, and to write upon many of them instructions for M. Appert. When the impertinent mis-sive of the Bonapartist reached that gentleman, the following lines had been added to it:—"She must be very unhappy for she is very unjust. A hundred francs to be sent to her immediately; and I beg M. Appert to make inquiries concerning this lady's circumstances." M. Appert, indignant at the tone of the letter, ventured to remonstrate; but the queen insisted, and even tripled her intended donation, in case it should be required by her singular petitioner, whom her almoner accordingly proceeded to visit. "I knocked at a worm-eaten door, on the fifth floor of a house in the Rue St. André des Arts, and a lady dressed in black (it was her only gown,) opened it.

"Sir," said she, much agitated, 'are you the commissary of police come to arrest me for my shameful letter to the queen? You must forgive me: I am so unhappy that at times I become deranged. I am sorry to have written as I did to a princess whom all the poor call good and charitable.'

"Be not alarmed, madam," I replied, taking her petition from my pocket. 'Read her majesty's orders; they will enable you to judge of her better than any thing I could tell you.'

"Madame C. read the affecting words added by the queen; then, bursting into tears, she pressed the paper to her lips. 'Sir,' she exclaimed, 'give me nothing, but leave me this holy relic. I will die of hunger with it upon my heart.'

"Madame C. proving in all respects worthy of the queen's generosity, I left her the three hundred francs, but had much difficulty in prevailing on her to give up the petition, which I still preserve with respect and veneration. This trait of the Queen of the French is only one of ten thousand."

Madame Adelaide d'Orleans vies in charity with her sister-in-law; and, although she has no separate establishment at Paris, but lives always

with the king, her generosity and the expenses of frequent journeys, and of a certain retinue which she is compelled to maintain, have sometimes caused her temporary embarrassments. "Thus is it," she one day said to M. Appert, with reference to a loan she had contracted, "that royalty enriches us. People ask what the king does with his money, and to satisfy them, it would be necessary to publish the names of honourable friends of liberty, who, in consequence of misfortunes, have solicited and obtained from him sums of twenty, thirty, forty, and even of three hundred thousand francs. They forget all the extraordinary expenses my brother has had to meet, all the demands he has to comply with. Out of his revenues he has finished the Palais Royal, improved the appanages of the house of Orleans, and yet, sooner or later, all that property will revert to the State. When we returned to France, our inheritance was so encumbered, that my brother was advised to decline administering to the estate; but to that neither he nor I would consent. For all these things, people make no allowance. Truly, M. Appert, we know not how to act to inspire the confidence which our opinions and our consciences tell us we fully deserve."

This was spoken on the 23d January, 1832, and written down the same evening, by M. Appert. Madame Adelaide had then been too short a time a king's sister, to have become acquainted with the bitters as well as the sweets of that elevated position,—to have experienced the thorns that lurk amongst the roses of a crown. Doubtless she has since learned, that calumny, misrepresentation, and unmerited censure, are inevitable penalties of royalty, their endurance forming part of the moral tax pitilessly levied upon the great ones of the earth.

So liberal an almsgiver as the Queen of the French, and one whose extreme kindness of heart is so universally known, is of course peculiarly liable to imposition; and the principal duty of M. Appert was to investigate the merits of the claimants on the royal bounty, and to prevent it, as far as possible, from passing into unworthy hands. For this office his acquaintance with the prisons and

galleys, with the habits, tricks, and vices of the poor, peculiarly fitted him. He discovered innumerable deceptions, whose authors had hoped, by their assistance, to extract an undeserved dole from the coffers of the queen. Literary men, assuming that designation on the strength of an obscure pamphlet or obscene volume, and who, when charity was refused them, often demanded a bribe to exclude a venomous attack on the royal family from the columns of some scurrilous journal; sham refugees from all countries; old officers, whose campaigns had never taken them out of Paris, and whose red ribbon, given to them by *Lautre*, on the field of Wagram or Marengo, was put into their button-hole on entering the house, and hastily taken out on leaving it, lest the police should inquire what right they had to its wear: such were a few of the many classes of impostors detected by M. Appert. One insatiable lady sent, regularly every day, two or three petitions to various members of the royal family, considering them as so many lottery tickets, sure, sooner or later, to bring a prize. She frankly confessed to M. Appert the principle she went upon. "Petitions," she said, "like advertisements in the newspapers, end by yielding a profit to those who patiently reiterate them. Persons who constantly see my name, and hear that I have eighteen children, come at last to pity and relieve my distress, which is real." This woman was, as she said, in real difficulties, but nevertheless it was impossible to comply with all her demands. When, by M. Appert's advice, the queen and Madame Adelaide refused to do so, this pertinacious petitioner got up a melodramatic effect, borrowed from the Porte St Martin, or some other Boulevard theatre. She wrote a letter, announcing that if she did not receive immediate assistance she had made every preparation to suffocate herself with charcoal that same evening. "Then this good queen would send for me, and say, 'Mon Dieu! M. Appert, Madame R. is going to kill herself. It is a great crime, and we must prevent it. Be so good as to send her forty francs.' And to prevent my raising objections

to this too great goodness, her majesty would add immediately, 'I know what you are about to say: that she deceives me, and will not kill herself; but if it did happen, God would not forgive us. It is better to be deceived than to risk such a misfortune.'"

There exist regular joint-stock companies, composed of swindlers leagued together for the plunder of the charitable. Some of the members feign misfortune and misery, and send petitions to the queen, the ministers, or to any one known as rich and benevolent; whilst others, well dressed and decorated, assume the character of protectors of the unfortunate, and answer for the respectability and deserts of their *protégés*. M. Appert describes a lodging rented by one of these companies. It might have furnished Eugene Sue with a chapter in his "Mysteries of Paris." "It consisted of two rooms. In one were a wretched truckle-bed, two broken chairs, an old table; the other was well furnished with excellent chairs, a mahogany table, and clean curtains. The door connecting the rooms was carefully masked by a hanging of old paper, similar to that of the outer one; the bed was a dirty straw mattress. The impostor who occupied these lodgings received her visitors in the shabby room, and there she looked so miserable, that it was impossible to help relieving her. The charitable person or persons gone, she transferred herself to the inner apartment, and led a joyous life with her confederates and fellow-petitioners. There are in Paris as many as fifty of these immoral associations, which the police does not interfere with, because it finds most of their members serviceable as spies." The suicide-dodge seems a favourite resource of male as well as female impostors. "Mr. B., formerly in the army, now a gambler, always carried two loaded pistols in his pocket, (the balls forgotten, very likely,) and when he came to ask me for assistance, which was at least a hundred times a-year, he invariably threatened to blow out his brains in my room; having left, he said, a letter to a newspaper for which he wrote, publishing to Europe the avarice of the royal family, and the baseness of those about them, beginning, of course,

with myself. When I refused to yield to his threats, Mr. B. changed his mind, and consented to live, but with the sole object of injuring me in every possible way; and, according to promise, this worthy man of letters wrote against me in *his* newspaper, and sent anonymous letters to the Tuileries."

Exiled Polish princes, Italian patriots, veterans of all possible armies and services, moustached to the eyes, their coats covered with crosses, their breasts, as they affirmed, with scars; aid-de-camps of half the kings and generals in the world; wounded and fever-stricken soldiers from Algeria;—these were a few of the false titles to charity impudently advanced by the mob of rogues and impostors, who daily crowded M. Appert's anti-chamber, giving it the aspect of a guard-room or of the dépôt of some house of correction, and displaying in their tales of wo astonishing address and ingenuity. And in spite of the immense army of gendarmes and police-spies, who are supposed to envelop France in the vast net of their vigilance—and who certainly succeed in rendering it as unlike a land of liberty as a free country well can be—in spite of the complicated passport system, having for one of its chief objects the check of crime and fraud, we find that these jail-birds "had always passports and certificates, and were often provided with letters of recommendation from persons of rank and wealth, who found it easier to sign their name than to draw their purse-strings. I possess more than fifteen hundred letters and notes, large and small, from peers of France, generals, ex-ministers, and others, recommending petitioners; and sometimes, when I met these complaisant patrons, they knew not even the name of those they had thus supported. The visits of these illustrious persons often lost me a great deal of time; and what astonished me beyond measure was, that the possession of a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand francs a-year did not prevent these rich misers from tormenting me. They would lose two or three hours rather than pay down a penny. The son-in-law of one of the richest proprietors in France once wrote me a most humble and suppliant letter, begging me to obtain from the Queen

a grant of thirty francs to one of his domestics, who, through old age, was compelled to leave his service." And many an enemy did M. Appert make by noncompliance with the requests of the wealthy skin-flints, who sought to do a charitable act at another's expense. The Queen and the Princess Adelaide often received petitions from ladies of the court, who expatiated on the interesting and deserving character of those they recommended. Nevertheless, M. Appert was always desired to inquire into the real merits of the case, and frequently found that it was not one deserving of succour. Then the queen or princess would say, when next they were importuned on the subject, "My dear countess, M. Appert has been to see your *protégée*, has made due inquiry, and finds that we have many upon our list in far greater need of assistance. I am sorry, therefore, to be unable to comply with your wishes." Here, of course, was an enemy for poor M. Appert, who certainly needs the approbation of his own conscience as reward for having gratuitously held so thankless an office. His functions were no light ones, and took up nearly his whole time. His position relatively to the royal family compelled him to receive a vast number of persons of all ranks and classes, some of them of no very respectable description, but who were useful in procuring him information. Once or twice a month the Phrenological Society held its sittings at his house. During one of these meetings two heads were brought into the room in a basket, and placed with great care upon the table. "I thought they were in wax; the eyes were open, the faces placid. Upon approaching, I recognised the features of the assassins, Lacenaire and Avril, whom I had seen in their dungeons. 'Do you find them like, M. Appert?' said the man who had brought them. I replied in the affirmative. 'No wonder,' said he, 'they are not more than four hours off their shoulders.' They were the actual heads of the two murderers." Not satisfied with having the heads, our philanthropical phrenologist had the headsmen. We have already referred to the less scientific but more convivial meetings held at M. Appert's house, in the shape of

dinners, given each Saturday, and at which the guests were all, in some way or other, men of mark. Sometimes the notorious Vidocq, and Samson, the executioner of Paris—son of the man who decapitated Louis the Sixteenth, Marie Antoinette, and so many other illustrious victims—took their places at M. Appert's table. When this occurred, all his friends were anxious for an invitation. The only two who declined meeting the thief-taker and the headsman, were the archbishop of Malines, and M. Arnault, of the French Academy, brother-in-law of Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, who was so influential a person in the time of Napoleon. There were others, however, whom M. Arnault disliked to meet. He had a great prejudice against writers of the romantic school, and especially against Dumas, whom he called a washed-out negro. If M. Appert wanted an abrupt refusal, he merely had to say to him, "Dine with me on Saturday next. I shall have Balzac and Alexander Dumas." Caustic in manner, but good and amiable, M. Arnault cherished the memory of Napoleon with a fidelity that did him honour. In the court of his house grew a willow, sprung from a slip of that at St. Helena. After 1830, misfortune overtook him, and M. Appert tried to interest the king and Madame Adelaide in his behalf. He was successful, and a librarian's place was promised to his friend. But the promise was all that M. Arnault ever obtained. The ill-will or obstinacy of the minister, who had the power of nomination, is assigned by M. Appert as the cause of the disappointment, which he hesitates to attribute to lukewarmness on the part of his royal patrons. Louis Philippe is the last man, according to our notion of him, to suffer himself to be thwarted by a minister, whether in great or small things. Kings, whose position exposes them to so much solicitation, should be especially cautious in promising, strictly on their guard against the odious vice, too common in the world, of lightly pledging and easily breaking their word. They, above all men, should ever bear in mind that a broken promise is but a lie inverted.

We return to M. Appert's dinners.

To meet Samson and Vidocq, he had invited the late Lord Durham, Dr. Bowring, De Jouy the academician, Admiral Laplace, and several others. The executioner sat on his right, the policeman on his left, and both occasionally favoured him with a confidential *a parte*. Samson was grave and serious, rather out of his element amongst the *grand seigneurs*, as he called them; Vidocq, on the contrary, was gay, lively, and quite at his ease.

"Do you know," said he, with a laugh, to the headsman, "I have often sent you customers when I was chief of the brigade of safety?"

"I know you have, M. Vidocq," replied Samson. Then, in a low voice to me, "Any where but in your house, sir, I should hardly like to dine in company with that joker. He's a queer one." Almost at the same moment, Vidocq whispered, "He's a worthy man, that Monsieur Samson; but all the same, it seems odd to me to sit at the same table with him." Very good, the spy; not bad, the hangman. In the conversation that followed, Lord Durham and the accomplished Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin took a share, and Samson gave some curious details concerning his terrible profession. He was on the scaffold when Louis XVI. was executed. "We all loved the king in our family," said he, "and when my father was obliged, according to orders, to take up the head by the hair and show it to the people, the sight of that royal countenance, which preserved all its noble and gentle expression, so affected him that he nearly swooned away. Luckily I was there, and being tall, I masked him from the crowd, so that his tears and emotion, which in those days might have sufficed to bring us to the guillotine in our turn, passed unobserved." Presently Vidocq ventured a joke, concerning the headsman's office, which greatly offended him of the axe, who muttered his displeasure in M. Appert's ear. "That man is as coarse as barley bread," was his remark: "it is easy to see he is not used to good society; *he does not behave himself as I do!*" Poor Samson, who receives about five hundred a year for the performance of his melancholy duties, was, in reality, very

well behaved. His appearance was so respectable, his black coat, gold chain, and frilled shirt, so irreproachable, that on his first visit to M. Appert, that gentleman's secretary took him for some village mayor on his way to a wedding, or about to head a deputation to the king. Upon Lord Durham's expressing a wish to see the guillotine, he obligingly offered to show it to him. M. Appert gives an account of the visit. "On the following Saturday, Lord Durham, accompanied by his nephew, heir, I believe, to his title and vast fortune, came in his carriage to fetch me. He had told so many English of our intended visit, that we were followed by a string of vehicles, like the procession to a funeral. On our way, Lord Durham asked me if it were not possible to buy a sheep to try the guillotine upon. On my telling him that to do so would give just grounds for severe criticisms, he did not press his wish. On reaching the Rue du Marais, I went alone into Samson's house. He was in a full dress suit of black, waiting to receive us. He conducted our party, at least fifty in number, to the banks of the Canal St. Martin, where, in a coachmaker's shed, the guillotine was kept. Here there was a fine opportunity for the display of a genuine English characteristic. Every body wished to touch every thing; to handle the hatchet and baskets, and get upon the plank which supports the body when the head is fitted into the fatal frame. Samson had had the guillotine repainted and put together, and bundles of straw served to show its terrible power."

At another dinner, to which Samson and Vidocq were invited, Balzac and Dumas were present, and the talk was most amusing. For romance writers, the conversation of such men must possess especial interest and value. Of Vidocq, M. Appert speaks very highly, with respect both to his head and heart. He began life as a soldier under Dumouriez, and was sent to prison for forging a passport. Endowed with great intelligence and physical strength, and with a restless activity of mind and body, he made his escape, and opened a negotiation for a free pardon, on which condition he promised to render great services to

the police. His offer was accepted and he kept his word. M. Appert considers his skill as a police agent unsurpassable. It is perhaps in gratitude for that gentleman's good opinion that Vidocq has bequeathed him his head, should he die first, for the purpose of phrenological investigations. We find two or three interesting traits and anecdotes of the thief-catcher. A report once got abroad that he had an only daughter to marry, and as he was supposed to be rich, he immediately received a host of offers for her hand, many of them from young men of excellent family, but in needy circumstances. Vidocq, who had no children, was vastly amused at this sudden eagerness for the honour of his alliance. Samson has two pretty daughters, who are well brought up and even accomplished, and who will probably marry the sons of the executioners of large towns. Hangmen, like kings, can only wed in their own sphere. "Samson, who was grateful for the politeness shown him by Lord Durham, thought it might please that nobleman to possess the clothes worn by remarkable criminals, and offered to send them to me. Thus I had for some time in my possession the coats worn at their execution by Fieschi, Lacenaire, and Alibaud. It was one of Samson's assistants who brought them, and each time I gave him fifteen francs as compensation, the clothes being his perquisites." M. Appert relates many other curious particulars concerning French executioners, and gives a remarkable letter from Samson himself, relating to the guillotine, to the punishment of branding, and to the old tax called *navage*, which was formerly levied, to the profit of the headsman, on all grain and fruits entering Paris. This tax gave rise to many disputes and discussions between the country people and the men appointed to collect it, who received from the peasants the title of *valets de bourreau*. From that time dates the French proverb, "Insolent as a hangman's lacquey."

Of the four sons of Louis Philippe, M. Appert speaks in terms of very high praise. Doubtless they are all well-informed and accomplished princes, although, as yet, none of them have

given indications of striking talents or high qualities; possibly because they have lacked opportunities for their display. Not one of them enjoys the prestige and popularity of the late Duke of Orleans. The Prince de Joinville, by his handsome person, and frank, off-hand manners, also by his antipathy, real or supposed, to the English, and by his occasional indulgence in a bit of harmless clap-trap and rhodomontade, has acquired the favour and good opinion of certain classes of the French people, who behold in him the man destined, at some future day, to humble the maritime power of England, and to take the British fleet into Brest or Cherbourg, as Gulliver towed the hostile men-of-war into the port of Liliput. We trust it will be long before he has an opportunity of displaying his prowess, or of disappointing the expectations of his admirers. The Duke of Nemours, against whom nothing can be alleged, who has distinguished himself in Algeria, and who is represented, by those who best know him, as a man of sense and moderate views, zealous for the welfare of his country, has been far less successful than his nautical brother, in captivating the sympathies of the bulk of the nation. This can only be attributed to his manners, which are reserved, and

thought to indicate pride; but this seeming haughtiness is said to disappear upon nearer acquaintance. Of the two younger brothers, the characters have yet to be developed. It has been affirmed that the natural abilities of the Duke of Aumale are superior to those of either of his seniors. As far as can be judged by the scanty opportunities they have hitherto had of displaying them, the military talents of the French princes are respectable. Their personal courage is undoubted. But for the opposition of the king and of their anxious mother, they would, according to M. Appert, be continually in Africa, heading and serving as examples to the troops. Bravery, however, whose absence is accounted a crime in the private soldier, can hardly be made a merit of in men whose royal blood raises them, when scarcely beyond boyhood, to the highest ranks in the service. And the best wish that can be formed on behalf of the princes of France, of their country, and of Europe, is that their military experience may ever be limited, as, with some slight exceptions, it has hitherto been, to the superintendence of field-days, and the harmless manœuvres of Mediterranean squadrons.

MILDRED :

A TALE.

CHAP. IV.

A FEW days afterwards the Bloomfields also and Miss Willoughby left Brussels for Paris.

It is far from our purpose to follow them step by step upon their route. The little love-affair we have undertaken to relate, leads us a dance upon the Continent; but we have no disposition to play the tourist one moment more than is necessary; and as no incidents connected with our story occurred in Paris, we shall not loiter long even in that gayest and most seductive of capitals. He who knows Paris—and who does not?—and at all understands what sort of traveller Mildred was, will easily conceive the delight she felt in visiting the public monuments, ancient and modern; in observing its populace, so diversified and mobile in their expression, so sombre and so gay; in traversing the different quarters of a city which still retains in parts whatever is most picturesque in the structures of the middle ages, whilst it certainly displays whatever is most tasteful in modern architecture, and which, in fact, in every sense of the word, is the most complete summary of human life that exists upon the face of the earth.

What modern city can boast a point of view comparable to that which bursts upon the stranger as he enters the *Place de la Concorde*! What beautiful architecture to his right and to his left!—the *Palais Bourbon*, the distant *Madeleine*, the Chamber of Deputies—whilst before him runs the long avenue of the *Champs Elysées*, terminated by its triumphal arch. No crowding in of buildings. No darkening of the air. Here is open space and open sky, trees and fountains, and a river flowing through the scene. There is room to quarrel, no doubt, with some of its details. Those two beautiful fountains in the centre are beautiful only at a certain respectful distance; you must not approach those discoloured nymphs who are each squeezing water out of the body of the fish she holds in her arms. Nor

can we ever reconcile ourselves to that Egyptian obelisk which stands between them; in itself admirable enough, but as much out of place as a sarcophagus in a drawing-room. But these and other criticisms of the like kind, are to be made, if worth while, on after reflection and a leisure examination; the first view which the scene, as a whole, presents to the eye, is like enchantment. So at least Mildred thought, when, the morning after their arrival, (while the breakfast was waiting for her uncle, who was compensating himself for the fatigues of the journey,) she coaxed her aunt to put her arm in hers, and just turn round the corner—she knew from the map where she was—and take one look at it whilst the sun was shining so brightly above them.

Nor are there many cities, however boastful of their antiquities, which present more picturesque views than meet the eye as, leaving the garden of the *Tuileries*, you proceed up the river; and the round towers, with their conical roofs, of the *Palais de Justice*, rise on the opposite banks, and you catch glimpses of *Notre Dame*. In London, the houses have crowded down to the edge of the water, and are standing up to their ankles in it, so that the inhabitants may walk about its streets all their lives, and never know that a river is flowing through their city. From the centre of one of its bridges they may indeed assure themselves of the fact, and confirm, by their own observations, what they had learned in the geographical studies of their youth, that London is built on the river *Thames*; but, even from this position, it is more wood than water they will see. The shipping, and the boats of all kinds, blot out the river, and so crush and overcharge it that it is matter of wonder how it continues to exist and move under such a burden. It is otherwise in Paris. There one walks along the quay, and sees the river flowing through the city.

In spite of its revolutions, of its innovations, of its impatient progress, there is much still in Paris to carry back the thoughts of a visitor to antiquated times. If the Madeleine is a Grecian temple, if he finds that religious ceremonies are performed there with an elegance and propriety which propitiate the taste of the profane, if they fail to satisfy the fervour of the devout—a short walk will bring him to the venerable church of St. Germain, hard by the Louvre, where he will encounter as much solemnity and antiquity as he can desire; an antiquity, however, that is still alive, that is still worshipping as it used to worship. He will see at the further extremity of the church a dark, arched recess, imitative of a cavern or sepulchre, at the end of which lies the Christ, pale and bleeding, visible only by the light of tapers; and, if he goes to matins there, he will probably find himself surrounded by a crowd of kneeling devotees, kneeling on the stone pavement before this mediæval exhibition. Two distant ages seem to be brought together and made contemporaries.

But we will not be tempted to loiter on our way even at Paris; we take post horses and proceed with our party to Lyons.

A long ride, what an exceptional state it is!—what a chapter apart—what a parenthesis in life! The days we pass rolling along the road are always dropped out of the almanack; we have lost them, not in the sublime sense of the Roman emperor, but fairly out of the calendar; we cannot make up the tale of days and weeks. We start—especially if it is in a foreign country that we are travelling—with how much exhilaration! Every thing is new, and this charm of novelty lends an interest to the most trivial things we encounter. Not one of the least amusements of travel is this passing, in easy and rapid review, the wayside novelties which the road, the village, and the street that we scamper through, present to us. The changing costume of the peasant—the whimsical, traditional head-dress of the women, which, whimsical as it is, retains its geographical boundaries with a constancy rarely found in any *flora* of the botanist—the oddly constructed

vehicles, carts fashioned upon all conceivable plans, and drawn by horses, or mules, or oxen harnessed and decorated in what seems quite a masquerading attire—these, and a thousand other things, in their nature the most common and familiar, claim for *once* the power to surprise us. All the common-place of daily life comes before us,

“Trick’d in this momentary wonderment.”

Here, in the south of France, for instance, a cart-horse approaches you with a collar surmounted by a large upright horn, and furnished, moreover, with two long curving *antennæ* branching from either side, which, with the gay trappings that he wears, give to an old friend the appearance of some monstrous specimen of entomology; you might expect him to unfold a pair of enormous wings, and take flight as you advance, and not pass you quietly by, as he soon will, nodding his head in his old familiar style, and jingling his bells. While the mind is fresh, there is nothing which does not excite some transitory pleasure. But when the journey is felt to be growing long—very long—what a singular apathy steals over us! We struggle against this encroaching torpor—we are ashamed of it—we rouse the mind to thought, we wake the eye to observation—all in vain. Those incessant wheels of the carriage roll round and round, and we are rolling on as mechanically as they. The watch, which we refrain from consulting too often, lest the interest of its announcements should be abated, is our only friend; we look at it with a secret hope that it may have travelled farther than we venture to prognosticate; we proclaim that it is just two o’clock, and in reality expect that it is three, and try to cheat ourselves into an agreeable surprise. We look, and the hands point precisely at half-past one!

“What a *business-like* looking thing,” said Mildred, as she roused herself from this unwelcome torpor, “seems the earth when it is divided into square fields, and cut into even furrows by the plough!—so palpably a mere manufactory for grain. Oh, when shall I see it rise, and *live* in the mountain?”

"My dear Mildred," said her aunt, gently jogging her, "do you know that you are talking in your sleep?"

"I have been asleep, my dear aunt, or something very like it, I know; but I thought just then I was quite awake," was Mildred's quiet reply.

When the party reached Lyons, there was some little discussion as to the route they should take into Italy. Mildred had hoped to cross the Alps, and this had been their original intention; but the easy transit down the river, by the steam-boat, to Avignon, was a temptation which, presenting itself after the fatigues of his long journey from Paris, was irresistible to Mr. Bloomfield. He determined, therefore, to proceed into Italy by way of Marseilles, promising his niece that she should cross the Alps, and pass through Switzerland on their return home.

Accordingly, they embarked on the steamer. Here Mr. Bloomfield was more at his ease. One circumstance, however, occasioned him a little alarm. He was watching, with some curiosity, the movements of two men who were sounding the river, with long poles, on either side of the vessel. The reason of this manœuvre never distinctly occurred to him, till he heard the bottom of the boat grating on the bed of the river. "No danger!" cried the man at the helm, who caught Mr. Bloomfield's eye, as he looked round with some trepidation. "No danger!" muttered Mr. Bloomfield. "No danger, perhaps, of being drowned; but the risk of being stuck here fast in the midst of this river for four-and-twenty hours, is danger enough." After this, he watched the motions of these men with their long poles with less curiosity, indeed, but redoubled interest.

It was in vain, however, that he endeavoured to communicate his alarm to Mildred, who contented herself with hoping, that if the boat really meant to stop, it would take up a good position, and where the view was finest. With her the day passed delightfully. The views on the Rhone, though not equal to those of the Rhine, form no bad introduction to the higher order of scenery; and she marked this day in her calendar as the first of a series which she hoped would be very long, of days spent in that highest and purest

excitement which the sublimities of nature procure for us. On the Rhine, the hills rise from the banks of the river, and enclose it, giving to the winding stream, at some of its most celebrated points of view, the appearance of a lake. It is otherwise on the Rhone. The heights are ruder, grander, but more distant; they appertain less to the river; they present bold and open views, but lack that charm of *tenderness* which hangs over the German stream. In some parts, a high barren rock rises precipitately from the banks, and, the surface having been worn away in great recesses, our party was struck with the fantastic resemblance these occasionally bore to a series of vast architectural ruins. A beautiful sunset, in which the old broken bridge, with its little watch-tower, displayed itself to great advantage, welcomed them to Avignon.

Again, from Avignon to Marseilles, their route lay through a very picturesque country. One peculiarity struck Mildred: they were not so much *hills* which rose before and around her, as lofty rocks which had been built up upon the plain—abrupt, precipitous, isolated—such as seem more properly to belong to the bottom of the sea than to the otherwise level surface over which they were passing. As their most expeditious conveyance, and in order to run no risk of the loss of the packet, our travellers performed this stage in the *diligence*, and Mildred was not a little amused by the opportunity this afforded of observing her fellow-passengers. It is singular how much accustomed we are to regard all Frenchmen as under one type; forgetting that every nation contains all varieties of character within itself, however much certain qualities may predominate. Amongst her travelling companions was an artist, *not* conceited, and neither a coxcomb nor an abominable sloven, but natural in his manners, and, as the little incident we shall have occasion to mention will prove, somewhat energetic in his movements. In the corner opposite to him sat a rather elderly gentleman, travelling probably in some mercantile capacity, of an almost infantine simplicity of mind, and the most peaceable temperament in the world; but who combined with these pacific qualities

the most unceasing watchfulness after his own little interests, his own comfort and convenience. The manner in which he cherished himself was quite amusing; and admirable was the ingenuity and perseverance he displayed in this object; for whilst quietly resolved to have his own way in every thing, he was equally resolved to enter into collision with no one. He was averse to much air, and many were the manœuvres that he played off upon the artist opposite, and on the controller of the other window, that he might get them both arranged according to the idea which he had formed of perfect comfort. Then, in the disposition of his legs, whilst he seemed desirous only of accommodating his young friend opposite, he so managed matters as to have his own limbs very comfortably extended, while those of his "young friend" were cramped up no one could say where. It greatly facilitated these latter manœuvres, that our elderly gentleman wore large wooden shoes, painted black. No one could tread on *his* toes.

Sedulous as he was to protect himself against all the inconveniencies of the road, he seemed to have no desire to monopolize the knowledge he possessed requisite to this end, but, on the contrary, was quite willing to communicate the results of his travelling experience. He particularly enlarged on the essential services rendered to him by these very wooden shoes—how well they protected him from the wet—how well from external pressure! He was most instructive also and exact upon the sort of garments one should travel in—not too good, for travel spoils them—not too much worn, or too slight, for in that case they will succumb under the novel hardships imposed upon them. Pointing to his own coat, he showed how well it illustrated his principles, and bade the company observe of what a stout and somewhat coarse material it was fabricated. Warming upon his subject, he proceeded to give them an inventory of all the articles of dress he carried with him in his portmanteau—how many coats, shirts, pantaloons, &c. &c. All this he gave out in a manner the most urbane and precise, filling up his pauses with a short dry

cough, which had nothing to do with any pulmonary affection, but was merely an oratorical artifice—a modest plan of his own for drawing the attention of his hearers.

Unfortunately he had not long succeeded in arranging matters to his perfect satisfaction, when a little accident robbed him of the fruit of all his labours. The artist, in his energetic manner of speaking, and forgetting that he had been induced by the soft persuasions of his neighbour to put up the window (an act which he had been led into almost unconsciously) thrust his elbow through the glass. Great was the consternation of our elderly traveller, and yet it was in the gentlest tone imaginable that he suggested to the artist the propriety, the absolute necessity, that he should get the window mended at the next place where they would stop to change horses. Mended the window accordingly was. When the new glass was in, and paid for, and they had started again upon their journey, *then* the friendly old gentleman placed all his sympathies at the command of the young artist. He was of opinion that he had been greatly overcharged for the window—that he had paid twice as much as he ought. Nay, he doubted whether he ought to have paid any thing at all—whether he could be said to have broken the window—for, as he now began to remember, he thought *it was cracked before*.

Mildred could hardly refrain from a hearty laugh at what she found to be as amusing as a comedy.

First the town of Aix, then that of Marseilles, received our travellers. Of Aix, Mildred carried away one impression only. As they entered into the town with all the rattling vehemence which distinguishes the diligence on such occasions, there stood before her an enormous crucifix, a colossal representation of the Passion; and underneath it a company of showmen, buffoons of some description, had established their stage, and were beating their drums, as French showmen can alone beat them, and calling the crowd together with all manner of noise and gesticulation. Strange juxtaposition! thought Mildred—the crucifix and the mountebank! But not the fault of the mountebank.

What execrable taste is this which the Catholic clergy display! That which is fit only for the sanctuary—if fit at all for the eye of man, or for solitary and desolate spots—is thrust into streets and market-places, there to meet with a perpetual desecration. That which harmonizes with one mood only, the most sad and solemn of the human mind, is dragged out into the public square, where every part of life, all its comedy and all its farce, is necessarily transacted. If the most revolting contrasts occur—no, it is not the fault of the profane mountebank.

Marseilles, with all its dirt and fragrance, left almost as little impression upon her mind. The only remembrance that outlived the day was that of the peculiar dignity which seemed to have been conferred upon the market-women of the town. At other places, especially at Brussels, our party had been not a little amused by inspecting the countenances of the old women who sat, thick as their own apples, round the *Grande Place*, or on both sides of the street. What formidable physiognomies! What preternatural length of nose! What terrific projection of the chin! But these sat upon the pavement, or on an upturned wicker basket; a stool or a low chair that had suffered amputation in the legs, was the utmost they aspired to. Here the market-women have not only possessed themselves of huge arm-chairs, but these arm-chairs are elevated upon the broad wooden tables that are covered with the cabbages, and carrots, and turnips, over which they thus magisterially preside. Here they have the curule chair. Manifestly they are the *Ediles Cereales* of the town. Our travellers did not, however, see them in their glory; they saw only down the centre of the street the row of elevated chairs, which, if originally of ivory, had certainly lost much of their brightness and polish since the time when the Roman Senate had presented them. The Court was not sitting as they passed.

The following day saw them in the steam-boat bound for Genoa. In a few hours they would be coasting the shores of Italy!

We cannot resist the opportunity which here occurs of showing, by an

example, how justly our Mildred may be said to have been a solitary traveller, though in almost constant companionship. She was alone in spirit, and her thoughts were unparticipated. The steam-boat had been advertised to leave Marseilles at four o'clock in the afternoon. The clock had struck six, and it was still stationary in the harbour,—a delay by no means unusual with steam-boats in that part of the world. Mildred stood on the deck, by the side of the vessel, watching the movements of the various craft in the harbour. To her the delays which so often vex the traveller rarely gave rise to any impatience. She always found something to occupy her mind; and the passing to and fro of men in their usual avocations was sufficient to awaken her reflection. At a little distance from the steamer was a vessel undergoing some repairs; for which purpose it was ballasted down, and made to float nearly on one side. Against the exposed side of the vessel, astride upon a plank, suspended by a rope, swung a bare-legged mortal most raggedly attired, daubing its seams with some most disgusting-looking compound. The man swinging in this ignominious fashion, and immersed in the filth of his operation, attracted the notice of Mildred. What an application, thought she, to make of a man! This fellow-creature of mine, they use him for this! and perhaps for such as this only! They use his legs and arms—which are sufficiently developed—but where is the rest of him?—where is the man? He has the same *humanity* as the noblest of us: what a waste of the stuff, if it is worth any thing!

This last expression Mildred, almost unconsciously, uttered aloud,—“What a waste of the stuff, if it is worth any thing!”

“My dear,” said Miss Bloomfield, who sat beside her, “it is nothing but the commonest pitch or tar. How can you bear to look at it?”

“Dearest aunt,” said Mildred, “I was not thinking of the pitch, but the man.”

“What *can* you be talking of, my child?” said her aunt, in utter amazement.

But there was one behind them who appeared to have understood what

Mildred was talking of, and who now, by some observation, made his presence known to them. As she turned, she caught the eye of—Alfred Winston.

They met this time as old acquaintances; and that glance of intellectual freemasonry which was interchanged between them, tended not a little to increase their feeling of intimacy.

"And you too are going into Italy?" she said. "But how is it that *you* select this route?"

"I made an excursion," he replied, "last summer into Switzerland and the north of Italy, which accounts for my *turning* the Alps on this occasion."

The vessel now weighed anchor. Departure—and a beautiful sunset—made the view delightful. But daylight soon deserted them. Mr. Bloomfield came to take the ladies down to the cabin, where a meal, which might be called either dinner or supper, was preparing. Mildred would rather have remained on deck; but as *he* had expressed his intention of doing so, she thought it better to descend with the rest.

Amongst the company in the cabin

she immediately recognised one of her fellow-travellers of the previous day. There was the elderly gentleman with his black wooden shoes, and his short dry cough, gently but strenuously chiding the *garçon* for his delay. In these vessels the passage-money includes provisions, so that, eat or not, you pay; and our experienced traveller, having taken due precaution, as he soon afterwards informed all the company, *not* to dine, was very excusably somewhat impatient. Mildred was amused to find him supporting his character throughout with perfect consistency. Although every one but himself was suffering from heat, he—*anxious only for the public good, and especially for the comfort of the ladies*—maintained a strict watch upon both door and window, and would have kept both, if possible, hermetically closed. And as the waiters handed round the soup, or any thing that was fluid, he, with a mild solemnity of manner, warned them not to *arroser* his coat, not to sprinkle that excellent garment which was doubtless destined, under so considerate a master, to see many years of service.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning Mildred had risen with the dawn, leaving her aunt and the rest of the passengers locked in their slumbers. What a delightful sensation awaited her as she rose from the close cabin of the steamer, and, ascending upon deck, met the breeze, the sunrise, the dancing waters of the Mediterranean, and hailed at her side the mountain coast of Italy! It was the first time in her life she had seen the blue hill crested with the snowy summits of the more distant and lofty mountain,—a combination which the art of the painter is daily attempting to imitate, but the ethereal effect of which it never can at all approach. What an enchantment is the first view of the greater beauties of nature! The first lake—the first mountain—the first time we behold the eternal snow, white as the summer cloud, but which passes *not* away—is an era in our existence,—a first love without its disappointment. The in-

habitant of a mountainous country, though he may boast his greater intimacy with nature, though he may have linked all the feelings of *home* with her grandeur and sublimity, can never know what the dweller in the plain and the city has felt, who, with matured taste, with imagination cultivated by literature, stands, in all the vigour of his mind, for the first time, before the mountain! It was but a distant view of the Alps that Mildred now obtained; but that snowy ridge against the blue sky—that moved not, that was not cloud—exercised an indescribable fascination over her.

Winston was also soon upon deck; but, observing how well she was employed, he was careful not to disturb her. He well knew how essential was solitude to the highest gratification which either art or nature afford. It is but a secondary or declining excitement that we feel when we are restless to communicate it to another.

The heart is but half full of its object, that, to complete its pleasure, craves for sympathy.

It was not till they were within sight of Genoa that he ventured to approach the side of the vessel where she was sitting.

"Now," said he, with a smile, "it is permissible to talk. We approach the shore too near for picturesque effect; and the town of Genoa, seen here from the bay, whatever tourists may assert, is neither more nor less than what a sea-port town may be expected to be."

"Yes," said Mildred; "I was just observing to myself that a hilly coast, delightful to him who is on it, and delightful to the distant spectator, is at a certain mid-way station seen to great disadvantage. It has lost the cerulean hue—that *colour laid in the air*—that visible poetry which it had appropriated to itself; it has lost this enchantment of distance, and it is still too remote for the natural beauty of its several objects to be perceived. These are dwarfed and flattened. The trees are bushes, mere tufts of green; the precipices and cliffs are patches of gravel darker or lighter. For the charm of imagination it is too near; for the effect of its own realities, too remote. And yet—and yet—see what a *life* is thrown over the scene by the shadow of that passing cloud, moving rapidly over the little fields, and houses, and the olive groves! How it *brightens* all, by the contrast it forms with the stream of light which follows as rapidly behind it! I retract—I retract—Nature has a pencil which never is at fault; which has always some touch in reserve to kindle every scene into beauty."

"But the town——"

"Oh, I surrender the town. Certainly, if this is the view which tourists admire, they shall never have the moulding of my anticipations. The sail by the coast has been delightful; but it is precisely here, in presence of this congregation of ordinary buildings, that the pleasure deserts us."

"People," said Winston, "have described Genoa the Proud as if its palaces stood by the sea. They have combined, I suspect, in one view all that the exterior and the interior of the town had presented to them. They

have taken the little privilege of turning the city inside out; just as if one should make up a picture of the approach to London by the river Thames, by lining its banks with sections cut out of Regent's Park. But here we are at anchor, and shall soon be able to penetrate into this city of palaces."

They landed, and Alfred Winston assisted the ladies to disembark, but showed no symptoms of any intention to attach himself to their party. He did not even select the same hotel. But as all travellers are seeing the same sights, visiting the same churches, the same palaces, the same points of view, it was not possible for them to be long without meeting. And these casual encounters seemed to afford to both parties an equal pleasure.

We have seen that there was a strain of thought in Mildred's mind, which found neither sympathy nor apprehension with her companions. Mr. Bloomfield was, indeed, more intelligent than his sister; but his half-perceptions, coupled unfortunately with no distrust whatever of himself, made him the more tedious companion of the two; for he would either inflict upon her some misplaced flippancy, or some wearisome common-place; which last he doubted not was extremely edifying to his niece. Good man! he little suspected that the great difference between himself and his niece consisted in this, that he was indeed incapable of receiving any edification from her; whilst she, in her own silent way, would often extract from the chaff he dealt in, some truth for herself. Her responsive "Yes," was often yielded in assent to a meaning other and higher than he was aware he had expressed. To her, therefore, the intellectual sympathy which she found in their fellow-traveller was peculiarly grateful; it was as novel as it was agreeable.

If she had refused to be pleased with the applauded view of the bay of Genoa, she was unfeignedly interested in the interior of the town. Nor, perhaps, is there any town in Italy, with the exception of Venice, which makes a more striking impression upon the traveller. He walks through a street of palaces, the painted fronts of many of which remind him of the scenes of the theatre—so that he can

hardly believe himself to be in a real town; he sees the orange-tree upon the terrace above him, and its veritable golden fruit hangs over his head—is hanging in the open air: he feels he is now really in Italy! he sees the light arcade running by the side of the palace, with its decorated arch, its statues, its vases; and as he passes along the street, the open portico partly reveals the branching staircase, and the inner court, with its deserted galleries, and its now so solitary fountain. And as he walks on—in striking contrast—narrow, very narrow streets, at his right or at his left, descend upon him, dark and precipitous as a mountain gorge, bringing down the clattering mule, laden ingeniously enough with whatever is elsewhere stowed into a cart, or the antique sedan, the only vehicle in which a living man could navigate those straits. Then the multitude of priests and friars, black and brown—the white muslin veil thrown over the heads of the women, or the gaudy scarf of printed cotton substituted by the poorer sort (Miss Bloomfield exclaimed, and very naturally, that they had got their bed furniture about their ears)—all this, and much more, which it is not exactly our purpose to describe, give to the town an air of complete originality. The very decay, in some parts, of its antique state and grandeur, adds to its interest. One looks into the deserted porch, deserted of all but that sleepy shoe-black, who has installed himself in its shade with the necessary implements of his calling; and one sees the fountain still bubbling up, still playing there before its only companion, that stained and mutilated statue, who looks on with how pensive, how altered, how deplored an aspect!

The young priests, with their broad hats and well draped vests of spotless black cloth, Mildred thought the best dressed men she had any where seen. The finished dandy looks contemptible by the side of these. She could not pass the same compliment on the brown friar, corded and sandeled, with his low brow and his bare shaven crown. In vain does he proclaim that his poverty is voluntary, and most meritorious: he has a sad, plebeian aspect; and even his saintly brother in black manifestly

looks down upon him, as they meet upon the pavement, as belonging to the democracy of their sacred order. Voluntary poverty! the faith in the existence of such a thing is rarer even than the thing itself; it is worn out; and in this age a mendicant friar can be nothing more than a legalised beggar, earning his subsistence (as the Church, we suppose, would explain it) by the useful office of stimulating the charity of men; there being in the natural constitution of society so few occasions for the practice of benevolence.

Our fellow-travellers had met in the church of the *Annunciation*, one of the most gorgeous structures which the Catholic religion has erected for its worship. It would be almost impossible for gilding, and painting, and all the decorative arts, to produce any thing more splendid than the interior of this temple. Neither Versailles nor Rome has any thing to compete with the sumptuous effect which is here produced by these means. By drawing a red silk curtain across the upper windows, there is thrown over the gilding so rich a hue, that the roof and pillars glow as if with molten gold. High up, within the dome, there stand, in pairs, one at each side of every window, gilded statues; and these, in the red light thrown upon them, look as if invested with flame. They reminded Mildred of some description she had read in Southey's *Curse of Kehama*.

Winston was disposed to quarrel with the building as being too gorgeous; but Mildred, who resigned herself more readily to genuine and natural impulses of pleasure, and who at all times expressed the unaffected dictates of her taste, would not acquiesce in any censure of the kind.

"No," she maintained, "if the artist aim at being gorgeous, he must stop at no half measures. There is a higher aim, no doubt, where form and proportion ought more strictly to predominate over colour, and all the splendour of marble and of gilding. But if he is resolved to dazzle us—if to be sumptuous is his very object, let him throw timidity to the winds; let him build—as he has done here—in gold; let him paint—as on this ceiling—in such glowing colours as

even this roof of flame cannot overpower. Look up the dome; see how these clouds are rolling down upon us!"

"But," said Winston, still disposed to be critical, "there is something else in that dome which seems disposed to fall; and which, from its nature, ought to manifest no such tendency. Do you remark those small Corinthian pillars placed round the upper part of the dome—how they lean inward? A pillar is the last thing which ought to look as if it needed support; yet these evidently, unless fastened to the wall, would, by their own gravity, fall down upon us. This is surely contrary to the simplest rules of taste, yet it is not the first time I have observed in Italy this species of ornament."

"I acquiesce in your criticism," said Mildred, with a smile; "now point me out something to admire."

They sat down quietly on one of the benches, placed there for the service of the faithful, to survey at leisure this sumptuous edifice, and let its impression sink into their memory. But this pleasure was not a little interrupted by the devotees in their neighbourhood—dirty, ragged, squalid men and women, mumbling and spitting—spitting and mumbling. They were unreasonable enough to feel that the devotion of these people was quite an intrusive circumstance. For such worshippers!—such a temple!—thought Mildred. They were jabbering their prayers, like idiocy, behind her. "Let us move away," she whispered. "After all," said Winston, as they retired, "it is for their idiocy, and not our admiration, that the temple is built."

On leaving this building they directed their steps towards the suburbs of the town, and entered a church which, in its modest appearance, formed a strong contrast with the one they had just visited. A level space before it, planted with trees, gave it the air of an English parish church. Neither the interior nor the exterior presented any architectural display. Whilst Mr. and Miss Bloomfield were walking up to the altar, and taking, as in duty bound, a survey of the whole building, Mildred and her companion lingered near the entrance,

attracted by some monumental tablets set up against the walls. The bas-reliefs on one or two of these were remarkable for their beauty, their elegance and tenderness, and the inscriptions accorded with them, and seemed full of feeling.

"I am glad," she said, "we happened to enter here. I was beginning to be a little out of humour with my catholic brethren; but these tablets bring me back to a charitable and kindly mood."

Winston joined her in reading some of the inscriptions.

"It is really," said he, "the first time I can remember to have been affected by monumental inscriptions, or to have read them with any pleasure or patience. In an English churchyard, the tombstone either *preaches* at you—and that with such an offensive dogmatism as none but a dead man would venture to assume—or it presents a fulsome collection of laudatory phrases, shovelled upon the dead with as much thought and consideration as were the dirt and clay upon his coffin. If verse is added, it seems to have been supplied, with the stone, by the stone-mason; the countrymen of Milton—and not alone the poor and ignorant—select, to be engraved on the enduring marble, some pitiable doggerel that ought never to have been heard beyond the nursery, so that few persons stop to read the epitaphs in our churchyards, unless in a spirit of mockery, and with the hope of extracting a jest from them."

"For which reason, amongst others," said Mildred, "I generally avoid them. I would respect the dead,—and the living in their affliction. But what a natural, humane, tender, and faithful spirit are some of these written in! And this beautiful figure of a young girl ascending to the skies, embracing the cross in her arms,—what a sweet piety it breathes! How well it bears out the inscription underneath, the *conceit* in which might otherwise have at least failed to please,—

è fatta in cielo quale parve in terra
— un angelo.

"And here—how full of tenderness—how full of faith—seem these simple words!—

Qui dorme in pace
la gentile e virtuosa giovine
Maria, &c.
Voleva all' amplesso di Dio.

“And this, —

O Ginevra,
Unico nostro tesoro !
Arridi a noi dal cielo
cara angioletta,
e ne prega da Dio
novella prole che ti somigli,
a rendere meno acerbo,
il dolore della tua partita.

“Earth and Heaven—how they
mingle here!”

“Is it poetry or religion that we
are reading?” said Winston. “It
seems to me as if these people had
suddenly turned their poetry into
faith.”

“Or have some of us been turning
our faith into poetry? I believe,”
added Mildred, “that, in every mind,
not utterly destitute of imagination,
the boundaries of the two are not very
rigidly defined. There is always some-
thing of faith in our poetry, and some-
thing of poetry in our faith.”

They were now joined by Mr. and
Miss Bloomfield, who had made their
tour of the church; and the whole
party retraced their steps towards their
hotel. Winston felt that he had not
once indulged Mr. Bloomfield in an
opportunity of venting his lamenta-
tions over the evils of travel, and the
discomforts of foreign parts; he there-
fore asked that gentleman how he had
found himself accommodated at the
hotel at which he had descended.

“Ay,” said Mr. Bloomfield, de-
lighted to have a topic on which he
could feelingly expatiate, “*Descended!*
—’tis the Frenchman’s phrase. I know
that I have *ascended* to my hotel,
and to no trivial elevation. Why, the
hotel itself does not begin till where
another house might end, and where
it ends might be a problem for astro-
nomers to calculate. The ladies got
deposited somewhere beneath the
clouds; but for myself I am really at
a frightful altitude. I was conducted
up a dark stone-staircase with an iron-
bannister; after some time my guide
branched off laterally through by-
passages, with unglazed openings,
having the most cheerless look-out
imaginable, and across damp landing-

places contiguous to sinks, and what
seemed wash-houses, and where you
heard the perpetual dripping of water.
All this lay in the road to my bed-
room; but the bed-room was not
reached yet. I had again to mount—
to mount—till I was almost giddy.
When at length I attained the apart-
ment destined for me—the only one,
I was assured, vacant in the hotel—
and was left up there alone in it, I
felt so removed from all human fellow-
ship, all succour or sympathy from
the inhabitants of the earth below,
that I do declare, if I had not been
a little initiated on the journey—if I
had come direct from my English
home at Wimborne—and if, more-
over, I was not here in character of
protector to two ladies, and therefore
bound to carry a bold face in all
extremities—I do declare that I
should have thrown myself down in
utter despair upon the floor, and there
lay till the undertaker should come
and take me down again!—it seemed
the only mode of descent that was at
all practicable.”

“Certainly it would be the easiest
and the safest,” said Winston, humour-
ing his vein of exaggeration. “And
yet it is hardly upon the *floor* that
you would have thrown yourself—
which being probably of painted tiles,
would have given you a cruel recep-
tion. You would rather have chosen
Captain Shandy’s attitude, when he
was overwhelmed with grief, and flung
yourself face foremost upon the bed.”

“Very true. And as to that same
bed, whether owing to the fatigue of
my toilsome ascent, or to some good
properties of its own, I must confess
I never slept on any thing more agree-
able. Yet, on examination, I found
it stuffed with the dried leaves of the
Indian corn. Strange substitute for
a feather bed! It is inconceivable
how comfortable I found it. And to
be the dried leaves of Indian corn—
a sort of straw, in short. And the
next morning when I woke, and saw
by daylight the light and elegant
drapery of my bed, and looked up
at the gaily painted ceiling—I sup-
pose in this country the pigeon-houses
have their ceilings painted—I could
hardly believe that I was in an attic
—raised even to the fifth power of an
attic.”

When Alfred Winston mounted to *his attic* that night—as Mr Bloomfield persisted in calling every elevated dormitory—he ought, if fatigue was sufficient to ensure it, to have slept soundly too. But he did not. He did not sleep at all. And the result of this sleepless night was a resolution, which does not seem strictly consequent thereon,—a resolution to rise with the dawn, and leave Genoa immediately.

The fact was, that this Mildred Willoughby was exercising over him, not, as is often said, a fascination “for which he could not account,” but one for which he could account too well. She realized all that he had ever pictured to himself of feminine charms,—his ideal of woman,—grace, beauty, tenderness, and a mind highly cultivated. But he had not come to Italy to fall in love. Besides, what had he, in Italy or elsewhere, to do with love? It was a thing out of his calculation at all times and places, and just now more than ever. How could he see

Italy—see any thing—with this Mildred by the side of him? He would escape from this dangerous party. It was their intention, he had heard, to proceed to Pisa; he would start at once to Florence, and visit Pisa on his return. By this means he should get the start of them, and he would keep it.

By eight o'clock that morning he was travelling on the road to Florence.

The Bloomfields were a little surprised at not encountering their agreeable companion again; and at length concluded that he had taken his departure. Rather abruptly, to be sure, yet what claim had either on the other to any of the ceremonies of social intercourse? They were mere travellers, whom hazard had thrown together.

“After all,” said Mr. Bloomfield; “we have never been introduced.”

“Very true,” said Miss Bloomfield, “that never struck me.”

Mildred was silent.

CHAPTER VI.

Winston so far succeeded in his design, that by hastening from Genoa, and leaving Pisa unvisited, he was enabled to view the galleries of Florence without being disturbed by any other beauty than that which looked on him from the walls, or lived in the creations of the sculptor. From Florence he had proceeded to Rome, and had surveyed its antiquities and the marvels of art it contained, still undistracted by the too fascinating Mildred.

But although he had secured his solitude from interruption by a person likely to interest him too keenly, he was not equally resolute, or equally successful, in keeping himself aloof from certain fellow-travellers with whom he had scarce one thought or one taste in common. Our readers may remember a young lady whom we attempted to describe, figuring not very advantageously at the ball-room at Brussels. This damsel belonged to a mamma who, in her own way, was a still greater oddity, and who, indeed, ought to be made responsible for the grotesque appearance of her daughter on that occasion. She insisted upon

it that, as all the world knew they were travellers, just looking in, as it were, as they were passing through the town, they might very well go to the ball in their travelling dresses; and as she was one of those who held rigidly to the prudent maxim that “any thing was good enough to travel in,” these dresses were not likely, be the occasion what it might, to be remarkable for their freshness.

Mrs. Jackson was the widow of a citizen of London who had lately died, leaving her and her daughter a very ample fortune. Now, although Mr. Jackson had, ever since his marriage, been adding hundred to hundred by the sale of wax and tallow candles in the city, yet had he continued to inhabit the same little house at Islington into which he had first packed himself with dear Mrs. Jackson immediately after the honeymoon; nor had he, in any one way, made an effort to enjoy his increasing income. An effort it would have been. What more did Mr. Jackson want? What more *could* he have enjoyed? The morning took him to his warehouse in the city,

and the afternoon brought him back with an excellent appetite for an excellent dinner, and quite sufficiently fatigued to enjoy that comfortable digestive nap, in which Mrs. Jackson also joined him; and from which he woke up only the better prepared for the hearty slumbers of the night. His wealth, had he been obliged to spend it, would have added to his discomfort, instead of diffusing over him, as it did, a perpetual pleasant glow of self-importance. A larger and finer house, with the toil of receiving company in it, would have distressed him beyond measure. It was bad enough to be compelled, occasionally, to take his spouse to the theatre, or to a Christmas party: such enterprises were looked forward to with uneasy apprehension; and the gratification of having *got over* them was the only one they afforded him. His ledger—his newspaper—his dinner and a fire-side, quiet but not solitary, this was the summary of his happiness. His little wine-glass, as Boswell would have expressed it, was quite full; you would only have made a mess of it, and spoilt all, by attempting to pour in a whole tumbler-full of happiness.

One daughter only had blessed the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson. She was still at boarding-school when her father died. But, after this event, her fond mamma could no longer bear the separation; and home she came, bringing with her that accurate and complete stock of human knowledge and female accomplishments which is usually derived from such establishments, namely, infinite scraps of every thing and every thing in scraps, with the beginning of all languages, of all arts, and all sciences. There was in her portfolio a map of China, faithfully delineated, and a group of roses not quite so faithful. She had strummed one sonata till she played it with all the certainty of animal instinct, and she had acquired the capability of saying, "How d'y'e do?" in at least three several languages beside the English.

But the loss of "Jackson" even the society of the accomplished Louisa could not compensate. The widow was very dull. Her comfortable house at Islington ceased to bring comfort to her; and she was torment-

ed by a most unusual restlessness. Her daughter, who had heard from her favourite companion at the boarding-school, of the charms of foreign travel,—of the romantic adventures, and the handsome counts and barons that are sure to be encountered on the road, took advantage of this restlessness to persuade her mamma to take a tour on the Continent. After much discussion, much hesitation, infinite talking, and reading of guide-books, and exploring of maps—they started.

Absurd! — impossible! — exclaims the intelligent reader—that good Mrs. Jackson should commit herself and her daughter to all the casualties of travel without a male companion. And for what purpose? What pleasure could rocks and mountains, or statues and pictures, give to her, that would be worth the trouble of getting to them? Very absurd and quite impossible! we ourselves should, perhaps, have exclaimed, had we been inventing incidents, and not recording a mere sober matter of fact. But so it was. And, indeed, let any one call to mind the strange groups he has encountered—scrambling about the Continent, the Lord knows why or wherefore—and whatever difficulty he may have in explaining Mrs. Jackson's motives, he will have none in believing her conduct, were it twice as absurd. Of pleasure, indeed, she had little, and very much tribulation. To be sure she felt quite at home upon the steam-boat on the Rhine;—"it did so remind her" of a trip she once took to Greenwich with the dear departed. And then it was very amusing and instructive to both herself and her daughter to find out all the places as they passed on that "Panorama of the Rhine" which lay extended on their laps before them. Being on the spot, they could study the map with singular advantage. But it was not always they had a map of the country to look at, nor even any one to tell them the names of the places. The idea of seeing a place and not knowing its name!—this always put Mrs. Jackson in a perfect fever: as well, she would say, shake hands with the Lord Mayor, and not know it *was* the Lord Mayor! And then what she suffered who can tell, from the strange outlandish viands put before, and alas! too often put

within her? and that daily affliction—imposed on her with such unnecessary cruelty—of eating her meat without vegetables, or her vegetables without meat?

Still on she went—bustling, elbowing, sighing, scolding, complaining—but nevertheless travelling on. Being at Rome, in the same hotel with Winston, and finding that he had answered one or two of her questions very civilly and satisfactorily, both she and her daughter had frequently applied to him in their difficulties. And these difficulties generally resulted from a lack of knowledge so easily supplied, that it would have been mere churlishness to withhold the necessary information.

These difficulties, however, seemed to increase rather than diminish with their sojourn at Rome; and well they might. Louisa Jackson found them the most convenient things imaginable. She had been all the way on the lookout for adventures, counts, and barons, and had hitherto met with nothing of the sort. But Alfred Winston was as handsome as any count need be—why not fall in love with him? A gentleman she was convinced he was; of wealth she had sufficient, and to do her justice, had quite generosity enough to be indifferent as to his possessions; and for the rest, she would let her eye, let her heart, choose for her. The brave Louisa! And her eye and her heart—which mean here pretty much the same thing—had made no bad selection. As she had mentally resolved to bestow herself, and all her “stocks, funds, and securities,” upon our hero, and as she had wit enough to see that her only hold upon him at present, was through his compassion for their embarrassments, she was determined to keep an ample supply of them on hand.

They came sometimes without being called for, and without the least collusion on her part. It was from no principle of economy, but from a curiosity which could not be gratified so well in any other manner, that Mrs. Jackson and her daughter occasionally ventured to thread their way on foot through the streets of Rome. On one of these expeditions they found themselves in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon. Opposite this building

there is a sort of ambulatory market, outrivalling all other markets, at least in the commodity of noise—a commodity in which the populace of Rome generally abound. On approaching it you think some desperate affray is going on; but the men are only parading and vaunting their disgusting fish, or most uninviting vegetables. The merits of these they proclaim with a perfect storm of vociferation. Mrs. Jackson, who had heard of revolutions on the Continent, did not doubt for a moment but that one of these frightful things was taking place before her. She and her daughter hurried back with precipitation, haunted by all the terrors of the guillotine and the lamp-post. Louisa remembered a certain beautiful princess she had read of, who had been compelled to drink a cup of blood to save her father. What if they should treat her as they did the beautiful princess, and offer her such another cup, and force her to drink it, as the only means of saving her mother? Her heroism did not desert her. She resolved she would *drink half*. But as they were hurrying away full of these imaginary dangers, they rushed upon one of a more real, though less imposing description. It is no joke in the narrow streets of Rome, to meet with a string of carts drawn by huge oxen, wallowing along under their uneasy yokes. Just such a string of carts encountered them as they turned one of the many narrow streets that conduct to the Pantheon. The enormous brutes went poking their spreading horns this way and that, in a manner very quiet perhaps in the animal's apprehensions, but very alarming to those of Mrs. Jackson; huge horns, that were large enough, she thought, to spit an alderman, and still have room for her at the top. The two ladies, seeing the first of these carts approach, had drawn up close against the wall, and placed themselves on a little heap of rubbish to be more completely out of the way. To their dismay the line of these vehicles seemed to be endless—there was no escape—in that position they had to stand, while each brute as he passed turned his horns round to them, not with any ferocious intention, but as if he had a great curiosity to feel them, and examine their texture

—an attention which would have been highly indecorous, to say the least of it.

What could Winston do, who encountered them in this predicament, but offer his escort? He calmed their various terrors—both of mad bulls and of revolutions—reconducted them to the Pantheon, and secured an exceedingly happy day for one at least of the party.

Winston had now been some time in Rome, and with an inconsistency so natural that it hardly merits the name of inconsistency, he found himself looking about in the galleries and churches for Mr. Bloomfield and his party, and with a curiosity which did not bespeak a very violent determination to avoid them. He began to think that they had lingered a long while at Florence. He had forgot the danger—he remembered the charm.

One morning—having stolen out early and alone from his hotel—as he was engaged in viewing, for perhaps the last time, the sculpture of the Vatican, he observed standing before the statue of the Amazon, a female figure, as beautiful as it, and in an attitude which had been unconsciously moulded into some resemblance of the pensive, queen-like posture which the artist has given to the marble. It was Mildred. He hesitated—he approached. She, on her part, met him with the utmost frankness. His half-uttered apologies were immediately dropped. He hardly knew whether to be pleased or mortified, as she made him feel that the peculiar footing on which they stood tasked him to no apologies, no ceremonial, that he was free to go—and withal very welcome to return.

“You are before the Amazon,” said he: “it is the statue of all others which has most fascinated me. I cannot understand why it should bear the name it does. I suppose the learned in these matters have their reasons: I have never inquired, nor feel disposed to inquire into them; but I am sure the character of the statue is not Amazonian. That attitude—the right arm raised to draw aside her veil, the left hand at its elbow, steadying it—that beautiful countenance, so full of sadness and of

dignity—no, these cannot belong to an Amazon.”

“To a woman,” said Mildred, “it is allowed to be indifferent on certain points of learning; and, in such cases as this, I certainly take advantage to the full of the privilege of my sex. I care not what they call the statue. It may have been called an Amazon by Greek and Roman—it may have been so named by the artist himself when he sent it home to his patron: I look at it as a creation standing between me and the mind of the artist; and sure I am that, bear what name it may, the sculptor has embodied here all that his soul had felt of the sweetness, and power, and tignity of woman. It is a grander creation than any goddess I have seen; it has more of thought——”

“And, as a consequence, more of sadness, of unhappiness. How the mystery of life seems to hang upon that pensive brow! I used to share an impression, which I believe is very general, that the deep sorrow which comes of thought, the reflective melancholy which results from pondering on the bitter problem of life, was peculiar to the moderns. This statue, and others which I have lately seen, have convinced me that the sculptor of antiquity has occasionally felt and expressed whatever could be extracted from the mingled poetry of a Byron or a Goethe.”

“It seems that the necessity of representing the gods in the clear light of happiness and knowledge, in some measure deprived the Greek artist of one great source of sublimity. But it is evident,” continued Mildred, “that the mysterious, with its attendant sorrow, was known also to him. How could it be otherwise? Oh, what a beautiful creation is this we stand before! And what an art it is which permits us to stand thus before a being of this high order, and note all its noble passions! From the real life we should turn our eyes away, or drop them, abashed, upon the ground. Here is more than life; and we may look on it by the hour, and mark its graceful sorrow, its queen-like beauty, and this overmastered grief which we may wonder at, but dare not pity.”

They passed on to other statues.

They paused before the Menander, sitting in his chair. "The attitude," said she, "is so noble, that the simple chair becomes a throne. But still how plainly it is *intellectual power* that sits enthroned there! The posture is imperial; and yet how evident, that it is the empire of thought only that he governs in!"

"And this little statue of Esculapius," she added, "kept me a long while before it. The healing sage—how faithfully is he represented! What a sad benevolence! acquainted with pain—compelled to inflict even in order to restore."

They passed through the Hall of the Muses.

"How serene are *all* the Muses!" said Winston. "This is as it should be. Even Tragedy, the most moved of all, how evidently her emotion is one of thought, not of passion! Though she holds the dagger in her down-dropt hand, how plainly we see that she has not used it! She has picked it up from the floor after the fatal deed was perpetrated, and is musing on the terrible catastrophe, and the still more terrible passions that led to it."

They passed through the *Hall of the Animals*; but this had comparatively little attraction for Mildred. Her companion pointed out the bronze centaur for her admiration.

"You must break a centaur in half," said she, "before I can admire it. And, if I am to look at a satyr, pray let the goat's legs be hid in the bushes. I cannot embrace in one conception these fragments of man and brute. Come with me to the neighbouring gallery; I wish to show you a Jupiter, seated at the further end of it, which made half a Pagan of me this morning as I stood venerating it."

"The head of your Jupiter," said Winston, as they approached it, "is surpassed, I think, by more than one bust of the same god that we have already seen; and I find something of stiffness or rigidity in the figure; but the impression it makes, as a whole, is very grand."

"It will grow wonderfully on you as you look at it," said Mildred. "How well it typifies all that a Pagan would conceive of the supreme ruler of the skies, the controller of the powers of nature, the great adminis-

trator of the world who has the Fates for his council! His power irresistible, but no pride in it, no joy, no triumph. He is without passion. In his right hand lies the thunder, but it reposes on his thigh; and his left hand rests calmly upon his tall sceptre surmounted by an eagle. In his countenance there is the tranquillity of unquestioned supremacy; but there is no repose. There is care; a constant wakefulness. It is the governor of a nature whose elements have never known one moment's pause."

"I see it as you speak," said Winston. Winston then proposed that they should go together and look at the Apollo; but Mildred excused herself.

"I have paid my devotions to the god," she said, "this morning, when the eyes and the mind were fresh. I would not willingly displace the impression that I now carry away for one which would be made on a fatigued and jaded attention."

"Is it not godlike?"

"Indeed it is. I was presumptuous enough to think I knew the Apollo. A cast of the head—esteemed to be a very good one—my uncle had given me. I placed it in my own room; for a long time it was the first thing that the light fell upon, or my eyes opened to, in the morning; and in my attempts at crayons I copied it, I believe, in every aspect. It seemed to me therefore that on visiting the Apollo I should recognise an old acquaintance. No such thing. The cast had given me hardly any idea of the statue itself. There was certainly no feeling of old acquaintanceship. The brow, as I stood in front of the god, quite overawed me; involuntarily I retreated for an instant; you will smile, but I had to muster my courage before I could gaze steadily at it."

"I am not surprised; the divinity there is in no gentle mood. How majestic! and yet how lightly it touches the earth! It is buoyant with godhead."

"What strikes me," continued Mildred, "as the great triumph of the artist, is this very anger of the god. It is an anger, which, like the arrow he has shot from his bow, spends itself entirely upon his victim; there is no recoil, as in human passion, upon the mind of him who feels it. There is no jar there. The lightning strikes

down—it tarries not a moment in the sky above.”

We are giving, we are afraid, in these reports of Mildred’s conversation, an erroneous impression of the speaker. We collect together what often was uttered with some pauses between, and, owing to a partiality to our heroine, we are more anxious to report her sentiments than those of her companion. She is thus made to speak in a somewhat elaborate style, very different from her real manner, and represented as rather the greater talker of the two; whereas she was more disposed to listen than to speak, and spoke always with the greatest simplicity—with enthusiasm, it is true, but never with effort, or display of diction.

The delight which Winston experienced, (having already surveyed them for and by himself,) in retracing his steps through the marvels of Rome with such a companion, is indescribable. The pictures in the Borghese, and other palaces, broke upon him with a second novelty, and often with a deeper sentiment. But was there no danger in wandering through galleries with one by his side to whose living beauty the beauty on the canvass served only to draw renewed attention and heightened ad-

miration? If he fled at Genoa, why does he tarry at Rome? There are some dangers, alas! that are seen the less the greater they become. He was standing with her before that exquisite picture in the Borghese palace representing the Three Ages; a youth is reclining in the centre, and a nymph is playing to him upon two flutes. He had seen it before, but he seemed now to understand it for the first time. “How plainly,” he murmured to himself, “is youth the *all* of life! How plainly is love the *all* of youth!”

As he was now somewhat familiar with Rome, he could be serviceable to the Bloomfield party in the capacity of cicerone. They were pleased with his services, and he found every day some incontrovertible reason why he should bestow them. The embarrassments of Louisa Jackson and her mamma were quite forgotten; nor could their difficulties excite a moment’s compassion or attention. In vain did Louisa sigh; no inquiry was made into the cause of her distress. In vain did she even, with plaintive voice, ask whether, “being a Protestant, she could take the veil, and be a nun?” the question was unheeded, and its deep significance unperceived.

EUGENE, MARLBOROUGH, FREDERICK, NAPOLEON, AND WELLINGTON.

FIVE generals, by the common consent of men, stand forth pre-eminent in modern times for the magnitude of the achievements they have effected, and the splendour of the talents they have displayed—Eugene, Marlborough, Frederick, Napoleon, and Wellington. It is hard to say which appears the greatest, whether we regard the services they have rendered to their respective countries, or the durable impress their deeds have left on human affairs. All had difficulties the most serious to contend with, obstacles apparently insurmountable to overcome, and all proved in the end victorious over them. All have immortalized their names by exploits far exceeding those recorded of other men. All have left their effects durably imprinted in the subsequent fate of nations. The relative position of the European states, the preservation of public rights, the maintenance of the balance of power, the salvation of the weak from the grasp of the strong, has been mainly owing to their exertions. To their biography is attached not merely the fortune of the countries to which they belonged, but the general destinies of Europe, and through it of the human race.

To give a faithful picture, in a few pages, of such men, may seem a hopeless, and to their merits an invidious task. A brief summary of the chief actions of those of them to ordinary readers least known, is, however, indispensable to lay a foundation for their comparison with those whose deeds are as household words. It is not impossible to convey to those who are familiar with their exploits, a pleasing *resumé* of their leading features, and salient points of difference; to those who are not, to give some idea of the pleasure which their study is calculated to afford. Generals, like poets or painters, have certain leading characteristics which may be traced through all their achievements; a peculiar impress has been communicated by nature to their minds, which appears, not less than on the painter's canvass or in the poet's lines, in all their actions. As much as grandeur of conception distin-

guishes Homer, tenderness of feeling Virgil, and sublimity of thought Milton, does impetuous daring characterize Eugene, consummate generalship Marlborough, indomitable firmness Frederick, lofty genius Napoleon, unerring wisdom Wellington. Greatness in the military, as in every other art, is to be attained only by strong natural talents, perseveringly directed to one object, undistracted by other pursuits, undivided by inferior ambition. The men who have risen to the highest eminence in war, have done so by the exercise of faculties as great, and the force of genius as transcendent, as that which formed a Homer, a Bacon, or a Newton. Success doubtless commands the admiration of the multitude; military glory captivates the unthinking throng; but to those who know the military art, and can appreciate real merit, the chief ground for admiration of its great masters, is a sense of the difficulties, to most unknown, which they have overcome.

PRINCE EUGENE, though belonging to the same age, often acting in the same army, and sometimes commanding alternately with Marlborough, was a general of an essentially different character. A descendant of the House of Savoy, born at Paris, in 1663, and originally destined for the church, he early evinced a repugnance for theological studies, and, instead of his breviary, was devouring in secret Plutarch's lives of ancient heroes. His figure was slender, and his constitution at first weak; but these disadvantages, which caused Louis XIV. to refuse him a regiment, from an opinion that he was not equal to its duties, were soon overcome by the ardour of his mind. Immediately setting out for Vienna, he entered the imperial service; but he was still pursued by the enmity of Louvois, who procured from Louis a decree which pronounced sentence of banishment on all Frenchmen in the armies of foreign powers who should fail to return to their country. "I will re-enter France in spite of him," said Eugene; and he was more than once as good as his

word. His genius for war was not methodical or scientific like that of Turenne or Marlborough, nor essentially chivalrous like that of the Black Prince or the Great Condé. It was more akin to the terrible sweep of the Tartar chiefs; it savoured more of oriental daring. He was as prodigal of the blood of his soldiers as Napoleon; but, unlike him, he never failed to expose his own with equal readiness in the fight. He did not reserve his attack in person for the close of the affray, like the French Emperor, but was generally to be seen in the fire from the very outset. It was with difficulty he could be restrained from heading the first assault of grenadiers, or leading on the first charge of horse. His first distinguished command was in Italy, in 1691, and his abilities soon gave his kinsman, the Duke of Savoy, an ascendant there over the French. But it was at the great battle of Zenta, on the Teife, where he surprised and totally defeated Cara-Mustapha, at the head of 120,000 Turks, that his wonderful genius for war first shone forth in its full lustre. He there killed 20,000 of the enemy, drove 10,000 into the river, took their whole artillery and standards, and entirely dispersed their mighty array.

Like Nelson at Copenhagen, Eugene had gained this glorious victory by acting in opposition to his orders, which were positively to avoid a general engagement. This circumstance, joined to the envy excited by his unparalleled triumph, raised a storm at Court against the illustrious general, and led to his being deprived of his command, and even threatened with a court-martial. The public voice, however, at Vienna, loudly condemned such base ingratitude towards so great a benefactor to the imperial dominions: the want of his directing eye was speedily felt in the campaign with the Turks, and the Emperor was obliged to restore him to his command, which he, however, only agreed to accept on being given *carte blanche* for the conduct of the war. The peace of Carlowetz, in 1699, between the Imperialists and the Ottomans, soon after restored him to a pacific life, and the study of history, in which, above any other, he delighted. But on the breaking

out of the war of the Succession, in 1701, he was restored to his military duties, and during two campaigns measured his strength, always with success, in the plains of Lombardy, with the scientific abilities of Marshal Catinat, and the learned experience of Marshal Villeroi, the latter of whom he made prisoner during a nocturnal attack on Cremona, in 1703. In 1704, he was transferred to the north of the Alps to unite with Marlborough in making head against the great army of Marshal Tallard, which was advancing, in so threatening a manner, through Bavaria; and he shared with the illustrious Englishman the glories of Blenheim, which at once delivered Germany, and hurled the French armies with disgrace behind the Rhine. Then commenced that steady friendship, and sincere and mutual regard, between these illustrious men, which continued unbroken till the time of their death, and is not the least honourable trait in the character of each. But the want of his protecting arm was long felt in Italy: the great abilities of the Duke de Vendôme had well-nigh counterbalanced there all the advantages of the allies in Germany; and the issue of the war in the plains of Piedmont continued doubtful till the glorious victory of Eugene, on the 7th Sept. 1706, when he stormed the French intrenchments around Turin, defended by eighty thousand men, at the head of thirty thousand only, and, totally defeated Marshal Marsin and the Duke of Orleans, with such loss, that the French armies were speedily driven across the Alps.

Eugene was now received in the most flattering manner at Vienna: the lustre of his exploits had put to silence, if not to shame, the malignity of his enemies. "I have but one fault to find with you," said the Emperor when he was first presented to him after his victory, "and that is that you expose yourself too much." He was next placed at the head of the Imperial armies in Flanders; and shared with Marlborough in the conduct, as he did in the glories, of Oudenarde and Malplaquet. Intrusted with the command of the corps which besieged Lille, he was penetrated with the utmost admiration for Marshal

Boufflers, and evinced the native generosity of his disposition, by the readiness with which he granted the most favourable terms to the illustrious besieged chief, who had with equal skill and valour conducted the defence. When the articles of capitulation proposed by Boufflers were placed before him, he said at once, without looking at them, "I will subscribe them at once: knowing well you would propose nothing unworthy of you and me." The delicacy of his subsequent attentions to his noble prisoner evinced the sincerity of his admiration. When Marlborough's influence at the English Court was sensibly declining, in 1711, he repaired to London, and exerted all his talents and address to bring the English council back to the common cause, and restore his great rival to his former ascendancy with Queen Anne. When it was all in vain, and the English armies withdrew from the coalition, Eugene did all that skill and genius could achieve to make up for the great deficiency arising from the withdrawal of Marlborough and his gallant followers; and when it had become apparent that he was over-matched by the French armies, he was the first to counsel his Imperial master to conclude peace, which was done at Rastadt on the 6th March, 1714.

Great as had been the services then performed by Eugene for the Imperialists, they were outdone by those which he subsequently rendered in the wars with the Turks. In truth it was he who first effectually broke their power, and for ever delivered Europe from the sabres of the Osmanlis, by which it had been incessantly threatened for three hundred years. Intrusted with the command of the Austrian army in Hungary, sixty thousand strong, he gained at Peterwardin, in 1716, a complete victory over an hundred and fifty thousand Turks. This glorious success led him to resume the offensive, and in the following year he laid siege, with forty thousand men, to Belgrade, the great frontier fortress of Turkey, in presence of the whole strength of the Ottoman empire. The obstinate

resistance of the Turks, as famous then, as they have ever since been, in the defence of fortified places, joined to the dysenteries and fevers usual on the marshy banks of the Danube in the autumnal months, soon reduced his effective force to twenty-five thousand men, while that of the enemy, by prodigious efforts, had been swelled to an hundred and fifty thousand around the besiegers' lines, besides thirty thousand within the walls. Every thing presaged that Eugene was about to undergo the fate of Marshal Marsin twelve years before at Turin, and even his most experienced officers deemed a capitulation the only way of extricating them from their perilous situation. Eugene himself was attacked and seriously weakened by the prevailing dysentery: all seemed lost in the Austrian camp. It was in these circumstances, with this weakened and dispirited force, that he achieved one of the most glorious victories ever gained by the Cross over the Crescent. With admirable skill he collected his little army together, divided it into columns of attack, and though scarcely able to sit on horseback himself, led them to the assault of the Turkish intrenchments. The result was equal to the success of Cæsar over the Gauls at the blockade of Alesia, seventeen centuries before. The innumerable host of the Turks was totally defeated—all their artillery and baggage taken, and their troops entirely dispersed. Belgrade, immediately after, opened its gates, and has since remained, with some mutations of fortune, the great frontier bulwark of Europe against the Turks. The successes which he gained in the following campaign of 1718 were so decisive, that they entirely broke the Ottoman power; and he was preparing to march to Constantinople, when the treaty of Passarowitz put a period to his conquests, and gave a breathing time to the exhausted Ottoman empire.*

From this brief sketch of his exploits, it may readily be understood what was the character of Eugene as a general. He had none of the methodical prudence of Turenne, Marl-

* Biog. Univ. xiii. 462-491, (Eugene.)

borough, or Villars. His genius was entirely different: it was more akin to that of Napoleon, when he was reduced to counterbalance inferiority of numbers by superiority of skill. The immortal campaigns of 1796, in Italy, and of 1814, in Champagne, bear a strong resemblance to those of Eugene. Like the French Emperor, his strokes were rapid and forcible; his *coup-d'œil* was at once quick and just; his activity indefatigable; his courage undaunted; his resources equal to any undertaking. He did not lay much stress on previous arrangements, and seldom attempted the extensive combinations which enabled Marlborough to command success; but dashed fearlessly on, trusting to his own resources to extricate him out of any difficulty—to his genius, in any circumstances, to command victory. Yet was this daring disposition not without peril. His audacity often bordered on rashness, his rapidity on haste; and he repeatedly brought his armies into situations all but desperate, and which, to a general of lesser capacity, unquestionably would have proved so. Yet in these difficulties no one could exceed him in the energy and vigour with which he extricated himself from the toils: and many of his greatest victories, particularly those of Turin and Belgrade, were gained under circumstances where even the boldest officers in his army had given him over for lost. He was prodigal of the blood of his soldiers, and, like Napoleon, indifferent to the sacrifices at which he purchased his successes; but he was still more lavish of his own, and never failed to share the hardships and dangers of the meanest of his followers. He was engaged in thirteen pitched battles, in all of which he fought like a common soldier. He was in consequence repeatedly, sometimes dangerously, wounded; and it was extraordinary “that his life escaped his reiterated perils.” He raised the Austrian monarchy by his triumphs to the very highest pitch of glory, and finally broke the power of the Turks, the most persevering and not the least formidable of its enemies. But the enterprises which his genius prompted the cabinet of Vienna to undertake, were beyond the strength

of the hereditary states; and for nearly a century after, it achieved nothing worthy, either of its growing resources, or the military renown which he had spread around its annals.

FREDERICK II., surnamed THE GREAT, with more justice than that title has elsewhere been applied in modern times, was born at Berlin on the 24th January, 1712. His education was as much neglected as ill-directed. Destined from early youth for the military profession, he was in the first instance subjected to a discipline so rigorous, that he conceived the utmost aversion for a career in which he was ultimately to shine with such éclat, and, as his only resource, threw himself with ardour into the study of French literature, for which he retained a strong predilection through the whole of his subsequent life. Unfortunately his education was almost entirely confined to that literature. That of his own country, since so illustrious, had not started into existence. Of Italian and Spanish he was ignorant. He could not read Greek; and with Latin his acquaintance was so imperfect, as to be of no practical service to him through life. To this unfortunate contraction of his education his limited taste in literature, in subsequent life, is chiefly to be ascribed. He at first was desirous of espousing an English princess; but his father, who was most imperious in his disposition, decided otherwise, and he was compelled, in 1733, to marry the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick. This union, like most others contracted under restraint, proved unfortunate; and it did not give Frederick the blessing of an heir to the throne. Debarred from domestic enjoyments, the young prince took refuge with more eagerness than ever in literary pursuits; the chateau of Rhinsberg, which was his favourite abode, was styled by him in his transport the “Palace of the Muses;” and the greatest general and most hardy soldier of modern times spent some years of his youth in corresponding with Maupertuis, Voltaire, and other French philosophers, and in making indifferent verses and madrigals, which gave no token of any remarkable genius. He had already prepared for the press a book entitled “Refutation of the

Prince of Machiavel," when, in 1740, the death of his father called him to the throne, its duties, its dangers, and its ambition.

The philosophers were in transports, when they beheld "one of themselves," as they styled him, elevated to a throne: they flattered themselves that he would continue his literary pursuits, and acknowledge their influence, when surrounded by the attractions, and wielding the patronage of the crown. They soon found their mistake. Frederick continued through life his literary tastes: he corresponded with Voltaire and the philosophers through all his campaigns: he made French verses, in his tent, after tracing out the plans of the battles of Leuthen and Rosbach. But his heart was in his kingdom: his ambition was set on its aggrandizement: his passion was war, by which alone it could be achieved. Without being discarded, the philosophers and madrigals were soon forgotten. The finances and the army occupied his whole attention. The former were in admirable order, and his father had even accumulated a large treasure which remained in the exchequer. The army, admirably equipped and disciplined, already amounted to 60,000 men: he augmented it to 80,000. Nothing could exceed the vigour he displayed in every department, or the unceasing attention he paid to public affairs. Indefatigable day and night, sober and temperate in his habits, he employed even artificial means to augment the time during the day he could devote to business. Finding that he was constitutionally inclined to more sleep than he deemed consistent with the full discharge of all his regal duties, he ordered his servants to waken him at five in the morning; and if words were not effectual to rouse him from his sleep, he commanded them, on pain of dismissal, to apply linen steeped in cold water to his person. This order was punctually executed, even in the depth of winter, till nature was fairly subdued, and the king had gained the time he desired from his slumbers.

It was not long before he had an opportunity of evincing at once the vigour and unscrupulous character of his mind. The Emperor Charles VI. having died on the 20th October, 1740,

the immense possessions of the house of Austria devolved to his daughter, since so famous by the name of MARIA THERESA. The defenceless condition of the imperial dominions, consisting of so many different and discordant states, some of them but recently united under one head, when under the guidance of a young unmarried princess, suggested to the neighbouring powers the idea of a partition. Frederick eagerly united with France in this project. He revived some old and obsolete claims of Prussia to Silesia; but in his manifesto to the European powers, upon invading that province, he was scarcely at the pains to conceal the real motives of his aggression. "It is," said he, "an army ready to take the field, treasures long accumulated, and perhaps the desire to acquire glory." He was not long in winning the battle, though it was at first rather owing to the skill of his generals, and discipline of his soldiers, than his own capacity. On the 10th April, 1741, the army under his command gained a complete victory over the Austrians, at Mollwitz, in Silesia, which led to the entire reduction of that rich and important province. The king owed little to his own courage, however, on this occasion. Like Wellington, the first essay in arms of so indomitable a hero was unfortunate. He fled from the field of battle, at the first repulse of his cavalry; and he was already seven miles off, where he was resting in a mill, when he received intelligence that his troops had regained the day; and at the earnest entreaties of General afterwards Marshal Schwerin, he returned to take the command of the army. Next year, however, he evinced equal courage and capacity in the battle of Czaslau, which he gained over the Prince of Lorraine. Austria, on the brink of ruin, hastened to disarm the most formidable of her assailants; and, by a separate peace, concluded at Breslau on June 11, 1742, she ceded to Prussia nearly the whole of Silesia.

This cruel loss, however, was too plainly the result of necessity to be acquiesced in without a struggle by the Cabinet of Vienna. Maria Theresa made no secret of her determination to resume possession of the lost province on the first convenient oppor-

tunity. Austria soon united the whole of Germany in a league against Frederick, who had no ally but the King of France. Assailed by such a host of enemies, however, the young king was not discouraged, and, boldly assuming the initiative, he gained at Hohenfriedberg a complete victory over his old antagonist the Prince of Lorraine. This triumph was won entirely by the extraordinary genius displayed by the King of Prussia: "It was one of those battles," says the military historian, Guibert, "where a great master makes every thing give way before him, and which is gained from the very beginning, because he never gives the enemy time to recover from their disorder." The Austrians made great exertions to repair the consequences of this disaster, and with such success, that in four months Prince Charles of Lorraine again attacked him at the head of 50,000 men near Soor. Frederick had not 25,000, but with these he again defeated the Austrians with immense loss, and took up his winter quarters in Silesia. So vast were the resources, however, of the great German League, of which Austria was the head, that they were enabled to keep the field during winter, and even meditate a *coup-de-main* against the king, in his capital of Berlin. Informed of this design, Frederick lost not a moment in anticipating it by a sudden attack on his part on his enemies. Assembling his troops in the depth of winter with perfect secrecy, he surprised a large body of Saxons at Naumberg, made himself master of their magazines at Gorkitz, and soon after made his triumphant entry into Dresden, where he dictated a glorious peace, on 25th December, 1745, to his enemies, which secured, permanently, Silesia to Prussia. It was full time for the Imperialists to come to an accommodation. In eighteen months Frederick had defeated them in four pitched battles, besides several combats; taken 45,000 prisoners, and killed or wounded an equal number of his enemies. His own armies had not sustained losses to a fifth part of this amount, and the chasms in his ranks were more than compensated by the multitude of the prisoners who enlisted under his ban-

ners, anxious to share the fortunes of the hero who had already filled Europe with his renown.

The ambitious and decided, and, above all, indomitable character of Frederick, had already become conspicuous during these brief campaigns. His correspondence, all conducted by himself, evinced a vigour and *tranchant* style, at that period unknown in European diplomacy, but to which the world has since been abundantly accustomed in the proclamations of Napoleon. Already he spoke on every occasion as the hero and the conqueror—to conquer or die was his invariable maxim. On the eve of his invasion of Saxony, he wrote to the Empress of Russia, who was endeavouring to dissuade him from that design:—"I wish nothing from the King of Poland (Elector of Saxony) but to punish him in his Electorate, and make him sign an acknowledgment of repentance in his capital." During the negotiations for peace, he wrote to the King of England, who had proposed the mediation of Great Britain:—"These are my conditions. I will perish with my army before departing from one iota of them: if the Empress does not accept them, I will rise in my demands."

The peace of Dresden lasted ten years; and these were of inestimable importance to Frederick. He employed that precious interval in consolidating his conquests, securing the affections by protecting the interests of his subjects, and pursuing every design which could conduce to their welfare. Marshes were drained, lands broken up and cultivated, manufactures established, the finances were put in the best order, agriculture, as the great staple of the kingdom, sedulously encouraged. His capital was embellished, and the fame of his exploits attracted the greatest and most celebrated men in Europe. Voltaire, among the rest, became for years his guest; but the aspiring genius and irascible temper of the military monarch could ill accord with the vanity and insatiable thirst for praise in the French author, and they parted with mutual respect, but irretrievable alienation. Meanwhile, the strength of the monarchy was daily increasing under Frederick's wise and provident

administration. The population nearly reached 6,000,000 of souls; the cavalry mustered 30,000, all in the highest state of discipline and equipment; and the infantry, esteemed with reason the most perfect in Europe, numbered an hundred and twenty thousand bayonets. These troops had long been accustomed to act together in large bodies; the best training next to actual service in the field which an army can receive. They had need of all their skill, and discipline, and courage, for Prussia was ere long threatened by the most formidable confederacy that ever yet had been directed in modern times against a single State. Austria, Russia, France, Sweden, and Saxony, united in alliance for the purpose of partitioning the Prussian territories. They had ninety millions of men in their dominions, and could with ease bring four hundred thousand men into the field. Prussia had not six million of inhabitants, who were strained to the uttermost to array a hundred and fifty thousand combatants—and even with the aid of England and Hanover, not more than fifty thousand auxiliaries could be relied on. Prussia had neither strong fortresses like Flanders, nor mountain chains like Spain, nor a frontier stream like France. It was chiefly composed of flat plains, unprotected by great rivers, and surrounded on all sides by its enemies. The contest seemed utterly desperate; there did not seem a chance of escape for the Prussian monarchy.

Frederick began the contest by one of those strokes which demonstrated the strength of his understanding and the vigour of his determination. Instead of waiting to be attacked, he carried the war at once into the enemy's territories, and converted the resources of the nearest of them to his own advantage. Having received authentic intelligence of the signature of a treaty for the partition of his kingdom by the great powers, on 9th May 1756, he suddenly entered the Saxon territories, made himself master of Dresden, and shut up the whole forces of Saxony in the entrenched camp at Pirna. Marshal Brown having advanced at the head of 60,000 men to relieve them, he encountered and totally defeated him at Lowositz, with the loss

of 15,000 men. Deprived of all hope of succour, the Saxons in Pirna, after having made vain efforts to escape, were obliged to lay down their arms, 14,000 strong. The whole of Saxony submitted to the victor, who thenceforward, during the whole war, converted its entire resources to his own support. Beyond all question, it was this masterly and successful stroke, in the very outset, and in the teeth of his enemies, adding above a third to his warlike resources, which enabled him subsequently to maintain his ground against the desperate odds by which he was assailed. Most of the Saxons taken at Pirna, dazzled by their conqueror's fame, entered his service: the Saxon youth hastened in crowds to enrol themselves under the banners of the hero of the North of Germany. Frederick, at the same time, effectually vindicated the step he had taken in the eyes of all Europe, by the publication of the secret treaty of partition, taken in the archives at Dresden, in spite of the efforts of the electress to conceal it. Whatever might have been the case in the former war, when he seized on Silesia, it was apparent to the world, that he now, at least, was strictly in the right, and that his invasion of Saxony was not less justifiable on the score of public morality, than important in its consequences to the great contest in which he was engaged.

The allies made the utmost efforts to regain the advantages they had lost. France, instead of the 24,000 men she was bound to furnish by the treaty of partition, put 100,000 on foot; the Diet of Ratisbon placed 60,000 troops of the empire at the disposal of Austria; but Frederick still preserved the ascendant. Breaking into Bohemia, in March 1757, he defeated the Austrians in a great battle under the walls of Prague, shut up 40,000 of their best troops in that town, and soon reduced them to such extremities, that it was evident, if not succoured, they must surrender. The cabinet of Vienna made the greatest efforts for their relief. Marshal Daun, whose cautious and scientific policy were peculiarly calculated to thwart the designs, and baffle the audacity of his youthful antagonist, advanced at the head of 60,000 men to their relief. Frederick advanced to meet them with less than

20,000 combatants. He attacked the Imperialists in a strong position at Kolin, on the 18th July, and, for the first time in his life, met with a bloody defeat. His army, especially that division commanded by his brother, the prince-royal, sustained severe losses in the retreat, which became unavoidable, out of Bohemia; and the king confessed, in his private correspondence, that an honourable death alone remained to him. Disaster accumulated on every side. The English and Hanoverian army, his only allies, capitulated at Closterseven, and left the French army, 70,000 strong, at liberty to follow the Prussians; the French and troops of the empire, with the Duke of Richelieu at their head, menaced Magdeburg, where the royal family of Prussia had taken refuge; and advanced towards Dresden. The Russians, 60,000 strong, were making serious progress on the side of Poland, and had recently defeated the Prussians opposed to them. The king was put to the ban of the empire, and the army of the empire, mustering 40,000, was moving against him. Four huge armies, each stronger than his own, were advancing to crush a prince who could not collect 30,000 men round his banners. At that period he carried a sure poison always with him, determined not to fall alive into the hands of his enemies. He seriously contemplated suicide, and gave vent to the mournful, but yet heroic, sentiments with which he was inspired, in a letter to Voltaire, terminating with the lines—

Pour moi, menacé de naufrage,
Je dois, en affrontant l'orage
Penser, vivre et mourir en roi.

Then it was that the astonishing vigour and powers of his mind shone forth with their full lustre. Collecting hastily 25,000 men out of his shattered battalions, he marched against the Prince of Soubise, who, at the head of 60,000 French and troops of the empire, was advancing against him through Thuringia, and totally defeated him, with the loss of 18,000 men, on the memorable field of Rosbach. Hardly was this triumph achieved, when he was called, with his indefatigable followers, to stem the progress of the Prince of Lorraine and

Marshal Daun, who were making the most alarming progress in Silesia. Schweidnitz, its capital, had fallen: a large body of Prussians, under the Duke de Bevern, had been defeated at Breslau. That rich and important province seemed on the point of falling again into the hands of the Austrians, when Frederick reinstated his affairs, which seemed wholly desperate, by one of those astonishing strokes which distinguish him, perhaps, above any general of modern times. In the depth of winter he attacked, at Leuthen, on the 5th December, 1757, Marshal Daun and the Prince of Lorraine,—who had 60,000 admirable troops under their orders,—and, by the skilful application of the *oblique* method of attack, defeated them entirely, with the loss of 30,000 men, of whom 18,000 were prisoners! It was the greatest victory that had been gained in Europe since the battle of Blenheim. Its effects were immense: the Austrians were driven headlong out of Silesia; Schweidnitz was regained; the King of Prussia, pursuing them, carried the war into Moravia, and laid siege to Olmutz; and England, awakening, at the voice of Chatham, from its unworthy slumber, refused to ratify the capitulation of Closterseven, resumed the war on the continent with more vigour than ever, and intrusted its direction to Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who soon rivalled Turenne in the skill and science of his methodical warfare.

But it was the destiny of the King of Prussia—a destiny which displayed his great qualities in their full lustre—to be perpetually involved in difficulties, from the enormous numerical preponderance of his enemies, or the misfortunes of the lieutenants to whom his subordinate armies were intrusted. Frederick could not be personally present every where at the same time; and wherever he was absent, disaster revealed the overwhelming superiority of the force by which he was assailed. The siege of Olmutz, commenced in March 1758, proved unfortunate. The battering train, at the disposal of the king, was unequal to its reduction, and it became necessary to raise it on the approach of Daun with a formidable Austrian army. During this unsuccessful irrup-

tion into the south, the Russians had been making alarming progress in the north-east, where the feeble force opposed to them was well-nigh overwhelmed by their enormous superiority of numbers. Frederick led back the flower of his army from Olmutz, in Moravia, crossed all Silesia and Prussia, and encountered the sturdy barbarians at Zorndorf, defeating them with the loss of 17,000 men, an advantage which delivered the eastern provinces of the monarchy from this formidable invasion; dearly purchased, however, by the sacrifice of 10,000 of his own best soldiers. But, during the king's absence, Prince Henry of Prussia, whom he had left in command of 16,000 men, to keep Marshal Daun in check, was well-nigh overwhelmed by that able commander, who was again at the head of 50,000 combatants. Frederick flew back to his support, and, having joined his brother, took post at Hohenkirchen. The position was unfavourable: the army inferior to the enemy. "If Daun does not attack us here," said Marshal Keith, "he deserves to be hanged." "I hope," answered Frederick, "he will be more afraid of us than the rope." The Austrian veteran, however, saw his advantage, and attacked the Prussians, during the night, with such skill, that he threw them into momentary confusion, took 150 pieces of cannon, and drove them from their ground, with the loss of 7000 men. Then it was that the courage and genius of the king shone forth with their full lustre. Though grievously wounded in the conflict, and after having seen his best generals fall around him, he rallied his troops at daybreak,—formed them in good order behind the village which had been surprised, and led them leisurely to a position a mile from the field of conflict, where he offered battle to the enemy, who did not venture to accept it. Having remained two days in this position to re-organize his troops, he decamped, raised the siege of Niesse, and succeeded in taking up his winter quarters at Breslau, in the very middle of the province he had wrested from the enemy.

The campaign of 1759 was still more perilous to Frederick; but, if possible, it displayed his extraordinary talents in still brighter colours. He be-

gan by observing the Austrians, under Daun and the Prince of Lorraine, in Silesia, and reserved his strength to combat the Russians, who were advancing, 80,000 strong, through East Prussia. Frederick attacked them at Cunnersdorf, with 40,000 only, in an intrenched position, guarded by 200 pieces of cannon. The first onset of the Prussians was entirely successful: they forced the front line of the Russian intrenchment, and took 72 pieces of cannon. But the situation of the king was such, pressed on all sides by superior armies, that he could not stop short with ordinary success; and, in the attempt to gain a decisive victory, he had well-nigh lost all. The heroism of his troops was shattered against the strength of the second line of the Russians; a large body of Austrians came up to their support during the battle, and, after having exhausted all the resources of courage and genius, he was driven from the field with the loss of 20,000 men and all his artillery. The Russians lost 18,000 men in this terrible battle, the most bloody which had been fought for centuries in Europe, and were in no condition to follow up their victory. Other misfortunes, however, in appearance overwhelming, succeeded each other. General Schmellau capitulated in Dresden; and General Finck, with 17,000 men, was obliged to lay down his arms in the defiles of the Bohemian mountains. All seemed lost; but the king still persevered, and the victory of Minden enabled Prince Ferdinand to detach 12,000 men to his support. The Prussians nobly stood by their heroic sovereign in the hour of trial; new levies supplied the wide chasms in his ranks. Frederick's great skill averted all future disasters, and the campaign of 1759, the *fourth* of the war, concluded with the king still in possession of all his dominions in the midst of the enormous forces of his enemies.

The campaign of 1760 began in March by another disaster at Landsheeh, where ten thousand Prussians were cut to pieces, under one of his generals, and the important fortress of Glatz invested by the Austrians. Frederick advanced to relieve it; but soon remeasured his steps to attempt the siege of Dresden. Daun, in his turn,

followed him, and obliged the Prussian monarch to raise the siege; and he resumed his march into Silesia, closely followed by three armies, each more numerous than his own, under Laudon, Daun, and Lacey, without their being able to obtain the slightest advantage over him. Laudon, the most active of them, attempted to surprise him; but Frederick was aware of his design, and received the attacking columns in so masterly a manner, that they were totally defeated, with the loss of 12,000 men. Scarcely had he achieved this victory, when he had to make head against Lacey, withstand Daun, repel an enormous body of Russians, who were advancing through East Prussia, and deliver Berlin, which had been a second time occupied by his enemies. Driven to desperate measures by such an unparalleled succession of dangers, he extricated himself from them by the terrible battle and extraordinary victory of Torgau, on November 3, 1761, in which, after a dreadful struggle, he defeated Daun, though intrenched to the teeth, with the loss of 25,000 men—an advantage dearly purchased by the loss of 18,000 of his own brave soldiers. But this victory saved the Prussian monarchy: Daun, severely wounded in the battle, retired to Vienna; the army withdrew into Bohemia; two-thirds of Saxony was regained by the Prussians; the Russians and Swedes retired; Berlin was delivered from the enemy; and the fifth campaign terminated with the unconquerable monarch still in possession of nearly his whole dominions.

The military strength of Prussia was now all but exhausted by the unparalleled and heroic efforts she had made. Frederick has left us the following picture of the state of his kingdom and army at this disastrous period:—"Our condition at that period can only be likened to that of a man riddled with balls, weakened by the loss of blood, and ready to sink under the weight of his sufferings. The noblesse was exhausted, the lower people ruined; numbers of villages burnt, many towns destroyed; an entire anarchy had overturned the whole order and police of govern-

ment: in a word, desolation was universal. The army was in no better situation. *Seventeen pitched battles* had mowed down the flower of the officers and soldiers; the regiments were broken down and composed in part of deserters and prisoners: order had disappeared and discipline relaxed to such a degree that the old infantry was little better than a body of newly-raised militia."* Necessity, not less than prudence, in these circumstances, which to any other man would have seemed desperate, prescribed a cautious defensive policy; and it is doubtful whether in it his greatness did not appear more conspicuous than in the bolder parts of his former career. The campaign of 1761 passed in skilful marches and countermarches, without his numerous enemies being able to obtain a single advantage, where the king commanded in person. He was now, literally speaking, assailed on all sides: the immense masses of the Austrians and Russians were converging to one point; and Frederick, who could not muster 40,000 men under his banners, found himself assailed by 120,000 allies, whom six campaigns had brought to perfection in the military art. It seemed impossible he could escape: yet he did so, and compelled his enemies to retire without gaining the slightest advantage over him. Taking post in an intrenched camp at Bunzelwitz, fortified with the utmost skill, defended with the utmost vigilance, he succeeded in maintaining himself and providing his troops for two months within cannon-shot of the enormous masses of the Russians and Austrians, till want of provisions obliged them to separate. "It has just come to this," said Frederick, "who will starve first?" He made his enemies do so. Burning with shame, they were forced to retire to their respective territories, so that he was enabled to take up his winter quarters at Breslau in Silesia. But, during this astonishing struggle, disaster had accumulated in other quarters. His camp at Bunzelwitz had only been maintained by concentrating in it nearly the whole strength of the monarchy, and its more distant provinces suffered severely under the

* *Histoire de mon Tempe par Frederick IV.*, p. 174.

drain. Schweidnitz, the capital of Silesia, was surprised by the Austrians, with its garrison of 4000 men. Prince Henry, after the loss of Dresden, had the utmost difficulty in maintaining himself in the part of Saxony which still remained to the Prussians: in Silesia they had lost all but Glogau, Breslau, and Neiss; and, to complete his misfortune, the dismissal of Lord Chatham from office in England, had led to the stoppage of the wonted subsidy of £750,000 a-year. The resolution of the king did not sink, but his judgment almost despaired of success under such a complication of disasters. Determined not to yield, he discovered a conspiracy at his head-quarters, to seize him, and deliver him to his enemies. Dreading such a calamity more than death, he carried with him, as formerly in similar circumstances, a sure poison, intended, in the last extremity, to terminate his days.

"Nevertheless," as he himself said, "affairs which seemed desperate, in reality were not so; and perseverance at length surmounted every peril." Fortune often, in real life as well as in romance, favours the brave. In the case of Frederick, however, it would be unjust to say he was favoured by Fortune. On the contrary, she long proved adverse to him; and he recovered her smiles only by heroically persevering till the ordinary chance of human affairs turned in his favour. He accomplished what in serious cases is the great aim of medicine; he made the patient survive the disease. In the winter of 1761, the Empress of Russia died, and was succeeded by Peter III. That prince had long conceived the most ardent admiration for Frederick, and he manifested it in the most decisive manner on his accession to the throne, by not only withdrawing from the alliance, but uniting his forces with those of Prussia against Austria. This great event speedily changed the face of affairs. The united Prussians and Russians under Frederick, 70,000 strong, retook Schweidnitz in the face of Daun, who had only 60,000 men; and, although the sudden death of the Czar Peter in a few months deprived him of the aid of his powerful neighbours, yet Russia took no farther part

in the contest. France, exhausted and defeated in every quarter of the globe by England, could render no aid to Austria, upon whom the whole weight of the contest fell. It was soon apparent that she was over-matched by the Prussian hero. Relieved from the load which had so long oppressed him, Frederick vigorously resumed the offensive. Silesia was wholly regained by the king in person: the battle of Freyberg gave his brother, Prince Henry, the ascendant in Saxony; and the cabinet of Vienna, seeing the contest hopeless, were glad to make peace at Hubertsbourg, on 15th February, 1763, on terms which left Silesia and his whole dominions to the King of Prussia.

He entered Berlin in triumph after six years' absence, in an open chariot, with Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick seated by his side. No words can paint the enthusiasm of the spectators at the august spectacle, or the admiration with which they regarded the hero who had filled the world with his renown. It was no wonder they were proud of their sovereign. His like had never been seen in modern times. He had founded and saved a kingdom. He had conquered Europe in arms. With six millions of subjects he had vanquished powers possessing ninety millions. He had created a new era in the art of war. His people were exhausted, pillaged, ruined; their numbers had declined a tenth during the contest. But what then? They had come victorious out of a struggle unparalleled in modern times: the halo of Leuthen and Rosbach, of Zorndorf and Torgau, played round their bayonets; they were inspired with the energy which so speedily repairs any disaster. Frederick wisely and magnanimously laid aside the sword when he resumed the pacific sceptre. His subsequent reign was almost entirely pacific; all the wounds of war were speedily healed under his sage and beneficent administration. Before his death, his subjects were double, and the national wealth triple what it had been at the commencement of his reign: and Prussia now boasts of sixteen millions of inhabitants, and a population increasing faster in numbers and resources than any other state in Europe.

No laboured character, no studied eulogium, can paint Frederick, like this brief and simple narrative of his exploits. It places him at once at the head of modern generals,—if Hannibal be excepted, perhaps of ancient and modern. He was not uniformly successful: on the contrary, he sustained several dreadful defeats. But that arose from the enormous superiority of force by which he was assailed, and the desperate state of his affairs, which were generally so pressing, that a respite even in one quarter could be obtained only by a victory instantly gained, under whatever circumstances, in another. What appears rashness was often in him the height of wisdom. He could protract the struggle only by strong and vigorous strokes and the lustre of instant success, and they could not be dealt out without risking receiving as many. The fact of his maintaining the struggle against such desperate odds proves the general wisdom of his policy. No man ever made more skilful use of an interior line of communication, or flew with such rapidity from one threatened part of his dominions to another. None ever, by the force of skill in tactics and sagacity in strategy, gained such astonishing successes with forces so inferior. And if some generals have committed fewer faults, none were impelled by such desperate circumstances to a hazardous course, and none had ever so much magnanimity in confessing and explaining them for the benefit of future times.

The only general in modern times who can bear a comparison with Frederick, if the difficulties of his situation are considered, is Napoleon. It is a part only of his campaigns, however, which sustains the analogy. There is no resemblance between the mighty conqueror pouring down the valley of the Danube, at the head of 180,000 men, invading Russia with 500,000, or overrunning Spain with 300,000, and Frederick the Great with 30,000 or 40,000, turning every way against quadruple the number of Austrians, French, Swedes, and Russians. Yet a part, and the most brilliant part of Napoleon's career, bears a close resemblance to that of the Prussian hero. In Lombardy in 1796, in Saxony

in 1813, and in the plains of Champagne in 1814, he was upon the whole inferior in force to his opponents, and owed the superiority which he generally enjoyed on the point of attack to the rapidity of his movements, and the skill with which, like Frederick, he availed himself of an interior line of communication. His immortal campaign in France in 1814, in particular, where he bore up with 70,000 men against 250,000 enemies, bears the closest resemblance to those which Frederick sustained for six years against the forces of the Coalition. Rapidity of movement, skill in strategy, and the able use of an interior line of communication, were what enabled both to compensate a prodigious inferiority of force. Both were often to appearance rash, because the affairs of each were so desperate, that nothing could save them but an audacious policy. Both were indomitable in resolution, and preferred ruin and death to sitting down on a dishonoured throne. Both were from the outset of the struggle placed in circumstances apparently hopeless, and each succeeded in protracting it solely by his astonishing talent and resolution. The fate of the two was widely different: the one transmitted an honoured and aggrandized throne to his successors; the other, overthrown and disrowned, terminated his days on the rock of St. Helena. But success is not always the test of real merit: the verdict of ages is often different from the judgment of present times. Hannibal conquered, has left a greater name among men than Scipio victorious. In depth of thought, force of genius, variety of information, and splendour of success, Frederick will bear no comparison with Napoleon. But Frederick's deeds as a general were more extraordinary than those of the French emperor, because he bore up longer against greater odds. It is the highest praise of Napoleon to say, that he did in one campaign—his last and greatest—what Frederick had done in six.

If the campaigns of Eugene and Frederick suggest a comparison with those of Napoleon, those of Marlborough challenge a parallel with those of the other great commander of our day—Wellington. Their political and

military situations were in many respects alike. Both combated at the head of the forces of an alliance, composed of dissimilar nations, actuated by separate interests, inflamed by different passions. Both had the utmost difficulty in soothing their jealousies and stifling their selfishness; and both found themselves often more seriously impeded by the allied cabinets in their rear, than by the enemy's forces in their front. Both were the generals of a nation, which, albeit covetous of military glory, and proud of warlike renown, is to the last degree impatient of previous preparation, and frets at the cost of wars, which its political position renders unavoidable, or its ambitious spirit had readily undertaken. Both were compelled to husband the blood of their soldiers, and spare the resources of their governments, from the consciousness that they had already been strained to the uttermost in the cause, and that any farther demands would render the war so unpopular as speedily to lead to its termination. The career of both occurred at a time when political passions were strongly roused in their country; when the war in which they were engaged was waged against the inclination, and, in appearance at least, against the interests of a large and powerful party at home, which sympathized from political feeling with their enemies, and were ready to decry every success and magnify every disaster of their own arms, from a secret feeling that their party elevation was identified rather with the successes of the enemy than with those of their own countrymen. The Tories were to Marlborough precisely what the Whigs were to Wellington. Both were opposed to the armies of the most powerful monarch, led by the most renowned generals of Europe, whose forces, preponderating over the adjoining states, had come to threaten the liberties of all Europe, and at length produced a general coalition to restrain the ambition from which so much detriment had already been experienced.

But while in these respects the two British heroes were placed very much in the same circumstances, in other particulars, not less material, their

situations were widely different. Marlborough had never any difficulties approaching those which beset Wellington to struggle with. By great exertions, both on his own part and that of the British and Dutch governments, his force was generally equal to that with which he had to contend. It was often exactly so. War at that period, in the Low Countries at least, consisted chiefly a single battle during a campaign, followed by the siege of two or three frontier fortresses. The number of strongholds with which the country bristled, rendered any farther or more extensive operations, in general, impossible. This state of matters at once rendered success more probable to a general of superior abilities, and made it more easy to repair disaster. No vehement passions had been roused, bringing whole nations into the field, and giving one state, where they had burnt the fiercest, a vast superiority in point of numbers over its more pacific or less excited neighbours. But in all these respects, the circumstances in which Wellington was placed, were not only not parallel—they were contrasted. From first to last, in the Peninsula, he was enormously outnumbered by the enemy. Until the campaign of 1813, when his force in the field was, for the first time, equal to that of the French, the superiority to which he was opposed was so prodigious, that the only surprising thing is, how he was not driven into the sea in the very first encounter.

While the French had never less than 200,000, sometimes as many as 260,000 effective troops at their disposal, after providing for all their garrisons and communications, the English general had never more than 30,000 effective British and 20,000 Portuguese around his standard. The French were directed by the Emperor, who, intent on the subjugation of the Peninsula, and wielding the inexhaustible powers of the conscription for the supply of his armies, cared not though he lost 100,000 men, so as he purchased success by their sacrifice in every campaign. Wellington was supported at home by a government, which, raising its soldiers by voluntary enrolment, could with

difficulty supply a drain of 15,000 men a-year from their ranks, and watched by a party which decried every advantage, and magnified every disaster, in order to induce the entire withdrawal of the troops from the Peninsula. Napoleon sent into Spain a host of veterans trained in fifteen years' combats, who had carried the French standards into every capital of Europe. Wellington led to this encounter troops admirably disciplined, indeed, but almost all unacquainted with actual war, and who had often to learn the rudiments even of the most necessary field operations in presence of the enemy. Marlborough's troops, though heterogeneous and dissimilar, had been trained to their practical duties in the preceding wars under William III., and brought into the field a degree of experience noways inferior to that of their opponents. Whoever weighs with impartiality those different circumstances, cannot avoid arriving at the conclusion that as Wellington's difficulties were incomparably more formidable than Marlborough's, so his merit, in surmounting them, was proportionally greater.

Though similar in many respects, so far as the general conduct of their campaigns is concerned, from the necessity under which both laboured of husbanding the blood of their soldiers, the military qualities of England's two chiefs were essentially different, and each possessed some points in which he was superior to the other. By nature Wellington was more daring than Marlborough, and though soon constrained, by necessity, to adopt a cautious system, he continued, throughout all his career, to incline more to a hazardous policy. The intrepid advance and fight at Assaye; the crossing of the Douro and movement on Talavera in 1809; the advance to Madrid and Burgos in 1812; the actions before Bayonne in 1813; the desperate stand made at Waterloo in 1815—place this beyond a doubt. Marlborough never hazarded so much on the success of a single enterprise: he ever aimed at

compassing his objects by skill and combination, rather than risking them on the chance of arms. Wellington was a mixture of Turenne and Eugene: Marlborough was the perfection of the Turenne school alone. No man could fight more ably and gallantly than Marlborough: his talent and rapidity of eye in tactics were, at least, equal to his skill in strategy and previous combination. But he was not partial to such desperate passages at arms, and never resorted to them, but from necessity or the emergency of a happy opportunity for striking a blow. The proof of this is decisive. Marlborough, during ten campaigns, fought only five pitched battles. Wellington in seven fought fifteen, in every one of which he proved victorious.*

Marlborough's consummate generalship, throughout his whole career, kept him out of disaster. It was said, with justice, that he never fought a battle which he did not gain, nor laid siege to a town which he did not take. He took above twenty fortified places of the first order, generally in presence of an enemy's army superior to his own. Wellington's bolder disposition more frequently involved him in peril, and on some occasions caused serious losses to his army; but they were the price at which he purchased his transcendent successes. But Wellington's bolder strategy gained for him advantages which the more circumspect measures of his predecessor never could have attained. Marlborough would never, with scarcely any artillery, have hazarded the attack on Burgos, nor incurred the perilous chances of the retreat from that town; but he never would have delivered the South of the Peninsula in a single campaign, by throwing himself, with 40,000 men, upon the communications, in the North, of 200,000. It is hard to say which was the greater general, if their merits in the field alone are considered; but Wellington's successes were the more vital to his country, for they delivered it from the greater peril; and they were more honourable to himself, for they were

* Viz. Vimiera, the Douro, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, the Bidassoa, the Nive, the Nivelle, Orthes, Toulouse, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo.

achieved against greater odds. And his fame, in future times, will be proportionally brighter; for the final overthrow of Napoleon, and destruction of the revolutionary power, in a single battle, present an object of surpassing interest, to which there is nothing in history, perhaps, parallel, and which, to the latest generation, will fascinate the minds of men.

The examination of the comparative merits of these two illustrious generals, and the enumeration of the names of their glorious triumphs, suggests one reflection of a very peculiar kind. That England is a maritime power, that the spirit of her inhabitants is essentially nautical, and that the sea is the element on which her power has chiefly been developed, need be told to none who reflect on the magnitude of her present colonial empire, and how long she has wielded the empire of the waves. The French are the first to tell us that her strength is confined to that element; that she is, at land, only a third-rate power; and that the military career does not suit the genius of her people. How, then, has it happened that England, the nautical power, and little inured to land operations, has inflicted greater wounds upon France by *military* success, than any other power, and that in almost all the pitched battles which the two nations have fought, during five centuries, the English have proved victorious? That England's military force is absorbed in the defence of a colonial empire which encircles the earth, is indeed certain, and, in every age, the impatience of taxation in her people has starved down her establishment, during peace, to so low a point, as rendered the occurrence of disaster, in the first years consequent on the breaking out of war, a matter of certainty; while the military spirit of its neighbours has kept theirs at the level which ensures early success. Yet with all these disadvantages, and with a population which, down to the close of the last war, was little more than half that of France, she has inflicted far greater *land* disasters on her redoubtable neighbour than all the military monarchies of Europe put together.

English armies, for 120 years, ravaged France: they have twice taken

its capital; an English king was crowned at Paris; a French king rode captive through London; a French emperor died in English captivity, and his remains were surrendered by English generosity. Twice the English horse marched from Calais to the Pyrenees; the monuments of Napoleon in the French capital at this moment, owe their preservation from German revenge to an English general. All the great disasters and days of mourning for France, since the battle of Hastings,—Tenchbray, Cressy, Poitiers, Azincour, Verneuil, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramilies, Malplaque, Minden, Quebec, Egypt, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthes, the Pyrenees, Waterloo,—were all gained by English generals, and won, for the most part, by English soldiers. Even at Fontenoy, the greatest victory over England of which France can boast since Hastings, every regiment in the French army was, on their own admission, routed by the terrible English column, and victory was snatched from its grasp solely by want of support on the part of the Dutch and Austrians. No coalition against France has ever been successful, in which England did not take a prominent part; none, in the end, failed of gaining its objects, in which she stood foremost in the fight. This fact is so apparent on the surface of history, that it is admitted by the ablest French historians, though they profess themselves unable to explain it.

Is it that there is a degree of hardihood and courage in the Anglo-Saxon race which renders them, without the benefit of previous experience in war, adequate to the conquest, on land, even of the most warlike Continental military nations? Is it that the quality of dogged resolution, determination not to be conquered, is of such value in war, that it compensates almost any degree of inferiority in the practical acquaintance with war? Is it that the North brings forth a bolder race of men than the South, and that, other things being equal, the people in a more rigorous climate will vanquish those in a more genial? Is it that the free spirit which, in every age, has distinguished the English people, has communicated a degree of vigour and resolution to their warlike

operations, which has rendered them so often victorious in land fights, albeit nautical and commercial in their ideas, over their military neighbours? Or is it, that this courage in war, and this vigour in peace, and this passion for freedom at all times, arise from and are but symptoms of an ardent and aspiring disposition, imprinted by Nature on the races to whom was destined the dominion of half the globe? Experience has not yet determined to which of these causes this most extraordinary fact has been owing; but it is

one upon which our military neighbours, and especially the French, would do well to ponder, now that the population of the British isles will, on the next census, be *thirty millions*. If England has done such things in Continental warfare, with an army which never brought fifty thousand native British sabres and bayonets into the field, what would be the result if national distress or necessities, or a change in the objects of general desire, were to send two hundred thousand?

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE THAMES.

PART II.

—Rushing along, leaving innumerable chimneys behind pouring out sempiternal smoke; the air filled with a perpetual clank of hammers, the crashing of enormous wheels, and jangling of colossal chains; every human being within sight being as black as a negro, and the gust from the shore giving the closest resemblance to a blast between the tropics. Our steamer played her part handsomely in this general effort to stifle the population, and threw columns of smoke, right and left, as she moved through the bends of the river, thick enough to have choked an army of coal-heavers. I am as little of a sentimentalist as any man; I have always pronounced Rousseau an impostor. I regretted that the pillory has been abolished in the days of the modern novelists of France; but I was nearly in a state of suffocation, and some allowance must be made for the wrath of asphyxia. As I looked on the fuliginous sky, and the cineritious earth, on the ember-coloured trees, and half vitrified villas, the whole calcined landscape, I involuntarily asked myself, what is the good of all this hammering, forging, and roasting alive? Is man to be made perfect in the manner of a Westphalia ham? or is it to be the crowning glory of a nation, that she is the great nail-maker to the civilized

globe? Is her whole soul to be absorbed in the making of chain-cables and cotton-twist? Are all her aspirations to breathe only linsley-wolsey, Yorkshire broadcloth, and Birmingham buttons? Are the cheeks of her maids to grow pallid, for the sake of clothing the lower portion of a Hindoo mountaineer in flannel, and the forehead of an African savage in book-muslin? Or are our men, by nature the finest race in the world, to be crippled into the physiognomy and faculties of baboons, merely to make shawls for the Queen of Madagascar, or slippers for the great Mogul?

I was startled, by an universal run towards the head of the steamer. Men, women, children, lap-dogs, and all rushed forward, followed by an avalanche of bandboxes, which, heaped half chimney high, had heaved with a sudden lurch of the helm, and overspread the deck with a chaos of caps, bonnets, and inferior appendages to the toilet. In the cloud of smoke above, around, and below, we had as nearly as possible run ashore upon the Isle of Dogs. The captain, as all the regular reports on occasions of disaster say, behaved in this extremity "with a coolness, a firmness, and a sagacity worthy of all admiration." He had made nine hundred and ninety-nine voyages to Margate before; it was

therefore wholly impossible that he could have shot the head of his ship into the mud of the left bank of the Thames on his thousandth transit. The fact, however, seemed rather against the theory. But as I was not

drowned, was not a shareholder in the vessel, and have an antipathy to courts-martial, I turned from the brawling of the present, to the bulletins of the past, and thought of Dog-land in its glory.

THE ISLE OF DOGS.

"On Linden when the sun was low,"

Ten thousand years the Isle of Dogs,
Lay sunk in mire, and hid in fogs,
Rats, cats and bats, and snakes and frogs —
The tenants of its scenery.

No pic-nic parties came from town,
To dance with nymphs, white, black, or brown,
(They stopped at Greenwich, at the Crown,
Neglecting all its greenery.)

Dut Dog-land saw another sight,
When serjeants cried, "Eyes left, eyes right,"
And jackets blue, and breeches white,
Were seen upon its tenantry.

Then tents along the shore were seen,
Then opened shop the gay Canteen,
And floated flags, inscribed,—"The Queen."
All bustle, show, and pennantry.

There strutted laughter-loving Pat,
John Bull (in spirits rather flat),
And Donald, restless as a rat,
Three nations in their rivalry.

There bugle rang, and rattled drum,
And sparkled in the glass the rum,
Each hero thinking of his plum,
The prize of Spanish chivalry.

At last, Blue-Peter mast-high shone,
The Isle of Dogs was left alone,
The bats and rats then claimed their own
By process sure and summary.

The bold battalions sail'd for Spain,
Soon longing to get home again,
Finding their stomachs tried in vain
To live on Spanish *flummery*.

A cloud of smoke, which the wrath of Æolus poured upon our vessel, as a general contribution from all the forges along shore, here broke my reverie, by nearly suffocating the ship's company. But the river in this quarter is as capricious as the fashions of a French milliner, or the

loves of a figurante. We rounded a point of land, emerged into blue stream and bright sky, and left the whole Cyclopean region behind, ruddied with jets of flame, and shrouded with vapour, like a re-rehearsal of the great fire of London.

I had scarcely time to rejoice in

the consciousness that I breathed once more, when my ear was caught by the sound of a song at the fore-part of the deck. The voice was of that peculiar kind, which once belonged to the stage coachman, (a race now belonging alone to history,) —strong without clearness: full without force; deep without profundity, and, as Sydney Smith says, “a great many other things *without* a great

many other things;” or, as Dr. Parr would tell mankind, — “the product of nights of driving and days of indulgence; of facing the wintry storm, and enjoying the genial cup, the labours of the Jehu, and the luxuries of the Sybarite,” —it was to Moore’s melody, —

———“My dream of life
From morn till night,
Was love, still, love.”

THE SONG OF THE MAIL-COACHMAN.

Oh, the days were bright
When, young and light,
I drove my team,
My four-in-hand
Along the Strand,
Of bloods the cream.
But time flies fast:
Those days are past,
The ribbons are a dream:
Now, there’s nothing half so quick in life
As steam, still, steam.

The Bristol Mail,
Is but a snail,
The York stands still,
The Liverpool
Is but a stool —
All gone down hill.
Your fire you poke,
Up springs your smoke,
On sweeps the fiery stream:
Now, there’s nothing half so quick in life
As steam, still, steam.

Along the sky
The sparkles fly,
You fly below. —
You leave behind
Time, tide, and wind,
Hail, rain, and snow.
Through mountain cores
The engine snores,
The gas lamps palely gleam:
Oh, there’s nothing half so quick in life
As steam, still, steam.

You see a hill,
You see a mill,
A bit of sky;
You see a cow,
You see a plough,
All shooting by.

The romantic disappears from the world every day. Canals and docks now vulgarize this tract of the shore, and the whole scene will yet undergo the fate of Billingsgate. But it has a

The cabins prance,
The hedgerows dance,
Like gnats in Evening’s beam:
Oh, there’s nothing half so quick in life
As steam, still, steam.

You hear a sound,
You feel a bound,
You all look blue.
You’ve split a horse,
A man’s a corse.
All’s one to you.
Upon the road
You meet a load,
In vain you wildly scream.
Oh, there’s nothing half so quick in life
As steam, still, steam.

You come full front
Upon a hunt,
You hear a yell;
You dash along,
You crush the throng,
Dogs, squires, pell-mell.
You see a van;
The signal man
Is snugly in a dream.
Oh, there’s nothing half so quick in life
As steam, still, steam.

You see a flash,
You feel a crash,
From toe to chin.
You touch a bank,
You top a tank,
You all plump in.
You next engage
The three-mile stage,
And long for my old team.
Your trial’s o’er, you trust no more,
To steam, steam, steam!

story as romantic as that of Romeo and Juliet; excepting the masquerade, the moonlight, and the nightingales of Verona.

The Isle flies from me, and I must give but the outline.

The daughter of the old Baron de Bouvraye, one of the followers of William the Norman, and lord of the country for leagues along the northern shore of the Thames, was the court beauty of the time. With the Norman dignity of form, she had the Saxon beauty of countenance; for the Baron had wedded a Saxon heiress. The charms of the Lady Blanche de Bouvraye, were the theme of the whole race of troubadours; and the most popular poem of Guido de Spezzia was written on the incident of her dropping her wimple at a court ball. It was said that she had a thousand lovers; but it is certain, that suitors crowded from every part of Christendom to claim her hand—a number probably not diminished by the knowledge that she was to succeed to the immense possessions of the barony.

But, to the sorrow of some, the indignation of others, and the astonishment of all, the Lady Blanche laughed at the idea of love. William, not accustomed to have his orders disputed, commanded the beautiful heiress to fall in love with some one or other without a moment's delay. But she laughed at the herald who bore the command, and bade him tell his master, that though armies might be commanded, and crowns conquered, Blanche de Bouvraye would be neither. William was indignant, and ordered the herald to prison for a month, and to be fed on bread and water, for the audacity of bringing back such an answer. But the lady was unchanged. The Baron remonstrated, and demanded whether she was prepared to see his line extinguished, and his lands go to strangers. She laughed and said, that as the former could not be while she lived, and the latter could take place only after she was dead, she saw no reason why she should concern herself on the subject. The abbess of the famous convent of the Celestines, near the ford of the river Rom, where the town of Romford has since grown up, was sent to argue with her. But her answer was the question, "Why had not the abbess herself married?" Her father confessor was next sent to her. But she spor-

tively asked him, "Where were *his* wife and children?"—a question which, though put in all innocence, so perplexed the good father, that, not desiring to be the penitent instead of the confessor, he returned with all possible speed to his convent.

Yet the Lady Blanche's eye often exhibited the signs of weeping, and her cheek grew pale. All was a problem, until a handsome youth, the son of a knight on the Kentish shore, was seen one night touching a theorb under her window, and singing one of the Tuscan love songs, which the troubadours had brought into England.

This was enough for the suspicious of the Baron. The young minstrel was seized, and sent to join the Crusaders then embarking for the Holy Land; and the lady was consigned to the Baron's castle in Normandy. As Shakspeare said four hundred years after,

The course of true love never does run smooth.

It would take the pen and song of ten troubadours to tell the adventures of the lady and the youth. In the fashion of the age, they had each consulted an astrologer, and each had been told the same fortune, that they should constantly meet, but be constantly separated, and finally be happy.

In Normandy, the Baron's castle and the lady had fallen together into the hands of the troops who had rebelled against William, when a band of the crusaders on the march, commanded by her lover, rescued her. The lady was next ordered to take up her abode in a convent in Lombardy, of which her father's sister was the abbess. The vessel in which she embarked was driven up the Mediterranean by a storm, and wrecked on the shore where the army of the crusaders was encamped. Thus the lovers met again. By the Baron's order, the lady returned once more to Europe; but when in sight of the Italian coast, the felucca was captured by an Algerine, and, to her astonishment, she found in the pirate's vessel her lover, who had been wounded and taken prisoner in battle with the Saracens, and sold into slavery. Again they

were separated; the lady was ransomed by her father; and the lovers seemed to have parted for ever.

But the stars were true. The lover broke his Moorish chains, and the first sight which the lady saw on her landing at Ancona, was the fugitive kneeling at her feet.

I hasten on. As the vessel in which they sailed up the Thames approached the baronial castle, they saw a black flag waving from the battlements, and heard the funeral bell toll from the abbey of the Celestines. The Baron had been laid in the vault of the abbey on that day. Their hopes were now certainty: but the lady mourned for her father; and the laws of the church forbade the marriage for a year and a day. Yet, this new separation was soothed by the constant visits of her lover, who crossed the river daily to bask in the smiles of his betrothed, who looked more beautiful than ever.

The eve of the wedding-day arrived; and fate seemed now to be disarmed of the power of dividing the faithful pair; when, as the lover was passing through a dark grove to return to the Kentish shore for the last time, he was struck by an arrow shot from a thicket, fainted, and saw no more.

The morning dawned, the vassals were in array, the bride was in her silk and velvet drapery, the bride's maids had their flower-baskets in their hands, the joy-bells pealed, a hundred horsemen were drawn up before the castle gates,—all was pomp, joy, and impatience,—but no bridegroom came.

At length the mournful tidings were brought, that his boat had waited for him in vain on the evening before, and that his plume and mantle, dabbled with blood, had been found on the sands. All now was agony. The bank, the grove, the river, were searched by hundreds of eager eyes and hands, but all in vain. The bride cast aside her jewels, and vowed to live and die a maid. The castle was a house of mourning; the vassals returned to their homes: all was stooping of heads, wringing of hands, and gloomy lamentation.

But, as the castle bell tolled midnight, a loud barking was heard at the gate. It was opened; and the favourite wolf-hound of the bride-

groom rushed in, making wild bounds, running to and fro, and dragging the guard by their mantles to go forth. They followed; and he sprang before them to the door of a hut in a swampy thicket a league from the castle.

On bursting open the door, they found a man in bed, desperately torn, and dying from his wounds. At the sight, the noble hound flew on him; but the dying man called for a confessor, and declared that he had discharged the arrow by which the murder was committed, that he had dug a grave for the dead, and that the dog had torn him in the act. The next demand was, where the body had been laid. The dying man was carried on the pikes of the guard to the spot; the grave was opened; the body was taken up; and, to the astonishment of all, it was found still with traces of life. The knight was carried to the castle, restored, wedded, and became the lord of all the broad acres lying between the Thames and the Epping hills.

He had been waylaid by one of his countless rivals, who had employed a serf to make him the mark for a cloth-yard shaft, and who, like the Irish felon of celebrated memory, "saved his life by dying in jail." The dog was, by all the laws of chivalry, an universal favourite while living; and when dead, was buried under a marble monument in the Isle; also giving his name to the territory; which was more than was done for his master; and hence the title of the Isle of Dogs. Is it not all written in *Giraldus Cambrensis*?

—Enter Limehouse Reach.—The sea-breeze comes "woolyly," as we wind by the long serpent beach; the Pool is left behind, and we see at last the surface of the river. Hitherto it has been only a magnified Fleet-ditch. The Thames, for the river of a grave people, is one of the most frolicsome streams in the world. From London Bridge to the ocean, it makes as many turns as a hard-run fox, and shoots round so many points of the shore, that vessels a few miles off seem to be like ropemakers working in parallel lines, or the dancers in a quadrille, or Mr. Green's balloon running a race with his son's (the old story of Dædalus and Icarus renewed in the 19th century);

or those extravaganzas of the Arabian Nights, in which fairy ships are holding a regatta among meadows strewn with crysolites and emeralds, for primroses and the grass-green turf.

But what new city is this, rising on the right? What ranges of enormous penthouses, covering enormous ships on the stocks! what sentinels parading! what tiers of warehouses! what boats rushing to and fro! what life, tumult, activity, and clank of hammers again? This is Deptford.

"Deep forde," says old Holinshed, "alsoe called the Goldene Strande, from the colour of its brighte sandes, the whiche verillie do shine like new golde under the crystallle waters of the Ravensbourne, which here floweth to old Father Thamis, even as a younge daughtere doth lovinglie fly to the embrace of her aged parente."

But Deptford has other claims on posterity. Here it was that Peter the Great came, to learn the art of building the fleets that were to cover the Euxine and make the Crescent grow pale. At this moment I closed my eyes, and lived in the penultimate year of the 17th century. The scene had totally changed. The crowds, the ships, the tumult, all were gone; I saw an open shore, with a few wooden dwellings on the edge of the water, and a single ship in the act of building. A group of ship carpenters were standing in the foreground, gazing at the uncouth fierceness with which a tall wild figure among them was driving bolts into the keel. He wore a common workman's coat and cap; but there was a boldness in his figure, and a force in his movement, which showed a superior order of man. His countenance was stern and repulsive, but stately; there was even a touch of insanity in the writhings of the mouth and the wildness of the eye; but it did not require the star on the cloak, which was flung on the ground beside him, nor the massive signet ring on his hand, to attest his rank. I saw there the most kingly of barbarians, and the most barbarian of kings. There I saw Peter, the lord of the desert, of the Tartar, and of the polar world.

While I was listening, in fancy, to the Song of the Steppe, which this magnificent operative was shouting,

rather than singing, in the rude joy of his work, I was roused by a cry of "Deptford!—Any one for Deptford? Ease her: stop her!"

I sprang from the bench on which I had been reclining, and the world burst upon me again.

"Deptford—any one for Deptford?" cried the captain, standing on the paddle-box. None answered the call, but a whole fleet of wherries came skimming along the surge, and threw a crowd of fresh passengers, with trunks and carpet-bags numberless, on board. The traveller of taste always feels himself instinctively drawn to one object out of the thousand, and my observation was fixed on one foreign-featured female, who sat in her wherry wrapt up in an envelope of furs and possessing a pair of most lustrous eyes.

A sallow Italian, who stood near me, looking over the side of the vessel, exclaimed, "FANNI PELLMELO," and the agility with which she sprang up the steps was worthy of the name of that most celebrated daughter of "the muse who presides over dancing," as the opera critics have told us several million times.

The sallow Italian was passed with a smile of recognition, which put him in good spirits at once. Nothing vivifies the tongue of a foreigner like the memory of the *Coulisses*, and he overflowed upon me with the history of this terrestrial Terpsichore. It happened that he was in Rome at the time of that memorable levee at which Fanny, in all her captivities, paid her obeisance at the Vatican; an event which notoriously cost a whole coterie of princesses the bursting of their stay-laces, through sheer envy, and on whose gossip the *haut ton* of the "Eternal City" have subsisted ever since.

The Italian in his rapture, and with the vision of the danseuse still shining before him at the poop, began to improvise the presentation. All the world is aware that Italian prose slides into rhyme of itself,—that all subjects turn to verse in the mind of the Italian, and that, when once on his Pegasus, he gallops up hill and down, snatches at every topic in his way, has no mercy on antiquity, and would introduce King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, dancing a quadrille with Prince Albert and Queen Victoria.

THE PRESENTATION.

The month was September,
 The day I remember,
 ('Twas the *congé* of Clara Novello),
 I saw troops under arms,
 Dragoons and gendarmes,
 Saluting sweet Fanny Pellmello.

At St Peter's last chime
 A chorus sublime
 (By-the-by, from Rossini's *Otello*),
 Was sung by Soprani,
 In homage to Fanny,
 The light footed Fanny Pellmello.

As she rush'd on their gaze,
 The Swiss-guard in amaze,
 Thought they might as well stand a Martello ;
 All their muskets they dropp'd,
 On their knees they all popp'd,
 To worship sweet Fanny Pellmello.

To describe the *danseuse*,
 Is too much for *my* muse ;
 But if ever I fight a "duello,"
 Or quarrel at mess,
 It will be to possess
 Such a jewel as Fanny Pellmello.

On her brow a tiara,
 Like the lady's in Lara,
 Or a portrait of thine, Biandello ;
 With a twist and a twirl,
 All diamond and pearl,
 In bounded sweet Fanny Pellmello.

All the men in the cowl,
 Were startled like owls,
 When the sunbeam first darts in their dell, O ;
 As she flash'd on their eyes,
 All were dumb with surprise —
 All moon-struck with Fanny Pellmello.

As she waltzed through the hall,
 None heard a foot fall,
 All the chamberlains stood in a spell, O ;
 While, silent as snow,
 She revolved on her toe,
 A la Psyche — sweet Fanny Pellmello.

Whom she knelt to within
 I can't say, for my sin ;
 Those are matters on which I don't dwell, O ;
 But I *know* that a Queen
 Was nigh bursting with spleen
 At the diamonds of Fanny Pellmello.

Were I King, were I Kaiser,
 I'd have perish'd to please her,
 Or dared against all to rebel, O ;

I'd have barter'd a throne
 To be bone of thy bone,
 Too exquisite Fanny Pellmello.

If Paris had seen
 Her *pas seul* on the green,
 When the goddesses came to his cell, O,
 Forgetting the skies,
 He'd have handed the prize
 To all-conquering Fanny Pellmello.

Achilles of Greece
 Though famed for caprice,
 Would have left Greek and Trojan *in bello*,
 Cut country and king,
 And gone off on the wing
 To his island with Fanny Pellmello.

Alexander the Great,
 Though not over sedate,
 And a lover of more than I'll tell, O,
 Would have learn'd to despise
 All his Persians' black eyes,
 And been faithful to Fanny Pellmello.

Marc Antony's self
 Would have laid on the shelf
 His Egyptian so merry and mellow ;
 Left his five hundred doxies,
 And found all their proxies
 In one, charming Fanny Pellmello.

The renown'd Julius Cæsar,
 With nose like a razor,
 And skull smooth and bright as a shell, O,
 Would his sword have laid down,
 Or pilfer'd a crown,
 At thy bidding, sweet Fanny Pellmello.

His nephew Augustus,
 Not famous for justice,
 (Unless when the gout made him bellow,)
 His nose would have curl'd
 At the pomps of the world,
 For a cottage with Fanny Pellmello.

The Emperor Tiberius,
 (A rascal nefarious,)
 Though all things on earth he would sell, O,
 Would have bid Rome adieu,
 To the Alps flown with you,
 And play'd shepherd to Fanny Pellmello.

That Bluebeard, young Nero,
 (Not much of a hero,
 For a knave earth has scarce seen his fellow,)
 Though his wife he might smother,
 Or hang up his mother,
 Would have worshipp'd sweet Fanny Pellmello.

Nay, Alaric the Goth,
 Though he well might be loath
 His travelling baggage to swell, O,

Would have built you a carriage,—
Perhaps offer'd marriage,—
And march'd off with Fanny Pellmello.

Fat Leo the Pope,
In tiara and cope,
Who the magic of beauty knew well, O,
Would have craved your permission
For your portrait, by Titian,
As Venus—sweet Fanny Pellmello.

The Sultan Mahmood
Who the Spahis subdued,
And mow'd them like corn-fields so yellow,
Would have sold his Haram,
And made his salām
At thy footstool, sweet Fanny Pellmello.

Napoleon le Grand
Would have sued for thy hand,
Before from his high horse he fell, O;
He'd have thought Josephine
Was not fit to be seen,
By thy beauties, sweet Fanny Pellmello.

—But the Thames, like the world, is full of changes. As the steamer ran close in under the right shore, I observed a small creek, as overgrown with sedge, as silent and as lonely as if it had been hid in a corner of Hudson's Bay. It was once called Julius Cæsar's bath, from the tradition, that when marching at the head of the Tenth Legion, on a visit to Cleopatra, then resident in Kent! he ordered his whole brigade to wash the dust from their visages preparatory to appearing before her majesty and her maids of honour. But this was the age of romance. An unwashed age followed, and the classical name gave way to the exigencies of things. The creek was called the "Condemned Hole," and was made the place for impounding vessels caught in the act of smuggling, which were there secured, like other malefactors, in chains. It may not unnaturally be concluded, that the spot was unpopular to the tribe of gallant fellows, who had only followed the example of Greek, Saxon, Dane, and Norman; and who saw the beloved companions of many a daring day and joyous night (for if the sailor loves his ship, the smuggler adores her) laid up under sentence of

firewood. By that curious propensity, which makes the fox so often fix his burrow beside the kennel, the surrounding shore was the favourite residence of the smuggler; and many a broad-shouldered hero, with a visage bronzed by the tropic sun, and a heart that would face a lion, a fire-ship, or any thing but his wife in a rage, was seen there taking his sulky rounds, and biting his thumb (the approved style of insult in those days) at the customhouse officers, who kept their uneasy watch on board. With some the ruling passion was so strong, that they insisted on being buried as near as possible to the spot, and a little churchyard was thence established, full of epitaphs of departed gallantry and desperate adventure—a sort of Buccaneer Valhalla, with occasional sculptures and effigies of the sleepers below.

Among those the name of Jack Bradwell lived longest. The others exemplified what Horace said of the injustice of fame, they "wanted a poet" to immortalize them; but Jack took that office on himself, and gave the world an *esquisse* of his career, in the following rough specimen of the Deptford muse of 1632:—

EPITAPH.

Fulle thirtie yeares, I lived a smuggler bolde,
Dealing in goode Schiedam and Englishe golde.
My hande was open, and my hearte was lighte;
My owners knew my worde was honour brighte.

In the West Indies, too, for seven long yeares,
 I stoutlie foughte the Dons and the Mounseers.
 Commander of the tight-built sloop, the Sharke,
 Late as the owle, and early as the lark,
 I roamed the sea, nor cared for tide or winde,
 And left the Guarda Costas all behinde.
 Until betrayed by woman's flattering tongue,
 In San Domingo my three mates were hung.
 I shot the Judge, forsook the Spanish Maine,
 And to olde Englande boldlie sailed againe.
 Was married thrice, and think it rather harde,
 That I should lie alone in this churchyarde.

But the march of mind is fatal to sentiment. A few years ago all vestiges of Jack were swept away. A neighbouring tanner had taken a liking to the spot, purchased it, planted his pits in it, and carried off Jack's monument for a chimney-piece! —But what hills are those edging the horizon, green, soft, and sunny. I hear a burst of sonorous bells—

Over this wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar.

No; Milton's bells are monastic; the solemn clang of some huge cathedral, calling the brethren to vespers, and filling the air with the melancholy pomp of the antique cloister.—These are gay, glad, tumultuous, a clang of joy. It is the Queen's accession. Flags are flying on every ship and steeple, and I hear a distant cannonade. The guns of Woolwich are firing in honour of the day.

And what palace is looming on my right? Greenwich Hospital. A façade worthy of Greece; ranges of Corinthian columns; vast courts expanding in front; groves and green hills in the rear; and on the esplanade, a whole battalion of one-legged or one-armed heroes, formed in line, and, as we arrive, giving three cheers to the "glory" of her Majesty.

I leave the chroniclers to tell, that this noble establishment was founded by William the Dutchman, of freedom-loving and French-hating memory; that the call for public munificence was answered, as such calls always are, by England; and that at this hour it pensions nearly forty thousand as brave veterans as any in the world.

What magnitude of benevolence was ever equal to this regal and national benefaction? In what form could public gratitude have ever been more

nobly displayed? Or by what means, uniting the highest charity to the most just recompense, could comfort have been more proudly administered to the declining days of the British seaman. In the long course of a hundred and fifty years, what thousands, and tens of thousands, must have been rescued, by this illustrious benevolence, from the unhappiness of neglected old age! To what multitudes of brave old hearts must it have given comfort in their distant cottages, and what high recollections must the sight of its memorials and trophies revive in the men who fought under Rodney and Howe, St. Vincent and Nelson! Those are the true evidences of national greatness. Those walls are our witnesses to posterity, that their fathers had not lived in vain. The shield of the country thrown over the sailor and the soldier, against the chances of the world in his old age, is the emblem of a grander supremacy than ever was gained by even its irresistible spear.

—But the steamer has made a dash to the opposite bank, and we glide along the skirts of a small peninsula, marked by a slender stone pillar, where the border of Essex begins.

At this spot, a couple of hundred years ago, a mayor of London had been hanged; for what reason, Elkanah Settle, the city laureate, does not aver, further than that "wise people differed much on the subject,"—some imagining that it was for bigamy; others, that it was for having, at a great banquet given to the king by the corporation of spectacle-makers, mistaken the royal purse for his own; but the chief report being, "that he was hanged for the bad dinners which he gave to the common-councilmen." The laureate proceeds to say, that at this spot, whenever the mayor of London went down with the Companies in their visi-

tation of the boundaries, the barges all made a solemn stop. The mayor, (he was not yet a lord,) with all the aldermen, knelt on the deck, and the chief chaplain, taking off his cap, repeated this admonition:—

Mister Mayor, Mister Mayor,
Of a sinner's death beware.
Liveth virtue, liveth sin
Not without us, but within.
Man doth never think of ill,
While he feedeth at his will.
None doth seek his neighbour's coin,
When he seeth the sirlolin.
No man toucheth purse or life,
While he thus doth use his knife.
Savoury pie and smoking haunch
Make the hungry traitor staunch.
Claret spiced, and Malvoisie,
From ill Spirits set us free,
Better far than axe or sword
Is the City's well filled board.
Think of him once hanging there,
Mister Mayor, Mister Mayor,

Chorus.—Beware, Beware, Beware!

The various corporate bodies chanted the last line with unanimous devotion; the mayor and aldermen then rose from their knees, and the whole pageant moved on to Blackwall to DINE.

Who has not heard of Blackwall? more fashionable for three months in the year than Almack's itself for the same perishable period; fuller than Bond Street, and with as many charming taverns as Regent Street contains "Ruination shops," (so called by Lady J. the most *riante* wit of the day,) those shops where one can purchase every thing that nobody wants, and that few can pay for. Emporiums, as they name themselves, brilliant collections of all that is dazzling and delightful, from a filigree tooth-

pick, up to a service of plate for a royal visitation.

Blackwall is a little city of taverns, built by white-bait, as the islands in the South Sea are built by the coral insect. The scenery is a marsh, backed by the waters of a stagnant canal, and lined with whitewashed warehouses. It is in fact a transfer of Wapping, half-a-dozen miles down the Thames. But Blackwall disdains the picturesque; it scorns exterior charms, and devotes itself to the solid merits of the table, and to dressing white-bait with a perfection unrivalled, and unrivalable in the circumference of the terrestrial globe.

Blackwall deserves to be made immortal, and I gave it a passport to posterity, in an Ode.

ODE TO BLACKWALL.

Let me sing thy praise, Blackwall!
Paradise of court and city,
Gathering in thy banquet-hall
Lords and cockneys—dull, and witty.
Spot, where ministers of state,
Lay aside their humbug all;
Water-soupy, and white-bait,
Tempting mankind to Blackwall.

Come, ye Muses, tuneful Nine,
Whom no Civil List can bribe,
Tell me, who come here, to dine,
All the great and little tribe,

Who, as summer takes its rounds,
O'er Whitechapel, or Whitehall,
From five shillings to five pounds,
Club for dinner at Blackwall.

There the ministerial *Outs*,
There the ministerial *Ins*,
One an emblem of the pouts,
T'other emblem of the grins;
All, beneath thy roof, are gay,
Each forgetting rise or fall,
Come to spend *one* honest day,—
All good fellows, at Blackwall.

There I see an old Premier,
Very like a "Lord at nurse,"
Rather *near*, rather near,
Dangling a diminish'd purse.
Grieving for the days gone by,
When he had a "house of call,"
Every day his fish and pie,
Gratis—*not* like thine, Blackwall.

There I see an Irish brow,
Bronzed with blarney; hot with wine,
Mark'd by nature for the plough,
Practising the "Superfine."
Mumbling o'er a courtly speech,
Dreaming of a palace Ball,
Things not *quite* within his reach,
Though *quite* *asy* at Blackwall.

There the prince of Exquisites!
O'er his claret looking sloppy,
(All the ladies know, "he writes,"
Bringing down the price of poppy,
Spoiling much his scented paper,
Making books for many a stall.)
Sits, with languid smile, Lord Vapour,
Yawning through thy feast, Blackwall.

By him yawning sits, Earl Patron,
Well to artists (*too* well) known.
Generous as a workhouse matron,
Tender-hearted as a stone:
Laughing at the pair, Lord Scoffer
Whispers faction to F—x M—le.
Asking an "official offer,"
Ainsi va le monde Blackwall.

But, whence comes that storm of gabble,
Piercing casement, wall, and door,
All the screaming tongues of Babel?
'Tis the "Diplomatic corps,"
Hating us with all their souls,
If the knaves have souls at all.
I'd soon teach them other *roles*,
Were I Monarch of Blackwall.

Then, I hear a roar uproarious!
—"There a Corporation dine,"
Some are tipsy, some are "glorious,"
Some are bellowing for wine;

Some for all their sins are pouting,
 Some beneath the table fall;
 Some lie singing, some lie shouting,—
 Now, farewell to thee, Blackwall.

——Stopped for five minutes at the handsome pier, waiting for the arrival of the railway passengers from London. The scene was animated; the pier crowded with porters, pie-men, wandering minstrels, and that ingenious race, who read “moral lessons” to country gentlemen with their breeches’ pockets open, and negligent of their handkerchiefs.

——Stepped on shore, and, tempted by the attractions of one of the taverns, ordered a bottle of claret, on the principle of the parliamentary machines for cleansing the smoke-conveying orifices of our drawing-rooms. The inconceivable quantity of fuliginous material, which I had swallowed in my transit down the river, would have stifled the voice of a *prima donna*. The claret gave me the sense of a recovered faculty, and as I inhaled, with that cool feeling of enjoyment which salutes the man of London with a consciousness that seabreezes are in existence, I had leisure to glance along a vista of superb saloons, which would have better suited a Pasha of Bagdad, than the

payers of the income tax in the dingiest and mightiest city of the known world.

Yet all was not devoted to the selfish principle. In a recess at the end of the vista was a small bust—a sort of votive offering to the “memory of Samuel Simpson, formerly a waiter in this tavern for the space of fifty years,” this bust having been “here placed by his grateful master, Thomas Hammersley.”

I am proud to have seen, and shall be prouder to rescue, the names of both those Blackwall worthies from oblivion. They have long slept without their fame; for the bust is dated A.D. 1714, the year which closed the existence of that illustrious queen, Anna, whose name, as Swift rather saucily observed, like her friendships,

Both backward and forward was always the same.

An honour shared in succeeding ages only by the amiable Lord Glenelg.

But inscribed on the pedestal was an epitaph, which I transferred to my memoranda.

EPITAPH.

Bacchus ! thy wonders fill the wondering world !
 Thrones in the dust have by thy cups been hurl'd.
 Yet, still thou had'st for mankind *one* surprise :
 There was *one* honest drawer ! and here he lies.
 Sam Simpson, of the Swan, who, forced to wink
 At drinking hard in others, did *not* drink.
 A man who, living all his life by sots,
 Yet fairly drew, and fairly fill'd his pots.
 Steady and sure, his easy way held on,
 Nor let his chalk score *two*, when called for *one*.
 If man's best study is his fellow man,
 Reader, revere this hero of the Can.
 'Twere well for kings, if many a king had been
 Like him who sleeps beneath yon Churchyard-green.

“There is nothing new under the sun,” saith Solomon; and as the late Lord Mayor said, “I am quite of Solomon's opinion.” Here is Crabbe, fifty years before he was born. Here is his pomp and his particularity; his force and his facility; his pungency and his picturesque. Is the theory of transmigration true? and has the

Blackwall tavern-keeper only reappeared in the Rutlandshire parson? Let the antiquarians settle it among them. I leave it to occupy the life of some future Ritson, to poison some future Stephens with his own ink; and to give the whole race of the Malones the shadow of an excuse for their existence in this world.

But, I hear the snort of the locomotive ; I see the cloud of steam rushing towards the pier. The bell rings, the chaos of trunks and passengers is rolled on board. I follow, and Blackwall fades in the distance, as the poets say, "like a dream of departed joys." — Came in sight of a promontory, Purfleet, flanked by an immense row of dark-roofed ominous-looking buildings,—these are the gunpowder depôts of the navy and army of the empire. I pretend to no exclusive poltroonery ; but I must acknowledge that I highly approved of the speed which carried us past them. If they had blown up at the moment, in what region of the atmosphere should we have been, steamer and all, in five seconds after. Yet, how many things might have turned our whole cargo into gas and carbon at the instant ? a flash of lightning ; the wire of a Voltaic machine, apparently as harmless as a knitting needle in the hands of an old spinster ; the spark of a peasant's pipe ; the scrape of a hob-nailed shoe ! Within a hundred yards of us there lay, in "grim repose," a hundred thousand barrels of gunpowder. We might have lighted them from the sparks of our funnel, and committed an involuntary suicide on the most comprehensive scale.

But we should not have perished unknown. As the maid, in Schiller's famous Monologue, sings, —

Even in the solitudes
Of the Transatlantic woods,
Where the elk and bison stalk,
Men of that dark day should talk.
Old men by their fireside sitting,
Maidens in the sunset knitting,
Still should think of that dark day.
Till the world itself grew gray.

If the magazine at Purfleet were to explode, the Thames would be routed out of its bed, and carried into Tunbridge Wells ; Woolwich would be a cinder, Gravesend an ash-pit, Chatham a cemetery, Blackwall a nonentity, the Tunnel a tomb, and one half of the mighty metropolis itself but a recollection.

Yet human beings actually *live* at Purfleet ! actually eat, drink, and sleep, with this volcano beside their pillows ; Essex picnics are eaten within sight of this earth-shaker. Nay, balls have been given ; and creatures, calling themselves rational, have danced quadrilles, with the salient temerity of the incurably insane. What a short-sighted and saltatory thing is human nature !

Among the changes produced by the new importation of passengers, it was my fate to be placed beside the Authoress ; who did me the honour of thinking me worthy of her notice, and who rapidly admitted me into the most unbounded confidence, respecting the merits of her own performances, and the demerits of all the world of authorship besides. I listened with the most profound submission ; only filling up the pauses, when she stopped to take breath ; by a gesture of acquiescence, or that most valuable of all words, "Yes." She "had met me," in a hundred places, where I was not conscious of having ever been ; and "recognised my style" in a hundred volumes which I had never read. In short, she was charmed with me ; and confessed, after half an hour of the most uninterrupted eloquence on her side ; that "though evidently cautious of giving an opinion," I should thenceforth be ranked by her, among the most brilliant conversationalists of the day.

Must I acknowledge, that I forgot as expeditiously as I learned, and, excepting *one* recollection, all was a blank by dinner time.

But *we had* met once before, in a scene which, on afterwards casually turning over some papers, I found recorded on those scraps of foolscap, and in those snatches of rhyme, which argue, I am afraid, a desultory mind. So be it. I disdain to plead "not guilty" to the charge of perfection. I make no attempt to exonerate myself of the cardinal virtues. I write poetry, because it is "better behaved" than prose ; and in this feeling I give the history to a sympathizing world.

THE POET'S AUCTION.

As I stroll'd down St. James's, I heard a voice cry,
"The auction's beginning, come buy, sir, come buy."
On a door was a crape, on a wall a placard,
Proclaiming to earth, it had lost its last bard.

In I rambled, and, climbing a dark pair of stairs,
Found *all* the blue-stockings, all giggling in pairs;
The crooked of tongue, and the crooked of spine,
All ugly as Hecate, and old as the Nine.

Tol de rol.

There were A, B, C, D.'s—all your "ladies of letters,"
Well known for a trick of abusing their betters;
With their *beaus*! the old snuffling and spectacled throng,
Who haunt their "*soirees*" for liqueurs and souchong;
There was "dear Mrs. Blunder," who scribbles Astronomy—
Miss Babble, who "owns" the "sweet" Tales on Gastronomy;
Miss Claptrap, who writes the "Tractarian Apologies,"
With a host of old virgins, all stiff in the ologies.

Tol de rol.

There sat, grim as a ghoul, the sublime Mrs. Tomb,
With rouged Mrs. Lamp, like a corpse in full bloom,
And the hackney-coach tourist, old Mrs. Bazaar,
Who lauds every ass with a ribbon and star;
Describes every tumble-down Schloss, brick by brick,
And quotes her flirtations with "dear Metternich;"
With those frolicsome ladies who visit harems,
And swallow, like old Lady Mary, their qualms.

Tol de rol.

There was, dress'd à la *Chichasaw*, Miss Chesapeake,
Who makes novels as naked as "nymphs from the Greek;"
Mrs. Myth, with a chin like a Jew's upon Hermon;
Mrs. Puff, who reviewed the archbishop's last sermon;
Miss Scamper, who runs up the Rhine twice a-year,
To tell us how Germans smoke pipes and swill beer.
All the breakfasting set: for the bard "drew a line,"
And ask'd the Magnificoes only, to dine.

Tol de rol.

There stood old Viscount Bungalow, hiding the fire,
As blind as a beetle, the great picture-buyer;
With Earl Dilettante, stone-deaf in both ears,
An opera-fixtured these last fifty years;
Little Dr. de Rougemont, the famous Mesmeric,
Who cures all the girls by a touch of hysteric;
And Dean Dismal, court-chaplain, whose pathos and prose
Would beat Mesmer himself at producing a doze.

Tol de rol.

And there, with their eyes starting out of their sockets,
A tribe, whose light fingers I keep from my pockets,
Messieurs les Attaches, all grin and moustache,
With their souls in full scent for our heiresses' cash.
Four eminent lawyers, with first-rate intentions
Of living the rest of their lives on their pensions,
With six heads of colleges, hurried to town,
To know if Sir Bob, or Lord John, would go down.

Tol de rol.

"Here's a volume of verse," was the auctioneer's cry.
"What! nobody bids!—Tom, throw that book by.
Though it cost the great author one half of his life,
Unplagued (I beg pardon) with children or wife.
Here's an Epic in embryo, still out of joint,
Here's a bushel of Epigrams wanting the point,
With a lot of *Impromptus*, all finished to fit
A dull diner-out with *extempore* wit.

Tol de rol.

“ Here’s a sonnet, inscribed ‘ To the Shade of a Sigh.’
 A ‘ Lament’ on ‘ The Death of a Favourite Fly ;’
 And, well worth a shilling, that sweetest of lays—
 To the riband that tied up a ‘ Duchess’s stays.’
 Here’s a note from a Young-England Club, for a *loan*,
 Lord B——’s famous speech on ‘ The Sex of Pope Joan,’
 With the bard’s private budget of H—ll—d House stories,
 Of Tories turned Whigs, and of Whigs *turning* Tories.

Tol de rol.

“ What ! nobody bids ! Must I shut up the sale ?
 Well ; take all the verses at so much per bale !
 I come to the autographs :—One from *the* Duke,
 Assigning the cause for cashiering his cook ;
 A missive from Byr-n,—a furious epistle,—
 Which proves that a bard may pay “ dear for his whistle ;”
 With letters from geniuses, sunk in despair
 By the doctrine, that ‘ Poets should live upon air.’

Tol de rol.

“ A scrap from Bob Burns, to d—n the Excise,
 Where they sent him to perish—(a word to the wise ;)
 A line from Sir W—lt-r, in anguish and debt,
 To thank his good king for *what never came yet* ;
 A song from the minstrel of minstrels, T—m M—re,
 To laud his ‘ dear country’ for keeping him poor ;
 With a prayer from old Coleridge, in hope that his bones
 Might escape all the humbug of ‘ National stones !’

Tol de rol.

“ Here’s a note to T—m C—mpb—ll, (indorsed, ‘ *From a Peer,*’)
 To mulct Income-tax from his hundred a-year ;
 Pinn’d up with a note from his *Chef* to his Grace,
 That he ‘ must have five hundred, or throw up his place ;’
 Here’s an epitaph written by Haydon’s last pen——
 Poh ! Genius may die in a ditch or a den !
 The country wants none of it, female or male,
 So, as no one bids sixpence, I’ll shut up the sale.”

Tol de rol.

PRUSSIAN MILITARY MEMOIRS.

"*Vieux soldat, vieille bite*," is a French proverb, implying an exceedingly low estimate of the mental acuteness of the veteran soldier. We do not know that English soldiers are quicker witted than French ones; better educated we know they are not, except, as we love to believe, in what pertains to push of bayonet. But in how much more flattering terms is couched the popular opinion in this country, concerning the capacity and wit of the man of musket and sabre. On this side the Channel, to be an "old soldier" implies something remarkably knowing—a man quite "up to snuff," and a trifle above it. "He's too old a soldier for that," signifies that the "*he*" is a very sharp and wary dog, the last fellow to be taken in or made a fool of. "He came the old soldier over me," is a common cant acknowledgment of having met more than one's match—of having been overreached or outwitted. Other similar phrases are there, familiar to most ears, and unnecessary to cite. They concur to show a prevailing belief, that a long habit of scarlet—we mean no pun—and familiarity with pipeclay, or else the many vicissitudes and much experience of life they argue, polish the soldier's faculties to a particularly sharp point, and remove from his character each vestige of the unsophisticated, as effectually as he himself, with sand and oil-rag, would rub all stain of rust from scabbard or barrel. There is exaggeration in this notion. It is not unusual to find in veteran soldiers a dash of *naïve* simplicity, even of childish credulity, co-existent with much shrewdness and knowledge of the world. For this incongruity, let physiologists account; we shall not investigate its causes. The remark applies to soldiers of most countries; for, with certain shades of difference, derivable from climate, race, and national customs, the soldier is the same every where. The original material is various, but the moulds in which it is fashioned are to

a great extent identical. Divide the whole population of Europe according to trades and professions, and in the military class shall the least diversity be found.

We strongly suspect that Baron von Rahden, whose "*Wanderings*" we noticed in a previous number of this Magazine, and from whose agreeable pages we propose again to glean, is a fine example of the compound character above described. On duty, none more matter-of-fact than he, none more prompt and keen in conduct and language; but, suspend the activity of camps and dangers of the fight, remove him for a moment from his battalion's ranks and the routine of service, and behold! he builds up an idyl about a peasant girl and cow; or, better still, and more fully confirming our opinion, treats you with all gravity and deep conviction to a spice of the supernatural. Of his ghostly gambols we will forthwith give a specimen.

It was in the month of October, 1812, that a party of young cadets, of whom the baron was one, left Breslau for Berlin, there to pass their examination as officers. The ordeal to which the aspirants hastened was severe and dreaded, and the journey was no very soothing preparation for the rigours of the examiners. German roads and diligences were far less respectable then than now, and the lumbering carriage in which the cadets, in company with Polish Jews, market-women, baskets, bags, and blankets, prosecuted their journey, was a bone-setter of most inhuman construction. Its wooden lining was clouted with nails, compelling the travellers to preserve a rigid perpendicular, lest a sudden jolt should diminish the number of their teeth, or increase that of the apertures of their heads. About midnight this modern barrel of Regulus reached a large town, and paused to deposit passengers. The halt was of some duration, and the cadets dispersed themselves about the streets.

One of them, designated by the Baron under the initial Von L., did not reappear till the post-horn had sounded its fourth signal, when he came up in haste and agitation and threw himself into the carriage, which immediately drove off. The next day this youth, who had been silent and gloomy since the halt of the previous night, was taken grievously ill, a misfortune attributed by his comrades to a plentiful breakfast of sour milk and sausages. On their return from Berlin, however, Von L., whose health was still delicate, and depression visible, showed, on passing the scene of their midnight halt, symptoms of uneasiness so strong as to excite suspicion that his illness had had some extraordinary cause. That this suspicion was well founded, he, at a later period, confessed to Baron von Rahden, who tells the story in his friend's own words.

"Being very thirsty," said Von L., "I lingered at the great fountain on the market-place, and there I was presently joined by a young peasant girl, carrying a great earthen pitcher. We soon became great friends. It was too dark for me clearly to distinguish the features of my little Rebecca, but I nevertheless readily complied with her tittered invitation to escort her home. Arm in arm we wandered through the narrow by-streets, till we reached a large garden, having a grated door, which stood half open. Here the damsel proposed that we should part, and nimbly evaded my attempt to detain her. She ran from me with suppressed laughter. I eagerly followed, soon overtook her, and, by flattery and soothing words, prevailed on her to sit down beside me upon a bank of soft turf in the shadow of overhanging trees. Here, for a short quarter of an hour, we toyed and prattled, when I was roused from my boyish love-dream by the distant sound of the post-horn. I sprang to my feet; at the same instant, with a peal of shrill wild laughter, my companion disappeared. My light and joyous humour suddenly checked, I looked about me. I was now better able to distinguish surrounding objects; and with what indescribable horror did I recognise in the supposed garden a churchyard, in the

turf bank a grave, in the sheltering foliage a cypress. And now all that related to the maiden seemed so mysterious, her manner occurred to me as so strange and unearthly! How I found out the gate of the cemetery, I know not. I remember stumbling over the graves and rushing in the direction whence the postilion's horn still sounded, pursued by echoes of scornful laughter. Shuddering and breathless, I at length rejoined my comrades, but the impression made upon me by that night's adventure has never been effaced."

So much for the Baron's friend. Now for the Baron himself, who relates all this, be it observed, with a most commendable solemnity, implying conviction of the supernatural nature of his comrade's adventure. "With reference to this unnatural occurrence," he says, "I frequently met my friend during the war and the early years of the peace, but never without that incident recurring to me, and the more so, as from that day forward, melancholy settled upon Von L.'s manly and handsome countenance. He strove, with indifferent success, as it appeared to me, to combat his depression by dissipation and worldly pleasures; but the expression of his dark eye was ever one of severe mental suffering. He never married or partook of the peaceful joys of domestic existence. During the War of Liberation he distinguished himself by daring courage and reckless exposure of his life, was repeatedly wounded, and died suddenly at the age of thirty, in the full bloom and strength of manhood. He is still well remembered as a gallant officer and thorough soldier.

"Whilst on a visit to the town of N., a few years ago, my evening walk frequently led me, in company with a much esteemed friend, to the churchyard where Von L., after his short and melancholy career, had at last found repose. During one of these walks, my companion related to me the following story:—At the hour of twelve, upon three successive nights, the sentry, whose lonely post was adjacent to the cemetery, had challenged the rounds, as they approached through the deep shadow of an arched gateway. To his question, 'Who makes the rounds?' was each

time replied, in deep sepulchral tones, 'Captain von L.' and at the same instant the visionary patrol vanished. So runs the guard-room tale." Which the Baron is sufficiently reasonable to treat as such, although he assures his readers that, even after an interval of three-and-thirty years, he does not write down the details of his melancholy friend's adventure with the mysterious *aquaria* without something very like a shudder. In a collection of *Mährchen* this very German story might have been accepted as an endurable fragment of imaginative *diablerie*, but coming thus in the semi-historical autobiography of a hero of Leipzig and Waterloo, and Knight of the Iron Cross, it certainly subjects the writer to the application of the uncomplimentary French proverb already cited.

As a boy—and during his German and French campaigns, he was but a boy—Baron von Rahden showed an odd mixture of the manly and the childish. Cool and brave in the fight, bearing wounds and hardship with courage and fortitude, the loss of a trinket made him weep; an elder comrade's rebuke rendered him downcast and unhappy as a whipped school-boy. Scarcely had he joined his regiment, when he was admitted to the intimacy of a Lieutenant Patzynski, an experienced officer and crack duellist. It was a mode amongst the young officers, when sitting round the punchbowl, to enter into contracts of brotherhood. The process was exceedingly simple. The glasses clattered together, an embrace was given, and thenceforward the partakers in the ceremony addressed each other in the second person singular, in sign of intimacy and friendship. Emboldened by the patronage of the formidable Patzynski, and heated by a joyous repast, Von Rahden one day approached Lieutenant Merkatz, who was considerably his senior both in rank and years, and proffered him the fraternal embrace. "With the greatest pleasure, my dear boy," replied Merkatz, who had observed with some disgust the forward bearing of the unfledged subaltern. "but on one condition. You shall address me as *Nie*, and I will call you *Er*." The former being the most respectful style of

address, the latter slighting and even contemptuous, only used to servants and inferiors. Cowed by this unkind, if not undeserved reproof, Von Rahden retreated in confusion. Subsequently he met many unpleasant slights and rebuffs from Merkatz; but they did him good, and his persecutor eventually became his warm friend. This, however, was not till the recruit had proved his manhood in many a hot fight and sharp encounter. "Forward," said the stern Prussian soldier on the field of Lutzen, when, borne back bleeding from the foremost line of skirmishers, he met Von Rahden hurrying to replace him. "Forward, boy! Yonder will you find brothers!" In the smoke of the battle, not in the fumes of the orgie, were the esteem and friendship of Germany's tried defenders to be conquered. After the battle of Kulm, Von Rahden bought a French watch, part of a soldier's plunder; and his pride and delight in this trinket were, according to his own confession, something quite childish. His comrades, with whom he was a favourite, bore with his exultation. Merkatz alone showed a disposition to check it. He had assumed the character of a surly Mentor, resolved, apparently, to cure his young comrade of his follies, and drill him into a man. He now assured Von Rahden that if he did not leave off playing with, and displaying, his watch, he would knock it out of his hand the very first opportunity. This soon presented itself. Whilst bivouacking in the mountains of Bohemia, the two officers chanced one night to be seated near each other at the same fire, and Von Rahden, forgetting his companion's menace, repeatedly pulled out his watch, until Merkatz, with a blow of a stick, shivered it to pieces. "Although, in general, when my comrades' jokes displeased me, I was ready enough to answer them with my sabre, on this occasion I was so astonished and grieved, that I burst into tears, and retreated to my couch in the corner of the hut, where I sobbed myself to sleep." This whimpering young gentleman, however, was the same who, only a few days previously, in the hottest moment of the battle of Kulm, had led his

men, encouraging them by voice and deed, up to the very musket-muzzles of the parapeted Frenchmen, and who, twice already, had been wounded amidst the foremost of the combatants. At the fight of May, too, although that was somewhat later, his bravery was such as to attract the notice of Prince Augustus of Prussia. The men of his battalion were weary and exhausted by a hard day's combat, when, suddenly and unexpectedly, they were again ordered forward into a fierce fire of artillery. They murmured and hesitated, and for a moment refused to advance. "Upon this occasion, I was fortunate enough to contribute, by my boyish and joyous humour, for which the men all liked me, and by my contempt of danger, in restoring courage and confidence. Shot and shell flew about us, and the younger soldiers were hard to keep in their ranks. I ran forward thirty or forty paces to the front, and several shells happening to fall close to me without bursting, I laughed at and cut jokes upon them. At last the men laughed too, and came willingly forward. Such little incidents occur in far less time than it takes to tell of them. So it was here; but we had effected what we wanted — the men were in better humour. I had no idea that Prince Augustus had observed my behaviour, which was certainly rather juvenile; and when I saw him standing near me, I was ashamed and drew back; but he called out to me, and said, in a loud voice, 'Very good! very good! Lieutenant Rahden,' and then spoke a few words to Count Reichenbach. From that day I found great favour with our illustrious general of brigade. The first proof of it was the Iron Cross."

Von Rahden's final reconciliation with Merkatz took place under the enemy's fire. It was the day after Montmirail, and Blucher's *corps d'armée*, after gallantly protecting Ziethen's beaten troops from Grouchy's cavalry, itself retreated towards Etoges. At about half a league from that place, whilst marching along a road that ran between vineyards, the French *tirailleurs* attacked them, and cavalry patrols came in to inform the Field-marshal that Etoges was occu-

ped by the enemy. But the Baron shall tell the story himself.

"In darkness, surrounded by foes, ignorant of the ground we manœuvred upon, a handful of men against a powerful force, and our old Father Blucher, with the elite of his generals, in danger of being taken—all this made up an alarming picture. But the greater the need, the prompter the deed. In an instant it was decided to throw out skirmishers into the vineyards, whilst the battalions, formed close and compact round the Field-marshal, should cut their way along the road. Count Reichenbach gave his orders accordingly; and his adjutant, Lieutenant Merkatz, who sat chilled and weary upon his horse, turned mechanically to me, and desired me to extend my skirmishers on the left of the road. This was beyond a joke: I had been skirmishing the whole day, perpetually under fire, and hard at work since nine in the morning. Tired to death, I had been heartily glad to rejoin my battalion, and now I was ordered out again into the cold dark night, and on the most uncertain service. All my old grudge against Merkatz recurred to me, and, as it was not my turn for the duty, I answered him in loud and marked tones, 'Order out somebody else, and don't be too lazy to ride to the next company.' When, however, Count Reichenbach turned round, and with some displeasure desired me to speak less loud in the neighbourhood of the General-in-chief, I became more complying, and only argued that my large cloak, which I carried rolled over my shoulder, would hinder me in the vineyards. 'Give me the cloak here,' replied Merkatz: 'I am freezing upon my horse.' What could I do? Time pressed: so venting my ill humour in a few grumbling words, I threw my cloak to the adjutant, and hurried with my skirmishers to the vineyard. I had taken but a few steps, however, when an arm was thrown round me. It was that of Merkatz. 'Listen, Rahden,' said he; 'before we part, perhaps for ever, become my brother for life, and let us forget all past unkindness.' I replied by a hearty embrace, for I had long esteemed Merkatz as one of the bravest of my comrades, and,

elated at the atonement he now made me for having refused my friendship at the commencement of the previous campaign, I pressed forward cheerfully into the fight."

The French cavalry had been several hours in possession of Etoges, had removed the railings from the wells, and sawn the timbers of a bridge which crossed a broad and muddy stream. As soon as the Prussians set foot on it, it broke down, and an awful confusion ensued. The panic was aggravated by the darkness, and by the fire of the enemy, who blazed at the Allies from behind trees and houses. In attempting to jump the stream, Von Rahden fell in, and all his efforts only sank him deeper in the mud. A number of soldiers, who had also missed the leap, struggled beside him, involuntarily wounding each other with their fixed bayonets. Von Rahden gave himself up for lost. "I uttered a short prayer, gave one thought to my distant home, and awaited the death-blow. My senses had already half left me, when I heard a well-known voice exclaim, 'Lieutenant, where are you?' With a last effort I raised myself, and saw Schmidt, my sergeant of skirmishers, peering down into the ditch. He held out his musket. I seized it with the grasp of desperation, and the brave fellow dragged me up. Barefoot, and covered with mud, I followed in the stream of fugitives. So great was the hurry and disorder of the flight, that if the enemy had sent a single squadron after us, thousands of prisoners must have been taken. It seems incomprehensible that they did not pursue; but I think I may safely affirm, that a young Russian officer, whose name I do not know, saved the army by his presence of mind. In a loud voice, he shouted several times, 'Barabanczek! Barabanczek!' which means a drummer. A number of drummers and buglers gathered around him and beat and blew a charge. The French did not suspect the stratagem; and supposing that reinforcements were coming up under cover of the night, they would not risk, by a pursuit, the advantage they had already gained. My friend, Merkatz, was amongst the

prisoners taken upon that disastrous evening; but he soon managed to escape, leaving behind him, however, his own horse, and my warm and much prized cloak."

A terrible campaign was that of 1813-14; and the man who had made it, from Lutzen to Paris, might well style himself a veteran, though his whole military career were comprised in the short ten months of its duration. What incessant fighting! not occasional battles, with long intervals, varied by insignificant skirmishes, but a rapid succession of pitched and bloody fields. No rest or relaxation, or pleasant repose in comfortable quarters, but short rations and the bivouac's hard couch as sole solace for the weary and suffering soldier. The hardships of the allied armies are briefly, but frequently and impressively adverted to by Baron von Rahden. As if the ravages of lead and steel were insufficient, disease and exposure added their quota to the harvest of death. "Although in the height of summer," says the Baron, speaking of the month of August, 1813, "we had had, for three days past, uninterrupted rains, and the fat black soil was so soaked, that our progress was painfully difficult. We could bivouac only in meadows, and on the uncut corn. In fallow or stubble fields we must have lain in mud. We were very ill fed; the commissariat stores were far in rear, detained in the mountain passes, and for several days our only nourishment consisted of wild fruits, potatoes and turnips, which the men dug up in the fields. Our clothes and equipment, to the very cartouch-boxes, were wet through, and not a ray of sun, a tree or house, or even a bivouac fire, was there for warmth or shelter." With vermin also, bequeathed to them often by their Cossack allies, the Prussians were grievously tormented. "In our camp, by Chlumetz, in Bohemia, where we passed some days, we had rain and other bivouac calamities to put up with. The straw served out to us had already been slept upon; and the consequence was, an invasion of our clothes and persons by certain small creeping things of a very unpleasant description. Whether they were of Austrian or Russian extrac-

tion I am unable to state; nor did it much matter: we succeeded to them. Looking out of my hut one morning, I saw a man issue from one of the straw-built sheds occupied by the soldiers, and run, wringing his hands, to an adjacent wood. I followed him, to prevent mischief, and recognised an old friend and fellow cadet, Von P. He was in the greatest despair. The soldiers had turned him out of their temporary abode. The poor fellow swarmed with vermin. I succeeded in calming him, fetched him clean linen, and, after a careful examination of his clothes in a neighbouring oat-field, he returned with me to my hut, which he thenceforward inhabited. Should the Russian commandant of the Polish fortress of Czenstochau chance to read these pages, and remember the above incident, let him give a friendly thought to his old brother in arms, who will soon again have to speak of the brave Von P., of the Second Silesian Regiment." If, in the rugged Bohemian mountains, hardships were to be anticipated, in the plains of Champagne things might have been expected to go better. If possible, they went worse. "To speak plainly," says the Baron, referring to the campaign in France, which commenced very early in the year, "filth and ordure were our couch; rain, ice, and snow, our covering; half-raw cow's flesh, mouldy biscuits, and sour wine lees, our nourishment; for heart and mind, the sole relaxation was shot, and blow, and stab. Some one has said, 'Make war with angels for twenty years and they will become devils.' To that I add, 'Six months of such a life as we then led, and men would turn into beasts.'" Little wonder if soldiers thus situated greedily seized each brief opportunity of enjoyment. The cellars of Ai and Epernay paid heavy tribute to the thirsty Northern warriors. We are told of one instance where a whole division of the allied army was unable to march, and an important military operation had to be suspended, in consequence of a Pantagruelian debauch at a chateau near Chalons, where champagne bottles, by tens of thousands, were emptied down Prussian and Muscovite gullets. The sacking of their cellars, however, was not the

only evil endured at the hands of the invaders by the unlucky vine-growers. Wood was scarce, the nights were very cold, and the sticks upon which the vines were trained, were pulled up and used as fuel. Sometimes, in a single night, many hundreds of thousands of these *echalas* were thus destroyed, every one of them being worth, owing to the hardness and rarity of the wood required for them, at least two *sous*. Their second visit to France hardly entered into the anticipations of the reckless destroyers, or they would perhaps have had more consideration for that year's vintage.

From a host of anecdotes of Baron von Rahden's brother-officers, we select the following as an interesting and characteristic incident of Prussian camp-life three-and-thirty years ago. It is told in what the Baron calls his poetical style:

"My captain, a Pole by birth, was brave as steel, but harsh and rough as the sound of his name. He was deficient in the finer feelings of the heart, in philanthropy, and in a due appreciation of the worth of his fellow-men. Although a good comrade to us young officers, he was a tyrant to his inferiors. His envy and jealousy of his superiors he barely concealed under an almost exaggerated courtesy. Such was Captain von X.

"It was the eve of the battle of Leipzig, and a violent gust of wind had overthrown the fragile bivouac-huts, at that time our only protection from the cold and wet of the October nights. The rain fell in torrents, and, in all haste, the soldiers set to work to reconstruct their temporary shelter. The more cunning and unscrupulous took advantage of the prevailing confusion to consult their own advantage, without respect to the rights of others. The objects which they coveted, and occasionally pillaged, would, under other circumstances, have been of little worth: they consisted of straw, branches, and stakes, invaluable in the construction of our frail tenements. As in duty bound, our military architects first built up the captain's hut, within which he took refuge, after ordering me to remain outside and preserve order. As junior officer of the company, this fatigue-duty fairly fell to me, in like manner as the first

turn for an honourable service belonged to the senior; but, nevertheless, I felt vexed at the captain's order, and could not help wishing him some small piece of ill luck. My wish was very soon realized.

"Our major's hut, more carefully and strongly constructed, had resisted the hurricane: it stood close beside that of the captain. The major was long since asleep and snoring; but his servant, a cunning, careful dog, was still a-foot, and watched his opportunity to get possession of a long bean-stick, to be used as an additional prop to the already solid edifice under which his master slumbered. The unlucky marauder had not remarked that this stake formed one of the supports of the captain's dormitory. He seized and pulled it violently, and down came the hut, burying its inmate under the ruins. There was a shout of laughter from the spectators of the downfall, and then the Pole disengaged himself from the wreck, cursing awfully, and rushed upon the unfortunate fellow who had played him the trick. Pale and trembling, the delinquent awaited his fate; but his cry of terror brought him assistance from his master, who suddenly stepped forth in his night-dress, a large gray cavalry cloak thrown about him, and a white cloth bound round his head. The major was an excellent and kind-hearted man, loved like a father by his men, but subject to occasional fits of uncontrollable passion, which made him lose sight of all propriety and restraint. Without investigation, he at once took his servant's side against the captain, in which he was certainly wrong, seeing that his worthy domestic had been caught in the very act of theft. He snatched the bean-stick from the man's hand: the captain already grasped the other end; and, for some minutes, there they were, major and captain, pulling, and tugging, and reeling about the bivouac, not like men, but like a brace of unmannerly boys. Myself and the soldiers were witnesses of this singular encounter. Accustomed to regard our superiors with fear and respect, we now beheld them in the most childish and ludicrous position. Astonishment kept us motionless and silent. At last the captain made a violent effort to wrest the pole from

his antagonist: the major held firm, and resisted with all his strength; when, suddenly, his opponent let go his hold, and our major, a little round man, measured his length in the mud. In an instant he was on his feet again. Throwing away the bean-stick, and stepping close up to his opponent, 'To-morrow,' said he, 'we will settle this like men: here we have been fools; and you, captain, a malicious fool.'

"I accept your invitation with pleasure," replied the captain, 'and trust our next meeting will be with bullets. But for to-day, the pole is mine.' And he seized it triumphantly.

"Certainly; yours to day," retorted the major. 'To-morrow we will fight it out upon my dirty cloak.'

"The morrow came, and the battle began, not, however, between major and captain, but between French and Prussians. Silent we stood in deep dark masses, listening to the music of the bullets. 'Firm and steady!' was the command of our little major—of the same man who, a few hours before, had played so childish a part. Skirmishers were called in, and a charge with the bayonet ordered. The foe abandoned his first position. Animated by success, we attacked the second. Our battalion hurried on from one success to another, and my gallant captain was ever the first to obey, in the minutest particular, the orders of our famous little major. The noble emulation between the two brave fellows was unmistakeable. In their third position the French defended themselves with unparalleled obstinacy, and our young soldiers, in spite of their moral superiority, were compelled to recede. 'Forward, my fine fellows!' cried the major; 'Follow me, men!' shouted the captain, and, seizing the sinking standard, whose bearer had just been shot, he raised it on high, and dashed in amongst the foe. With a tremendous 'Hurra!' the whole line followed, and Napoleon's 'Vieille Garde' was forced to a speedy retreat.

"The major gazed in admiration at his bitter opponent of the preceding day. Calling him to him, he clasped him in his arms. For a moment the two men were enveloped in the cloak upon which they were to have fought. Words cannot describe that scene.

Suddenly a cannon-ball boomed through the air, and, lo! they lay upon the ground, shattered and lifeless, reconciliation their dying thought. The fight over, and our bivouac established in a stubble-field, we paid them the last military honours. Fifty men, all that remained of my company, followed their bodies, and a tear stood in every eye as we consigned the gallant fellows to one grave."

With bitter and ill-suppressed rage did the military portion of the French nation, after a brief but busy campaign, see themselves compelled to submission, their emperor an exile, their hearths intruded upon by the foreigners who, at Jena and Wagram, Austerlitz and Marengo, had quailed and fled before their conquering eagles. Resistance, in a mass, was no longer to be thought of: the French army was crushed, crippled, almost annihilated, but its individual members still sought opportunities of venting their fury upon the hated victors. By sneer, and slighting word, and insulting look, they strove to irritate and lure them to the lists; and their provocations, even the more indirect ones, rarely failed of effect. On the duelling-ground, as in the field, steady German courage was found fully a match for the *brío* and presumption of these French *spadassins*. After the capitulation of Paris, Von Rahden's regiment was sent into country-quarters at Amiens, and they were but a few days in the town before the ill-smothered antipathy between Gaul and German broke out into a flame.

"When we were fairly installed in our quarters, and the first little squabbles and disagreements between town's-people and soldiers had been settled, chiefly by the good offices of the authorities, we officers gave ourselves up to the pleasures of the place, amongst which a large and elegant *café* was not to be forgotten. In this coffee-house the tables were of marble, the walls covered with mirrors, the windows and doors of plate-glass, in gilt frames. All was gold and glitter, and the *dames de comptoir* might, from their appearance, have been fashionable ladies, placed there to lead the conversation. All this was very new and attractive, and well calculated to dazzle us young men. Accordingly,

from early morn till late at night, hundreds of officers, of all arms, sat in the *café*, drinking, playing, and sighing.

Happening one forenoon to be orderly-officer, I received several complaints from soldiers concerning the younger son of the family upon which they were quartered. He had returned home only the day before, had shown himself very unfriendly towards the men, and did his utmost to irritate their other hosts against them. Upon inquiry, I found the complaint to be just, and that a young and handsome man, of military appearance, was doing all in his power to excite ill-will towards us. After several warnings, which were unattended to, I was compelled to arrest and put him in the guard-room, menacing him with further punishment. This done, I joined my comrades at the *café*.

"That day our favourite place of resort presented an unusual aspect. A regiment of French hussars, on its march westwards, had halted for the night at Amiens, and upwards of twenty of the officers were now seated in the coffee-house. There was a good deal of talk going on, but not so much as usual; and the division between the different nations was strongly marked. To the right the hussars had assembled, crowded round three or four tables; on the other side of the saloon sat fifty or sixty Prussian infantry officers. The situation was not the most agreeable, and there was a mutual feeling of constraint. Presently there came to the coffee-house (by previous arrangement, as I am fully persuaded) one of those Italian pedlars, for the most part spies and thieves, of whom at that time great numbers were to be met with in France and other parts of the Continent. Stopping at the glazed door opening into the street, he offered his wares for sale. Soon one of the hussar officers called to him in excellent German, and asked him if he had any pocket-books to sell. He wanted one, he said, to note down the anniversaries of the battles of Jena, Austerlitz, &c. Although this inquiry was manifestly a premeditated insult, we Prussians remained silent, as if waiting to see what would come next. The pedlar supplied the demands of the

Frenchman, and was about to leave the room, when one of our officers, Lieutenant von Sebottendorf, of the 23d infantry regiment, called to him in his turn, and observed, in a loud voice, that he also required a pocket-book, wherein to mark the battles of Rossbach, the Katzbach, and Leipzig. The names of Rossbach and Leipzig served for a signal. As by word of command, the hussars sprang from their chairs and drew their long sabres; we followed their example, and bared our weapons, which for the most part were small infantry swords. In an instant a *mêlée* began; the French pressing upon Sebottendorf; we defending him. At the same moment the hussar trumpets and our drums sounded and beat in the streets. As officer of the day, those sounds called me away. With great difficulty I got out of the café, and hurried to the main-guard, which was already menaced by the assembled hussars. I had just made my men load with ball-cartridge—we had no other—when luckily several companies came up and rescued me from my very critical position. Nothing is more painful than to be compelled to use decisive and severe measures in such a conjuncture, at the risk of one's acts being disapproved and disavowed.

"Meanwhile, in the coffee-house, a somewhat indecorous fight went on, the mirrors and windows were smashed, and the scuffle ended by the officers forcing each other out into the street. All these affronts naturally would have to be washed out in blood. In a quarter of an hour our battalions were drawn up in the market-place: the general commanding at Amiens, and who just then happened to be absent, had given the strictest orders, that, in case of such disturbances, we were not to use our arms till the very last extremity. We were compelled, therefore, patiently to allow the French to march through our ranks, on foot and with drawn sabres, challenging us to the fight, as they passed, not with words, certainly, but by their threatening looks. Amongst them I saw, to my great astonishment, the young civilian whom I had that morning put in confinement, and who now passed several times before me, in hussar uniform, and invited me to fol-

low him. In the confusion of the first alarm, he had escaped from the guard-room, put on regimentals, and now exhaled his vindictiveness in muttered invectives against me and the detested Prussians. Of course I could not leave my company; and, had I been able, it would have been very foolish to have done so.

"In a short half-hour the French and Prussian authorities were assembled. The hussars received orders to march away instantly, and we were to change our quarters the next day. Before we did so, however, rendez-vous was taken and kept by several hussar officers, on the one hand, and by Lieutenant Sebottendorf, his second, Merkatz, and six others of our regiment, on the other, to fight the matter out. Sebottendorf and his opponent, who had commenced the dispute, also began the fight. They walked up to the barriers, fixed at ten paces; the Frenchman's shot knocked the cap off the head of our comrade, who returned the fire with such cool and steady aim, that his opponent fell dead upon the spot. Another hussar instantly sprang forward to take his turn with Merkatz. I looked about for my young antagonist; but no one had seen him since the previous day, nor did the French officers know whom I meant; so it is possible that, favoured by the confusion of the previous day, he had donned a uniform to which he had no right. There was no more fighting, however. After long discussions and mutual explanations, matters were peaceably arranged. The officer who had caused the strife, alone bore the penalty. He was carried away by his comrades, and we repaired to our new cantonments. The brave Von Sebottendorf had vindicated with fitting energy and decision the fame and honour of the Prussian officer."

The month of February, 1815, witnessed the return to Germany of Von Rahden's battalion. A soldier's home is wherever the quarters are best; and it was with many regrets that the Baron and his comrades left the pleasant cantonments and agreeable hospitality of gay and lively France, for the dull fortress of Magdeburg. The Baron shudders at the bare recollection of

the unwelcome change, and of the subsequent reduction of his regiment to the peace establishment. Nor, according to his account, did any very hearty welcome from their civilian countrymen console the homeward-bound warriors for stoppage of field-allowance and diminished chance of promotion. They were received coldly, if not with aversion. Instead of good quarters and wholesome food, bad lodgings and worse rations fell to their share. Stale provisions, the leavings, in some instances, of the foes from whom they had delivered Germany, were deemed good enough for the conquerors of Kulm and Leipzig. Fatigue duties replaced opportunities of distinction, economy and ennui were the order of the day, and, amongst the disappointed subalterns, for whom the war had finished far too soon, but one note was heard, a sound of discontent and lamentation. It was the first opportunity these young soldiers had of learning that the man-at-arms, prized and cherished when his services are needed, is too often looked upon in peace time as a troublesome encumbrance and useless expense.

Suddenly, however, and most unexpectedly, came the signal for renewed activity. On the 29th of March, intelligence reached Magdeburg that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and, after a triumphant march of twenty days, had resumed his seat upon the imperial throne. Joyful news for the ambitious subaltern, eager for action and advancement; less pleasant tidings to the old officer, who believed his campaigns at an end, and hoped tranquilly to enjoy his well-earned promotion. Cockade and sabre instantly rose in public estimation; and those who, a day previously, had cast sour glances at the neglected soldier, now lauded his valour and encouraged his aspirations. Forgetting the toils and perils of recent campaigns, old Blücher's legions joyfully prepared for another bout with the Frenchman. Once more the march was ordered Rhine-wards; and, on the 18th April, Von Radden and his battalion crossed that river at Ehrenbreitstein.

An accident, the overturn of a carriage, by which he was severely hurt, separated the Baron, for some time, from his regiment. He rejoined it at

Liege; to the great surprise of all, for his death had been reported, and his name struck off the strength. The officers gave him a dinner,—the men welcomed his appearance on parade with a triple hurra. Happy in these proofs of his fellow-soldiers' esteem, he looked forward joyfully and confidently to the approaching struggle. It soon came. In the night of the 15th June the alarm sounded: Bülow's corps hastily got under arms and marched to the assistance of Prince Blücher. From three in the morning till one in the afternoon they advanced without pause or slackening; then a short halt was ordered. The sound of Blücher's cannon was plainly heard. He was hard pressed by the French; but a burning sun and a ten hours' march had exhausted the strength of Bülow's troops; rest and refreshment were indispensable. It was not till eleven at night that they reached Gembloux, and there met the old field-marshal's disordered battalions in full retreat from the disastrous field of Ligny.

Of the battle of Waterloo, the Baron of course saw but the close. Nevertheless he had a little hard fighting, and received a wound at the taking of Planchenoit, which was full of French troops, principally grenadiers of the guard. "The order was given, 'The second regiment will take the village by storm.' My brave colonel was the first man in the place; but he was also the first killed: a shot from a window knocked him over. Notwithstanding this loss, in an instant we were masters of the village. At its further extremity was the churchyard, surrounded by a low wall, and occupied by two battalions of the old Imperial Guard. Hats off! he who has fought against them will know how to admire them. Like a swarm of bees, my regiment, whose ranks had got disordered during the short fight in the village, dashed forward with lowered bayonets against the cemetery. We were within fifty paces of it. 'Shoulder arms!' cried the French commander. More than once had the guardsmen found this sign of contempt profit them, by confusing their antagonists, and startling them into a hasty and irregular discharge. This time it did not answer;

in five minutes the churchyard was ours. Scarcely had we won, when we again lost it. Thrice did it change hands, and the ground was heaped with dead. The third encounter was terrible—with the bayonet, just below the lime trees that shaded the cemetery gate. We officers took the muskets of the fallen, and fought like common soldiers. Some of the French officers followed our example; others, standing in the foremost rank, did fearful execution with point of sword. Here fell my dearest friend, thrust through the heart; I sprang forward to revenge his death, when a bronzed hero of the Pyramids shot me down." The wound was not very severe; and, although the ball could not be extracted, the Baron, after a month's stay at Brussels, was able to rejoin his battalion, then quartered in Normandy. Thence, early in August, he marched to Paris, to take share in the grand ceremony of blessing the colours of the Prussian regiments.

"On a splendid summer's day, (2d September, 1815,) 25,000 to 30,000 Prussians, comprising the whole of the guards, six infantry and six cavalry regiments of the line, were formed up in the Champ de Mars in one great square. In its centre was an altar, composed, military fashion, of drums, and covered with red velvet, upon which lay the Iron Cross. The Emperors Alexander and Francis, our noble king, and all the generals of the Allies, stood around and listened bareheaded to the impressive thanksgiving offered up by Chaplain Offelsmeyer. Here the colours of the various regiments, surmounted by the Iron Cross, and having the Alliance ribband—white, black, and orange—and the ribband of the medal cast out of captured artillery for 'Prussia's brave warriors' fluttering from their staves, received, in the hands of our king and his imperial friends, a high and rare consecration." As the blessing was spoken over the lowered colours, a numerous park of artillery fired a royal salute, and then, in review order, the troops defiled before the King of Prussia. "When the infantry of the line had passed, the officers were allowed to fall out and look on, whilst the guards and grenadiers marched by. It was a splendid

sight, especially at the moment when the two emperors, at the head of their Prussian grenadier regiments, lowered swords, and paid military honours to our King." The honours of the day were for Frederick William the Third; and the sovereigns of Russia and Austria, Baron von Rahden tells us, reined back their horses and kept a little in rear, that they might not seem to appropriate a share of them. "Only one soldierly figure, astride, proud and stately, upon a splendid charger, had taken post on the same line with the King of Prussia, some twenty paces to his right. Alone, and seemingly unsympathizing, he beheld, with thorough British phlegm, the military pageant. It was the Duke of Wellington, the bold hero of Eastern fight, the prudent general in the Peninsula, the fortunate victor of Waterloo. Accident and the crowd brought me close to his horse's breast; and, with the assurance of a young man who feels himself an old and experienced soldier, I contemplated his really lofty, and proud, and noble appearance. I should find it very difficult to describe the Duke as he then was. Not that one line has been effaced of the impression stamped upon my memory whilst I stood for more than half an hour scarce three paces from his stirrup. But tame and feeble would be any portrait my pen could draw of the flashing eagle eye, the hawk's nose, the slightly sarcastic expression of the pointed chin, and compressed, seemingly lipless, mouth. His hair was scanty and dark; neither moustache nor whisker filled and rounded his thin oval physiognomy. His high forehead, that noblest feature of the masculine countenance, I could not see, for a long narrow military hat, with a rather shabby plume, was pressed low down upon his brows. For two reasons, however, the impression the English leader that day made upon me, was not the most favourable: I was vexed at his placing himself thus intentionally apart from, and on the same line with my king; and then it seemed to me unmatural that his deportment should be so stiff, his bust so marble-like, and that at such a moment his features should not once become animated, or his eye gleam approval."

This was not the last sight obtained by the Prussian lieutenant of the British field-marshal. In 1835 Baron von Rahden came to London. During the siege of Antwerp he had served as a volunteer under General Chassé, and had drawn a large military *tableau* or plan of the defence of the citadel. This he had dedicated to the King of Holland, and now wished to confide to an English engraver. To facilitate his views, Chassé gave him an introduction to the Duke. We will translate his account of the interview it procured him. He went to Apsley House in Dutch uniform, his Iron Cross and medal, and the Prussian order of St. Anne, upon his breast, the latter having been bestowed upon him for his conduct at Waterloo, or La Belle Alliance, as the Prussians style it. He was introduced by an old domestic, who, as far as he could judge, might have been a mute, into a spacious apartment.

"I had waited almost an hour, and became impatient. I was on the point of seeking a servant, and causing myself to be announced a second time, when a small tapestried door, in the darker part of the saloon, opened, and a thin little man, with a stoop in his shoulders, dressed in a dark blue frock, ditto trousers, white stockings, and low shoes with buckles, approached without looking at me. I took him for a servant, a steward, or some such person, and inquired rather quickly whether I could not have the honour to be announced to the Duke. The next instant I perceived my blunder; the little stooping man suddenly grew a head taller, and his eagle eye fixed itself upon me. I at once recognised my neighbour on the Champ de Mars. Rather enjoying my confusion, as I thought, the Duke again turned to the door, and, without a word, signed to me to follow him. When I entered the adjoining room he had already taken a chair, with his back to the light, and he motioned me to a seat opposite to him, just in the full glare from the plate-glass windows. We conversed in French; I badly, the Duke after a very middling fashion. With tolerable clearness I managed to explain what had brought me to London, and to crave the Duke's gracious protection. In reply the Duke said

that 'He greatly esteemed General Chassé, who had fought bravely at Waterloo under his orders: that he was pleased with his defence of Antwerp,' &c. At last he asked me 'by whom my plan,' which lay upon the table beside him, and which he neither praised nor found fault with, 'was to be engraved.'

"*Chez M. James Wyld, géographe du roi,*' was my somewhat over-hasty answer.

"*Géographe de sa Majesté Britannique,*' said the Duke, by way of correction.

"A few more sentences were exchanged, doubtless of very crooked construction, as far as I was concerned,—for I was a good deal embarrassed; and then I received my dismissal.

"The *Géographe de sa Majesté Britannique* told me, some weeks afterwards, that the Duke had been to him, had bought several military maps and plans, and, as if casually, had spoken of mine, which hung in the shop, had said that he knew me," &c.

Notwithstanding the Duke's kind notice and patronage, Captain von Rahden takes occasion to attack his grace for an expression used by him in the House of Lords in 1836, during a debate on a motion for the abolition of corporal punishment in the army. The Duke maintained that such punishment was necessary for the preservation of discipline; and on the Prussian army being cited as a proof of the contrary, he referred, in no very flattering terms, to the state of discipline of Blücher's troops in 1815. There was some talk about the matter at the time, and an indignant answer to the Duke's assertion, written by the German general, Von Grolman, was translated in the English journals. Baron von Rahden himself, as he tells us, took advantage of being in London on the anniversary of Waterloo, 1836, to perpetrate a little paragraph scribbling, in certain evening papers, with respect to the battle, and to the share borne in it by old MARSHALL VORWAERTS and his men. That the campaigns of 1813-15 were most creditable to Prussian courage and patriotism, none will dispute; that the discipline of the Prussian army was then by no means first-rate, is equally

positive. Nay, its mediocrity is easy to infer from passages in Baron von Rahden's own book. Without affirming it to have been at the lowest ebb, it was certainly not such as could find approval with one who, for five years, had ranged the Peninsula at the head of the finest troops in Europe. As to who won the battle of Waterloo, the discussion of that question is long since at an end. The Baron claims a handsome share of the glory for his countrymen, and insists, that if they were rather late for the fight, they at least made themselves very useful in pursuit of the beaten foe. "If their discipline had been so very bad," he says, "they could hardly, on the second day after a defeat, have come up to the *rescue* of their allied brethren." The arrival of the Prussians was certainly opportune; but, had they not come up, there cannot be a doubt that Wellington, if he had done no more, would have held his own, and maintained the field all night: for he commanded men who, according to his great opponent's own admission, "knew not when they were beaten."

"Old General Blücher was a sworn foe of all unnecessary wordiness and commendation. 'What do you extol?' he once said, to put an end to the eulogiums lavished on him for a gloriously won victory. 'It is my boldness, Gneisenau's judgment, and the mercy of the Great God.' Let us add, and the stubborn courage and perseverance of a faithful people and a brave army. Without these thoroughly national qualities of our troops, such great results would never have followed the closing act of the mighty struggle of 1813, 1814, and 1815. General Gneisenau's unparalleled pursuit of the French after the battle of La Belle Alliance, could never have taken place, had not our troops displayed vigour and powers of endurance wonderful to reflect upon. The instant and rapid chase commanded by Gneisenau was only to cease when the last breath and strength of man and horse were exhausted. Thus was it that, by day-break on the 19th June, he and his Prussians found themselves at Frasne, nearly six leagues from the field of battle, which they had left at half-past ten at night. Only a few squadrons had kept up with him; all the

infantry remained behind; but the French army that had fought so gallantly at Waterloo and La Belle Alliance, was totally destroyed."

The battle won, a courier was instantly despatched to the King of Prussia. The person chosen to convey the glorious intelligence was Colonel von Thile, now a general, commanding the Rhine district. From that officer's narrative of his journey, the Baron gives some interesting extracts.

"In the course of the fight," Von Thile *loguitor*, "I had lost sight of my servant, and of my second horse, a capital gray. The brown charger I rode was wounded and tired, and it was at a slow pace that I started, to endeavour to reach Brussels that night. A Wurtemberg courier had also been sent off, the only one, besides myself, who carried the good news to Germany. Whilst my weary steed threatened each moment to sink under my weight, the Wurtemberger galloped by, and with him went my hopes of being the first to announce the victory to the king. Suddenly I perceived my gray trotting briskly towards me. I wasted little time in scolding my servant; I thought only of overtaking the Wurtemberger.

"At Brussels I learned from the postmaster that my fortunate rival had left ten minutes before me, in a light carriage with a pair of swift horses. I followed: close upon his heels every where, but unable to catch him up. At last, on the evening of the third day, I came in sight of him; his axle-tree was broken; his carriage lay useless on the road. I might have dashed past in triumph; but I refrained, and offered to take him with me, on condition that I should be the first to proclaim the victory. He joyfully accepted the proposal; and I was rewarded for my good nature, for he was of great service to me."

Von Thile expected to find the king at Frankfort-on-the-Main; but he had not yet arrived, and the colonel continued his hurried journey, by Heidelberg and Fulda, to Naumburg.

"Five days and nights unceasing fatigue and exertion had exhausted my strength, but nevertheless I pushed

forward, and on the following morning reached Naumberg on the Saal. In the suburb, on this side the river, I fell in with Prussian troops, returning, covered with dust and in very indifferent humour, from a review passed by the king. At last then I was at my journey's end. They asked me what news I brought: all expected some fresh misfortune, for only an hour previously intelligence of the defeat at Ligny had arrived, and upon parade the king had been ungracious and out of temper. I took good care not to breathe a word of my precious secret, and hurried on. In the further suburb I met the king's carriage. We stopped; I jumped out.

"Your majesty! a great, a glorious victory! Napoleon annihilated; a hundred and fifty guns captured!" And I handed him a paper containing a few lines in Prince Blücher's handwriting. The king devoured them with his eyes, and cast a grateful tearful glance to Heaven.

"Two hundred cannon, according to this," was his first exclamation, in tones of heartfelt delight and satisfaction.

"I followed his majesty into the town. The newly instituted assembly of Saxon States was convoked, and the king made a speech announcing the victory. And truly I never heard such speaking before or since. I was ordered to go on to Berlin with my good news. This was in fact unnecessary, for a courier had already been despatched, but the king knew that my

family, from which I had been two years separated, was at Berlin, and he wished to procure me the pleasure of seeing it. For that noble and excellent monarch was also the kindest and best of men."

Soon after Waterloo, Baron von Rahden appears to have left the service; for he informs us, that between 1816 and 1830 he made long residences in Russia, Holland, and England. Perhaps he found garrison life an unendurable change from the stir and activity of campaigns, and travelled to seek excitement. Be that as it may, fifteen years' repose did not extinguish his martial ardour. The echoes awakened by the tramp of a French army marching upon Antwerp, were, to the veteran of Leipzig, like trumpet-sound to trained charger, and he hurried to exchange another shot with his old enemies. Having once more brought hand and hilt acquainted, he grieved to sever them, and when the brief struggle in Belgium terminated, he looked about for a fresh field of action. Spain was the only place where bullets were just then flying, and thither the Baron betook himself, to defend the cause of legitimacy under Cabrera's blood-stained banner. Concerning his travels, and his later campaigns, he promises his readers a second and a third volume; and the favourable reception the first has met with in Germany, will doubtless encourage him to redeem his pledge.

LAPPENBERG'S ANGLO-SAXONS.

THE HEPTARCHY.

WE are willing to acknowledge, without blindly exaggerating, our obligations to the men of learning of Germany, in several branches of art and science. We owe them something in criticism, something in philosophy, and a great deal in philology. But in no department have they deserved better of the commonwealth of letters, than in the important province of antiquarian history, where their erudition, their research, their patience, their impartiality, are invaluable. Whatever subject they select is made their own, and is so thoroughly studied in all its circumstantial details and collateral bearings, that new and original views of the truth are sure to be unfolded, as the fixed gaze of an unwearied eye will at last elicit light and order out of apparent darkness and confusion.

The writer, whose chief work is now before us, cannot and would not, we know, prefer a claim to the foremost place among those who have thus distinguished themselves. That honour is conceded by all to the name of Niebuhr, a master mind who stands unrivalled in his own domain, and whose discoveries, promulgated with no advantage of style or manner, and in opposition to prejudices long and deeply cherished, have wrought a revolution in the study of ancient history to which there is scarcely a parallel. But among those who are next in rank, Dr. Lappenberg is entitled to a high position. His present work is one of the very best of a series of European histories of great merit and utility. He has given fresh interest to a theme that seemed worn out and exhausted. He has brought forward new facts, and evolved new conclusions that had eluded the observation and sagacity of able and industrious predecessors. He has treated the history of a country, not his own, with as much care and correctness, and with as true a feeling of national character and destinies as if he had been a native; while he has brought to his task a calmness of judgment,

and freedom from prejudice, as well as a range of illustration from extraneous sources, which a native could scarcely be expected to command. It must now, we think, be granted, that the best history of Saxon England—the most complete, the most judicious, the most unbiassed, and the most profound, is the work of a foreigner. It must, at the same time, be said that Lappenberg's history could not have exhibited this high degree of excellence, without the ample assistance afforded by the labours of our countrymen who had gone before him, and of which their successor has freely taken the use and frankly acknowledged the value.

The history and character of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, have employed the pen of the most illustrious among our native writers. One of our greatest poets, and one of our greatest masters of prose,—Milton and Burke—have felt the attraction and importance of the subject, at the same time that they have given evidence to its obscurity and difficulty. In later times men of less genius, but of more acquaintance with the times and topics involved in the inquiry, have added greatly to our knowledge of those important events and institutions in which the germs of our present government and national disposition are to be found. But Saxon England can only be thoroughly understood by means of aids and appliances, which have been seldom possessed in any eminent degree by the general run of our antiquarian writers. A thorough familiarity with the Anglo-Saxon language and literature is obviously the first requisite: yet this attainment was scarcely to be met with till within a few years back, and even now, we fear that it is confined to a narrow circle, and that the able men who have made progress in this arduous path, lament that they have so slender and so scattered a train of followers. If we can suppose inquirers studying Roman history, without being able to conjugate a

Latin verb, or to gather more than a dim suspicion of a Latin author's meaning, we shall have a case nearly analogous to the condition and achievements of our Saxon scholars in the last, and even in part of the present century. Another qualification for the successful cultivation of this field of study, is an intimate acquaintance with the analogous customs and traditions of kindred countries, an accomplishment which few Englishmen could till lately pretend to possess, but without which, a great deal of what occurs in our own early history must seem senseless and unintelligible. The key to many apparent mysteries in English antiquities, is often to be found in something which has been more clearly developed elsewhere, and which may even yet survive in a Danish song or saga, or a German proverb or superstition.

In these respects, our kinsmen across the water have undoubtedly the advantage of us; and to most of them the subject of English history cannot be alien in interest or barren of attraction. It is impossible for an enlightened native or neighbour of continental Saxony, to tread the southern shore of the North Sea, and think of the handful of his countrymen who, fourteen centuries ago, embarked for Britain from that very strand, without feeling the great results involved in that simple incident, and owning the sacred sympathies which unite him with men of English blood. He may well remember with wonder that the few exiles or emigrants who thus went forth on an obscure and uncertain enterprise carried in their bark the destinies of a mighty moral empire, which was one day to fill the world with the glory of the Saxon name, and to revive the valour and virtue of Greece and Rome, with a new admixture of Teutonic honour and Christian purity. He may well kindle with pride to admire the eminence to which that adventurous colony has attained from such small beginnings, and to consider how much the old Germanic virtues of truth and honesty, and home-bred kindliness, have conduced to that marvellous result; while perhaps the less pleasing thought may at times overshadow his mind, that his country, great as she is,

has in some things been outstripped by her descendant, and that the best excellencies and institutions of ancient Germany may have been less faithfully preserved and less nobly matured in their native soil than in the favoured island to which some shoots of them were then transplanted.

If some such feelings prompted or encouraged the writer of these volumes to engage in his work, Dr. Lappenberg had other facilities to aid him in the task. He had been sent to Scotland in early life, and had studied at our metropolitan university, where he is still kindly remembered by some who will be among the first to peruse those pages. His residence in this ancient city of the Angles, and his visits to the most interesting portions of the island, must have formed a familiarity and sympathy with our language, manners, and institutions which would afford additional inducements and qualifications to undertake a history of England. He has distinguished himself by other valuable compositions of a historical and antiquarian character, and particularly by some connected with the mediæval jurisprudence and history of his native city of Hamburgh. But his reputation will probably be most widely diffused, and most permanently preserved, by the admirable work which is the subject of our present remarks.

The labours of Mr. Thorpe, so well known as one of the very few accomplished Saxonists of whom we can boast, has now, after much discouragement, placed the Anglo-Saxon portion of Lappenberg's history within the reach of English readers, and has given it a new value by his own additions and illustrations. The translation ought to be found in the library of every one among us who professes to study the history or to patronize the literature of his country.

The invasion or occupation of England by German tribes is involved in an obscurity, which does not disappear before a rigorous examination of its traditional details. On the contrary, the more we consider it the less certainly we can pronounce as to the truth. That on the departure of the Romans in the fifth century, a full and continuous stream of Germanic

population found its way into Britain, and that ere long the invading race gained the ascendant, and planted firmly in the soil their laws, their language, and their institutions, are facts established by a cloud of witnesses, and by that real evidence which lawyers consider superior to testimony. But how, or at what exact date this process commenced, under whose leadership or auspices it was carried on, and with what rapidity, or through what precise channels the tide flowed, are matters of more difficulty, on which, from the want of authentic materials, it is idle to dogmatise, however unpleasant it may be to remain in doubt. There is no want of ancient narratives of these supposed events; but though ancient as to us, they are neither so near the time to which they refer, nor so clear and consistent with probability, and with each other, as to command implicit deference.

Dr. Lappenberg, leaning perhaps too readily to the German theory of mythes, sees little in the history and achievements of Hengist and Horsa which can be considered authentic. Mr. Thorpe, on the other hand, is less sceptical, and while directing our notice to the fact that the northern tribes occasionally submitted to the command of double leaders, he has adduced in evidence the ancient poetical celebrity of Hengist as a Jutish hero. The episode from *Beowulf*, which he has inserted and ably translated in a note, is interesting and important in this view. But, after all, we confess that our mind remains in a state of suspense. We think the proof sufficient neither to justify a belief in the existence of the two chiefs, nor to authorise us in consigning them to non-entity; and we hold it an important duty in historical criticism to proportion our conclusions precisely to the premises from which they are deduced. Where there is good evidence, we should believe; where the evidence is incoherent or impossible, we should disbelieve. But there are conditions of a historical question where we can legitimately arrive at no opinion either way, and where we must be content to leave the fact in uncertainty, by a verdict of *not proven*.

There is no historian, we think, who mentions Hengist or Horsa, until at an interval of two or three hundred years after their supposed era; and what sort of interval had thus elapsed? A period of pagan obscurity, passed by the invaders in incessant conflicts, for a home and habitation, or for existence itself,—a period of which not a relic even of poetical tradition has survived, and in which the means of recording events, or of calculating time, were wholly different from our modern apparatus, and are too little known to let us judge of their sufficiency. The celebrity of Hengist in the old Saxon epics, but in which he is never, we think, connected with the invasion of England, appears to be a double-edged weapon, and may even account for his name being taken as a convenient stock to bear a graft of later romance. If we add to all this the tendency of the age to fiction and exaggeration, the marks of a fabulous character, so forcibly pointed out by Lappenberg in the recurrence of certain fixed numbers or periods of years, chiefly on an octonary system, as distinguished by conspicuous events, the divine genealogies attributed to the heroes, and the resemblance in incident to similar traditions in other ages or scenes, we shall easily see the unsteady footing on which the question stands, and be obliged to own, that, if our belief must be renounced in Romulus and Remus, we can scarcely go to the stake for Hengist and Horsa. It is remarkable, that while the Roman brothers are said to bear one and the same name in different forms, the appellations of the Anglo-Saxon leaders are also so far identical, as each signifying the warlike animal which is said to have been emblazoned on the Saxon banner.

It should be satisfactory to our West-British brethren, that Lappenberg sees no reason to distrust the existence of the illustrious Arthur, but he admits too readily the questionable discovery of his grave.

“The contemporary who records the victory at Bath gained by his countrymen in the first year of his life, and who bears witness of its consequences after a lapse of forty-four years, Gildas, surnamed the Wise, considers it superfluous to mention

the name of the far-famed victor ; but his wide-spread work, and the yet more wide-spread extracts from it in Beda, have reached no region in which the fame of King Arthur had not outstript them, the noble champion who defended the liberty, usages, and language of the ancient country from destruction by savage enemies ; who protected the cross against the Pagans, and gained security to the churches most distinguished for their antiquity and various knowledge, to which a considerable portion of Europe owes both its Christianity and some of its most celebrated monasteries. Called to such high-famed deeds, he needed not the historian to live through all ages more brilliantly than the heroes of the chronicles, among whom he is counted from the time of Jeffrey of Monmouth ; but, not to mention the works which, about the year 720, Eremita Britannus is said to have composed on the Holy Graal, and on the deeds of King Arthur, the rapid spread of Jeffrey's work over the greater part of Europe, proves that the belief in the hero of it was deeply rooted. In the twelfth century a Greek poem, recently restored to light, was composed in celebration of Arthur and the heroes of the round table. Still more manifestly, however, do the numerous local memorials, which throughout the whole of the then Christian part of Europe, from the Scottish hills to Mount Etna, bear allusion to the name of Arthur ; while on the other hand, the more measured veneration of the Welsh poets for that prince, who esteem his general, Geraint, more highly than the king himself, and even relate that the latter, far from being always victorious, surrendered Hampshire and Somersetshire to the Saxons, may be adduced as no worthless testimony for the historic existence of King Arthur. Even those traditions concerning him, which at the first glance seem composed in determined defiance of all historic truth,—those which recount the expedition against the Romans on their demand of subjection from him,—appear not totally void of foundation, when we call to mind that a similar expedition actually took place in Gaul ; and are, moreover, informed, on the most unquestionable authority, of another undertaking in the year 468, on the demand of Anthemius, by the British general Riothamus, who led twelve thousand Britons across the ocean against the Visigoths in Gaul, and of his battles on the Loire. This very valuable narrative gives us some insight into the connexions and resources of those parts of Britain which had not yet been afflicted with the Saxon pirates.

“ Arthur fell in a conflict on the river Camel, in Cornwall, against his nephew, Medrawd ; his death was, however, long kept secret, and his countrymen waited many years for his return, and his protection against the Saxons. The discovery of his long-concealed grave in the abbey of Glastonbury, is mentioned by credible contemporaries, and excited at the time no suspicion of any religious or political deception. Had the king of England, Henry the Second, who caused the exhumation of the coffin in the year 1189, wished merely, through an artifice, to convince the Welsh of the death of their national hero, he would hardly himself have acted so conspicuous a part on the occasion. Poem and tradition bear witness to the spirit and his ashes, and the gravestone to the life and name of Arthur. Faith in the existence of this Christian Celtic Hector cannot be shaken by short-sighted doubt, though much must yet be done for British story, to render the sense latent in the poems of inspired bards, which have in many cases reached us only in spiritless paraphrases, into the sober language of historic criticism.”

It appears not unlikely, that the period fixed by the traditions for the arrival of the Saxons does not truly indicate the first settlement of their countrymen on our shores. In East Anglia, (Norfolk and Suffolk,) as well as in Northumbria, and perhaps indefinitely to the north-east, successive colonies of German immigrants had probably found a home on islands at the mouths of rivers, or on barren tracts of sea-beach, along a thinly peopled and ill cultivated country. The cautious and tentative occupation of the shore thus taken, may have ultimately suggested the invitation of the Saxons, or facilitated their invasion of Britain in the deserted and distracted state in which the Romanised inhabitants were left, when their masters and protectors withdrew.

The introduction of Christianity among the English Saxons, is the first great event in their annals, that stands brightly out in the light of history. To whom we are indebted for this mighty and merciful revolution, does not, we think, admit of controversy. Though no friends to the corruptions or ambition of Rome, we cannot withhold from the Roman see the honour that here belongs to it, and for the service thus rendered to England,

to Europe, and to mankind, the name of Gregory the Great deserves a place in a nobler calendar than that in which the saints of his own church are enrolled. The liberal spirit in which the mission was in some respects organized, deserves high praise. "It is my wish," writes Gregory, "that you sedulously select what you may think most acceptable to Almighty God, be it in the Roman, or in the Gallican, or in any other church, and introduce into the church of the Angles that which you shall have so collected; for things are not to be loved for the sake of places, but places for the sake of good things." The intervention of the Pope was the more meritorious and seasonable from the conduct of the British clergy, in leaving their Saxon conquerors without an attempt to convert them. Such a course may have been natural and excusable, but it was not prompted either by Christian love or by enlightened policy; and we cannot altogether refrain from reading in the subsequent massacre of the monks of Bangor by the Pagan sword of Ethelfrid, the retribution which Augustine had denounced as awaiting the Celtic Church, for not preaching to the Angles the way of life.

The Irish clergy, useful as they afterwards were, had not then advanced so far in their progress, as to reach

the Anglican border. It was in the year 563 that St. Columba passed over from Ireland to the Northern Picts, in whose conversion he was occupied about thirty years. And it was in 597 that Ethelbert of Kent was baptized, and was followed soon after to the font by ten thousand of his subjects. Whether there was any connexion between these simultaneous movements, beyond the ripening of events for so desirable a result, has not, so far as we know, been traced by any inquirer.

The rapidity with which Christianity was then accepted implies a remarkable condition of the public mind. The bigotry, and even the confiding belief of the old religion, must in a great measure have passed away, and a certain dissatisfaction have come to be felt with its creed and its consolations. This is peculiarly visible in the course which the conversion took in Northumbria, where, if we can trust the traditional accounts, a spirit of philosophical inquiry had pervaded the nobility, and even the priesthood, implying a high degree of intellectual advancement, and an earnest sense of the religious necessities of our nature. Let us take the well-known incidents of this event as they are given in the poetry of Wordsworth, rather than in any prose narrative.

PAULINUS.

But to remote Northumbria's royal hall,
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutor'd in the school
Of sorrow, still maintains a Heathen rule,
Who comes with functions apostolical?
Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;
A man whose aspect doth at once appal
And strike with reverence. The monarch leans
Tow'rd the pure truths this delegate propounds;
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
With careful hesitation,—then convenes
A synod of his counsellors:—give ear,
And what a pensive sage doth utter, hear!

PERSUASION.

"Man's life is like a sparrow, mighty king!
That, stealing in while by the fire you sit
Housed with rejoicing friends, is seen to flit
Safe from the storm, in comfort tarrying.
Here did it enter—there, on hasty wing
Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold;
But whence it came we know not, nor behold
Whither it goes. Even such that transient thing,

The human soul, not utterly unknown
 While in the body lodged, her warm abode;
 But from what world she came, what wo or weal
 On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown;
 This mystery, if the stranger can reveal,
 His be a welcome cordially bestowed !”

The Christian doctrine once planted in the hearts of Englishmen was never eradicated, but a storm passing over Northumbria levelled, for a while, the ripening harvest with the soil. Penda of Mercia, a man of remarkable character and fortune, “the last unshaken and powerful adherent of Paganism among the Anglo-Saxons,” swept like a tempest over the scene, and seemed to blast the growing hopes of the Christian husbandman, while the native princes, in whom, from a national respect for royal lineage, the government was nominally left, relapsed into the errors of the old faith. The deliverance, however, was at hand, from a quarter then beginning to send forth its beneficial influences. Oswald, a Bernician prince, educated among the Scots, or converted Picts, assembled a few followers under the banner of the cross, and restored to his country independence and Christianity.

“History informs us that Oswald’s cross decided the fate of Britain for ever. Oswald obtained the sovereignty of Bernicia, and also of Deira, being entitled to the latter country by his maternal descent, his mother ‘Acha,’ the sister of Eadwine, being descended from Aelle. He was acknowledged as Bretwalda the sixth who held that dignity, and is said to have reigned over the four tongues of Britain, of the Angles, the Britons, the Picts, and the Scots. Oswald combined great vigour with much mildness and religious enthusiasm. By him Christianity was introduced anew into his kingdom, but it was that of his teachers, the Scots, by whom Aidan was sent to him from the isle of St. Columba, (Hii or Icolmkill,) and to whom as an Episcopal seat, he granted the isle of Lindisfarne, now Holy Island, the hallowed abode of many heroes of the Christian faith. Severity towards himself and the powerful, humility and benevolence towards the poor and lowly, activity in the cause of religion, zeal for learning, were the admirable qualities that were praised in Aidan, and shed the purest lustre on the old Scottish Church to which he belonged; and few will feel disposed to doubt that the general impression which the lives of such men made on the minds of people

disgusted with Paganism, together with the internal truth of the Christian doctrines, has ever, and in a greater degree, contributed to their first conversion, than even the most convincing and solid arguments. How else could the so-often vainly attempted conversion of the Northumbrians have been effected by Aidan, who, sprung from a hostile race, sent from a hostile school, strove to propagate the doctrines of the defeated Scots and Picts, the former oppressors of the Britons, in a tongue for which Oswald himself was compelled to act as the interpreter ?

“Of Aidan’s fitness for the pious work committed to him, a judgment may be formed from the following anecdote related by Beda. At the solicitation of Oswald, a priest had been sent by the Scots to preach the word to the Pagans of Northumbria, who, proving unqualified for the task, and unwelcome to the people, through the austerity of his character, returned to his country, where, in an assembly of his brethren, he declared his inability to effect any good among a people so ungovernable and barbarous. On hearing this declaration, Aidan, who was present at the meeting, said to him, ‘Brother, it seems to me that you have been harsher than was fitting towards such uninstructed hearers, and have not, in conformity with apostolic usage, first offered the milk of milder instruction, until, gradually nourished by the divine word, they might become capable both of receiving the more perfect, and of executing the higher precepts of God.’ A discussion, to which these words gave rise, terminated in the unanimous declaration, that Aidan was worthy of the Episcopal dignity, and that he ought to be sent back to the ignorant unbelievers.

“In such, and in every other manner possible, Oswald promoted the religion of the Cross, planted by him, not in his own kingdom only, but in the states encircling the British empire. In this he followed the impressions of his youth, and the conviction which had steeled his arm to victory. He might also have cherished the hope that in a British Christian church, the surest spiritual support would be found to consist in the union of all the tongues of Britain.”

For some time the Catholic and Columban clergy lived and laboured together in the common cause of true

religion, with mutual charity and increasing usefulness. But the desire for external unity, so attractive in theory, so unattainable in practice, disturbed this pleasing repose; and, in the struggle that ensued, the victory was on the side of the Romish system, aided perhaps by superior learning and experience, and perhaps by the great advantage which dictatorial intolerance often possesses, in religious matters, over an enlarged liberality. On weak or ill-instructed minds, the bold assertion of an exclusive access to salvation, so dogmatically claimed by bigots of all churches, will generally prevail over opposing doctrines, which invest the choice of a sect with a less hazardous responsibility. The scene at the Synod of Whitby reveals a part of the truth, but perhaps a part only; and views of deeper policy may have been concealed under the somewhat slender pretext which led to this momentous change.

"An important measure, both for the benefit of the church and the closer union of the Anglo-Saxons, was reserved for King Oswiu. The Anglo-Saxons, according as they had been converted by Augustine and his followers, or by those of Columba, were attached to the Roman Catholic, or to the British Church. The majority of the ecclesiastics, at least of the more distinguished, belonged to the latter; hence arose a difference in religious views and worship, not only in the several kingdoms, but in the several provinces, which threatened to become extremely dangerous to the new faith. We see this religious discussion introduced through marriages even among the royal families, and that Oswiu himself celebrated the Easter festival, according to the Scottish practice, on a different day from that observed by his queen, Eanflœd, a daughter of the King of Kent. Ealhfrith also, the son, and co-regent with Oswiu, was, through the persuasion of his friend Cenwealh, favourable to the Roman church. Differences of this kind, though affecting externals only, greatly endangered the Christian faith among a people scarcely weaned from the worship of their forefathers, and acquainted with Christianity only in the closest connexion with the new external observances. Colman, a Scot, the third bishop of Lindisfarne, after the death of Finan, zealously strove to establish the principles of his sect. A synod was called at Streoneshealh, (Whitby) in which, under the presidency of Oswiu, the most distinguished

ecclesiastics of each church defended their respective doctrines. Among the partisans of Rome were Agilbert, bishop of Wessex, and Wilfrith, (Wilferth) the future celebrated bishop of York. The disputation was maintained on both sides with learning and acuteness, and the Scottish clergy might have succeeded in settling for ever a strong barrier against the Catholic pretensions of the Roman church, if the king, wavering under the weight of so many conflicting arguments, had not remarked, that the Scots appealed to St. Columba, but the Catholics to the Apostle Peter; for Wilfrith had not forgotten to adduce, in support of the Roman tenets, that Peter was the rock on which the Lord had founded his Church, and that to him were committed the keys of Heaven. 'Has Columba also received such power?' demanded the king. Colman could not answer in the affirmative. 'Do you both agree, that to Peter the Lord has given the keys of Heaven?' Both affirmed it. 'Then,' said the king, 'I will not oppose the Heavenly porter, but to my utmost ability will follow all his commands and precepts, lest, when I come to the gates of Heaven, there be no one to open to me, should he, who is shown to have the key in his custody, turn his back upon me.' Those sitting in the council, as well as those standing around, noble and vulgar, alike anxious for their eternal salvation, approved of this determination, and were thus, in the usual spirit of large assemblies, and without further investigation of the arguments adduced, impelled to a decision by the excited feelings of the moment. The Scots either returned to their friends, or yielded to the opinion of the majority, and thus, by the learning of their school, became useful to the Anglo-Saxons; but, together with these apparently trivial externals, the great latent influence was sacrificed, which their church would probably have acquired in opposition to the then less firmly established one of Rome."

The arrival of Theodore, an able and accomplished Asiatic, appointed to the primacy by the Pope, and the co-operation of Wilfrith, just mentioned, an Anglo-Saxon of transcendent talents and unconquerable zeal, confirmed throughout England the ascendancy of Romish influence, which had thus been established in Northumbria, and which, from the first, had been recognised in Kent.

We may speculate, with Lappenberg, on the results to be expected if this

controversy had terminated differently. A victory of opinion, gained in England by the followers of Columba, might have laid the foundation of a United Church, comprehending all the races that inhabited the island, and sufficiently powerful to contest with Italy the guidance of Christian principles over the rest of Europe, and to confine the Roman Bishoprick within narrower and safer bounds.

“The British Church, established probably on the oldest direct traditions from Judea, in closest connexion with conversions of the highest importance in the history of mankind, appeared, no less by its geographical position than by its exalted spiritual endowments, fitted to become the foundation of a northern patriarchate, which, by its counterpoise to Rome and the rest of the south, its guardianship over a Celtic and Germanic population, sanctified by the doctrine of Christ, might have been the instrument to impart to those within its pale, that which both meditative and ambitious men in the middle-age sometimes ventured to think on, but which, in comparatively modern times, Martin Luther first strove to extort for Romanized Europe.”

The picture is pleasing if we contemplate these possibilities merely on “the side that’s next the sun.” We fancy a church system extending over Northern Europe, pure in its doctrines and peaceable in its policy, free from foreign influence and intrigue, and in harmony with the frank and earnest character of the nations it embraces within its bosom. We imagine, too, that Rome herself, uninjured by the intoxication of a wealth and power too great for any clerical rulers to bear meekly and innocently, would have retained something more of apostolical truth and simplicity; and that the two rivals might have run a friendly race of Christian zeal and diligence. But there are also opposite contingencies which may reconcile us to the course, in which events have been directed by a wisdom greater than our own. We might have seen perhaps in our own region the establishment of a church at variance with that of Rome, in some essential articles of faith in which we now agree with her. We might have been born under a great Arian or Pelagian heresiarchy, enervating or polluting all our best elements of action; or, if *we*

had remained pure, the unaided energy of the Roman See might have sunk under the formidable errors with which she was at one time threatened, and the limits of orthodox Christendom might have been fearfully abridged. As it is, by the unity that for a time was attained even at a serious sacrifice, the preservation and extension of the apostolic faith may have been secured until the fulness of time arrived, when the Reformation set men free from a bondage that had ceased to be necessary, and had begun to be pernicious.

The ascendancy of the Romish church brought with it another compensation, in the influx of southern art and classical learning. It cannot be doubted that our religious connexion with Christian Rome, was mainly instrumental in rendering us familiar with Roman and even with Grecian antiquity: and who shall say what might have been our mental condition if we had wanted all the ennobling and ameliorating influences which have thence been derived? A Saxon or a Celtic tendency predominating in our literature, and in our habits of thought and action, and excluding perhaps benigner elements of sentiment and reflection, might have made us a rude and rugged people, brave and impetuous, ardent and impassioned, but without either the refinement of taste, the soundness of judgment, or the depth of philosophy, which have been the fruits of that ingrafted instruction which has softened and subdued our native character. On the whole, then, let us be grateful for what we are: not repining at having learned our religion from Rome, and not regretting that we are now emancipated from our schoolmistress, and at liberty to judge and to act for ourselves.

With other arts and knowledge, as Lappenberg observes,

“Architecture also came in the suite of the Roman Church. The Scottish clergy, from the preference, perhaps, of the northern nations for that material, had built their churches of wood, thatching them with reeds, an example of which existed in the new Cathedral at Lindisfarne. It was at a later period only that reeds were exchanged for sheets of lead, with which the walls also were sometimes covered. Wilfrith sent for masons

from Kent, and the abbot Benedict for workmen from Gaul. The stone basilica, erected by Paulinus, at York, which had fallen into a disgraceful state of dilapidation, was restored by Wilfrith, the roof covered with lead, the windows filled with glass, till then unknown among his countrymen. At Ripon, he caused a new basilica of polished stone to be erected, supported by pillars with a portico. The consecration—at which the Kings Ecgfrith and Ælfwine were present—was concluded by a feasting reminding us of Pagan times, which lasted during three days and nights. The four gospels, written with golden letters on purple vellum, adorned with paintings, in a case of pure gold set with precious stones, enables us to judge both of the wealth and munificence of the patrons of Wilfrith.

An edifice still more remarkable was erected by the bishop at Hexham, which, it is said, had not its like on this side of the Alps. Benedict's structure, too, at Wearmouth, was the work of masters from Gaul, after the Roman model. Thus, we perceive, in the instance of the most memorable buildings of which mention is found in the history of the Anglo-Saxons, how their architecture sprang from that of ancient Rome, however it may have been modified in England, to suit a difference of circumstances and climate.

The details we possess of the exertions of Benedict, mentioned in the preceding extract, and generally distinguished by the name of Benedict Biscop, are especially interesting, and present a remarkable view of the actual importation and progress of those arts of civilization, to which the Saxons but a century before were utter strangers. He was the builder, and first abbot of St. Peter's monastery at Weremouth:—"A man," as Bede tells us in his *Lives of the Abbots of that locality*, "of a venerable life, (we use Dr. Giles' translation,) blessed (*benedictus*) both in grace and in name; having the mind of an adult even from his childhood, surpassing his age by his manners, and with a soul addicted to no false pleasures. He was descended from a noble lineage of the Angles, and by corresponding dignity of mind, worthy to be exalted into the company of the angels. Lastly, he was the minister of King Oswy, and by his gift enjoyed an estate suitable to his rank; but at the age

of twenty-five years he despised a transitory wealth, that he might obtain that which is eternal." He visited Rome five times, and never returned with empty hands. After being settled at Weremouth in the year 674, Benedict visited Gaul, and brought with him masons and glass artificers, to build his church in the Roman style. He then made his fourth voyage to Rome, (we quote again from Bede,)

"And returned loaded with more abundant spiritual merchandise than before. In the first place, he brought back a large quantity of books of all kinds; secondly, a great number of relics of Christ's Apostles and Martyrs, all likely to bring a blessing on many an English church; thirdly, he introduced the Roman mode of chanting, singing, and ministering in the church, by obtaining permission from Pope Agatho to take back with him John, the arch chanter of the church of St. Peter, and Abbot of the Monastery of St. Martin, to teach the English."—Further, "he brought with him pictures of sacred representations to adorn the church of St. Peter, which he had built; namely, a likeness of the Virgin Mary, and of the twelve Apostles, with which he intended to adorn the central nave, on boarding placed from one wall to the other; also some figures from ecclesiastical history for the south wall, and others from the Revelation of St. John for the north wall; so that every one who entered the church, even if they could not read, wherever they turned their eyes, might have before them the amiable countenance of Christ and his Saints, though it were but in a picture, and with watchful minds might revolve on the benefits of our Lord's incarnation, and having before their eyes the perils of the last judgment, might examine their hearts the more strictly on that account."

Some years afterwards, he made his fifth voyage

"From Britain to Rome, and returned (as usual) with an immense number of proper ecclesiastical relics. There were many sacred books and pictures of the saints, as numerous as before. He also brought with him pictures out of our Lord's history, which he hung round the Chapel of Our Lady in the larger monastery; and others to adorn St. Paul's church and monastery, ably describing the connexion of the Old and New Testament; as, for instance, Isaac bearing the wood for his own sacrifice, and Christ carrying the cross on which he was about to suffer, were placed side

by side. Again, the serpent raised up by Moses in the desert, was illustrated by the Son of Man exalted on the cross. Among other things, he brought two cloaks, all of silk, and of incomparable workmanship, for which he received an estate of three hides, on the south bank of the river Were, near its mouth, from King Alfred."

A glimpse of the pictures thus imported into England, in the seventh century, and of the gazing multitudes who would crowd around them, would carry us back almost to the childhood of modern art, and to the infancy of English taste.

The establishment, however, of Roman influence in England was partial after all, and ecclesiastical authority was not independent of the State. The Anglo-Saxon clergy, as Lappenberg observes, were not so free as their brethren on the continent, and many are the complaints that their subjection to secular power seems to have called forth, particularly as to their liability to the *trinoda necessitas* of fortress and bridge money, and contributions for military levies. The weaker hold maintained by the Papal power helped to promote the use of the vernacular tongue in their church service, and the diffusion of vernacular versions of Scripture, as well as other benefits of which we are still reaping the good fruits.

The permanent importance of the struggles then maintained for ecclesiastical ascendancy, and the professional pursuits of the only men by whom history could be written, have necessarily given an undue prominence to those actors on the scene who belonged to the church, and have left the laymen and even the royal personages of the period in comparative obscurity. As illustrating the workings of Roman influence on the minds of men, we may select two examples of distinguished churchmen of Northumbria, the one representing the secular, and the other the monastic portion of the clergy, and in whom the different elements entering into the spirit of the times were very variously exhibited.

"Wilfrith, though not of noble birth, was endowed with all those natural advantages, the influence of which over

rugged, uncivilized people appears almost fabulous. In his thirteenth year, the period at which an Anglo-Saxon youth was considered of age, he resolved to leave his parents and renounce the world. Equipped suitably to his station, he was sent to the court of Oswiu, and, through the influence of the Queen Eanflød, was received into the monastery of Lindisfarne by the chamberlain Cudda, who had exchanged earthly joys and sorrows for the retirement and observances of a cloister. There he was as remarkable for humility as for mental endowments. Besides other books, he had read the entire Psalter, according to the emendation of St. Jerome, as in use among the Scots. His anxious desire to behold and pray in the church of the apostle Peter must have been the more grateful to the queen and her Roman Catholic friends, from the novelty and singularity of such a wish among his countrymen. In furtherance of his object, she sent him to her brother Earconberht, King of Kent, where he made himself familiar with the doctrines of the Roman Church, including the Psalms according to the fifth edition. He was attached as travelling companion to Benedict, surnamed Biscop, a distinguished man, who, at a later period, exerted himself so beneficially in the cause of the Church, and in the civilization and instruction of the Northumbrians. Benedict died abbot of the monastery founded by him at Wearmouth, an establishment not less famed for arts and scientific treasures, than ennobled through its celebrated priest, the venerable Beda. On Wilfrith's arrival at Lyons, Dalfinus, the Archbishop, was so struck by his judicious discourse, comely countenance, and mature understanding, that he retained him long with him, offered to adopt him for his son, to give him the hand of his brother's daughter, and to procure for him the government of a part of Gaul.

"But Wilfrith hastened to Rome, acquired there a thorough knowledge of the four Gospels, also the Roman computation of Easter, which, as we have already seen, he afterwards so triumphantly employed, and at the same time made himself familiar with many rules of ecclesiastical discipline, and whatever else was proper for a minister of the Roman Church. On his return, he passed three years at Lyons, with his friend Dalfinus, and extended his knowledge by attending the most learned teachers. He now declared himself wholly devoted to the Church of Rome, and received from Dalfinus the tonsure of St. Peter, consisting

of a circle of hair in imitation of the crown of thorns, while the Scots shaved the entire front, leaving the hair only on the hinder part of the head. Here he nearly shared the fate of his unfortunate friend, the archbishop, in the persecution raised against him by the Queen Balhild, the widow of Clovis the Second, and the mayor of the palace, Ebruin; but the comely young stranger, through the extraordinary compassion of his persecutors, was saved from the death of a martyr. He now hastened back to his country, where he was honourably received by King Ealhfrith, consecrated abbot of the monastery of Ripon, and regarded as a prophet by high and low. After the disputation with Bishop Colman at Whitby, Oswin and his son, with their witan, chose the abbot Wilfrith for Bishop of York, who passed over to Paris to be consecrated by Agilbreht. On his return to Northumbria, he was driven by a storm on the coast among the Pagan south Saxons, who proceeded vigorously to exercise the right of wreck on the strangers. The chief priest of the idolaters stood on an eminence for the purpose of depriving them of power by his maledictions and magic, when one of their number, with David's courage and success, hurled a stone at him, from a sling, which struck him to the brain. At the fall of their priest, the fury of the people was excited against the little band, who succeeded, however, after a conflict, four times renewed, in re-embarking with the return of the tide, and reached Sandwich in safety."

Wilfrith in his absence had been deprived of the See of York, and on his return retired with real or affected submission to his cloister at Ripon; but the see was restored to him by the influence of Theodore. Various events hastened an outbreak of dissensions among the higher clergy, and of the jealousy of the secular towards the ecclesiastical power.

In order partly to curtail the dimensions of Wilfrith's power, the See of York was divided into two dioceses; and the influence and remonstrances of the bishop were unavailing to avert the blow. He set out, therefore, on a journey to Rome, to appeal to the Papal authority; but he had enemies abroad as well as at home, and was only saved from their hostility by a storm, which drove his vessel to the coast of Friesland, and secured for him the honour of being the first of the numerous English missionaries

who bore the tidings of the Gospel to the continental Pagans of the North.

Resuming his journey, after a year, he laid his complaints before the Roman See, and was here also the first in a less honourable path,—no previous appeal to the Papal protection having ever been attempted by Anglo-Saxon churchmen. The thunders of the Vatican sounded, as yet, but faintly in British ears; and Wilfrith, on his return, was consigned to a prison, instead of obtaining that restoration of his honours which Pope Agatho had ventured to decree.

Driven from Northumbria a homeless exile, Wilfrith fled to the shores of Sussex, the scene of his former peril and preservation, and, renewing his efforts against the remains of Pagan barbarism still lingering in that quarter, he taught the natives the lore of a better life, both in worldly and in spiritual things, and established a bishopric, to the charge of which he was himself elevated.

Again reconciled to Theodore, he was appointed to the See of Litchfield, the fourth that had fallen to him, and he afterwards had the glory of declining an offer of the archiepiscopate of Canterbury. After recovering the bishopric of York, he once more lost it by becoming involved in new disputes and contests for the superiority of the Romish discipline, and, in his seventieth year, carried another appeal to the Papal Chair, which, on this occasion, had the satisfaction of finding that both Wilfrith and his enemies pleaded to its jurisdiction. Wilfrith was exculpated by the Pope, but could only obtain from the Anglo-Saxon Prince of Northumbria the See of Hexham and the monastery of Ripon. "After a few years passed in almsgiving and the improvement of church discipline, Wilfrith died in his seventy-sixth year, a man whose fortunes and activity in the European relations of England were long without a parallel." He completed what Augustine began, and united the English Church to that of Rome in matters of discipline. Even his influence, however, could not destroy the independence of his countrymen, who, as Lapenberg observes, "even after they were no longer Anti-Catholic, continued always Anti-Papistical."

The two achievements which occur as episodes in this singular biography, the commencement of a Christian mission in Germany, and the conversion of the last remnants of Paganism in England, would have been enough to immortalise their author, independently of his influence on the outward discipline of the Church.

To the chequered and restless career of Wilfrith, thus divided between clerical ambition, and Christian usefulness, a striking contrast is presented in the peaceful life of one who is the honour of Saxon England, and the brightest, or the only bright name in European literature during the centuries that intervened between Theodoric and Charlemagne.

"But no one imparts to the age of the 'Wiseest King' greater brilliancy than the man just named, whom the epithet of 'The Venerable' adorns, whose knowledge was profound and almost universal. Born in the neighbourhood of Wearmouth, he enjoyed in that abbey the instructions of Benedict, its first abbot, of whom we have already had occasion to make honourable mention, as well as those of his successor, Ceolfrieth, equally distinguished for his zeal in the promotion of learning. In the neighbouring cloister of Jarrow, Beda passed his life in exercises of piety and in varied study; and gave life and form to almost all the knowledge which the age could offer him. If, on a consideration of his works, it must appear manifest that that age possessed more means of knowledge, both in manuscripts and learned ecclesiastics, than we are wont to ascribe to it; and even if we must recognise in Beda the high culture of the Roman church, rather than Anglo-Saxon nationality, yet the acknowledgment which his merits found in Rome during his life, and shortly after his death, wherever learning could penetrate, proves that in him we justly venerate a wonder of the time. His numerous theological writings, his illustrations of the books of the Old and New Testaments, have throughout many ages, until the total revolution in that branch of learning, found readers and transcribers in every cloister of Europe. His knowledge of Greek, of medicine, of astronomy, of prosody, he made subservient to the instruction of his contemporaries; his work "*De sex hujus seculi ætatibus*," though less used than it deserves to be, is the basis of most of the universal chronicles of the middle age.

But his greatest merit, which will preserve his name through all future generations, consists in his historic works, as far as they concern his own native land. If a second man like himself had arisen in his days, who with the same clear, circumspect glance, the same honest and pious purpose, had recorded the secular transactions of his forefathers, as Beda has transmitted to us those chiefly of the church, then would the history of England have been to posterity almost like revelation for Germanic antiquity."

It seems like a miracle to witness within a century of their country's conversion, two native names so remarkable as these. Under the influence thus exerted, which in the one man was purely good, and in the other had more good in it than evil, an active spirit of religion was necessarily introduced, and the national character underwent a mighty change. The condition of public feeling at this period is strongly illustrated in the concluding chapter of Bede's History.

"Such being the peaceable and calm disposition of the times, many of the Northumbrians, as well of the nobility as private persons, laying aside their weapons, rather incline to dedicate both themselves and their children to the tonsure and monastic vows, than to study martial discipline. What will be the end hereof, the next age will show. This is, for the present, the state of all Britain; in the year, since the coming of the English into Britain about 285, but in the 731st year of the incarnation of our Lord, in whose reign may the earth ever rejoice; may Britain exult in the profession of his faith; and may many islands be glad, and sing praises in honour of his holiness!"

What will be the end hereof the next age will show! These are ominous words, of which we are soon to find the fulfilment in many grievous revolutions and disasters. And yet amid all these it is impossible to depreciate the value and operation of the peaceful interval that preceded them, or to deny that, though other things might fall or fade away for a time, the great work of the diffusion of Christian civilisation was destined ever to make more rapid progress, even by the help of those very events which seemed to threaten its extinction.

SCOTTISH MELODIES BY DELTA.

ERIC'S DIRGE.

SHON'ST thou but to pass away,
Chieftain, in thy bright noon-day?
(All who knew thee, love thee!)

Who to Eric would not yield?
Red hand in the battle field,
Kinsman's idol, Beauty's shield,
Flowers we strew above thee!

Eagle-like, in Glory's sky,
Soar'd thy dauntless spirit high;
(All who knew thee, love thee!)
Scion of a matchless race,
Strong in form, and fair of face,
First in field, and first in chase,
Flowers we strew above thee!

Three to one Argyle came on,
Yet thy glance defiance shone;
(All who knew thee, love thee!)
Fear thine Islesmen never knew;
We were firm, tho' we were few;
And in front thy banner flew:—
Flowers we strew above thee!

What mere men could do was done;
Two at least we slew for one;
(All who knew thee, love thee!)
But, ah fatal was our gain!
For, amid the foremost slain,
Lay'st thou, whom we mourn in vain:
Flowers we strew above thee!

Mourn!—nor own one tearless eye,
Barra, Harris, Uist, and Skye!
(All who knew thee, love thee!)
Eric! low thou liest the while,
Shadowed by Iona's pile;
May no step thy stone defile:—
Flowers we strew above thee!

THE STORMY SEA!

ERE the twilight bat was flitting,
In the sunset, at her knitting,
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
Underneath her threshold tree;
And, as daylight died before us,
And the vesper star shone o'er us,
Fitful rose her tender chorus—
“Jamie's on the stormy sea!”

Warmly shone that sunset glowing;
Sweetly breathed the young flowers
blowing;
Earth, with beauty overflowing,
Seem'd the home of love to be,
As those angel tones ascending,
With the scene and season blending,
Ever had the same low ending—
“Jamie's on the stormy sea!”

Curfew bells remotely ringing,
Mingled with that sweet voice singing;
And the last red rays seem'd clinging
Lingeringly to tower and tree:
Nearer as I came, and nearer,
Finer rose the notes, and clearer;
Oh! 'twas heaven itself to hear her—
“Jamie's on the stormy sea!”

“Blow, ye west winds! blandly hover
O'er the bark that bears my lover;
Gently blow, and bear him over
To his own dear home and me;
For, when night winds bend the willow,
Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,
Thinking of the foaming billow—
“Jamie's on the stormy sea!”

How could I but list, but linger,
To the song, and near the singer,
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
Jamie from the stormy sea:
And, while yet her lips did name me,
Forth I sprang—my heart o'ercame
me—

“Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jamie,
Home returned, to love and thee!”

GENERAL MACK—A CRISTMAS CAROL.

To the Tune of "No one else could have done it."

AT the taking of Ulm, some forty years back,
 "No one could have done it" but General Mack:
 Like "The League," the besiegers were certainly strong,
 But to Mack, without doubt, did the triumph belong:
 "In vain," people cried, "must have been the attack,
 But for one single man—gallant General Mack!"

Yet "the Hero of Ulm," doesn't stand quite alone,—
 For we have a General Mack of our own;
 And when any strong Fortress in which he commands,
 Any morning is found in The Enemy's hands,
 We cry till our voices are ready to crack,
 "Pray, who could have done it but General Mack?"

In the time of *old* Mack, although only a lad,
 What delight in the name must the stripling have had!
 How the opening buds of political truth
 Must have swell'd in the heart of the generous youth,
 As he nobly resolved to pursue the same track,
 And become, in due season, a General Mack!

"If perchance," he would say, "the time ever should be,
 When some fortress as strong is entrusted to *me*—
 If its chosen defenders I ever should lead,
 Here at once is a system that's sure to succeed!
 How soon may the boldest and bravest attack
 Be brought to an end, by a General Mack!"

In days when they tell us that prophets are rare,
 This was, for a young one, you'll own, pretty fair;
 For in due course of time, (not to dwell upon dates,)
 Full many a fortress had open'd its gates;
 And I could not admit, though I were on the rack,
 Any one could have done it but General Mack.

On each new exploit, the same wonderment ran—
 "You'll allow that this Mack *is* a wonderful man.
 All the optics of friends and of foes he defies—
 He is always preparing some pleasant surprise—
 What a squint you must have, if you see on what tack,
 He next is to go—honest General Mack!"

Oh, gallant commander! I hear people say,
 These triumphs of yours have at length had their day.
 I will not determine how far that may be,
 But I'm sure they have not been *forgotten* by me;
 And a CAROL for CHRISTMAS you never shall lack,
 As long as your name shall be GENERAL MACK!

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE CAREER OF THE LATE PREMIER.

WE have heard a great deal said of late against what are termed "personalities"—a term which, I suppose, implies remarks or reflections on the personal conduct of an individual. If a statesman is hard pressed on some unpleasant point, he escapes by saying, that it is only a "personality," and that to "bandy personalities" is a thing from which he is precluded by his dignity. If a discussion in Parliament turn much upon these personalities, they are treated by those who may find them distasteful, as a totally irrelevant matter, interrupting the true business of the House; and if they are noticed, it is done as if it was a pure *ταπεινόν*, a gratuitous piece of condescension on the part of the person replying to the attack. It seems to be laid down as a sort of axiom by many, that political questions should be discussed solely on their own merits, abstaining from all remarks on personal character, more especially in Parliament, where all such reflections are condemned as pure waste of the time of the House.

That political questions should be discussed on their own merits, and that those merits are in no way affected by the character of any individual whatever, is perfectly true; but if it be meant to be inferred that the personal character of public men is therefore a matter of no importance, a subject which is to be veiled in a sacred silence, and never to be examined or discussed, such a sentiment is eminently flimsy and false, one which could only find general acceptance in a poor-minded age, to which material interests were of greater value than the far higher ones of national character. For that the national character is greatly affected by the personal character of its leading public men, is a truth that will scarcely be called in question. The venality and corruption which more especially disgraced the ministry of Walpole, and infected, in a greater or less degree, that of his successors, may reasonably be expected to have exercised a widely debasing influence on the nation at large, an expectation

amply confirmed (to say nothing of native testimonies) by the estimates which foreign writers of that time draw of the national character of England. The intriguing and profligate character of many of the public men under Charles II. had, no doubt, a similarly evil influence on the popular mind; and generally, all insincerity in high places must be looked on as a bane to the country. Most widely should we err, if, in estimating the career of these statesmen, we looked only to the outward character of their measures, in a commercial, economical, or political point of view. However beneficial many of their measures may have been in these respects, if their own character was not sincere and honest, if these measures were brought about not by fair and open means, but by artful and underhand intrigues, by false professions, by duplicity, and insincerity, by venality, whether of the open bribe, or the insidious government influence, we pass a verdict of censure on their career, we reject them from the rank of the true patriots, the sacred band, who have earned renown as the pure benefactors of their country, — "*Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*"

If we looked only at the commercial or practical consequences of his measures, the career of Walpole might be esteemed glorious—for I believe it is generally considered that his measures were sagacious and successful. But the venal character of his administration is a blot that no one may remove, and this stain on his personal character neutralises (as far as he is concerned) all the effect of his measures. Posterity, accordingly, has done him justice, and has assigned him his fitting rank—he takes his place among the skilful statesmen, not among the great patriots. Who will be able to alter this decision? Who shall have influence to induce the world to raise him to the higher rank,—to make us couple the name of Walpole with those of Aristides, Phocion, and Demosthenes?

Since, then, this personal character

exercises so wide an influence for good or for bad upon the character, and therefore on the destinies, of a nation, are we to be told, that it is not a subject of discussion, that it is shrined in an inviolable asylum, removed from the free exercise of thought; that we must confine our views to the character of measures, and not dare to direct them to the character of men? Who is it, in writing the history of Charles I. who has not pointed out the lamentable defect in the character of that unfortunate prince, that his friends could not rely on his professions? And if there be a statesman of the present day, whose friends cannot rely upon his professions, are we totally to abstain from making any reflection, either mentally or verbally, on so lamentable a defect? By whom are we taught this new and precious doctrine? Certain members of the late Government take upon them to be our chief instructors in it; more especially, perhaps, Mr. Sidney Herbert. Sharp expressions had been raining pretty thick from his foes, amid which he and his colleagues (*proh nefas!*) had been termed “Janissaries!”

*Talibus exarsit dictis violentia Sidnei;
Dat gemitum;*

and he delivers an able lecture to his opponents on their strong and ungentelemanly language. After this, let us take care what we are about: let us say nothing ungentelemanly respecting the conduct of Walpole: whatever we may think of the personal character of Cromwell, let us, in our language at least, observe the established courtesies and urbanities of discussion.

“Not so,” perhaps says Mr. Herbert. “I make a distinction: I do not mean to debar you from free discussion on the characters of the dead; but what I desire is, that you abstain from meddling with the conduct of the living.” Where is it, then, that he has found this doctrine? Were those who blamed, and strongly too, the conduct of Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke, and Walpole, when alive, culpable? Was it only permitted to do so after their death? Is Aristophanes thought peculiarly guilty for having blamed Cleon while alive and in power? Is Socrates stigmatised

for having wounded the feelings of any demagogue of the day, or of the thirty tyrants? Is Cicero reproached for his ungentelemanly tone towards Catiline, his disregard of the feelings of Verres, his total want of courtesy and urbanity even to so eminent and distinguished a man as Antony? Or in our own days, is Lord Lyndhurst blamed for having again happily applied the language of Cicero to denounce the conduct, or rather misconduct, of O’Connell? No; if their censure was deserved, they are honoured for having decidedly expressed it. And when, indeed, is it of greater importance that a true estimate should be formed of the character of public men, than while they are yet alive,—while that character is still exercising its widely-acting influence, and while mistakes in respect to it may lead to the most pernicious consequences? It is during their lifetime that we should discuss the characters of such men as O’Connell and Peel. A true estimate of their character after death is, doubtless, better than nothing; but a true estimate of it during life is better still. The proverb tells us, that “late is better than never;” but it does not deny that early is better than late.

“Well, then,” perhaps Mr. Herbert may reply, “you may, if you please, judge their character while they are yet alive, but this must be in proper time and place; I must request you to abstain from doing so in Parliament. Strong language in Parliament on personal character is a thing which I can never approve; here I must insist on the use of mild language, on a gentlemanly and courteous tone of discussion.”

And what, we would ask, is the object of Parliament, if not to discuss impartially, but firmly and decidedly, all important subjects that deeply concern the public weal? And what subject more important than the conduct of the men who hold the helm? Since how long is it that Parliament has been considered as having no right to form or to express any opinion on this subject? Since how long has the new doctrine been held or been acted on, that they are only to regard measures, and not the conduct of men? This is calling on them to abdicate one of the highest and most

important of their functions; for the public character of statesmen is at least as important a consideration as that of the measures they propose; frequently of much greater importance. And in what place can such opinions be more fitly expressed, or with greater weight and propriety, than within the walls of Parliament; of that assembly, whose duty it is to deliberate on all matters concerning the national welfare?

"Well, then," perhaps says our Parliamentary master of the ceremonies, "let us grant even this point; still I must insist on their expressing such opinions in courteous and gentlemanly language."

We should be much obliged to our preceptor, if he would inform us of the precise mode in which this is to be done. We suppose he will grant that if such opinions are to be expressed at all, the thing chiefly desirable is, that the expression of the opinions be *true*; that the language employed convey an accurate and well-defined idea of the real sentiments entertained by the speaker.

Now, if the deliberate opinion which the speaker wishes to convey to the assembly be, that a public man is insincere, underhand, and artful, one whose convictions have no genuine strength, one whose professions cannot be trusted, we would fain be informed how these ideas can be accurately, truthfully, and unmistakably conveyed, in gentlemanly, courteous, and pleasing language. Our tutor must give us a list of expressions, by which this can be effected, before he blame us for not making use of them. But even suppose that his ingenious intellect should enable him to accomplish this, we would still desire to be informed what would be the use of it, and why, if we wish to express our opinion of a person's insincerity, the discourteous word of "insincere," which is now in use, should not be as good as the most gentlemanly and elegant detour that could be invented even by Mr. Herbert's ingenuity.

Or take the very word of "*Janissary*," which forms the bone of contention. The Janissaries were a body who acted under orders of their chief, without perhaps troubling them-

selves much about the abstract merits of the case. If bidden by their General to do a thing, they did it; if bidden to abstain, they abstained. Such conduct is not altogether unknown among the politicians of England. If, then, the word Janissary convey an accurate idea, well applicable to certain individuals, why should its use be so atrocious? Really, we are at a loss to comprehend the storm of indignation excited in the late Government by the simple word, Janissary. We have heard of a fish-woman who patiently endured all the opprobrious epithets heaped on her by one of her fellows, till this latter happened to apply to her the term of "individual." What the term of "individual" was to the fish-woman, the term of "Janissary" seems to have been to certain members of the late Peel cabinet. We will, however, grant that its application was somewhat unjust, though quite in a different way from what those parties suppose. Leaving it to them to defend themselves, we must take up the part of the Janissaries, whose feelings seem to have been totally disregarded in the whole matter. Let us remember that they no longer exist; victims of a melancholy end, they are incapable of speaking for themselves; be it then allowed to us to see that fair play is done them. Is it just, we ask, that their name should be so scornfully rejected as the *ne plus ultra* of reproaches by English statesmen? What great guilt are they charged with, that it should be thus opprobrious? Not, surely, that they were paid: I have some doubts even whether such was the case; but, granted that they were, so are our soldiers, so are our officials. Whatever were their errors, they were bold and brave, true and consistent to their Mussulman principles. They were not basely subservient to government influence; their fault lay rather the other way. It was not that they truckled to the Prime Vizier, but that they did not sufficiently respect their Sultan. Their misconduct has been expiated by their death. Peace be with their ashes! Let us not add insult to injury. It is not for Peel and his followers to spurn at and dishonour their name. Considering the recent

conduct of so many of our public men, may we not reasonably think that it is a greater insult to the Janissaries to apply their name to some of our statesmen, than it is to those statesmen that the name of Janissary should be applied to them. Would not the shade of an old Janissary be fully as indignant if he heard himself termed a paid English official, as the English official in his full-blown virtue could be at being called a paid Janissary?

The contrast of all these indignant professions of our statesmen with their actual practice, has not the best effect. The present is not the time best fitted for these displays; the brilliancy of public virtue has not of late been so lustrous as to justify this tone of triumph over the poor Ottomans. If these epithets are so distasteful to our public men, there is a far better mode of repelling them than these angry protestations. Let them act with that openness, sincerity, and candour which England looks for in her statesmen, and they need not fear far harder terms than this much dreaded name of Janissary.

But enough of this digression, which is purely incidental. We have merely wished to state a principle, let others accommodate it to the rules of Parliamentary warfare. Enough has been said for our object, to vindicate the utility of a review of the public character of leading statesmen, and the right of expressing a judgment upon it in firm and decided language.

That the practice of defaming the character of a public man without cause, simply because he is a political opponent—a practice too much employed in the party political warfare of the day—is one deserving the severest reprobation: this is a truth that no one ought to deny. But the evil of this practice consists, not in the decided tone of the language, nor in the severity of the opinion expressed, but in the absence of all just cause to warrant the strength of the censure.

But to argue, that because many people are blamed unjustly, no one is to be blamed justly—that the abuse of censure precludes the use of it,—is a mode of reasoning which cannot for a moment be admitted. We all

know, that if we are forbidden from using every thing that may be abused, nothing of any worth or importance would be left; and it is an old remark, that the very best and most useful things, are precisely those that are liable to the easiest and greatest abuses.

If I thought that the views which I entertain on the conduct of the late Premier, were in the least degree the result of political prejudices, I should carefully abstain from giving them publicity. But I am not conscious of being swayed by any such motives. With regard to the greater part of the actual measures brought forward by Sir R. Peel, as far as I know them, I feel no reason to disapprove of them. With regard to many of his measures, which are wanting in any specific or decided character, it is natural that no very decided opinion should be felt. They are good, for all I know to the contrary, as far as they go. With respect to the more prominent measure of Catholic Emancipation, it is one that has my hearty approval. With respect to the bulk of his financial measures, I believe them, from general report, to be sagacious and skilful. But, it will be said, you have a strong opinion in favour of Protection, and here your political prejudices warp your judgment. Such, I can safely say, is by no means the case. I by no means entertain any fixed and definite opinion, either for or against the actual measure of the repeal of the Corn Laws. I have not obtained sufficient knowledge of the facts of the case, to enable me to come to such a decisive opinion; and so little am I suited at present for a staunch Protectionist, that I feel in perfect readiness, if greater knowledge, or the practical result of the working of the measure should convince me of its utility, to recognise its value and importance; nay, I will even say, that in the state of excitement into which the public mind had been worked on the subject, I rejoice at the experiment being made, for if it work well, so much the better, and if it work ill, our laws are not as those of the Medes and Persians. Its evils can be stopped in time, and if so, will be far less than those arising from permanent disaffection among the people. Certainly, many of the principles urged in its

support, I consider fallacious, and some of those fallacies I have endeavoured to expose; but I know perfectly well, that people may form a correct practical judgment, though unable to explain, philosophically, the true principles on which that judgment is really based. No earnest free-trader, who advocates his cause from a sense of its truth, could wish such fallacies to remain without exposure. If their view is true, it cannot but gain instead of lose, by being removed from the treacherous support of unsound principles.

But I feel quite sure that I entertain no prejudice against any man, merely on account of his being a free-trader. I dislike all whose suspicious conversion prevents full confidence in the sincerity of their motives. I feel no sympathy with those who, with the ignoble violence of petty minds, preach up a war against the aristocracy, impugn all motives but their own, and seem to anticipate with triumph the downfall of those above them, and their own seizure on rank and power in their turn.* But then, it is not here the free trade that I dislike, but, in the one case, the insincerity; in the other, the bigotry and narrow-mindedness. But with a reasonable and liberal-minded free-trader, such as many of the Whig party doubtless are, who is willing to do justice to other motives than his own, and is actuated by a sincere and earnest belief in the truth of his principles, I feel perfectly sure that no animosity vitiates my feelings towards him, and that I could be as good friends with him as with any person whatever. I believe, indeed, that there are few people in England less under the influence of party or political prejudice than myself, nor less unfitted, so far as their absence is concerned, for forming an impartial estimate of a public man's character. I feel, therefore, no apprehension,

in the present case, of being influenced, even unconsciously, by unworthy motives, but simply by the desire of expressing my opinion on conduct which appears to me to call for grave and decided censure. My judgment is not based on any isolated or doubtful expression, nor on minute and recondite circumstances: it is the simple reading of those plain and unmistakeable characters which more conspicuously mark Sir Robert Peel's career, which are known and admitted by all, and which lie within the comprehension of all.

For my own part, I knew next to nothing of his former political conduct, till the discussion caused by recent circumstances; a vague knowledge of some change in his opinion on the Catholic Question, was nearly the whole information I possessed of the career of a man respecting whom, feeling no great admiration of his character, I never took any lively interest. Nor can I say, that at present I have any thing but the most elementary knowledge of the circumstances of his political life. I know no more than those leading events which form the salient points in his career, which, however, it seems to me, are quite sufficient for a just conclusion,—a conclusion which, perhaps, is the less likely to err, as founded on simpler premises, and freer from all subtle minutiae.

I take then the facts which, as far as I can learn, are admitted by all,—himself among the rest. If there be any error in my statement of them, it certainly does not arise from design.

After having been for some time in the government with Canning, he refused to hold office under him, and went into opposition, from a strong and decided feeling (as was professed by himself) against the Catholic claims which that statesman advocated.

Amid the ranks of this opposition,

* Even in the House there are some free-traders by no means irreproachable on this head, gentlemen whose speeches are profuse in invectives against the whole body of the landlords, and who, when freed from Parliamentary restraint, denounce them as robbers, and openly express "their desire of levelling the aristocracy to the dust." However sincere these patriots may be, this ungenerous tone does not betoken that large and comprehensive mind which we look for in a Member of Parliament; and it is the fortunate possessors of minds like these, who, in our days, pleasantly style themselves Liberals! *Lucus a non lucendo*. Where will this abuse of language stop! An American slave-breeder will be the next claimant of the name, when these Parliamentary Thersites set themselves up as Liberals!

were some partisans, more zealous than scrupulous, who carried on their party warfare in an unduly violent way, which produced an effect much deeper than political attacks usually do, on the generous and sensitive mind of Canning. This misconduct, though confined to few, and little thought of at the time by their associates, has, by its result, cast somewhat of a shade over the whole of this opposition.

Owing at length to the efforts of his party, Sir R. Peel is brought in, as the Protestant champion, to resist the Catholic claims, which the great bulk of that party look upon as fraught with danger both to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the State.

This party, which places him in power, never for a moment doubts that his opinion coincides with their own, nor does he ever express a sentiment which could lead them to suppose that they were mistaken in their conviction. His actions and his speeches are perfectly in harmony with that opinion, and all tend to confirm them in unlimited confidence.

When, however, he is seated in office, and while they are still enjoying their opinion in perfect security, he astonishes them by proposing and passing the very measure which they imagined it was his principal object to resist.

On the sudden and unexpected triumph of the principles of reform, which raised the Whigs to power, Peel is again reduced to the ranks of Opposition, and we here find him strenuously attacking all their principles, which he denounces as dangerous to the institutions of Church and State. He thus rallies round himself a party termed Conservative, whose object is to resist these encroachments, which they look on as irreligious, destructive, and anarchical.

This party gradually gains ground, while the Whigs decline in proportion. At length, when the Whigs begin to devote their attention to the development of free-trade principles, the storm, under Peel's auspices, is roused to the highest pitch, and the Whigs fall prostrate under their triumphant adversaries.

Peel then comes into power, (for the second time,) supported by a large

majority. He stands forth in the character of "Defender of the Faith," and of the institutions of Church and State, and, generally, as the firm antagonist of all Whiggish principles.

But more especially does he stand forth as the great Champion of Protection—to resist the menacing encroachments of Free Trade—to check all advances in the direction of that dimly seen and dreaded catastrophe—the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Here, again, his party entertain the strongest conviction that his opinions on this subject coincide with their own; and on the strength of this conviction, they take their measures in full security on the most important matters.

Sir R. Peel, as before, never for a moment leads them to infer, by any word or action, that this conviction is erroneous; on the contrary, for a considerable period of time, he gives repeated assurances, in the strongest language, of his support of the principle of Protection.

Nevertheless his measures, as it is soon observed, are all imbued with the precise policy which he had formerly so denounced in his opponents—a discovery which excites considerable dissatisfaction among his followers, though they reconcile themselves to it, as they best may, on the plea of the necessity of the times. Not for a moment, however, are they induced to doubt of his firm determination to uphold the Corn Laws.

No sooner, however, has the repeal of these laws (by the declaration of the opposite party and the strength of public opinion) become feasible, than, without giving any previous intimation of his real opinion, while his party are still in complete security, and relying on his support, he proposes and carries the very measure which they believed him to be heartily endeavouring to oppose, and for the sake of resisting which they had placed him in power, and supported him.

Before quitting power, he makes a speech explanatory of his views and principles, in which he expresses his adoption of all those principles of policy which, when the Whigs were in power, he had so resolutely denounced, and his perfect readiness to assist in developing their doctrines

much further than they themselves had done.

Such is a simple outline of the facts, — facts of no dubious or recondite nature, but notorious, and not, I apprehend, capable of denial.

It is from these facts that my opinion is formed, that Sir R. Peel's career is deserving of the gravest censure: it is from these that I draw the conclusion, by some so much deprecated, and venture to pronounce, without feeling much risk of error, that Sir R. Peel, in his public conduct, is insincere, a man unworthy of all trust and confidence. A most unwarrantable attack, exclaim his partisans; an imputation that can only be the result of the venomous malignancy of a political opponent! Who else would dare to brand such a man with the odious crime of insincerity, to assert that he is not worthy of being trusted — to impute to a statesman of such pure and exalted virtue the detestable guilt of political hypocrisy!

How far the simple ideas of right and wrong may be altered by a tenure of office, or by long acquaintance with political affairs, we are fortunately ignorant; but unless they undergo some improvement, or at least some modification, we are at a loss to account for all the indignation manifested at these charges by the principal members of the late ministry, and by other leading political luminaries, and are tempted to inquire whence arise such great angers in these celestial minds? To our unsophisticated intellect it seems, that to say that Sir R. Peel is insincere, is only saying, in a concise and general way, what is conveyed in the simple statement of the above facts, with somewhat more of detail. What better exposition of the word *insincerity* could we give to a person desirous of receiving it than the plain recital of Sir R. Peel's conduct, as given above? That conduct is little else than the very definition of the word. Is not a man said to be insincere when, either by words or deeds, or by their omission, he wilfully leads people to believe that he holds opinions which he really does not, and to act in important matters

upon that supposition; — when, knowing that they believe him to support their cause, and that they are placing their trust in him accordingly, he does not undeceive them, as one word of his might do, but suffers them complacently to remain in their error?

Is not a man said to be unworthy of trust, or faithless, who, while he knows that a trust of the greatest importance is reposed in him, and who has tacitly acknowledged the acceptance of that trust, is seeking all the time the ruin of that cause, the defence of which has been intrusted in full confidence to him?

Is not a man said to be a hypocrite who acts outwardly a part which is at variance with his inward convictions? Is not a man a hypocrite who outwardly so behaves himself, that he is looked upon as the Protestant champion, while inwardly he is casting about how to carry the Catholic claims? Is not he a hypocrite whose demeanour is such that he is clapped on the political stage as the hero of Protection, whilst inwardly he is thinking of the time when he shall be cheered as the Repealer of the Corn Laws?

Now, that Sir R. Peel was ignorant that his party reposed trust in him, and believed his views to coincide with their own, is, I imagine, what nobody, not even himself, could for a moment pretend. It may be looked on as a fact that cannot be disputed, that he knew that a large body of men believed him to hold a certain class of opinions, while he himself knew that he was holding the contrary,* and that nevertheless he suffered them to repose trust in him, without ever undeceiving them of their error, which a word of his would have sufficed to do, and allowed them to act in security on matters of importance upon that erroneous belief.

He is placed, then, in this dilemma; — that if he acknowledges the fact he acknowledges the insincerity; if he denies the fact, nobody will believe the denial; and so far from escaping from the odium of insincerity, he will only prove it the more, by adding one piece of it to another. Any way, then, he

* And this for a considerable period of time. In the last case of the Corn Laws, by his own account, it would seem to have been about *the same*.

cannot escape this charge of insincerity, which is complained of as so peculiarly distasteful. To what purpose, then, are all these high-sounding speeches, this tone of injured innocence, this indignation at the slightest hint of the names of deceit or hypocrisy? It falls powerless on his accusers; it is not they who laboriously strain to prove the charges, it is the facts which speak for themselves. But what is the use, alas! of all this declamation against the unhappy facts, which are in no degree moved or affected by it? Here, again, if the reputation of sincerity be so much valued, would it not have been a far better method of securing it, instead of making all these laboured professions of esteem, to have simply observed its rules in practice? How is it that so mature and able a statesman overlooked so simple and obvious a course? Let politics explain the mystery.

The fact that he himself professes to see nothing in the least degree blamable in his conduct, nothing that can in any way be qualified as insincere, and that some of his partisans are indignant at such terms being applied to it, is a useful example, to show how political prejudices can blind the mind to the simplest moral truths.

The only line of defence that he could reasonably take, would be to grant the insincerity, but to maintain that it was rendered necessary and justifiable by circumstances. Thus, (taking the second case, of the repeal of the Corn Laws,) his partisans might argue, that the measure was one most highly beneficial to the country; that it was of vital importance as well for its commercial interests, as also to allay the strong and growing discontent which had taken hold of the nation; that the concealment and dissimulation of which such complaint is made, were necessary to obtain these benefits. Had Sir R. Peel avowed at an early stage his real views, the prejudices of the Protectionists would immediately have displaced him from power. It was necessary not to awaken these prejudices, and this end was obtained by concealing his true sentiments; by suffering them to repose their trust in

one who was really their enemy, which, it is admitted, was certainly a piece of hypocrisy. "But then," would they say, "mark the advantages of this hypocrisy. Peel is thus enabled quietly to watch his opportunity. The Whigs, finding the current of opinion strongly setting for free trade, declare their adherence to it. Now, then, they are fairly compromised, and Peel has the game all to himself. If he goes out, and the Whigs come in, they will not be able to carry it, for when Peel is out of office, not a dozen of his party will vote in favour of Free Trade. They will not be able then to make any head, and if they come in they will be immediately displaced again. Peel all the time, with that hypocrisy which you so much blame, has kept his own plans snugly locked up in his impenetrable breast, and is still looked upon by the unconscious Protectionists as their hero and champion, so much so, that they refuse to believe any rumours which may be floating about to the contrary. Thanks then to this hypocrisy, he smoothly comes in again as before, but the case, now that he is once more in office, is widely altered. If the Whigs had proposed the measure, perhaps not a dozen of his party would have supported it. But now that he is in office, the '*government influence*' is in his hands;" (that "*government influence*," a phrase after Mr. Sidney Herbert's own heart, which means, I believe, being interpreted, that mixture of motives which combines, with the purest public duty, certain visions of peerages, salaries, offices of various kinds, and all the undefinable tribe of loaves and fishes.) "Will Peel find only a dozen free traders among his ranks now? Rest assured that a wonderful liberality will be diffused among them; for the government influence has the property of making many a man a free-trader, who otherwise would have lived and died a staunch Protectionist. A round hundred will be converted in addition to the former dozen, by the magic of this government influence. This, in addition to the Whigs, who would any way vote for free-trade, will be sufficient to carry the measure with a good majority.

"Do not then let us blame so

loudly this hypocrisy, before we have examined how far it has been advantageous. In the present case it has hastened on a most beneficial measure, and we may well overlook in regard to that a little falsehood and deceit. If the Protectionists have been taken in, it is no very great matter; they are not people to be pitied; they should have looked sharper about what they were doing. Peel had shown them before what they might expect in the Catholic business; and it is their own fault if such old birds let themselves be caught, twice running, with chaff."

This, altering somewhat the expressions to suit the dignity of his language, is the line of defence that Sir R. Peel ought to adopt. Admitting the insincerity, which it is useless to attempt to deny, he should rest his case on the necessities of the State, on the important benefits of his measure. In this view it will be a case of a conflict of duties,—of the duty of truthfulness and sincerity, which in ordinary cases is binding—and the duty to his country; and he may say, that considering his duty to his country as greater than his duty of sincerity to the Protectionists, he considered himself justified in deceiving them, with a view of benefiting the nation. In this case, however, we must remark, that he ought to acknowledge the deceit, and feel compunction for it; for the breach of a duty, even when sacrificed to a superior one, should not (as the moralists and as reason tell us) take place in a virtuous mind without pain.* This pain, however, Sir R. Peel is particularly unwilling to acknowledge; he strenuously insists on feeling no humiliation or compunction of any kind for any part of his conduct, by which assertion he gives us no favourable impression of the nature of his mind; while by taking up so foolish and exaggerated a posture, he materially injures the strength of his defence.

That the duty of truth, though paramount in ordinary circumstances, is not so in all, and requires in certain

cases to be sacrificed to superior duties, is what all must on reflection admit.† The wife who saved her husband by a falsehood, is immortalized as the "splendide mendax" of Horace, and many other cases might be quoted in point. There is no reason why a statesman also might not, in some circumstances, be "splendide mendax," but it is a dangerous aim, and he must take especial care, that the natural meanness of the "mendacia" do not more than counteract the splendour of his measures.

In estimating such conduct, two points come into consideration, the splendour of the benefit obtained, and the character of those upon whom the deceit is practised. Thus, in the above case of Hypermnestra, the benefit obtained was the preservation of her husband's life, a benefit of the greatest importance to him, and one which her duty to her husband made it imperative upon her to seek. Moreover, the conduct of those whom she deceived was such, that the duty of sincerity towards them was scarcely binding; for they themselves were endeavouring to compass an act of the greatest guilt, one which involved not only deceit, but murder. In every way her conduct was perfectly right, and justly is she celebrated as "splendide mendax."

Let us then examine, on both these points, the conduct of the late Premier; let us weigh Peel against Hypermnestra. Let us scrutinise the character of his "mendacia," and see whether it should be ranked in the category of "splendida" or "ingloria."

First, then, as to the benefits which his recent conduct has conferred upon his country.

Admitting (what, however, we cannot hold as any way proved at present) that the measure itself of free-trade in corn, is one of the highest benefit to the country,—granting that the promises held out by its most sanguine advocates, shall be copiously fulfilled,—it still remains to inquire, how far the country's posses-

* See this point well put in Whewell's *Treatise on Morals*—a book which we strongly recommend to Sir Robert's perusal, as containing many interesting views on these topics, and likely to be of peculiar service to him.

† *Vide* again Whewell's *Treatise*.

sion of those benefits will be attributable to the conduct of Sir R. Peel, who, up to the eleventh hour, was their strenuous and consistent opponent.

It is a generally admitted truth, that under the constitution we now possess, as soon as public opinion is decidedly formed in favour of any principle, that principle must triumph over all opposing influences. If, then, public opinion were strongly pronounced in favour of free-trade in corn, if the majority of the electors, who, under our constitution, represent by the members they send to Parliament the deliberate opinion of the nation, were strongly and decidedly in favour of the measure, why should they be unable to give effect to those opinions?—what need would they have of all the circuitous and underhand process employed by the late Premier? No damage could have been done in this case to their cause by Sir R. Peel's avowal of his real opinions, instead of the close secrecy in which, for purposes best known to himself, he thought fit to veil them for so long a period. Granted, that by so doing he would have been displaced from office; the country would not have felt at all embarrassed by such an event—it would have had no difficulty on that account in finding men who could execute its deliberate opinion. However desirable it may be to Sir Robert, that he should have been the minister to pass the measure, that his name might be associated with it, and that it should cast a halo on his career, all that is a matter of pure indifference to the nation, and cannot be looked on in the light of a benefit. If the opinions of the actual Parliament were the only obstacle, a dissolution was nigh at hand, or might have been resorted to at any moment, when the country could have had no possible difficulty in expressing its real opinions, and carrying them into effect, either through him or others. However much, then, it might be advantageous to himself, we cannot see what benefit, in such a case, free-trade can have derived from the sinister support of all this disingenuous conduct.

* But, if the merit attributed to him be, that by means of his skilful arti-

fices, and by the government influence at his disposal, he succeeded in carrying the measure before it was the deliberate opinion of the House, or of the majority of the electors of the country, then it is plain that his conduct has been unconstitutional, and deserving far more blame than praise. In this case the majority would have been obtained by improper influences, not by the deliberate convictions of sincere and earnest men, and would have been forced, by a species of trick, by the minority of the electors on the majority. We all know to some extent what "government influence" means—though the idea of it is so mysterious and vague, that it is impossible to give a very precise definition. Without asserting that it is an influence of any very dishonourable kind, (as times go,) we may safely assert that it is not of the most honourable. Motives resulting from sincerity and truth, are certainly more estimable than those which result from government influence. We should have thought that a minister, however useful he might find it in practice, would carefully abstain from making much direct reference to it in public. That a statesman should boast of the success with which, by his eloquence and earnestness, he had advocated a principle—of the impression which his arguments had made on the minds of his hearers, — of how he had consistently supported it from the time while it was yet weak and doubtful, till its triumphant success had crowned his arduous exertions, this we could readily understand,—this would be a just subject of self-gratulation. But if he has no proofs of having persuaded the minds of men by reason; if, on the contrary, his arguments have all tended to plunge them deeper into error and delusion, we cannot understand how he should think it a matter of boast, that he had persuaded their minds by "government influence." Such a boast appears to us not to be of the most honourable kind to himself, and certainly not very complimentary to those who had supported him. If we ourselves had voted for a minister, and had heard him afterwards declare, that he believed us to have done so from "government influence," we

should certainly look upon it as a species of insult. Sir R. Peel, however, in giving his own account of his share of merit in promoting the measure, makes no scruple of attributing it all to his well-timed use of "government influence." After particularly insisting, that Lord John Russell cannot claim much merit in the affair, he explains to us what amount properly falls to himself. "The real state of the case," says he, "was, that parties were nearly equally balanced, and THAT THE GOVERNMENT INFLUENCE WAS THROWN INTO THE SCALE." With his wonted egotism, he does not seem to think it possible, that the gentlemen of his party may have given their vote without reference to him, solely as the result of their genuine convictions. Such is the reward which his unhappy followers receive from the master whom they so faithfully supported. We do not say that they may not have deserved it, but we think they had a right to look for it from other hands.

By his own account, then, the matter stands thus: the merit of the affair is to be shared between Cobden and Peel. In this division of labour, Cobden has all the clean work, and Peel all the dirty. Cobden converts all those whose minds are amenable to persuasion, and Peel all those whose minds are amenable to "government influence."

Sir Robert Peel, however, seems most perfectly satisfied with his exploit, and never for a moment to doubt that it entitles him to the greatest applause. St. Augustine could not speak with more exultation of converting millions of Pagans to Christianity by the fervour of his eloquence, than Sir R. Peel does of his illustrious feat of converting some hundred ignoble minds to free-trade by his paltry government influence. This is the glorious, the devoted deed, upon which he rests his claims to immortality; this it is which is to enshrine his name amid the gratitude of an admiring posterity. On account of this he trusts that "his name will be gratefully remembered in those places which are the abode of the man whose lot it is to labour, and to gain his bread with the sweat of his brow,

when he recruits his strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because no longer leavened with a sense of injustice." What this abundance of food will actually turn out to be, and when it is to begin, (for I apprehend that as yet, although the law is in operation, no labourers have been incommoded with plethora,) we will not here endeavour to determine. But even if it should turn out to be an abundance altogether unlooked for and unprecedented, we would not have Sir Robert Peel imagine that much of the labourer's gratitude will go to him. The labourer is generally a shrewd man, with a good share of honest common sense; and he neither likes his bread nor his minister to be leavened with the taint of injustice. He is perfectly capable of discriminating between those who consistently advocate a cause, and those who, having profitably opposed it in the hour of its weakness, when they might have aided it, embrace it at the eleventh hour, in the time of its triumph, when it is capable of aiding them. It is not on time-serving patriots, such as these, that posterity confers her gratitude. Posterity gives her gratitude to the upright and sincere, not to the crafty, servile, and deceitful. Posterity admires those who convert their fellows to truth by persuasion, she scorns those who can only convert them to dishonour by government influence.

If, then, the majority of electors were in favour of free-trade, Peel's artifices were null and superfluous; if they were not yet in favour of it, they were unconstitutional. He either did no good whatever to the cause, or he passed it sooner than constitutional principles warranted. In the latter case he might claim some merit for anticipating, by a brief period, the time when it would have been duly carried by a majority of the electors. A short additional interval of the enjoyment of free-trade is then, it appears, the utmost extent of his services. Against this are to be placed all the evils arising from his peculiar mode of passing the measure,—the shock given to confidence in public men by such sudden inconsistency,—the general lowering of political character by his craftiness

and duplicity,—the disgust excited at the avowed and conspicuous part which government influence has played on the occasion. The country feels justly offended with the minister, who, in a free nation, where the conscientious voice of the majority should alone decide, attempts to anticipate that decision by the voice of those who are biassed by lower and unrecognised motives, and who scruples not to boast of the success of such a method, and lay claim to merit on its account. It feels justly offended also at the discovery, that no less than a hundred of its representatives, who are looked on as the elite of the land, are capable of voting on a measure of first-rate importance, on other grounds than their own heartfelt convictions; that they are ready to vote against it if proposed by A, and for it if proposed by B. Even the cause of free-trade receives its share of damage by becoming associated with the odium of such mischievous proceedings. This, indeed, is felt and acknowledged by many of the free-traders themselves. I may quote, as an illustration, some expressions in a published letter of Mr. Vernon Smith, that has fallen under my eye. He states as a motive for declining office, that “he should be very sorry in his person, however humble, to sanction the belief that official emolument is a motive of action among public men. Sufficient shock,” he says, “has already been given to public virtue;” and he subsequently adds, speaking of the Corn Bill, “We have to await many mischiefs from its mode of settlement.”

For our part, had we been free-traders, most earnestly should we have implored that our cause might not be encumbered with the sinister aid of Sir Robert Peel.

Weighing, then, well all the circumstances of the case; considering the relative value of moral and economical advantages; nay, even looking principally merely to the latter, it appears to me, as the result of Sir R. Peel's recent proceedings, that no residuum of benefit to the country is left, but a very considerable amount of injury. Such a result is not one of sufficient lustre and brightness to enable us to grant him the title in question of “splendide mendax.”

Let us, however, inquire into the other point, as to the character of those who were the dupes of his insincerity, and how far the duty of sincerity between him and them was binding.

The duty of sincerity between a leading statesman and that body of men who were termed his party, does not result from any verbal promise given by one to the other, but is a tacit compact, arising from the nature of things, mutually understood, though not defined; and, precisely on account of its tacit nature, and of so much being left to good faith, is perhaps the more incumbent on an honourable mind. Not, indeed, that the party who have placed a public man in power, have therefore the smallest right to claim an influence over his opinions;—not that because they think they have done a service to him, they are to claim his support of their views as a recompense for that service. He is perfectly free to hold what opinions he pleases, but he is under an obligation honestly to profess those opinions. He is free to change them when he likes, but he is bound to give an intimation of those changes. This is not a case of services bandied to and fro between one party and another, but it is a mutual duty which all public men owe to each other for the furtherance of the welfare of the State. Unless public men of all parties and positions are sincere in the avowal of their opinions, public business sustains severe injury. For in this, as in other things, isolated individuals can accomplish little; men must combine their efforts, and organise themselves, that they may act effectually; and in order to do this, they must know the general tenor of each other's opinions, and count on their support or their hostility accordingly. If they once took to deceiving one another on these points; if a body of Whigs came over to the Tory benches, (or *vice versâ*,) and acted and spoke like Tories, merely with the view of deceiving them, leading them into erroneous calculations, and then profiting by the error they had caused, such conduct would justly be stigmatised as baneful and dishonourable. For public men act and concert measures in matters of the greatest importance upon the

belief which they thus entertain of the general views of others, and unless they can act in security on this belief, there is an end of all public confidence. But this general sincerity of profession and behaviour, though binding on all, even the humblest member of the House, is more especially so on the leading and more distinguished statesmen, inasmuch as its breach in their case is productive of greater evils. A knowledge of their real views is of the greatest importance to all parties, whose measures vitally depend on the opinion they entertain of the general views of these statesmen. Upon this belief they securely act in matters of the greatest importance; upon this they support or oppose a ministry; and if they are deceived in this belief, they are thus induced to act in a way which they would, if they knew the truth, think contrary to the public welfare. If a man should knowingly induce in another, though without any actual falsehood, an erroneous belief, and suffer him to act in consequence in a way prejudicial to his private fortune, (of which we have seen many instances in the late railroad transactions,) such conduct is justly denounced as highly censurable. But much more censurable is the conduct of him who induces an erroneous belief in another, so as to lead him to act in a way prejudicial (under his views) to the public welfare. By how much the public welfare is dearer to the high-minded man than his own individual fortune, by so much is the misconduct of the hypocrite in Parliament greater than that of the hypocrite upon 'Change. When, therefore, a Prime Minister knowingly suffers an erroneous belief to exist in the minds of men, owing to which they give him their support, which support, if they knew his real views, they would think injurious to the public welfare, he is committing a breach of a solemn trust; he is suffering, or rather he is inducing, men to act contrary to the dictates of their conscience, to do that which he knows they will afterwards repent of, as contrary to what they deem the interests of their country; and his conduct is in every way deserving of the strongest and severest censure.

That Sir Robert Peel knew that

men looked upon him as a Protectionist, while he knew that he was not one; that he knew that, in consequence of this belief, they supported him; that he knew that if they were aware of his real views, they would instantly withdraw their support, and that as soon as they discovered them they would grievously repent of that which they had given him, as having been contrary to the real interests of their country;—that he knew all this, and that, nevertheless, he concealed his real views from these men, and allowed them to retain their erroneous belief, and to act consequently in a way diametrically opposite to their conscientious convictions, though a single sentence of his would have sufficed to dispel their error, and enable them to further their country's interests conformably with their own views—this, I say, is matter of fact, which he would in vain attempt to deny.

This case, then, exactly corresponds with the preceding; he has broken a solemn though tacit trust; he has given a severe blow to public confidence; he has culpably suffered honourable men to deceive themselves in matters deeply concerning the public welfare; and his conduct, therefore, exposes him to a severer censure than I have any wish to seek for language to express.

And when honest men, who have been for a long time conscientiously supporting him, find that he has been tacitly deceiving them, and concealing from them his real views,—that he has been sporting with their convictions, and using them for nothing more than tools for his own secret purposes,—shall we wonder that they feel just indignation at such conduct, and that they express their feelings in stronger terms than suit the delicate ears of Mr. Sidney Herbert?

Sir R. Peel has indeed attempted, in a broken kind of way, to excuse his conduct, by saying,—“I never told you so and so; if you supported me without knowing my real opinions, it was your own fault. I did not *say* any thing that you can charge me with as a falsehood.” Without mentioning that, in this case, great suspicion is cast on many even of his verbal professions, which come down to no

distant period, surely a sexagenarian Premier can scarcely need to be told, that there is a deceit in actions not less than in professions. Does he think it an excuse that he did not deceive others, but only allowed them to deceive themselves? A pleasant kind of sincerity! Why, this is no more than the excuse of a school-boy, who thinks it a sufficient salve to his conscience that he has skillfully managed to deceive without uttering any thing directly false with his lips. And this is the excuse put forth by an English Minister! Miserable excuse, that fitly crowns the deceit—paltriness of mind, almost inconceivable!

Still worse is it, when he attempts to justify his conduct by taunting his friends with a previous inconsistency of their own, which they had been reluctantly induced to commit through him, in order to support him in power.* We cannot understand why he should thus delight in exposing the not very pleasing recesses of his ignoble nature. Certainly, "*Quem Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat.*" Otherwise he must see that such palliations as these are far more injurious to his character than the severest attacks of his foes.

The only case in which this duty of sincerity towards public men could at all cease to be binding, and admit of a valid excuse, would be, when those upon whom the deceit was practised were not men conscientiously seeking the public good, but were acting from unworthy views, for private or for class interests. In this case, we will admit that the duty of sincerity would not be of any very strict obligation. This is doubtless the view that is taken by many people of the conduct of the Protectionists; by all that numerous class represented by Messrs. Bright, Villiers, &c.—men who, however sincere themselves, are not probably endowed by nature with very comprehensive or liberal minds. From these gentlemen we hear nothing but attacks on the character of the whole body of the landlords; they look on them as a selfish oligarchy, sacrificing the public good to their own class interests. Such views having been industriously propagated by the League, are entertained with

more or less of bitterness by a considerable body of the people. It is on this account that Sir R. Peel's conduct has met with so much applause among them; this it was which animated the cheers that consoled him on his resignation of power; his treachery to the Protectionists, so far from appearing censurable in the eyes of these admirers, has rather enhanced the merit of his success. But such views, however they may suit the minds of those whose passions are aroused in the party warfare of the day, can meet with no acceptance from the impartial judge. It is impossible to admit for a moment that a very large portion of the whole population of the country, including not only landlords but people of all classes, merchants, tradesmen, and operatives, were so lamentably destitute of all regard for their country, and that public spirit was entirely monopolised by the party advocating free-trade. Neither can we admit that the large body of Protectionist members in the House, forming upwards of a third of the whole, were all playing so unworthy a part. For, adding them to the converts of "Government influence," we should thus have more than half the House of Commons acting upon questionable motives—a prospect certainly not cheering, nor honourable to the country.

Sir R. Peel, indeed, with his usual magnanimity, does not scruple to adopt, in a great measure, the above view; and, seeing how little he spares the feelings of his own devoted supporters, we cannot expect him to show much tenderness to those who have become his foes. Accordingly, we find him making frequent hints at these unworthy motives; indeed, but for some such belief, we cannot understand how he could have justified to himself his deceitful conduct. In his last words, on laying down his power, he does not conceal his sentiments:—"I shall leave a name," says he, "execrated by every monopolist, who, from less honourable motives, clings to Protection for his own individual benefit,"—a sentiment warmly applauded by Messrs. Bright, Villiers, & Co.

* In the matter of the Factory Bill.

The generosity of nature displayed in this parting blow is indeed worthy of admiration! We should scarcely think that it was pronounced by a man, who, up to the age of fifty-six, had done every thing in his power to uphold this very monopoly and oppose the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and who had strongly denounced all imputations of the above kind, in the language of its early and consistent supporters. How noble must be the man, who, having for all his life courted and flattered the aristocracy, and thus obtained power as their champion, now gives them a parting kick, and delivers them over to popular odium as monopolists, after having obtained for himself popularity and influence at their expense!

Really, let us remark, when Sir Robert scruples not to express such views, he has no reason to be indignant if the stones of his opponents break some of the panes of his own glass house, even though they damage a few of the artificial flowers, which he has been striving to rear there with so much care.

But, as we observed before, the impartial judge cannot accept this opinion of Sir Robert's. He will proportion his praise and blame pretty nearly equally between both parties. He will hope that in both, the main body of men are acting on sincere and worthy motives; in both he must acknowledge it to be probable that there are a few whose motives are of a less estimable kind. But he will not put all the virtue on one side, nor all the selfishness on the other. We have yet to learn that Sir Robert is in any way qualified to pass his censure on the body of English gentlemen. The less he says upon these points the better. In the impartial estimate of the three parties, it is he and his that will come by far the worst off.

We cannot then admit that the character of the parties deceived, in any way justified the insincerity; no sufficient excuse is found upon this head, and the breach of the duty remains exposed to grave and severe censure. England does not recognise such conduct in her Ministers. She has long been accustomed to pride herself on a general openness and sincerity of dealing; and that honesty

which she looks for in the humbler walks of life, she claims in a yet more imperative degree from her leading and conspicuous statesmen. She reprobrates among these all deceitful and underhand conduct, all espionage and mystery; she loves not the secret opener of letters, even though the plea of utility be at hand to excuse his conduct; nor is the government influence, Sir Robert's darling, at all palatable to her taste. Such proceedings she thinks more fitted to the court of the despot, to the sinuous policy of the Oriental Divan; in a free country she demands that public men should be honest and straightforward, and should not, from whatever motives, suppress and mask the genuine convictions of their mind. She looks not on language as a method of concealing the thoughts, but as a method of declaring them. The recent conduct of Peel has been in every way alien to her principles. It was a skilful *coup d'état*, well suited to a Turkish Vizier, but totally inappropriate to an English Minister.

Having, then, examined the insincerity on both the points proposed, we find that in neither does it wear an aspect of splendour or of brilliancy, but much of the reverse. We refuse it then the title of a splendid insincerity, but we qualify it as poor, culpable, and inglorious.

Sir R. Peel, however, gives us quite a different account of the matter; he puts in his claim to a generosity of the purest and most exalted kind. "What possible motives could I have had," he asks, "except the most devoted and patriotic? See what an enormous sacrifice I have made! To afford my country the blessings of Free Trade, I have given up my power and the confidence of a large party, every thing, in a word, which is chiefly valuable to a public man. I have come forward and boldly avowed the truth, in spite of all the taunts of inconsistency and apostasy to which I inevitably exposed myself. But these I esteem as nothing in comparison with the good of my country. For my part, I declare that the proudest moment of my life was when I avowed my opinions to my colleagues, and proposed measures for opening the ports."

It is curious to observe how completely blind Sir Robert Peel seems to be, to the point on which his conduct is really blamable. He insists much on his perfect integrity in proposing the measure, seeing that he thought it highly beneficial to his country. Surely so self-evident a truism can scarcely need so much parade: surely it is an acknowledged fact that a statesman is not to blame for proposing measures which he deems to be highly beneficial. Sir Robert was doubtless most perfectly right in proposing his measure; nobody, I apprehend, at all blames him on that head. He was doing his simple duty, considering what his views were upon the subject. But that for which he is justly blamable, is for not having done so before. He was culpable for suppressing so long his real opinions, for professing to deem free trade injurious, while really he thought it beneficial. He is culpable for the general mask which he has so long thrown over all his real character and opinions, leading astray the minds of men, and ruining public confidence. This is the point to which blame attaches, and on this he is perfectly silent. We should be glad to know whether it was from motives of a very high and exalted virtue, that he so long suffered his colleagues, and the public generally, to deceive themselves? Was it from any very stoical sense of duty that he so long passed himself off for a protectionist, when really a free trader? Was it from any very intense and devoted patriotism that for so long he bitterly denounced Whig principles, when, as it now turns out, he thoroughly approves of them in his heart? Was it any great stretch of self-sacrifice, any very generous magnanimity, to obtain power, and so long to retain it, upon false pretences? This is the point which it would be desirable for him to clear up. Instead of this, we have much declamation, quite beside the purpose, on his virtue in coming forward and avowing his real opinion. What! is it then any such excessive stretch of virtue, that a man should actually tell the truth? Is it any

thing so marvellous in a statesman, that he should advocate a measure which he thinks vitally necessary for his country? Sir R. Peel seems to think that when it entails, as in his own case, the sacrifice of power, such conduct is eminently praise-worthy and meritorious. Why, it is his bare duty and nothing more; it is what he ought to have done years ago, holding the views he does; or, rather, he should never have entered on that power at all. Surely power and place are not so dear to statesmen that they should think it very arduous and patriotic to sacrifice them for their duty to their country. Not to do so would be highly blamable, to do so is simply right, but in no way a subject for praise or self-glorification. And yet Sir R. Peel naively tells us, that the proudest moment of his life was when he declared his real sentiments to his colleagues, and avowed his advocacy of free trade. A strange subject of pride, to fulfil (much too late) a duty of common honesty! Wondrous triumph of virtue, to put a tardy close to a culpable and pernicious dissimulation, which had already been productive of great harm! And this is the glorious feat, which, as Sir R. Peel informs us, afforded him the proudest moment of his life! Curious, unenviable career, of which such is the proudest moment?

It seems then to be "the enormous sacrifice" which he has made, upon which he rests his claim to devoted virtue. "I have sacrificed," says he, every thing that "is dear to a public man." Certainly, we do not deny that he has made many sacrifices. He has sacrificed his former supporters, handing them over to discomfiture and to the public odium as monopolists. By his course of dissimulation and deceit he has also sacrificed his character, and with it all claims to public confidence. But these sacrifices are not of any very sublime and devoted nature. It is not by a sacrifice of character that a claim to exalted virtue can best be established. The method is ingenious, but somewhat Irish,* and likely to meet with no solid success. There

* Simply in its peculiar naïveté. We do not mean to assimilate the Irish character with that of Peel.

remains, then, the sacrifice of power, to which we will grant its share of merit, (provided it is not made a matter of boast.) We learn, however, from some of his new admirers, that it has not been laid down for nought. It appears to have been exchanged for a good equivalent of popularity and influence, upon which it is hinted that a firmer power is to arise ere long, much grander and more durable than the last. Mr. Wakley, for instance, informs us that "at this moment Sir R. Peel is the most popular man in the kingdom; that he is beloved, nay adored, by the masses, who believe that no man has ever before made such sacrifices on their behalf." And that most probably "he (Sir R. Peel) will shortly return to power upon the shoulders of the people, and will remain there just as long as he pleases."

If this be so, what shall we say of the sacrifice? Had Sir Robert advocated this measure while it was weak, and while such advocacy entailed a real sacrifice, then might he justly put in his claim to heroism and devotion. But he gained his power by opposing it while weak, he did not adopt it till it was strong, and capable of supporting that power. He rejected it when its adoption would have weakened him, he embraced it when his adherence procured for him an extensive (though ill-deserved) popularity and influence. By associating his name with it, he has obtained renown, frequently the dearest reward of ambition. In no way are the circumstances of his conduct such as to support his claims to intense and exalted patriotism. It is not for men of time-serving convictions like these, to aspire to the rank of Aristides or Washington.

If, indeed, we go back to the characters of antiquity, we find others much better suited to our man, than these exalted natures; but there is one especially whose resemblance is such that we cannot help suspecting that there must be more than chance in it. He is described by Aristophanes, and with such lively and accurate traits, that no one can fail to recognise the type of our present hero. It has not, indeed, been re-

served for the nineteenth century to discover that a measure promising cheap food is well suited to procure popularity and power, and that the favour of the people can most readily be obtained by courting that highly important organ, its stomach. (Nor can we altogether blame this judgment of the "popular bellua.") The late contest between our political leaders is most amusingly similar to that described in the "Knights," between the two candidates for the good graces of the Athenian Demos.

R. ὁρᾷς· ἐγὼ σοι πρότερος ἐπέβην τῷ θέν.

P. ἀλλ' ἐν πρώτῳ· ἄλλ' ἐγὼ προτεράντερος.

R. ἦσαν φίλοι σοι σαρχαρον Κλέης ἐγώ, ἔστειν δ' αὐτὸν ἑοῦλος Ἀσθιναικός.

P. ἐγὼ δὲ μάζαν Ἰνδικὴν μελαμυμῶν.

R. καὶ εἴνυθ' ἑλκυστὸς τινος τὰς' ἐμοῦ νόμον.

P. τὰς' ἐμοῦ δ' ἔλον γέ τον λακούτα τουτονί.

But it is when we come to the crowning trick that we more especially recognise our patriot, that famous "coup" of the hare, which has shed immortal lustre on the ἀλλαντοπώλης. How exactly was Cleon like the Whigs, boasting

K. ἀλλ' οὐ λαγῶν ἔχεις ὅσους ἔγω· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ

ΑΑΑΑΝ. ὅμοιοι. πολλὴν λαγῶν μοι γίνονται· ὦ θυμὸς νῦν, βωμολοχὸν ἔδειξέ τι.

And how beautiful is the heaven-sent flash of genius which irradiates the mind of the Athenian Peel, when, distracting his adversary's attention, by directing it to "envoys with bags of money," he snatches away the choice tit-bit, and proffers it with his own hands to the chuckling Demos;—

ΑΑΑΑΝ. ὦ Διμυθιον, ὁρᾷς τὰ λαγῶν ἃ σοι φέρεται·

It is a stroke that may have been often imitated, but never surpassed, and must excite envy even in the breast of his present successful follower. And is not our modern trickster's recognition of the services of Cobden, and his own claim of merit for his skilful "government influence," almost prophetically expressed in the slightly varied line—

P. τὸ μὲν νόμα Κορδίνος, τὸ δ' ἐκλέμεν ἐμὸν,

and the contest for their respective claims to favour between himself and Lord John?

R. ἐγὼ δ' ἐκασθενέστερος· P. ἐγὼ δ' ὠφειλά γε.

with the pithy judgment of the Demos,

ἁπλοῦς, ἐν γὰρ ἀλλὰ τοῦ παραθέμενος ἡ χάρις.*

Yes, when we read this it is impossible to hesitate; an Attic colony must have settled in England, and the sausage-seller's progeny must still be thriving among us. The blood of the ἀλλαντοπώλης must yet be circulating in the veins of the κοτωνοπώλης of the day.

Yet when we read of our sausage-seller's subsequent career, we feel that we have done him injustice; most widely different is his policy as Agoracritus, from any thing in the career of Peel.

In fact, our κοτωνοπώλης is the ἀλλαντοπώλης inverted. The Athenian starts as a demagogue, and ends as a patriot. Peel starts in the character of a

patriot, and ends in that of a demagogue. The Athenian starts with the trick of the hare, and ends in an honest and noble policy. Peel starts with the appearance of an honest policy, and ends with the trick of the hare.

The Athenian directs his efforts to a high and noble aim, to purify and regenerate the Δῆμος, to purge him from the love of gain, from fickle caprice, and overweening vanity, and lead him to higher and nobler influences; to attune his mind to old national feelings, and revive in him a love of his country's institutions, before fast falling into contempt. Under the auspices of the bard of the shining brow, we are conducted to a glorious vision, where amid the sound of the opening Propylæa, the regene-

* "*Cleon*.—There, I'm the first, you see, to bring ye a chair.

Sausage-seller.—But a table—here I've brought it, first and foremost.

Cleon.—See here this little half meal-cake from Pylos,
Made from the flour of victory and success.

Sausage-seller.—But here's a cake ! See here ! which the heavenly goddess
Patted and flatted herself, with her ivory hand,
For your own eating.

Cleon.—This slice of rich sweetcake, take it from me.

Sausage-seller.—This whole great rich sweet-cake, take it from me.

Cleon [to the *S. S.*].—Ah, but hare-pie—where will you get hare-pie ?

Sausage-seller [aside].—Hare-pie ! What shall I do ? Come, now's the time,
O mind, invent me now some sneaking trick.

Cleon. [to the *S. S.* showing the dish which he is going to present].—Look there,
you poor rapscallion !

Sausage-seller. Pshaw, no matter.

I've people of my own there in attendance.

They're coming here.—I see them.

Cleon.—Who ? What are they ?

Sausage-seller.—Envoys with bags of money.

Cleon.—Where ? Where are they ?

Where ? Where ?

Sausage-seller.—What's that to you ? Can't ye be civil ?

Why don't you let the foreigners alone ?—

[While *Cleon's* attention is absorbed in looking for the supposed envoys, the
Sausage-seller dexterously snatches the hare-pie out of his hands, and
presents it to the *Demos*.]

There's a hare-pie, my dear own little *Demos*,

A nice hare-pie, I've brought ye !—See, look there !

Cleon [returning].—By Jove, he's stolen it, and served it up !

Sausage-seller.—Just as you did the prisoners at Pylos.

Demos.—Where did ye get it ? How did ye steal it ? Tell me.

Sausage-seller.—The scheme and the suggestion were Divine ;
The theft and the execution simply mine.

Cleon.—I took the trouble.

Sausage-seller. But I served it up.

Demos.—Well, he that brings the thing must get the thanks.

Cleon [aside].—Alas, I'm circumvented and undone,
Out-faced and over-impudentified."

The Knights of Aristophanes, translated by Frere, l. 1164-9, and 1189-1206.

rate *Δῖος* is sitting on his throne, clad in his long-lost ornaments, *παραδοξας τὴν αἰσχρονομίαν ἀναστὰς ἀντίθ' Ἀθηνάων τῆς καὶ Μελιτῆς ἑστῆται.*

But what is the vision to which Peel's principles have conducted us? How will the *Δῖος* that delights his economical mind bear comparison with that of the Athenian? The Athenian's is sitting upon a throne, Peel's is standing bowing behind a counter. The Athenian's is animated by the love of the beautiful, Peel's by the love of the gainful. The Athenian's is alive to poetry and art, Peel's is engrossed by industry and commerce. The Athenian's strives to give real value to mind, Peel's to give exchangeable value to matter. The Athenian's delights in philosophical, Peel's in commercial speculations. The Athenian's is a nation of heroes, Peel's is a nation of shopkeepers. There is the workman toiling twelve hours a-day, while Parliament discusses the probability of a discussion on his condition. There is the pauper, revelling in the workhouse on his diet of "abundant and untaxed food." There, too, is the liberal cotton lord, proud of his intelligence, his piety, and his purse. "I thank my stars that I am not as other men are, monopolists, aristocrats, or even as this Protectionist. I eat slave-grown sugar. I pay half per

cent income-tax on all that I possess. I work my men twelve hours a-day, and leave them no time for vice and idleness. I buy in the cheapest, and I sell in the dearest market."

There is the liberality that prefers free trade to free man, and the principles of economy to those of humanity. There is the piety that justifies its avarice by texts, and patronises slavery on the ground of Christian duty. There is the philanthropy that loves itself and its tea better than the happiness of its fellows; that dooms thousands of its race to the lowest depths of woe, in order to save a penny on the pound of sugar. Go, ye liberal and enlightened Christians, learn Christianity from Voltaire. He did not bow before the idol of trade, at which you are now prostrating yourselves; he raised his voice in the cause of humanity against those vile principles of commercial cupidity which you have chosen for your creed. He, pointing to the degraded negro, could indignantly exclaim—

"Voyez, à quel prix vous mangez du sucre en Europe!"

He did not think that market cheap, where such a price was paid for it. Yes! while you are dealing out damnation in your bigoted sects, he was more, far more a Christian than you are.*

* We would not apply this strong language to all the advocates of the measure, but only to those who uphold it on principle as an enlightened and liberal one. If it is honestly put forward on low commercial grounds, not on high moral ones; if it is frankly confessed that it is an ignoble and selfish measure, in which our love of sugar and of revenue prevails over the love of our fellows; if we own that we have not virtue enough to resist these palpable and material temptations for the sake of the impalpable and invisible ones of right and humanity; — let it pass, (sorry though it be); — our pious and enlightened nation is already disfigured with too many of these commercial blotches, to make this further additional one matter of much special censure. We can only lament that having made some beginning in the true and good line, we are so easily induced to give it up; that whereas before we could point to one brilliant exception as a source of light and hope, this is now to be extinguished, and we are to relapse into total darkness. But it is the advocacy of this measure on principle, as an eminently liberal and Christian one, as a triumph of truth, liberty, and reason, which is so peculiarly disgusting, and argues the corruption of the people. It is the sneer at every thing like true generous principle, the laugh at the high moral, the complacency in the low commercial, the assertion of the paramount importance of mere considerations of lucre over all the laws of humanity, that forms the bad feature in the case of these holy Liberals. When we find people, in a tone of profound piety, putting forth the purely commercial principle of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, as an inviolable law of the Great Parent of the Universe, the infringement of which, even to avert the deepest suffering from our fellows, is an impious rebellion against His will; when we are implored not to do evil, that good may come, (the evil being a want of sweetness in our tea, and the good, the preserving from slavery and degradation a large number of our race);

We by no means wish to lay to Sir Robert's charge all the evils of the above picture; nevertheless, we think that the economical principles so dear to his heart, have had no little share in contributing to them. Certainly we look in vain for any efforts on his part to elevate the national character. His last support of the sugar bill is admirably characteristic; he is decidedly opposed to its principle, (he sympathises indeed most warmly with the negroes,) but, nevertheless, he is compelled as usual to support it—at a great sacrifice of course to his feelings—owing to the peculiar position of political affairs. Certainly, his career cuts a lamentable figure by the side of that of Agoracritus.

Nevertheless, though we cannot think his career meritorious, it is without doubt remarkable. This phenomenon of a man, who through life had been regarded as a leader in the aristocratic or Tory school, casting his skin nearly at the mature age of sixty, and soaring forth in the sunshine of popular favour in the gaudy and pleasing colours of the Radical, is certainly one of a curious and interesting kind. A variety of questions are suggested by it to the inquiring spirit. For how long has this suppression of his real opinions existed? For how long has he been pleased, according to his phrase, to allow people to deceive themselves? Is he still allowing them this amusing privilege? Do we even now see him in his real colours, or is some further metamorphosis in store? Have his changes been the sudden conversions of a facile and unstable inconsistency, or are they the long prepared denouement of a secret and mysterious plot? Has a tyro in politics been unlearning his prejudices and mistakes at the expense of his country, or has a Radical in disguise been prowling in the Tory fold, luring on the aristocracy to their own discomfiture?

Between the two alternatives of inconsistency and insincerity, it might be thought that his apologists would all take the first, and his accusers the second; that while the latter attacked him for premeditate treachery, the former might defend him on the ground of a natural facility of disposition, which rendered him prone to sudden conversions beneath the pressure of the times.

Such, however, by no means seems to be the case: on the contrary, the darker and more mysterious view of his conduct is the one taken by his most ardent admirers; (for, strange to say, such beings still exist.) Happening to be in conversation with one of these, (a zealous Radical,) I chanced to indulge in some animadversions on Sir Robert's weakness, as shown in his numerous and repeated conversions, expressing an opinion that a statesman so exceedingly fallible must be totally unfitted to guide the destinies of a great nation. But such, I found, was by no means the view of my radical friend; who, somewhat to my surprise, maintained that he was a most able and skilful man, by far the best fitted of all our existing statesmen for the post of Prime Minister. Of any thing like weakness he would not hear. Does Peel's general character, said he, savour of weakness? does he look like an innocent child, who does not know what he is about? Depend upon it there is a method in his inconsistency; depend upon it he has perfectly well known, all along, the game he has been playing.

What! then, said I, do you mean to say, that all his former professions were insincere? that when he opposed Canning on the Catholic question, he all along looked forward to his carrying it? that when he opposed the Whigs, he intended when in power to adopt their principles? that when he made such strenuous profes-

when we are exhorted to deal freely in slave produce, for the sake of promoting "peace and good-will among all mankind;" then, I say, that this servile liberality, this Evangelical cupidity, this Christianity of the 'Change, is beyond all expression detestable, and more worthy of the shafts of Voltaire's satire than the Christianity of the Inquisition. The present measure will probably cause a greater amount of suffering in the course of a few years, than the Inquisition did during the whole period of its existence.

sions in favour of Protection, he all along had an eye to the repeal of the Corn Laws?

Certainly, replied my friend, I may say not only that I think it, but that I know it. Do you suppose that so skilful a man would make his moves without having an eye to the game he was playing?

And is not such insincerity, said I, most detestable?

Insincerity! replied my Liberal, with a shrug of the shoulders,—it is a fine word, a very pretty word for declamation; but, young man, when you are as old as I am, you will know what it passes for in the political world. Depend upon it, only those cry out about it who are hurt by it; those who benefit by it give it quite a different name. The man who is an apostate and a renegade to the party whom he betrays, is a virtuous and patriotic convert to that which receives him.

Surely, cried I, if Peel has really been playing the game you attribute to him, no one could hesitate to pronounce him insincere.

Not at all so, said his admirer, his sincerity can easily be defended. I look upon him myself as a most sincere patriot, notwithstanding the view that I take of his policy. His principle has been a most consistent and patriotic one;—always to carry the popular measure, as soon as the public mind was ripe for it.

But was not, then, his conduct to Canning most reprehensible, when he professed such repugnance to the Catholic claims?

Not by any means; he really opposed them at the time, because the public mind was not yet ripe for them; and he sincerely proposed them afterwards, because it had ripened in the interim. The measure which would have been hazardous in the former case, had become safe and beneficial in the second. The same may be said of his apparent changes with respect to the principles of the Whigs and the Free Traders. He abstained from these doctrines as long as their popularity was doubtful, and embraced them as soon as the maturity of public opinion had rendered them wise and beneficial.

Why then, I inquired, did he pro-

fect to oppose them on principle?—why did he not declare that he was only waiting for the public mind to ripen? I cannot say that I got a very satisfactory answer on this head, but it was something to the effect that the public good, statesman-like discretion, peculiarities of political affairs, might justify some suppression on this point.

In fact, continued my friend, his whole opposition to the Whigs and the Reform Bill, was nothing but a piece of acting, into which he was led by the force of circumstances. Nobody thought that the public mind was so nearly ripe for it as it proved to be, and Peel therefore was not prepared to take advantage of it. It was an unforeseen event which took him by surprise, and he thus, against his will, was forced out of the movement. But his opposition was entirely fictitious,—he was never a Tory at heart: he might use their prejudices as tools to serve his purposes, but he was always too wary to adopt them in reality. His heart was always with the popular doctrines, more so than was the case with the Whigs themselves, as his recent behaviour evinces. He is ready now to take up and carry out their principles at a point where they themselves hesitate to do so. This is what he has all along been aiming at,—the post he aspires to is that of the man of the people, the leader of the movement. He is far better fitted for this than the Whigs; he has no sickly visions of finality. He will not scruple to carry out the dominant wishes of the people, whithersoever they may lead. Then he has this peculiar advantage, that while most other ministers are fettered by their pledges and professions, these are no impediments to Peel. This is why I look upon him as our fittest minister, because he will most fully carry out the people's will. As soon as that will is decidedly expressed, his only care will be to execute it.

We ventured to raise some doubts as to the fitness of such a character for the post of Minister. Surely, said we, *he* can scarcely be fit for a ruler, who is thus servile to the dominant opinion of the day. Surely a Minister should be somewhat in advance of the mass, and rather capable of directing their opinion than compelled to follow it.

If we look to mere outward brilliancy, replied he, that may be true, but if we look to solid utility, the case is different. In a despotic country, such a minister as you require might be needful; in Austria, for instance, a Metternich may be of use to direct and anticipate public opinion. But in a free country like ours, where public opinion is so active, we shall never want demagogues to form it; of these there will always be a plentiful stock; the difficulty is to find a minister who will interpret and execute the popular will, after it has been fashioned by these more original spirits. And this, if I mistake not, is eminently found in Peel, as time, I suspect, will demonstrate. Think not that his career is over; think not, as his short-sighted adversaries may imagine, that he is extinguished as a public man. That darling wish of his heart, to be borne triumphantly into power by the masses, as leader of the popular movement, lies at length almost within his grasp. His recent desertion of the aristocracy was admirably timed; though he may have lost their support, he has gained in exchange the favour of the people. He has craftily quitted the falling house, to take ampler lodgings in the new and rising fabric. However powerless he may seem to the ignorant, he has still admirable cards in his hand. His adversaries may be formidable in number, but they are weak in intrinsic strength. No one knows better than he how to play them off one against the other, and to profit by their dissensions. Meanwhile he is patiently biding his time, which, be assured, is not far distant. Politics have lately displayed much greater wonders than the triumphant return to power of Sir Robert Peel.

And if once he return, think not that he will easily be dispossessed of it. He will well know how to play the part of the popular favourite. There stands not in the House a more thorough Radical than the inner man of Sir Robert Peel. It is from him that we shall obtain Extended Suffrage, finally to become Universal. It is from him that we shall obtain the

diminution, and at last the abolition of Church Establishments. It is from him, or from such as he, that we may hope finally to obtain a Republic. You may smile, and think such a prospect absurd. Would you have thought it more absurd, if I had told you three years ago that from him we should have obtained Repeal of the Corn Laws? Depend upon it, we shall yet see the day when Sir Robert will be the triumphant popular minister.

Heaven forbid! thought I; yet I was forced to confess that it did not seem unlikely. I could, however, by no means join in the admiration which my friend expressed for such a character. While granting that some respect might be felt for the skilful *δημαγωγός*, who leads and sways the popular mind, I could feel nothing but contempt for the servile *δημοστυγός*, who merely watches and follows it. I rallied him somewhat upon the magnanimous liberality, which could ally itself with so poor and ungenerous a character, so debased, if his account were true, by meanness, duplicity, and hypocrisy. My Radical waxed somewhat warm, and at length he parted, in all the dignity of his liberality, thinking me a young fool; while I returned, laughing at his generous patriotism, and thinking him a servile-minded old humbug.*

The more, however, I pondered on the subject, the more did I see the justice of his views on Peel's character, and at length I almost entirely coincided with him,—in every thing but his admiration.

What then shall we say of these principles, looking at them under their moral aspect? Taking his admirer's view, I know not how they could escape the severest censure. But though these admirers of his make no scruple in adopting this view, and even in warmly defending it, we cannot but hesitate to follow their example. An insincerity so deliberate, so calculated, is more than we can readily admit. No doubt, his actual conduct has been such as my friend above described, as facts sufficiently show. No doubt, he has professed

* The above conversation, though with no pretensions to exact accuracy in the expressions, is strictly founded on fact.

one set of principles when seeking power, and another when in possession of it. No doubt, he has used the aristocratical element as his stepping-stone to greatness, and has afterwards kicked it over for the popular one as its support. But we think that these principles have acted in a great measure spontaneously, without any very fixed and deliberate plan in his own mind. We take his conduct to have been not so much the result of calculation, as of the peculiar organisation of his nature. We believe him to have been in a great measure unconscious of the inherent servility and flexibility of his convictions. When he opposed a measure, he probably imagined that he did so chiefly on its own merits, and was not aware that his conversion would inevitably take place, as soon as public opinion was ripe for that measure.

Let us, however, listen to himself, and see what light we can derive from his own lips as to the nature of his principles. By his own account, in the case of the Corn Laws, the suppression of his real opinions lasted for somewhere about three years. "About three years ago," says he, "a great change took place in my opinions on the subject;" but it seems that for the public good, he thought it best to allow people to deceive themselves, and therefore carefully suppressed all intimation of this change. So far, then, his own account tallies with that of his admirer, and we have his own word that his insincerity, for a considerable period of time, was deliberate and calculated. But the actual duration of this hypocrisy it must evidently be impossible to determine with accuracy; for if a person can, by his own avowal, practise it knowingly and deliberately for three years, it is probable that in a vague and unconscious way, not thoroughly known even to himself, he has been indulging in it for a much longer period.

Again, with respect to his Whig principles, it is impossible to determine

accurately how long they have been suppressed, and he has not favoured us on this point with much specific information; but it would appear that they latently existed at the time that he so strenuously opposed that government, and that the germ of Whiggery was developing itself in his bosom, while outwardly he was shining as a high Tory.

With respect to the Catholic Question he is more communicative, and he takes care to inform us, in a speech revised by his own hand, and published for the benefit of posterity in Hansard, that here, too, his duplicity had been of long standing, and very much of a deliberate and premeditated nature. When proposing, as Minister, the measure of Catholic Emancipation, which outwardly he had so long opposed, he reports himself to have said, "So far as my own course in this question is concerned, it is the same with that which suggested itself to my mind in the year 1825, when I was his Majesty's Principal Minister for the Home Department, and found myself in a minority in this House on this [the Catholic] Question."* Now, the course which he was then pursuing was that of openly advocating and supporting the Catholic claims. And the same course, he tells us, (that, therefore, we must conclude, of his advocating these claims,) suggested itself to his mind in 1825. His duplicity then was of long standing; for he did not, as is well known, suffer the public to be in the least aware of any such suggestion, from the time when it presented itself to his mind in 1825, till 1829, when he first avowed that favourable leaning to those claims, which had so long lain dormant in the interior of his breast. His conduct certainly was well calculated to prevent any suspicion of the existence of such a tendency in his mind; for in 1827, two years after the suggestion had offered itself, he declared himself compelled, by a painful but rigorous sense of duty, to quit Canning's ministry, and join the opposition against that states-

* Hansard's Debates, vol. xx. New Series, p. 731. The speech is said, in a note on p. 727, to have been "inserted with the permission and approbation of Mr. Secretary Peel."

man, on account of his own deep repugnance to those claims, and his conviction of their ruinous tendency. Nay, more, he suffered himself to be borne into power for the ostensible purpose of resisting those claims, and made the round of the country amid the acclamations of his supporters, as Protestant champion, without giving the slightest hint of the suggestion which the minority in 1825 had awakened in his mind, and which was so shortly to develop itself in full force, as soon as he was seated in power.

If, then, we are to believe his own account, his hypocrisy in this matter must have been of considerable duration, of much skill, and consummate perfidy. Though a feat of his earlier prime, it must have been quite worthy to compare with the recent great exploit of his maturity.

The speech from which we have extracted the above passage, is the same which gave rise to the discussion in Parliament, in which Sir Robert's conduct in this business was attacked. He then endeavoured to rebut the charges founded on it, by denying the authenticity of the expressions attributed to him, some of which rested only on the isolated reports of particular newspapers.* But the sentence above quoted stands at full length in his own corrected report in Hansard, revised, as its title tells us, by Mr. Secretary Peel, the authenticity of which has never been questioned. And certainly its natural sense would lead us to conclude, that he was ready, in the interior of his mind, in 1825, to embrace the cause of Catholic Emancipation. If, as he

would fain demonstrate, it has a contrary meaning; it can be only, we presume, when taken in some *non-natural sense*;—the fixing of which we leave to those more conversant than ourselves with that very ingenious mode of interpretation.

And if it be true that he did feel so disposed, that he was "almost persuaded," at that early period, of the wisdom of granting the Catholic claims, then his subsequent behaviour in putting himself at the head of the party who unflinchingly and undoubtingly opposed those claims, as injurious to the country, his professing to coincide fully in their views, and his obtaining power on the strength of those professions, cannot but be looked on as a political manœuvre of the most disingenuous and culpable kind.

What could have been the motive of his making so strange a confession, is a somewhat curious subject of inquiry. We think we recognise in it an attempt to establish a kind of vague compromise between insincerity and inconsistency. If his conduct were attributed to mere inconsistency, he must plead guilty to a long previous mistake, and must forfeit all pretensions to political prudence and foresight. If, however, it were thought that he had for a long time had a secret leaning in favour of the Catholic claims, and had only been waiting for the ripeness of public opinion to declare his real sentiments, then he would escape the charge of weakness and imprudence, and would only incur the blame of a beneficial insincerity. He would thus gain the good graces of all those whose strong

* The expression which was chiefly insisted on in that discussion, and which he strenuously laboured to disprove, was that in which he was reported to have said, that in 1825 he gave it as his opinion to Lord Liverpool that "something ought to be done for the Catholics." He strongly denied having ever used those words, and as indeed they are not found in many of the reports of his speech, there would not appear to be sufficient evidence that he did so. But it was labour lost to disprove the point, for this sentence after all was by no means so clear or explicit as that which stands in his own revised report. He might have stated that something ought to be done for the Catholics, without its being thereby evident, that by that something he meant the measure of Catholic Emancipation. Some other course might have "suggested itself to his mind," as a solution of the difficulty. But when he tells us in so many words, that the course which then suggested itself to his mind was the very same which he afterwards pursued in proposing the measure of Catholic Emancipation, no room for question is left; this is a precise and explicit statement to which we do not see how two meanings can well be given. When such a statement stands in his own corrected report, it was worse than idle so strenuously to disclaim the weaker one.

attachment to the measure would make them overlook, in behalf of its importance, what they would consider a pardonable deceit.

This view, indeed, he could not explicitly state in so many words, as it would have laid him too open to the accusations of his opponents; but it can be hinted at, as in the above passage. For what intelligible meaning can be attached to that sentence, if it do not convey the idea that his inconsistency, after all, was not so flagrant as had been represented; that his mind for some time previously had been leaning that way, and that, to use his peculiar phrase, his course was "the same with that which suggested itself to his mind in the year 1825." We believe this expression to be the most accurate that he could have used. The design of supporting the Catholic claims had not then fully ripened in his mind, he had not formed any accurate and deliberate plan of conduct; but the possibility of doing so at some future day secretly "suggested itself to his mind." A scarcely audible voice whispered in his mind, "Perhaps, Peel, some time or other, in certain contingencies, State necessities, public duty, &c., may require that you should lend a favourable ear to the Catholic claims." What these peculiar contingencies were would also be suggested by the same little voice, but in so low a tone and in such vague terms that he himself would not be able to render a definite account of them.

Whatever, however, be the real construction of the above passage, or of any other similar ones that may be met with among his speeches, we ourselves should not be disposed to attach too prominent an importance to them. Such confessions might be admirably fitted as a taunt to him, as an "*argumentum ad hominem*," as a case of "*habemus confitentem reum*:" but it is not on his own verbal expressions that the judgment on his conduct is to be formed. Strange indeed would it be if a skilful orator should so blunder in his speech as openly to avow an act of duplicity and deceit; it is only matter of marvel how such expressions as that above quoted could ever have been used. But, in a case like this, if he wished fully to

express all that he knew of his own intentions, if he desired to unburden his mind by the fullest possible confession, he would not be able accurately to do so, and his own estimate of his own character would be little worth. It is an unfailing consequence with those who practise hypocrisy in the view of deceiving others, that they also at the same time deceive themselves. One deliberate and systematic piece of deceit produces an incalculable amount of this subtler and unconscious hypocrisy. It is a kind of general veil or mantle in which the person walks, which conceals his soul even from his own view, and deceives him as to the motives of his own actions. Under its soothing influence no sense of insecurity is felt; and the man whose conduct is all the time biassed by some egotistical motive, walks in the proud conviction to himself that he is a model of patriotism and virtue. Such an hypocrisy, to take a prominent instance, is well exemplified in the case of Cromwell; but illustrations must be familiar to every one in the humbler walks of life, and if he have a difficulty in discerning it in others, he will have none if he knows how to examine himself. It is a tendency which exists in all, and requires strong efforts for its subjugation. All strong passions or desires carry it along with them, unless their deceptive influence be firmly counteracted by the stronger desire for truth and right.

In Sir Robert's case we believe it to have arisen from the action of a strong egotistical desire of power and fame, unchecked by any heartfelt and earnest convictions with regard to the truth of his public principles. His whole career is a continuous proof of this defect of all genuine and lively seizure of the truth; for never does he advocate an opinion while it is weak, and never does he oppose it when it is strong. Owing to this, his principles, though he himself may have no distinct consciousness of it, have insensibly bent themselves to the stronger motives of ambition. He remains all the time in ignorance of the secret bias, and is by no means aware of how far from true patriotism he is.

Accustomed to rely on the opinions

of others, from the absence of all earnest conviction in himself, he must be forced to trust to their voice even in matters relating to his own conduct; and, when he hears the cheers of the populace that salute him at the door of the House of Commons, he lays the flattering unction to his soul that he is a martyr and a patriot. How should it be otherwise? When he hears himself applauded as an eminently virtuous and injured man, what means is there of undeceiving him, if his own conscience be silent or confirm the delusion? I find it well remarked to my purpose by Mencius, the Chinese sage, speaking of some statesmen of his day, whom he declares to have had only a false appearance of virtue,—"Having had for a long time this false appearance, and not having made any return to sincerity and integrity, how could they know," he asks, "that they did not possess it?"*

And when we speak of the weakness or servility of conviction, we would by no means be understood to mean a mere liability to change. The man of sincere and earnest mind frequently changes his opinions oftenest. The difference lies in the motives of the change. In the case of the earnest man these arise from his own mind, in the case of the servile-minded man from external circumstances. Such, for instance, are political advantages, or the number, or clamour, or strength of the advocates of an opinion. Circumstances generally enable us to discriminate pretty accurately. If a man always rejects an opinion when shared by few, and always adopts it when popular and dominant; if he has nothing to say to it when it is of no service to him, but embraces it when it is strong, and can give him renown and popularity, we shall not probably err in deeming that man to be of a servile mind, wanting in sincere and earnest convictions. The truthful-minded man at once avows his change, the servile-minded one cunningly conceals it till it suits his purpose. If, besides this, a man be cold, pompous, and an egotist, if his character be marked by duplicity, if his language be plausible, but unsatisfactory if he

be found to pay more deference to his foes through fear than to his friends from affection, all these are corroborating tests of the servile character in question. Though it may be difficult to assign its precise tokens in words, there is less difficulty in discriminating it in practice.

It is this total want of all earnest and heartfelt conviction of the truth, which forms the key to the interpretation of the whole of Sir R. Peel's career. Deciphered by this, all the tortuous inconsistencies of his course arrange themselves in systematic order, all the varied hieroglyphics of his mysterious conduct yield a clear and intelligible meaning. The man who is thoroughly convinced of the truth of his principles, labours unceasingly to impart them to others, to urge upon them the importance of his views, to point out the beneficial results which must flow from his course of policy. Such an earnest conviction animated Pitt in his resistance to the French Revolution, Canning in his advocacy of the Catholic claims, Wilberforce in his endeavours for Negro Emancipation; and lately, (if we may be pardoned somewhat of a bathos,) Cobden in his war against the Corn Laws. Without meaning to assimilate the merits of these various efforts, they all serve as examples of the way in which men act when animated by a genuine and sincere conviction. But there is no principle, great or small, which has owed its advance in public opinion to one sentence of Peel's. Say rather, there is none which while yet in its infancy, and in need of support, has not been opposed by him to the best of his power. While it is weak, he raises his tongue against it; while it is doubtful, he halts between two opinions, and watches the struggle in cautious silence; as soon as it has become dominant and can dispense with his support, he proffers his aid with copious professions of zeal, and seeks to fix on his inglorious brow the laurels that rightly belong to another.

Had he lived in the Roman world at an earlier age, when Christianity was yet striving against the secular

* Meng-tseu, Book II. chap. 6, Art. 30. Pauthier's Translation.

powers, while it was weak and despised, who would have opposed it more loudly than the Robert Peel of the day? who would have more warmly urged its impracticability, its unfitness for the concerns of life? who would more eloquently have exhorted the Roman world to hold to the wisdom of their forefathers? As, however, the tide gradually and steadily rolled on, and day by day one conversion followed another, these eloquent protestations would begin somewhat to flag, and at length that plausible tongue would lie in silence. But when at last it began to make its way among the higher powers of the land, amid the eminent and wealthy; when finally it even penetrated into the Court of the Emperor, and rumours began to be whispered that he himself looked on it with no unfavourable eye, a few days before Constantine's conversion Pellius would announce his formal adhesion to its principles, with an intimation that he had for some years been leaning that way, and that "a similar course had suggested itself to his mind," even at the time when he took some part in the Dioclesian persecution.* A skilful management of "government influence," pouring grace and unction on many benighted minds, would secure him a good claim to merit, and he would doubtless be rewarded for his seasonable change by a high post amid the officers of the regenerate Emperor.

This time-serving conduct, skilfully managed, will frequently succeed admirably with the world; for these children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. The sincere advocates of principles through good and through bad report, are looked upon as unpractical and fanciful theorists; while those who carefully watch their opportunity, and conform themselves with good grace to the dominant tide of opinion, are hailed as able and practical men, and even obtain from the mass the praise of more than common honesty,

inasmuch as they are not ashamed to avow a change in their opinions. It is of such as these that the wise Confucius pointedly says, "The most honest men of their time are the pest of virtue."

"What!" asks the surprised disciple Wen-tchang, "whom do you call the most honest men of their time?"

"Those," replies the Sage, "who direct their principal efforts to speak and act like all the world, are the adulators of their age: these are the most honest men of their generation."

"And why," says the disciple, "do you call them the pest of virtue?"

"If you wish to find a defect in them, you will not know where to lay hold of them; if you wish to attack them in any place, you will not be able to compass it. They participate in the poverty of the manners of their age. That which dwells in their heart resembles integrity and sincerity, and their actions resemble the practice of temperance and virtue. As all the people of their country boast of them incessantly, they believe themselves to be models of perfection. This is why I regard them as the pest of virtue."

"I detest," continues Confucius, "that which has only the appearance of reality: I detest the tares, in the fear that they will ruin the crop. I DETEST THE SKILFUL STATESMAN, IN THE FEAR THAT HE WILL CONFOUND EQUITY."†

Might not the simple lessons of Confucius be read with advantage even in our enlightened age, which certainly is not without its "adulators?" Might not they do some good to Sir R. Peel, and awaken that "skilful statesman" to a juster estimate of his real virtue?

The idea contained in the above passage is most accurately and profoundly true, and shows, like most of his remarks, that Confucius had a penetrating knowledge of human nature. There are, in fact, two great classes into which mankind may be divided; those whose model of con-

* This chronology might seem difficult to conciliate with the life of an individual, but it must be remembered that the Robert Peel never dies. There are always in the world not only one, but many representatives of the character.

† Meng-ten, Book II, chap. 7, Art. 37. Pauthier's Translation.

duct is the general conduct of the society in which they live, and those whose model is an ideal in their own minds, unattainable indeed, and never to be realised in practice, but the mere aiming at which elevates their character. The first of these are the men described above by Confucius, "whose principal effort is to think and to act just like all the world," whom he ironically terms "the most honest men of their district." And even in our day this class furnishes us with a vast number of "most highly respectable men." Destitute of all splendid visions, they are never led astray into any extravagance that might shock the decorous laws of society, and they are looked upon accordingly as models of temperance and virtue. These are the "children of this world" most wise in their generation: the "men of the world," from whom arise the sharp practical man, the skilful statesman, the time-serving diplomatist,* and all the host of Vicars of Bray, whether in religion or politics.

The others are those who derive their principles not from the fashionable dicta of the world, nor the ruling doctrines of the age, but from the idea of truth within their own minds; who, "though the sun were on their right hand and the moon were on their left," would not be diverted from the genuine convictions of their conscience. They look not to the flickering glare of public opinion, but to the immutable light of truth; these are "the children of light," the souls of pure and high-minded virtue. From these have sprung all that humanity has of great and noble, all those who have sacrificed on the altar of truth; in religion the Martyrs, in philosophy the Sages, in politics the sincere and devoted Patriots. They do not despise opinions because the world despises them, nor do they honour them because the world does them honour; they are "*justi ac tenaces propositi viri*," who do not ebb and flow with the tide of public opinion.

In which of these two classes Sir Robert Peel is to be placed, is what his own conduct will decide, better than our judgment. Nevertheless, we will hazard the opinion, that Sir

Robert Peel is no child of light. We suspect that there are *very* few principles, for which he would suffer himself to be burnt,—even in effigy. With no high ideal by which to guide his conduct, with no generous or exalted views, he has ventured on a career beyond his powers. Fitted by Nature to make an excellent Chancellor of the Exchequer, he has not known how to content himself with his proper post. A narrow egotist, he has attempted to guide the destinies of a great nation. His career, as might have been expected, has been a notable failure. If it be not exposed to very heavy blame, we decidedly must withhold all praise from it; if it have little of the execrable, it certainly has nothing of the admirable. Unstable as water, how could he excel? and excellence has been wanting accordingly. His career has been one continuous mistake; the greatest mistake of all being that he ever began it. His only discoveries have been, that he had previously been in error. His only victories have been over his friends, whom thrice he has dragged through the mire of dishonour.† He has portioned out triumph to his foes, defeat and bitterness to his supporters. He quits power amid the disgust and indignation of his old friends, and the contemptuous patronage of his new. Such has been the career of the *safe* man, the practical and able statesman! The generous Canning, a man of real and noble ideas, was looked upon as dangerous, and the wary and cautious Peel was raised to power in his stead. Could they have foreseen—those who were toiling for their safe man, and so alarmed at the dangerous ideas of Canning—that it was to the safe man they were to be indebted for Catholic Emancipation, and Repeal of the Corn Laws? Reflect upon this, ye lovers of *safe* men, and be wise: choose those who are really safe, and see first that they are men at all, and next only that they be safe ones; men—of high and bold ideas, not crafty and narrow-minded egotists.

The above described modification of character is, no doubt, extensively prevalent, and by its frequency in

* Talleyrand is a good example.

† Catholic Bill, Factory Bill, Corn Bill.

their ranks casts somewhat of a shade over the whole body of politicians and statesmen; so much so, that it was an axiom of one of the most distinguished of their number, that they were all to be considered dishonest, till their conduct proved the contrary. But, though far too many examples of it are afforded by political history, we may safely say that seldom has a better opportunity of studying such a character existed, than at the present day, when it is exemplified in a far more open and unblushing way than usual, by the two most noted actors on the political stage, the one of England, the other of Ireland. It is impossible not to recognise the intrinsic similarity in the characters of Peel and O'Connell, though outwardly very differently modified by the circumstances and the tempers of the nations with which they have had to deal. But in both, one great characteristic is the same, that their professions have been at variance with their convictions; that the ends to which they have secretly been working, have been totally different from those which they put forward to the public as their aim. Both have made use of principles and feelings as tools to their ambition, in which they themselves did not in the least degree sympathise; nay, which, in Peel's case, were the secret object of his hostility and aversion. Peel made use of the principles of Toryism, the banner of Church and State; O'Connell of the principle of Nationality, so dear to the Irish, the cry of Repeal, and the Parliament in College Green. That O'Connell cares little enough about Repeal, is now sufficiently evident; and that Peel cared absolutely nothing about Toryism, is but a faint expression of the truth, inasmuch as his object has evidently been to overthrow it, as soon as it had raised him to power. O'Connell, while professedly upholding the cause of the National and fiery Anti-Saxon party, has secretly made friends with the much less romantic and more practical interests of the Catholic priesthood and the Whigs; Peel, while professedly maintaining the declining cause of the Church and State, the old institutions, the national feelings, &c., of the country, has secretly made friends with the

much less ideal and more substantial interests of the commercial classes, and the Manchester cotton lords. Both have ended in a complete rupture with the party of which they were the former champion. Peel is at open war with the Tories, O'Connell with the Nationals. The love of their former friends, is in both cases turned into bitter disgust and contempt; and as we have already heard violent denunciations of Peel from his old supporters, we shall probably ere long hear equally violent against O'Connell. Both, in fact, share the merited fate of long-continued falsity of principle; they stand forth in their old age with their nakedness uncovered, the contempt of all those who can penetrate the hollowness of their career. For both the same excuse is set up, that they deceived for the good of their country. For both the excuse is alike untenable, for nothing can justify such deliberate tampering with the truth; and in both, their final exposure may serve as a warning to show how delusive is such a notion.

On the whole, however, we must greatly give the preference to the Irish agitator; his services to his country have been much greater, his exertions much more effective, and his career much more consistent; for, however insincere he may be on certain points, he has never been guilty of professing principles diametrically opposite to his convictions; he cannot be accused of any such hypocrisy as that of professing Toryism while in heart a Radical. He has consistently supported, and very mainly procured, by his own exertions, many measures important to his country; not to name others, that of Catholic Emancipation. But there is not a single measure which owes its success to the exertions of Peel; though he may have been the nominal instrument of carrying them, their triumph has been in reality the work of others, and they would have been passed with equal or greater readiness had he never existed. The Corn Bill, on which he rests his principal claim, has doubtless lost much more by his long-continued opposition, than it has gained by his tardy conversion. He has done nothing but adopt those principles which had already become dominant through the

exertions of others, and has lived entirely on the fruit of other people's intellects. Every one must admit, that in all this O'Connell is, beyond comparison, superior to Peel. In other respects, too, the bold and open *bonhomme* of the Irish agitator, is far preferable to the cold and repulsive egotism of the English statesman.

That the career of the man who, with weak principles, as above described, attempts to play a conspicuous part in politics, will be pregnant with humiliation, is what we might at once predict. In the present instance of Peel this has been most strikingly exemplified. Unable to nourish himself with the food of truth, he has scantily sustained himself by eating his professions. Perpetually has he opposed, to the best of his power, men whose principles he has afterwards been compelled to adopt. After gaining power by such opposition, he has been forced to confess that he gained it by injuring his country. Even should we take the most favourable view of his conduct to Canning, that the nature of the case will allow, how much has it still of a humiliating character! He is reluctantly induced, at a great sacrifice to his feelings, to join the unfortunate opposition against that statesman, solely, as he *believes*, from a stern sense of public duty. Yet he is obliged afterwards to confess that Canning was much wiser than himself in the matter, and to carry the very measure on account of which his friend had been so mercilessly assailed. He discovers that the violence done to his feelings, not only was productive of no good to his country, but actually of detriment. He discovers that his former objections were not (as had been professed) to the principle of the measure, but only because the public mind was not yet ripe for it, and that as soon as the public mind ripened, his own would ripen too. What regret must thus be excited in the mind awakened to the consciousness of its long mistake!

If he had been satisfied that his opposition to Canning had proceeded from a firm and well-grounded conviction, from an unswerving sense of public duty, his conduct, however repugnant to his feelings, would, on the whole, be a just subject of pride, and the sacrifice of his friendship to

his duty would entitle him to gratitude and respect. But, alas! it turns out that this firm conviction was wanting, that it was based on a foundation of sand; that what principles he had were vague and weak, and were liable to be biassed all the time, much more than he knew, by extraneous and contingent circumstances. This is the reason why they afterwards gave way, when their yielding was demanded by his political position. The law of duty that was deemed so stern and inflexible, proved, when the test was applied, to be pliant and elastic; the convictions which were believed to be based on the firmest Protestant principle, turned out to be chiefly dependent on public ripeness. And when he reflected that he had gained his power by so mistaken a course, by so unfounded an opposition to Canning, surely this would call for feelings of repentance on account of his previous errors, this would at least demand some expression of that contrition and humiliation, which seem so distasteful to his nature. But this is what he seems peculiarly disinclined to do, and till some such avowal of repentance has been made, we cannot think that he will have expiated his error.

His position with respect to the Whigs is of a similarly humiliating kind. What must he now think of that bitter opposition which he formerly promoted and encouraged against them, now that he discovers that he is fully prepared to carry out their extremest principles? Must it not be a subject of penitence to him to discover, that here again his policy was, under his present views, injurious to his country; that his power has been based on an opposition to people wiser, as he now confesses, than himself? Yet here, too, he most strangely resists any avowal of contrition or humiliation.

This phenomenon is not of an amiable nature, nor one which would dispose us to a favourable view of his career. We can scarcely, I think, wonder, all things considered, that his previous conduct, and more especially that towards Canning, should have been brought under discussion in Parliament, as liable to the suspicion of premeditate duplicity and insincerity—of having, in fact, been similar to

that of his three last years with respect to the Corn Laws. Ill, indeed, would it have spoken for the political morality of that Honourable House, if his conduct had been passed over without notice, as the usual and proper course which might be looked for from a British Statesman. Upon this question we will leave others to decide, for this is a point on which every one must entertain his own opinion. Since such has avowedly been his conduct for the three last years, there is nothing to prevent us from extending it over the whole of his public life. We do not, however, purpose to enter minutely into any such researches. We can only wonder at the very needless amount of agitation into which his supporters were thrown, when the subject, not long since, was broached in Parliament. A belief was there expressed, that his conduct on the Catholic Question had been equally insincere with his recent behaviour on the Corn Laws; that he had then, as now, suffered his colleagues and the public to deceive themselves, and had not openly avowed his real opinions. Sir R. Peel is roused to the greatest indignation at such an assertion. Yet surely this anger in him is somewhat out of place. His present insincerity, or deceit by sufferance, he does not attempt to deny;—it would, indeed, be useless for him to do so. Why, then, is he so indignant at the idea that his former conduct should have been similar to his present? Was insincerity a greater crime twenty years ago than it is now? Is deceit in the green tree worse than it is in the dry? If his public duty in 1845 authorised him to allow Lord Stanley, Lord Ashburton, and his party generally, “to deceive themselves,” why might it not have authorised him in 1825 to allow Mr. Canning and Lord Liverpool to deceive themselves also? If it be lawful for him now to mask and suppress his real opinions, why should it not have been so then? Yet by his energetic protestations he would seem to think that it must have been highly censurable. Such charges could only proceed, if we believe him, from the base and vindictive malice of political opponents. Yet what are these charges? The charges of having done then precisely what he has avowedly

been doing now, and what it can scarcely be questioned he has done in the case of the Whigs also; the charge of having suppressed his real opinions, and led his colleagues and the public astray; of having opposed a measure professedly on principle, when in reality he was only waiting for sufficient symptoms of “public ripeness,” or for some other favourable conjuncture, as might best suit his views.

His indignation, then, seems to me to be the severest censure that could be passed on his conduct; and since he takes such pains to condemn himself, we will not trouble ourselves to defend him. We will leave him to his own tender mercies; from no quarter can his castigation proceed better than from his own hand.

We will merely hint a few remarks on the line of defence he has adopted. He seems to think that it all turns on some verbal expressions of his own, and that if he establish his position on these, no possible ground is left for suspecting him of insincerity. He insists several times, “I repeat that the whole of this question turns on the point, Did I, or did I not (at a certain time) use such and such expressions to Lord Liverpool?” We cannot agree with him in thinking that the question turns mainly upon this, or even that it is much affected by it. The question, in our apprehension, turns upon this:—Seeing that you have been, through an unknown portion of your career, accustomed to suppress and mask your opinions, and allow people, as you phrase it, to deceive themselves, have we any reason to think that your conduct was more ingenuous in your youth than it was in your mature prime, and is in your declining age? Seeing what your practice has recently been, we think that people must be allowed on these matters to judge for themselves, and to form their own opinion on your insincerity, as to its nature, its duration, and its amount. Indeed, if the question were to be decided by his own words, it would fare ill with his case; for, as we saw above, in a passage of his revised and corrected speech, his own expressions on this matter make against him more than those of his bitterest opponent could do. Were we to believe his own assertion, that the same course which he pursued in

1829, with respect to the Catholic Question, had suggested itself to his mind so early as in 1825, we should be forced to regard his conduct to Canning as disgraced by most culpable hypocrisy. He must have opposed that statesman upon hollow and deceitful grounds, and must have obtained power upon false pretences. We do not assert that such was actually the case, but if we are to believe his statements it must have been so. We can only hope that his account of the business was incorrect, and that the foresight he would seek to attribute to himself had no real existence. If, then, any body is maligning him, it would seem to be himself; and when he is thus merciless to his own character, he can scarcely wonder at some severity from the hands of his foes. We have no wish for our part to say any thing of him so injurious, as that which he has left on record against himself; and we will leave him therefore, as before, to smart beneath the lash of his own self-inflicted chastisement.

There is another charge, quite distinct from the preceding, brought against him with respect to his conduct towards Canning; viz., that he sanctioned the violent attacks made against that statesman by some of his supporters.*

His own language, indeed, is free from this violence, but we can scarcely avoid thinking that blame attaches to him for indifference in the matter, for suffering his followers to employ an ungenerous mode of warfare against his rival, when it may reasonably be supposed that a decided expression of disapproval on his part would have gone far to put a stop to this. His conduct in the case of the Whigs was very similar, and their very generous behaviour at the present time to him, affords a most striking contrast to his previous treatment of them. As to the actual guilt to be imputed to these direct assailants of Canning, we hear

very different estimates. That their attacks had a very powerful effect upon him personally, and were bitterly felt by him, there can be no doubt; and there seems no good ground for questioning the opinion of his relatives, that they had a share in hastening his death. It is urged, however, in their behalf, that they were doing no more than what is frequently done in politics; that they were young men, accustomed to see violent personal attacks considered an ordinary weapon of political warfare, and they would probably therefore think that theirs were perfectly *en règle*; that their assaults were not more bitter than what have often been made on other statesmen; that public men must expect this kind of annoyance, and that it was impossible to anticipate that they would produce so unwonted an effect in this instance. Granting them the full benefit of these apologies, there will still remain a considerable share of blame. If a practice is culpable, however general, those who adopt it must bear in some measure the guilt of any evil consequences that ensue. School-boys are in the habit of flinging stones without any very great regard to the damage they may occasion, and the practice among them not being looked on as blamable, we cannot, from proofs that a boy has flung these stones, argue in him any very peculiarly evil nature. Nevertheless, nobody can deny, that if one of these boys, though not much more careless or vicious than his fellows, should chance to aim so full at a more than usually delicate head, that his stone should be the cause of death, this should be a subject of repentance to him, a lesson that he should remember with humiliation for the rest of his life, and one which should be frequently quoted as a useful example of the culpability of the practice. A guilt of a nature analogous to this is what we should attribute to these assailants; the guilt of great wanton-

* That this opposition to Canning was characterised by a peculiar virulence on the part of some of its members, appears to be indisputable, inasmuch as it seems to be the received opinion of those best acquainted with Canning, that it had a considerable share in causing his death. Thus, not to mention other testimonies, his widow, when Huskisson subsequently joined some of these politicians in office, writes to him to reproach him with having joined her husband's murderers. Peel himself at the time did not escape from severe blame on account of it, and one of his relatives, Mr Dawson, is mentioned as one of the most notable of the culprits.

ness and meanness, though not of *malice prepense*.

And if a person whose years, or whose position, such as a tutor to these boys, ought to have rendered him wiser, should have been standing by at the time, while these stones were raining against a friend or rival of his, with the view of diverting and pleasing him, and should have regarded the matter with indifference, thinking to himself it is no more than what all boys do, it is not likely that any harm will come from it this time more than any other;—he also should look on his connivance, under the circumstances, as matter of humiliation and repentance. A culpability similar to this very possibly attaches to Sir R. Peel, and if so, it should not be looked upon as in any way light and trivial, however much it may be sought to be sheltered by custom or example.

His blame indeed in this matter would be rather negative than positive, rather of omission than of commission, and would not therefore afford ground for any positive charge. Very probably, by the ordinary rules of political warfare, his conduct in this affair would be justifiable. It would be deemed sufficient by them that he should be clear from all such violence himself; it would not be thought incumbent on him to take any especial pains to stop it in others. Had he, however, been of a generous nature, we should have expected more than this; and we think in that case he would have taken more energetic measures to repress this wanton and culpable practice, especially against one who had been his friend. There is certainly nothing in his conduct on this occasion to applaud; no generous traits, as there might have been, to raise him in our estimation. But this is more, perhaps, than we could reasonably expect; men do not look for grapes from thistles, nor for generosity from Peels. We cannot well make it an actual charge against a man, that he was not generous; absence of generosity is not guilt, but poverty of character. That Sir R. Peel's conduct on this occasion may have evinced poverty of character, is no more than what his general career would dispose us to believe. A higher mind would not have been contented with doing no more than what was

ordinarily done; he would have seen more clearly the culpability of the practice, though established by usage, and would have blamed it in stronger language than many of his party would think it merited. We think, therefore, that it is a passage in his career which he should look on with deep humiliation, although we should not be disposed to consider it the ground of any very serious charge.

It is not, however, in any way a matter of wonder that some should entertain a severer judgment; for Sir R. Peel's subsequent conduct has been such, that it justifies much liberty of opinion on these matters. It is in these cases that a perfect sincerity and ingenuousness of conduct is of the greatest use in purging a character which may undeservedly have been placed in untoward and suspicious circumstances. If his own wily and deceitful behaviour has very much weakened the defence which such a character would have afforded him, he has none but himself to blame. We can feel no pity for him under such imputations, for these suspicions are no more than the natural and proper punishment which general insincerity calls down upon itself. As one of the rewards of truthful and ingenuous conduct is that it fortifies the whole character, and repels unmerited suspicion, so the fitting and appropriate punishment of hypocrisy is that it throws a tarnish over the whole career, and prevents the assumption of the high tone of blameless and unassailable purity.

Nor can we leave unnoticed the weakness of his retort on his assailants, when he complains so loudly of these old accusations being disturbed after so long a slumber. He would argue from this that they arise entirely from party malice. "I ask," says he, "whether, if I had not brought forward the present measure, I should have heard a word of all these accusations?" Very likely not; we quite agree with him that in that case they would probably have lain dormant without much revival of notice. But so acute a mind must, one would think, perceive that their re-appearance at the present moment might reasonably be expected, independent of all party or unworthy motives. His whole recent conduct has been extraordinary and

unprecedented, and people are naturally anxious to trace up the hidden springs in which so remarkable a policy takes its rise. But more than that—it is his recent conduct which more especially establishes his insincerity; and does he forget that it is on the suspicion of insincerity, that the culpability of much of his previous course depends? His career cannot well be judged *a priori*, but it can be so much better, *a posteriori*. When he refers to the character given him by Canning, as a testimony of his integrity, does he think that Canning would have so expressed himself, if he had known at that time what was to be his future conduct on the Catholic question? Does he not see that it is his subsequent behaviour which entirely nullifies all the praises that Canning may have bestowed upon him, even if it were not futile in every way to refer to such compliments? And does he not see that his recent conduct in the case of the Corn Laws aggravates the suspicion of insincerity? It is this which has reasonably awakened a scrutiny into the previous events of his career; it is this which has excited that discussion which has fixed for ever an unmusical dissonance between the names of Canning and of Peel.

For our own part, putting aside his culpability in the matter, we would look upon his relation with these maligners of Canning, to be not so much blamable as ominous. However much we may be disposed to acquit him of any connivance in the matter, yet the mere fact that his power owed obligation at its outset to so violent an opposition against a man like Canning—an opposition which so deeply imbittered the career of that generous and high-minded statesman, this mere fact, I say, is an unfortunate and untoward fact, one which would stand as no happy augury at the commencement of the brightest course of pure and irreproachable patriotism. But when it stands at the commencement of a career like his, of that long tissue of inconsistent profession, of masked and disingenuous policy, it is a gloomy and an inauspicious fact, one which fully justifies the expression of his antagonist, in calling him an ill-omened and a sinister career.

Whatever view be taken, there is

no ground for complaint, if his conduct be strictly and rigidly scrutinised; for really, all things considered, he is not a subject who can lay claim to any excessive and scrupulous delicacy. For our part, when we hear his conduct to Canning censured, though it may be too severely, we are rather disposed to reserve our pity for Canning, than to give any portion of our tenderness to the fragile and sensitive Peel. For is it not precisely one of the complaints to which he is justly liable, that he was not duly alive to the evil of such attacks when made against the character of another, and that he profited by the support of those who made them, without any very energetic remonstrance? Did he not stand by while the iron was eating into the soul of his former friend, without any very great and poignant grief, without any severe disturbance of his equanimity? He appears to have maintained a magnanimous composure, and philosophically to have reaped the advantages, unmindful, in his short-sighted views, of what might happen to himself. "*Eheu! quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!*" Now, when his own conduct is assailed, though on just and reasonable grounds, while that of Canning was attacked on the most frivolous and unreasonable, whither has suddenly vanished that stoical fortitude with which he so firmly bore up against the attacks on his friend? Now it is his turn to wince and to complain, to protest against all rancour in politics, to deprecate all asperity of tone, to claim a mild and courteous mode of discussion. Maxims most good and true in themselves, but why were they not remembered earlier? Where were they among his former party? where were they when those unjust attacks were made, which now form a just subject of attack in their turn? It was not from him nor his partisans that the voice was raised which stigmatised those proceedings. No: his present complaints are idle: to be of avail we ought to have heard of them earlier. His position at present is no more than the result of that natural and equitable action, by which injustice, though late, punishes itself. It is a law of nature from which no man may escape; neither a beggar

nor a Premier. One wrong begets another, of like brood and kind with itself. Το γὰρ δυσσέδης ἰσθον μετὰ μὲν τάλιονα τινα, σέπτετα δ' ἰκοντα γονα.* The cup which in his youth he tranquilly suffered a nobler soul to drain to the dregs, how should he refuse in his declining years to put his lips to the margin? Let him try its taste with the best face he can, without superfluous whinings or complainings. He need not be unnecessarily apprehensive of its effect; it will not act on him as it did on a nobler nature. The chill and callous organisation of the egotist will receive no more than a beneficial stimulus from the potion which is death to the generous soul. The darts which would find their way direct to the frank and open heart, will fall blunt and powerless long before they reach those hidden and inaccessible recesses of his own, cased as it is in a triple mail of coldness, secrecy, and self-delusion. Should a stray one, piercing that elephantine hide, awaken an unwonted smart, our pity would be steeled by the reflection, — "*Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat.*" and we should watch the flow of blood, with no apprehension of a serious effect, but with feelings of pleasure, arising from the sense of a somewhat satisfied justice.

What, then, is the moral of the whole matter? A short and simple one.

LET NO ONE ASPIRE TO A LEADING PART IN POLITICS, UNLESS HE POSSESS GENUINE AND EARNEST CONVICTIONS: LET NO ONE WHO HAS NOT SUCH FIRM PRINCIPLES IN HIS HEART, GIVE UTTERANCE TO ENERGETIC PROFESSIONS WITH HIS LIPS: LET NO ONE WHO HAS NOT A GREAT SOUL SET UP FOR BEING A GREAT MAN.

If Sir R. Peel's career as a public man were over, the reflections suggested by it, however interesting in a speculative point of view, would not be of much immediate practical importance. But such is by no means the case: this mysterious character is still among us, playing his part upon the stage, and possessed of very

extensive influence and popularity. It is this, indeed, which renders his example more peculiarly baneful and demoralising, for, owing to the favour he has gained by his recent measures, the hollowness and insincerity of his previous career are by many wholly overlooked. The admiration lavished on such a policy as this, must exercise a most pernicious influence, injurious to the character of public men, and of the nation at large. Every thing that can counteract this mistaken tendency, would be a real benefit; and it is chiefly with this view that we have been induced to contribute our mite in an otherwise ungenial task. But when we find skilful insincerity receiving the praises due only to disinterested virtue, we feel called upon to lift our feeble voice against so fatal a delusion. The prospect, by no means improbable, of his return to power, renders such efforts still more important. For such an event is far more likely than many would be inclined to deem. However deserted he may be by his old friends, a new and rising party is gathering around him, and the old champion of the High Tories is become the flower of the Ultra Radicals. The strongest hopes are entertained by these of his speedy return to the post of Minister. We are told, as quoted above, that he is to be triumphantly borne into power on the shoulders of the people, and in that enviable position to remain as long as he pleases; a sort of perpetual Grand Vizier. He has made friends, it would appear, with the Mammon of the Cotton Lords, that when the Landlords failed they might receive him into everlasting habitations. That he has sufficient popularity and influence for this purpose is not to be questioned, and the jealousies of the two great rival parties are likely to be favourable to his views. If it be true that he has all along been working to this consummation, that his secret and steady aim has been to come out as the Popular Minister of the movement, however severely his previous conduct must be censured, we cannot deny it a certain amount of skill. We

* Translated by Shelley :

"Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind :
The foul cubs like the parents are."

hope, however, that it will meet with the ill success that it deserves. It is impossible to think that a character like this, however able, is fitted to govern the nation. That the popular will, whatever it may be, will be readily executed by him, is perfectly clear; but something more than this is necessary to constitute a good Minister. They must indeed be a peculiar kind of Liberals who would gladly ally themselves with such a leader as this.

"License they mean, when they cry liberty,
For who loves that must first be wise and good."

Now their chosen master, Sir Robert, has unfortunately placed himself in such a position, that he cannot be both wise and good. His course must either have been very much mistaken, or very insincere, so that if he be wise he cannot be good, and if he be good he cannot be wise. It is impossible, therefore, that he can be both, though perfectly possible that he may be neither. We cannot, then, congratulate the Ultra party upon the acquisition that they have made; and if as friends they find reason to be satisfied with their new champion, they will be the first of his friends who have done so.

Surely, however, we are not yet so badly off, but that we may find men both wiser and better for our Ministers. Let us hope that the new government, in spite of its very inauspicious commencement, may at least, by its honesty and sincerity, form a brilliant contrast to its predecessor. They have a great task before them, one which will test their worth and their abilities to the utmost, and afford the amplest scope to their energies; viz. the improvement of the social condition of the labouring classes. Let them know at once, and let them openly proclaim it, that this will require far higher and more extensive principles than those of political economy; that it will not be accomplished by the "competition" or by the "state of nature" proposed by an Episcopal economist, nor by the

mere process of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. Nay, let them be well assured that it will require an infringement of this sacred principle, however blasphemous it may sound in the ears of our Liberal cottonocracy. It will require an interference with the market of labour, and with the lordly privileges of capital. They must be prepared to encounter the censure of many a dogmatic economist, the odium of many a wealthy capitalist, and even the ingratitude of many of the people upon whom their benefits shall be conferred. The problem is one for which their predecessor, Sir Robert, was evidently totally unfitted, for it will require minds above the spirit of the time, Statesmen who must anticipate, not follow, the reigning popular doctrines. Their present conduct will show whether they are really Liberals, or merely false and empty assumers of the name; whether they are in possession of the high and true principles which conduce to the virtue and happiness of States, or whether, like the mass, they are principally engrossed in commercial and industrial doctrines. It cannot be disguised that they have made a very poor beginning, disgraceful to their name and to their former achievements; let us hope that shame may serve to stimulate them for the future to something more glorious and honourable.

Sir Robert Peel's conduct will serve them in many matters as a useful example, as a solemn warning, as a practical illustration of the homely adage, that "honesty is the best policy." We have seen enough of the evils entailed by a masked and disingenuous policy, which delights in allowing people to deceive themselves. Let us now contrast with it the advantages of a sincere, open, and consistent course. Let us profit by the late Premier's career as an example, in which case it will not have been without its use; and let us, by so doing, avoid the disgrace of falling again under his power.

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MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN WILLIAM SMITH, OF THE INNER TEMPLE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

BY SAMUEL WARREN, OF THE INNER TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.

MILTON.—*Lycidas*.

THE name of John William Smith, barrister-at-law, of the Inner Temple, now appears, possibly for the first time, before nineteen-twentieths of the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is that, however, of a remarkable and eminent man, just cut off in his prime, before he had completed his thirty-seventh year: having as yet lain little more than a twelvemonth in his grave, to which he had been borne by a few of his sorrowful and admiring friends, on the 24th of December, 1845. Another eminent member of the English bar, Sir William Follett, belonging to the same Inn of Court, and also cut off in the prime of life, while glittering in the zenith of his celebrity and success, had been buried only five months previously. I* endeavoured to give the readers of this Magazine, in January 1846, some account of the character of that distinguished person; and Mr.

Smith, learning that I was engaged upon the task, with morbid anxiety repeatedly begged me to show him what I was writing, up to within a few weeks of his own decease: a request with which, for reasons which will become obvious to the reader of this sketch, I declined to comply. With Sir William Follett's name all the world is acquainted: yet I venture to think that the name of John William Smith has greater claims upon the attention of readers of biography. His character and career will, it is believed, be found permanently and intrinsically interesting,—at once affecting, inspiring, and admonitory. He fell a martyr to intense study, just as that competent and severe body of judges, the English bench and bar, had recognised his eminent talents and acquirements, and the shining and substantial rewards of unremitting exertion were beginning to be showered upon him

* This narrative was originally composed in the third person; but so much of it consists of my own personal intercourse with Mr. Smith, that the use of that circuitous form of expression became as irksome to the writer, as he thinks it would have proved tedious and irritating to the reader.

He came to the bar almost totally unknown, and was destitute of any advantages of person, voice, or manner. His soul, however, was noble, his feelings were refined and exalted; and, when he departed from the scene of intense excitement and rivalry into which his lot had been cast, those who had enjoyed the best opportunities for forming a true judgment of him, knew not whether more to admire his moral excellence or his intellectual eminence, which shone the more brightly for the sensitive modesty which enshrouded them. Many have expressed surprise and regret that so interesting a character should fade from the public eye, without any attempt having been made by his friends to give a full account of his character and career. I was one of his very earliest friends; witnessed the whole of his professional career, shared his hopes and fears, and, with two or three others, attended upon him affectionately to the very last. During the year which has since elapsed, I have reflected much upon his character, and had many opportunities for ascertaining the respect with which his memory is cherished in the highest quarters. I shall endeavour, therefore, though with great misgivings as to my competency for the task, to present to the reader an impartial account of my gifted friend: no one else, with one exception,* having, up to this time, undertaken the task.

John William Smith, the eldest of eight children, was of a highly respectable family: his father having died in 1835, Vice-treasurer and Paymaster-general of the Forces in Ireland. Both his parents were Irish—his mother having been a Miss Connor, the sister of a late Master in Chancery, in Ireland. They lived, however, in London, where the subject of this memoir was born, in Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, on the 23d January, 1809. From the earliest period at which note could be taken of their manifestation, he evinced the possession of superior mental endow-

ments. No one is less disposed than the writer of this memoir, to set a high value upon precocious intellectual development. *Observatum fere est*, says Quintilian, in his passionate lamentation for the death of his gifted son, *celerius occidere festinatum maturitatem*.† The maturity, however, of John William Smith, far more than realised his early promise, and renders doubly interesting any well-authenticated account, and such I have succeeded in obtaining, of his early childhood. When advanced not far from infancy, he appears to have been characterised by a kind of quaint thoughtfulness, quick observation, and a predilection for intellectual amusements. He was always eager to have poetry read to him, and soon exhibited proofs of that prodigious memory, by which he was all his life pre-eminently distinguished, and which has often made the ablest of his friends imagine that with him, *forgetting* was a thing impossible. Before he knew a single letter of the alphabet, which he learnt far earlier, moreover, than most children, he would take into his hand his little pictured story-book, which had been perhaps only once, or possibly twice, read over to him, and pretend to read aloud out of it: those overlooking him scarcely crediting the fact of his really being unable to tell one letter from the other: for he repeated the letterpress *verbatim*, from beginning to end. This feat has been repeatedly witnessed before he had reached his third year. To all the friends of Mr. Smith in after-life, this circumstance is easily credible: for the quickness of his memory was equalled by its tenacity, and both appeared to us almost unequalled. When three years old, he read with the greatest facility all such books as are usually put into the hands of children; and his delight was to *act*, in the evening, the fable which he had read in the morning—and a reader insatiate he even then appeared to be. Between his third and sixth year, he had read, *effectually*, many books of

* See an eloquent but brief sketch, of W. Smith, in the *Law Magazine* for February 1846, by Mr. Phillimore, of the Oxford Circuit, one of his most accomplished friends.

† Lib. vi. *proöm*.

history, especially those of Greece, Rome, England, and France; acquiring with facility what he retained with the utmost fidelity. He seems to have been, at this time, conscious of possessing a strong memory, and pleased at testing it. When not five years old, he one day put the parts of a dissected map, consisting of a hundred pieces, into his father's pocket, and then called for them again one by one, without having made a single mistake, till he had finished putting them together on the carpet. At this early period, also, he displayed another first-rate mental quality, namely, the power of abstraction—one by which he was eminently distinguished throughout his subsequent life. When a very young child, he was frequently observed exercising this rare power—lost to all around him, and evidently intent upon some one object, to the exclusion of all others. Thus, for instance, he would often be occupied with a play of Shakspeare, while sitting in the corner of the drawing-room, in which were many persons engaged in conversation, or otherwise doing what would have effectually interrupted one who was not similarly endowed with himself. One of his brothers often played at chess with him, with closed folding doors between them, the former moving the chess-men for both, and the latter calling out the moves, without ever making an erroneous one, and frequently winning the game. His partiality to poetry, from almost his infancy, has been already noticed; and it is to be added, that he was equally fond of reading and *writing* verses. One of his relatives has at this moment in her possession a "Poem" from his pen, in pencilled *printed* characters, before he had learned, though he learned very early, to write, entitled, "The Mariner's Return." Till very recently, also, the same lady possessed another curious relic of this precocious child,—namely, a prose story; the hero of which was a peasant boy, whom he took through almost all the countries of Europe, and through many vicissitudes, finally exalting him to the post of Prime Minister to Henry VIII. The knowledge of geography and history displayed in this performance, is declared

by those who have read it, to be truly wonderful. Shortly after he had reached his eighth year, he was sent to a school at Isleworth, kept by a Dr. Greenlaw, and remained there four years. I have heard him frequently describe his first arrival at the school, and several incidents attending it, in such a manner as showed him then to have had great shrewdness and keenness of observation. One, in particular, struck me at the time as illustrative of his stern sense of right, and habits of reflection, at that very early period. "I remember," said he, "that soon after I had got to school, a big boy called me aside, and told me very seriously that I must prepare for a terrible flogging on Saturday morning, and that however well I behaved, it would signify nothing, for it was an old custom at the school to flog a little boy on his first Saturday, before the whole school, by way of example, and to make him behave well. I was horribly frightened at this; but the first thing that struck me, and kept me awake a good while thinking of it, was, how very *unjust* a thing it was to do this; and I thought so much of *this*, that I do believe I was at length far more angry than frightened. Of course, when Saturday came, I found it had been all a joke only; but I always thought it a very disagreeable and improper joke." I have several times heard Mr. Smith mention this little circumstance, and I have above given many of his own expressions. He used to proceed to describe the reasonings which he had held in his own mind upon this subject, all which, he said, he vividly recollected; and it was certainly both curious and interesting to hear how he puzzled himself in trying to find out "reasons why it might be right to flog him under these circumstances." Dr. Greenlaw was not slow in discovering the extraordinary abilities of the little new-comer, and used to describe them in glowing terms to his father; but would add that, much as he admired the child's talent and diligence, he entertained a still higher opinion of the little fellow's perfect modesty, his seeming unconsciousness of his mental superiority over his companions, his honesty and simplicity of

character, and, above all, his unwavering and inflexible adherence to truth on even the most trifling occasions. Every living friend of his will testify that he was thus distinguished throughout life, exhibiting that

Compositum jus, fasque animi, sanctosque
recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto,
which the stern moralist* declared to afford the noblest qualification for approaching the presence of the gods.

Hæc cedo ut admoveam templis, et farre
litabo.

During this period, namely, from his eighth to his twelfth year, he became passionately fond of writing verses: and I have now before me, kindly forwarded by one of his relatives in Ireland, two small quarto MS. volumes, containing exclusively what he wrote during this period, extending to upwards of seventy or eighty pieces, some of considerable length, and in every kind of English verse. Their genuineness is unquestionable; and I shall quote from them in the state in which they were originally collected at the time, without the alteration of a single letter. Having completely satisfied myself on this point, and I hope the reader also, what will he think of the following evidence of the creative perception of humour professed by a child scarce thirteen years of age? I have transcribed it *verbatim*. It is prefixed to a satirical poem of some length, entitled "Practical Morality."

Preface *loquitur*—

"Though it may appear to thee, courteous reader, that I have in all ages been considered as a vehicle of fumbling apologies and trivial excuses, a sort of go-between employed by the writer to deprecate the anger of the peruser, in short, the literary servant of all-work, whether my duty be to expatiate on the merits, or apologise for the defects of my master, or (as it often is) to claim the pity and forbearance of the mobile, and set forth in humble terms the degradations he has submitted, and is still ready to submit to,—I say, reader, though a

part so servile has been assigned to me, yet, should my natural claims and intrinsic merits be duly considered, different, far different would be my station. What! am I thus exalted in situation above my [*sic*] situated, (as I may say,) in the very van, exposed to the sneer of every satirical reader and sententious critic? Am I placed in a post so dangerous, and are contempt and humiliation my only reward? O, mankind, where is your gratitude? Think, generous reader, on the services I have so often rendered you: think how often, when you were about to enter upon the stupendous folio, or the dull and massy quarto, four inches at least in thickness, think, O think, how often my timely, though unpromising appearance, has warned you not to encumber your brain with the incalculable load of lumber! With me, then, let the glorious work of reformation commence, restore me to the honour and esteem I so justly deserve. I, for my part, shall still continue to be a spy upon stupidity, and oft shall you receive the reward of your benevolence from my friendly and seasonable admonitions."

"Hezekiah Shortcut,

O tempora! O mores!"

The poem is in two cantos: the first of which thus opens,—

Long have I view'd the folly and the sin
That fill this wicked globe of ours, call'd
earth,

And once a secret impulse felt within
My bosom, to convert it into mirth;
But then the voice of pity, softly sighing,
Hinted the subject was more fit for crying.

Democritus was once a Grecian sage—
A famous man, as every one must know—
But rather fond of sneering at the age,
And turning into laughter human wo;
Another sage, Heraclitus to wit,
Considered it more wise to weep for it.
I can't determine which of them was
right,

Nor can I their respective merits see;
The subject, disputation may invite,
But that belongs to wiser men than me.
It has already been discuss'd by one,
A better judge by far (see Fenelon.)

Verse the twelfth touches upon a topic with which its writer was destined afterwards, for a short time, to be practically familiar.

How sweet a fee unto the youthful lawyer
Never before presented with a brief,
To whose distressing case some kind employer
Steps in, and brings his generous relief;

Thus giving him a chance to show *that*
merit
So long kept down by the world's envious
spirit.

Here is the little practical moral-
ist's advice to the ladies!—

Ye ladies, list! and to my words attend,
They're for your good, as you shall quickly
see.

Sit down **by** the fireside, your stockings
mend,

And **never** mingle spirits with your tea.

When you retire at night, put out the
candle,

Discard your lap-dogs, leave off talking
scandal.

When card-tables are set, you must not
play

For ought beyond the value of one shilling:
This is my firm decree, although you may,
As ladies mostly are, be very willing.

I bid you cease, for into debt 't will run
ye,

Do you no good, but spend your husband's
money.

Husbands are fools who let their wives
do so,—

I scarce can pity when I see them ruin'd;
For when they squander all, they ought
to know,

Destruction is a consequence pursuant.

When each has turn'd his home into a
sad-house,

He then finds out that he deserves a mad-
house.

I do denounce, in all the songs you sing,
The words, *sweet, lovely, dear angelic*
charmer,

Flames, darts, sighs, wishes, hopes,—they
only bring

Thoughts to a lady which perchance may
harm her.

You therefore must consider as ironic
Every expression which is not Platonic.

The whole poem is written in a droll,
satirical strain, and shows a great
familiarity with the topics of ancient
and modern literature. The rest of
the volume consists of translations
from Anacreon, Horace, and other
Greek and Latin poets, and many
original pieces; one of which latter,
entitled "The Prodigal Son," thus
gravely and impressively opens,—

Far from his kindred, from his country's
soil,

By want enfeebled, and oppress'd by toil,
Compell'd with slow reluctance to de-
mand

The niggard pity of a stranger's hand,

And forced, in silent anguish, to abide
The sneer of malice, the rebuke of pride:

A wretch oppress by sorrow's galling
weight,

Deplored his ruined peace, his hapless
fate.

His was such anguish as the guilty know,
For self-reproach was mingled with his
wo.

He dared not fortune's cruelty bemoan—
The error, the offence, was all his own.

There are also scattered over the
volume several epigrams, one of
which is headed thus: "On a Lady
who married her Brother-in-law."

After so many tedious winters past,
The lovely S—— has caught a swain at
last—

A swain who twice has tried the marriage
life,

And now resolves again to take a wife.

Behold! behold *the new-made* mother
runs,

With ardour to embrace—*her nephews*!

The second volume commences with
a poem of considerable length, entitled,
"Salamis," with a notice that "The
foregoing poem was presented to his
father, by John William Smith, Janu-
ary 23d, 1821, the day on which he
completed his twelfth year." The
following is "The Argument of
Canto I:—

"Themistocles lying awake in the
night, is surprised by the entrance of
Aristides, who informs him that the Per-
sian fleet had completely surrounded
them. Themistocles tells him that this
was effected by a device of his own, to
prevent the Greeks from deserting the
Straits, and sends him to Eurybiades,
calls a council in the morning, in which
it is resolved to attack the enemy, and
the whole fleet move forward in order of
battle.—Scene, the Grecian camp on the
sea-shore of Salamis."

The first Canto thus opens—

Now darkness over all her veil had
spread,

Save where the moon her feeble lustre
shed,

When from the clouds emerging, her dim
ray

Mock'd the effulgence of the lucid day.

Stretch'd on their beds, the Greeks in soft
repose

Awhile forgot their harass'd country's
woes.

Themistocles alone awake remain'd,

By his anxiety from sleep restrain'd;

Although the chief with labour was
oppress,

His care for Greece withheld his wonted
rest.

For three long hours, all had been still
 around,
 At length he hears (or thinks he hears)
 a sound;
 He starts, and sees a stately form advance,
 Clad in bright arms, and with a shining
 lance,
 And by the moon's faint beams, the chief
 descried
 A Persian sabre glittering at his side.

Here follows the "Argument of
 Canto II—

"Mardonius is surprised by the noise
 of the Greeks advancing, and the hostile
 fleet appearing, the ships move forward
 to meet them.—Lycomedes takes the
 first galley, and consecrates the spoils to
 Apollo.—The acts of Eurybiades, Mar-
 donius, and Themistocles.—Aristides
 and Lycomedes landing in the Isle of
 Psyttalia, destroy a number of Persians
 stationed there, at sight of which, part
 of the Persian fleet gives way.—Ari-
 menes endeavouring to rally them, is
 slain.—At his death the rest of the Per-
 sians fly. The Greeks pursue them to the
 Attic shore, and obtain a complete vic-
 tory, which concludes the Poem."

The whole poem shows a mind
 thoroughly imbued with Grecian his-
 tory, and the action is conceived and
 described with considerable spirit. There
 are a few lame verses, here
 and there, but scarcely a single
 puerile conceit; while a perusal
 of the entire contents of these
 records of a gifted child, is calculated
 to surprise, by the great extent of
 reading displayed by its writer, and
 the ease and precision with which he
 brings it to bear upon his subject.

In the spring of 1821 he entered
 Westminster School, taking his place
 on the fourth form, which secured him
 an exemption from fagging. Here,
 again, his progress was that of a boy
 of first-rate abilities, great diligence,
 and unvarying good conduct. Two
 years afterwards, viz. in the spring of
 1823, he gained a king's scholarship,
 without the assistance of a "*help*," a
 thing which it is believed was unpre-
 cedented. In the College, however, he
 could not escape *fagging*; but such
 was his independent spirit, that he
 refused to submit to it, and imme-
 diately resigned his hard-won scholar-
 ship, with all its prospects. His
 father was somewhat nonplussed by
 this occurrence; and presently sent
 him to a school at Blackheath, kept by

the present rector of Woolwich, the
 Rev. Willam Greenlaw, a son of his
 former master, Dr. Greenlaw. The
 Blackheath school contained no fewer
 than seventy-two boys, many of them
 on the eve of quitting for the universi-
 ties; but as soon as John William
 Smith made his appearance, he was
 not only recognised as being far super-
 ior to them all, but equally well read
 with the ushers; and he consequently
 read with Mr. Greenlaw himself,
 alone! being then, it will be recol-
 lected, little more than fourteen years
 of age! He wrote every species of
 Latin verse with the utmost facility—
 of which he gave, on one occasion, a
 proof not yet forgotten by his school-
 fellows: for, one evening, shortly after
 going there, he wrote all the Latin
 verses for the entire school, from the
 highest to the lowest—in all metres,
 and on every variety of subject. This
 feat was lately communicated to me
 by one of his then schoolfellows; and
 I also recollect him once mention-
 ing the subject to me himself; adding,
 if I recollect correctly, that there was
 not a blunder found in any of the
 verses which he had written. During
 his vacations he visited France, and
 mastered the French and Italian lan-
 guages, with both of which, up to the
 period of his death, he continued per-
 fectly familiar, and very partial to
 the writers of both. About this
 time he began to cast about for a pro-
 fession; and entertained the notion of
 either going out to India, in a military
 capacity, or entering Woolwich aca-
 demy as a cadet. His father persuaded
 him to relinquish the former step, but
 assented to his adopting the latter; and
 he paid close attention to engineering.
 He has often expressed to me the
 delight he took in studying *fortifica-
 tion*; adding, that he had sometimes
 regretted having abandoned that line
 of life, for that he fancied he should
 have been successful in it. His father
 would have procured him an appoint-
 ment in conformity with his wishes,
 had not his views concerning him
 been changed by his friend, the Right
 Honourable Sir George Fitzgerald
 Hill, then Vice-treasurer of Ireland,
 who gave his son an appointment in the
 Vice-treasurer's office at Dublin Castle.
 Sir George quickly detected the supe-
 rior talents and acquirements of young

Smith, and became much attached to him: evincing peculiar satisfaction in conversing with him, and listening to his quaint, exact, pithy answers to questions proposed to him. About this time he was smitten with the love of Lord Byron's poetry, which he devoured with avidity, and his own love of verse-writing revived. He became, indeed, very anxious to excel in poetry. He was soon tired of his official duties, and resigned his situation in favour of his brother, who at this moment fills a responsible office in the same department in Dublin Castle.

In the year 1826, being then in his seventeenth year, Mr. Smith entered Trinity College, Dublin, where his whole career was, as might have been expected, one of easy triumph. He constantly carried off the highest classical premiums, and occasionally those in science, as well as—whenever he tried—for composition. In 1829, he gained a scholarship, and in the ensuing year obtained the highest honours in the power of Trinity College to bestow, namely, the gold medal for classics. He thought so little, however, of distinctions gained so easily, that he either forgot, or at all events neglected, even to apply for his gold medal till several years afterwards; when, happening to be in Dublin, and conversation turning upon the prize which he had obtained, he said, in a modest, casual kind of way, to a friend, "By the way, I never went after the medal; but I think, as I'm here, I'll go and see about it." This he did, and the medal was of course immediately delivered to its phlegmatic oblivious winner! He was a great favourite at college, for he bore his honours with perfect meekness and modesty, was very kind and obliging to all desiring his assistance, and displayed, on all occasions, that truthful simplicity and straightforwardness of character, which, as we have already seen, he had borne from his birth. He was much beloved, in short, by all his friends and relations; and one of the latter, his uncle, Mr. Connor, an Irish Master in Chancery, confidently predicted that "John William would live to be an honour to his profession and friends." In 1829, he joined his family,

who were settled in Versailles, and spent some time there. In the ensuing year, his father, who possessed a first-rate capacity for business, was appointed Vice-treasurer and Paymaster-general of the forces in Ireland, and was obliged to reside in Dublin, whither he accordingly soon afterwards repaired with his family. His son, John William, however, remained in London, having determined upon forthwith commencing his studies for the English bar: a step which his father and he had for some time before contemplated: as it appears, from the records of the Inner Temple, that he was entered as student for the bar on the 20th June, 1827, which was during his second year at Trinity College. The facility with which he not only got through the requisite studies, but obtained every honour for which he thought proper to compete, allowed of his devoting much of his attention at that time to the acquisition of legal knowledge. He procured a copy, therefore, of Blackstone; that, I believe, which had appeared a year or two before, edited by the present (then Sergeant,) Mr. Justice Coleridge,—the only edition of the Commentaries of which he approved, and which he used to the last,—and read it through several times with profound attention, as he has often told me; expressing himself as having been charmed by the purity and beauty of Blackstone's style, his remarkable power of explaining abstruse subjects, and his perspicuous arrangement. The next book which he read was, I believe, "Cruise's Digest of the Laws of England, respecting Real Property," in seven volumes octavo, a standard work of great merit; which, while at college, he read, I think, twice over, and continued perfectly familiar with it for the rest of his life. He also read carefully through nearly the whole of Coke upon Littleton, which he told me he found very "troublesome," and that he had expended much valuable time and attention on some of the most difficult portions, which he very soon afterwards found to be utterly obsolete, particularly mentioning those concerning "homage," "fealty," "knight-service," "wardship," &c. The above may seem a great undertaking for vacant hours at college, but will not appear to any of

Mr. Smith's friends to have been such to him, who read as rapidly, as he attended closely to, and tenaciously retained what he had read. It may here be mentioned, that in this particular, viz. reading law at college, Mr. Smith resembled Sir William Follett, who also devoted himself with ardour to the study of the law when at Cambridge, but did *not*, like Mr. Smith, also gain the highest college honours; for Sir William never competed, or at all events never obtained college honours of any kind. Mr. Smith commenced keeping terms at the beginning, I believe, of 1830; and it was at the mess-table of the Inner Temple Hall that I, who had also shortly before come up from Edinburgh University for the same purpose, first had the happiness and the honour of becoming acquainted with my late distinguished friend. He was then in about his twenty-first year. I distinctly recollect the first time of our meeting, which was at the aforesaid mess-table; and that his appearance struck me as that of a bashful and awkward person dull and taciturn, with a formal precise way of speaking, and a slight abruptness of manner. If Lord Bacon's saying be correct, that a good face is a *letter of recommendation*—poor John William Smith may be said to have come without a character! How little did I dream of the bright jewel hid in so plain and frail a casket: how often have I felt ashamed of my own want of discernment: what a lesson has it been never again to contract any sort of prejudice against a man from personal appearance! It was not till I had known him for nearly a year, owing partly to our unfrequent meetings, and his absence, that I began to be sensible of his superior talents and acquirements. His personal appearance was, it must be candidly owned, certainly insignificant and unprepossessing. He was of slight make, a trifle under the middle height, his hair was rather light, and his complexion pale. He wore spectacles, being excessively near-sighted, and had a very slight cast in his eyes, which were somewhat full and prominent. The expression of his features, at all events when in repose, was neither intellectual nor engaging, but they im-

proved when he was animated or excited in conversation. His forehead, however, was, though retreating, lofty, and I have heard it characterised as intellectual. At the time of which I am speaking, he used to wear a white hat, placed so far back on his head, that it gave him, to a stranger, almost a ludicrous aspect. His utterance was slow, his demeanour very solemn; and he would sit at dinner for a long time silent, till you would be surprised by his bursting into a short, sudden, but very hearty laugh, when any thing had been said which tickled his fancy; for I found out before long, that he had a great taste for the ludicrous, an exquisite perception of humour. When he shook hands with you, he placed his cold hand into yours, like a dead man's hand—even with his most intimate friends—instead of greeting you with a hearty cordial grasp or pressure. How long again this little circumstance misled me as to his supposed insensibility to the claims of friendship or affection! whereas the very reverse was the case; for he was a most firm and devoted friend, and of an exquisite delicacy and sensitiveness of feeling. He did not, at first, as the phrase is, *make way* with his companions, nor appear desirous of doing so. I recollect, on one occasion, that he and I remained the last at the dinner-table; and, though he sat opposite to me for some minutes, thoughtfully balancing his wine-glass in his hand, an empty decanter being between us, he spoke not a syllable; and I was watching him (his eyes being directed towards the floor) with an amused curiosity, on account of his apparent eccentricity, when he suddenly said, "Mr. Warren, will you take a walk with me up Regent Street, or any where else, as it is such a fine evening?" What passed through my mind, on being thus unexpectedly encountered, was, "Well—he's a curiosity, and seems to know no one—so I *will*;" and, having said as much, we rose. He walked down the hall, and we took off our gowns in the ante-room, and quitted the building, without his having uttered a syllable! I recollect feeling almost inclined to be offended. We then walked about the

town till nearly nine o'clock, and I think he talked a little about France, and we compared notes together concerning Dublin and Edinburgh Universities. I quitted him, musing upon his quaint manner, and his solemn precision of language: but nothing that had passed between us gave me the idea of his being a person of superior ability or acquirements. He was, indeed, a very shy and modest man. It was not, for instance, till after a seven years' intimacy, that I knew of the distinction which he had obtained at college; and on my asking him, one day, whether it was true that he had obtained the gold medal, he blushed, slightly moved his head aside, and, after a pause, said, in a tone rather even of displeasure than gratification, "Possibly I did!" and we dropped the subject. In the year 1830, he entered the chambers of Richard Grainger Blick, Esquire, one of the most eminent special pleaders in the Temple, and who has assured me, that he always considered Mr. John William Smith to be a remarkable man. Probably there never before entered the chambers of pleader or barrister, in the character of novice, a man of more formidable legal aptitude and acquirements. We have already seen the substantial and extensive character of his law-reading at college; but, between leaving it, and entering Mr. Blick's chambers, Mr. Smith read carefully over "from cover to cover"—such were his words to me—"Tidd's Practice," a standard book, in two closely printed, large octavo volumes, and also "Selwyn's Nisi Prius," in two similar volumes. He had not been long in chambers before he found that "he had not a sufficient knowledge of pleading, to get any benefit from the business, which he saw;" wherefore he absented himself from chambers for some time, to enable him to read through the first volume of "Mr. Chitty's Treatise on Pleading;" and some time afterwards he again withdrew, for similar reasons, to read "Phillips on Evidence." Having obtained such an acquaintance with these two works, as to a person of inferior intellect or discipline might seem a complete mastery, he returned to chambers, able better to avail himself of the ad-

vantages afforded by Mr. Blick's extensive practice; very frequently surprising that gentleman by his mental vigour, and accurate and extensive legal knowledge. "I was very cunning," he has more than once said to me, "at chambers; for I soon saw how to go to work, better than the other pupils. They would be all for the 'heavy papers,' the great cases that came in, not caring for the shoal of small things that were continually appearing and disappearing. Now it seemed to me, that *these* constituted three-fourths of a lawyer's business, and that to be able to do *them*, was three-fourths of the battle: so I very quietly let my fine gentlemen take all the great papers, while I did nothing but these same despised common things, till at length I really began to feel that I was improving, and learning a good deal of law. But, as to the other sort of cases and papers, as soon as my fellow-pupils had done puzzling their brains over them, and written the opinions, or drawn the pleadings, and Mr. Blick had revised them, and given them his *imprimatur*, I *then* read them over very diligently, and with great profit: but you must remember that this was before the late revolution in pleading." All this he repeated to me one day, only a few months before his death.—He never studied under any other practitioner than Mr. Blick, with whom, moreover, he spent only one year: yet such was his close application, his wonderful memory, his clear, vigorous, and disciplined understanding, and the soundness and extent of his previously acquired law, that on quitting Mr. Blick, Mr. Smith was really an able pleader, and had laid the basis of an extended, profound, and scientific knowledge of the law. Even at that early period, I frequently heard his opinion deferentially asked by men far his seniors, and of considerable standing in business. On quitting Mr. Blick, Mr. Smith read a number of other law books, in his usual attentive and thorough manner, completely mastering both them and the "cases" contained in them, and of which, generally speaking, they were little else than digests or epitomes. He was a

very keen and acute logician, and felt great satisfaction in balancing the *pros* and *cons* of the reported cases, and testing the soundness of the judges' decisions, and the relevancy and force of the arguments of council which had led to them. Among the books which he read about this time, he enumerated to me "Sanders on Uses and Trusts," (which, he said, he found to be a difficult book to master practically;) "Ferne on Contingent Remainders," which he represented as likely to prove interesting to *any* educated man of intellect, fond of exercising it, who would take the trouble to read it; Sir Edward Sugden's Treatises on "Vendors and Purchasers of Real Estates," and on "Powers," and Williams' "Saunders;" while "Comyn's Digest" was ever lying before him, the subject of continual reference, and with which he soon acquired an invaluable familiarity. He also read several books on Equity with great attention, and often said, that no one, who really knew law, could fail to feel a deep interest in Equity, and the mode of its operating upon law. The "Code Napoleon," too, he read very carefully, and for many years. He had a copy of Justinian's Code, and Institutes, always lying on his mantel-piece, and which he was very fond of reading. We have frequently conversed together on the subject of the extensive obligations of our Common Law to the Roman Law; to which he used to refer, in the absence of the books, with great facility and accuracy. He was very fond of Plautus, and would quote almost an entire scene, as accurately, and with as natural a fluency and zest, as another would have shown in reading off any of the scenes in a popular English play; often accompanying his quotations with shrewd and ingenious critical comments. He was also very fond of the French Dramatists, particularly Moliere, from whom I have heard him quote entire scenes with wonderful accuracy. You might have imagined him reading from the book, as I have several times myself observed, and heard others remark: and all this he did in a perfectly natural and unobtrusive way, as if merely to relieve an

over-charged mind, and give pleasure to those whom he credited with inclination and ability to appreciate the excellencies which he pointed out. His memory seemed, indeed, equally tenacious of things important and unimportant; incapable, in short, of *forgetting* any thing. I have heard him quote long-forgotten but once popular and laughable trash, ballads, squibs, epigrams, &c., till at length he revived in the listener such a sort of recollection of them, as made him imagine that Mr. Smith must have recently committed them to memory for some special purpose, but for their appearing so really fresh and racy to him, and plainly suggested by the casual current of conversation. He was, about this time, and for years afterwards, a very frequent visiter at my house; and never was any one, independently of my personal regard for him, more welcome; for his conversation was always that of a ripe and varied scholar and fastidious *gentleman*. He was ever gay and animated as soon as he had recovered, which he quickly did, from the exhaustion of a long and severe day's work, and his fund of anecdote appeared inexhaustible. Never was any man further removed from being that insufferable social nuisance, a professed talker. Display of any kind was quite foreign to his nature; and whenever he chanced to encounter a person cursed with that propensity, he would sit in silence for a whole evening: not in the silence of vexation or pique, but of a man left at leisure to pursue his own thoughts, or calmly amuse himself with the characteristics of the chatterer. If, while thus occupied, unexpectedly interrupted, or appealed to by the aforesaid chatterer, or any one else, he readily answered, though certainly with a somewhat frigid courtesy. It was impossible for any one, of the least powers of observation, to fail of detecting in Mr. Smith, though beneath a reserve and formality not very easy to penetrate, a kind of scrupulous antique courtliness, suggesting to you a resuscitated gentleman of the school of Addison, particularly in his intercourse with ladies. He was caution personified,—never

saying any thing that required retraction or modification : and though you might guess the contemptuous estimate which he had formed of some particular person's character or doings, he rarely permitted himself to express it. He would sometimes smile significantly at the recital, or witnessing, of some particular absurdity or weakness : but I think that no one ever heard him utter a hasty, harsh, or uncharitable judgment of any body. He seemed, in fact, equally chary of giving praise or blame. No man would laugh louder, or longer, on hearing, or being told, of some signal and ludicrous miscarriage of another ; but he would say nothing, except on very rare occasions, and among his intimate friends—and even then, never any thing severe or violent. Tell him, however, of any thing really mean and unworthy, or let him have witnessed it, and no one could fail to see, calm and measured though Mr. Smith's *language* might be, the profound contempt, or the lively indignation with which he regarded the delinquent and his delinquency. I fear, however, that I am digressing.—He and I commenced our careers as special pleaders about the same time, viz. in 1831 ; and not many days passed without our being at each other's chambers, borrowing one another's books, or going out to walk together, or conversing on law or other matters. I always listened to what he said on legal subjects, as to a master : he was so ready, so correct, so concise, so judicious, that his suggestions, upon any case which I mentioned to him, were very valuable : and they were given with a heartiness of good-nature that made them doubly welcome. He was delighted to assist me, or any other of his friends. We were a small circle, about that time, of some half a dozen ; and I may take upon myself to say, that we all cheerfully recognised in him our superior—our *facile princeps*, from the first. Some of us set a-going a little weekly periodical, called "The Legal Examiner," to which he was a constant contributor—his papers being always characterised by point and precision, though the style was dry and stiff. It grieves me

to say, that he met with no encouragement as a special pleader, consummately qualified as he was for success in that department, and scarcely ever to be found absent from his chambers ; where he was at all hours to be found, modest, patient, though sometimes a little dejected,—yet

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon.

I question whether, during this two or three years' bitter and disheartening probation, he made more than thirty, or at least forty guineas ; his annual certificate for leave thus to do—nothing, cost him, nevertheless, £12. Yet I never once heard him, nor I undertake to say, did any of his friends, express fretfulness or impatience at his disheartening lack of employment. He manifested, on the contrary, a quiet fortitude that was touching to witness. I recollect him once, however, when we were conversing on the subject, saying rather pensively, "If one has not connexions, and cannot make them, it is next to impossible to get any business." The professional public possess conclusive and permanent evidence of the admirable use which he made of his time, during the first year or two of his essaying to practise as a pleader ; for in July 1834, two months after having been called to the bar, he gave to the world a work which, as soon as it had become known, raised him to the very highest rank of legal writers. The more it was read or referred to the higher was the estimate formed of its writer's intellect and learning, alike by the bench and the bar ; for he had most discreetly, yet boldly, chosen a subject of great difficulty and importance, properly treated by no work extant, and which gave him opportunity of supplying a long-acknowledged deficiency in professional literature. He undertook, in fact, to produce a comprehensive practical treatise, within an exceedingly moderate compass, on "Mercantile Law ;" and he succeeded to admiration—did this neglected young man of scarce twenty-five years old—in producing, entirely unassisted, a work signally calculated to attain the proposed object ; condensing into a very small space, and with almost unerring accuracy, a great

amount of exceedingly difficult law, beautifully and perspicuously arranged, so as that even laymen might read as they ran, and receive guidance in the most perplexing exigencies of business, while the ablest lawyers, might safely refer to the pages of the "Compendium" for a terse and true statement of the result of many conflicting decisions, and a luminous exposition of the *principles* which ought to govern the administration of commercial law. The calm, practised skill with which this young unknown jurist moved about in these regions of subtle intricacy—*inter apices juris*—excited the cordial admiration and respect of all competent judges. He was manifestly a master of his subject; and having quietly detected important but unoccupied ground, had possessed himself of it with skill and resolution:—and this he did within little more than two years after he had quitted the scene of his solitary year's pupilage. Within six years this book has passed through three large editions; and a fourth is, it is believed, in preparation, which will comprise a great number of its departed author's own additions and emendations, continued up to within two or three months of his decease. Not only in this country, but in the United States of America, is this valuable work deservedly held, at this moment, in the highest estimation, as practically the only book of its kind. A glance at the brief Preface will suffice to show to a competent judge, whether lay or professional, at once the real and peculiar difficulty of the undertaking, the author's exact and happy illustration of the sources of that difficulty, and the simplicity and accuracy of his style.

"The Mercantile Law is in one respect better adapted to compression than the Law of Real Property; inasmuch as the reasons upon which the former is based, can be explained more shortly than those which support the latter. The reasons upon which our Law of Real Property is founded, are, generally speaking, historical; and part of history must therefore be recounted, in order to explain them clearly and philosophically; while the Mercantile Law is deduced from considerations of utility, the force of which the mind perceives as soon as they are pointed out to it. For instance, if a

writer were desirous of explaining why a rent-service cannot be reserved in a conveyance, by a subject, of lands in fee-simple, he would be obliged to show the feudal relations that existed between lord and tenant, the nature of sub-infeudations, and how the lord was injured by them, in such his relation to his tenant, how the statute *quia emptores* was enacted to prevent this injury; in consequence of which statute a tenure, without which no rent-service exists, cannot be raised by a conveyance from one subject to another, in fee-simple. In like manner, the explanation of a recovery, of a fine, of a copyhold, of an estate in ancient demesne, of an use, of a trust, would require a process of historical deduction. But when the reader is told, that the drawer of a bill of exchange is discharged, if timely notice be not given him of its dishonour; because, without such notice, he might lose the assets he had placed to meet it in the drawee's hands; or, that if A hold himself out as B's partner, he will be liable as such, because he might else enable B to defraud persons who had trusted him upon the faith of the apparent partnership and joint responsibility: when these reasons, and such as these, are given, every man at once perceives their cogency, and needs not to be told *how*, that he may know *why*, the law was settled on its present footing. The fitness of this subject for compression is, therefore, hardly questionable. The difficulty of compressing it is, however, extreme. The author who attempts to do so, must continually keep in view a triple object, must aspire at once to clearness, brevity, and accuracy; a combination so difficult, that its difficulty may, it is hoped, be fairly pleaded in excuse for some of the deficiencies and imperfections which the reader may discover in the following pages."

After a luminous and elegant introductory account of the rapid growth and development of mercantile law, the author thus announces the convenient and comprehensive plan of his work:—

"This treatise will be divided into four books. The first, concerning Mercantile *Persons*; the second, Mercantile *Property*; the third, Mercantile *Contracts*; the fourth and last, Mercantile *Remedies*; a method which appears the simplest and most comprehensive; since it includes, under a few heads, the description of those by whose intervention trade is carried on; of that which they seek to acquire by so employing themselves; of the arrangements which they

are in the habit of adopting, in order to do so effectually; and of the mode in which the proper execution of those arrangements is enforced."

A striking evidence of the value of this work, the soundness of his opinions, and the importance attached to them in the highest judicial quarters, was afforded by the very first number of the Reports of the Court of Exchequer, published after his death, where (in *Tanner v. Scovell*, 14 *Meeson and Welsby*, 37.) the Lord Chief Baron, after time taken to consider an important question of mercantile law, delivered the judgment of the Court in expressed conformity with the doctrine which Mr. Smith has laid down in his "Mercantile Law," and in opposition to the opinion of the late very learned Mr. Justice Taunton!

To retrace our steps, however, for a moment: Mr. Smith at length despaired of getting business under the bar, and tired of sitting a prisoner at chambers, in vain expectation of it. His rooms and mine were directly opposite to each other, on the same floor; and rarely or never was a knock heard at his door, except that of some friend coming either to ask his able and willing assistance, or chat away a weary half hour. Towards the close of 1833, he announced to his friends that he contemplated trying his fortune at the bar, and was easily persuaded, with that view, to commence attendance at a professional debating society, called "The Forensic," which, confined to barristers and students for the bar, and established so long ago as 1815, has numbered among its members almost every lawyer of eminence who has appeared since that year, including Sir William Follett and Mr. J. W. Smith. He entered this society on the 29th January, 1834; and I well recollect his first essay at addressing it. It was upon the discussion of a legal question. He was evidently very nervous when he rose, for the colour quite deserted his cheek. His manner was cold, dry, and formal, and sufficiently uninteresting and uninviting. We were all, however, soon struck by the book-like precision of his language, the clearness and closeness of his reasoning, and the extent of his legal knowledge. He spoke for

about ten minutes; and, having risen amidst a half-suppressed titter, sate down amidst earnest cries of "Hear, hear, hear!" He afterwards spoke pretty regularly, especially upon legal questions; and those who, in due course, were appointed beforehand to argue against him, felt it expedient to come particularly well prepared! Shortly before he was called to the bar, he said to me, with a timid, dejected air, "It is a bold step; but I really don't see what else is to be done. Why should I sit any longer perishing in chambers? Besides, my 'Mercantile Law' will be out in a month or two, and if it succeed, it may *possibly* give me a lift—so I shall try it." He was accordingly called to the bar on the 2d May, 1834, selecting the Oxford Circuit and the Hereford and Gloucester Sessions. "There are only two ways," I heard him say, (quoting the well-known dictum of a late able judge,) "of getting on at the bar, Pleading or Sessions. I have failed in the former, I shall now try the latter. *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo!*" I was, I confess, amongst those of his friends who were not sanguine as to his prospects of success at the bar, regarding him as unlikely to attract favourable notice in court practice. Shortly after he had attended at the Sessions, however, he began to obtain a little employment in petty cases there; and, contrary to expectation, became very successful in defending prisoners: his acuteness, vigilance, ingenuity, and legal knowledge—particularly of the law of evidence—became more apparent in every succeeding case intrusted to him. In spite of the dry formality of his manner, he soon attracted the *understanding* of his hearers, exhibiting great caution and judgment in dealing with the evidence, his tenacious memory here standing him in great stead. His start at sessions, however, seemed likely to lead to nothing on the civil side at the assizes—where his reception was sufficiently disheartening. He attended regularly, nevertheless, both assizes and sessions; during his stay in town labouring with indefatigable energy in the acquisition of law. In 1835, he composed a lucid little

treatise on the Law of Practice, entitled, "An Elementary View of the Proceedings in an Action at Law," distinguished by simplicity, correctness, and condensation, and calculated to give students a perspicuous view of an extremely dry and troublesome subject. This also has become a standard book. In 1836, he wrote another little work—one upon Patent Law, explanatory, in a practical way, of a statute which had just before been passed, and had effected important alterations in that department of law. He told me that "he did not like to throw a chance away," and this "might possibly get him some briefs in Patent cases;" but I suspect that in this he was disappointed. In the same year he and I occupied our long vacation in preparing together a work entitled "Select Extracts from Blackstone's Commentaries, carefully adapted to the use of schools and young persons." We both took great pains with this book, and it has had a large sale: but for some whimsical reason or other, he would not allow his name to appear, though particular in retaining a share in the copyright.

Neglected and discouraged though he was, he continued to prosecute his studies with patient energy, appearing to me scarcely ever to spend an idle moment. He attended very frequently the Courts at Westminster, and on returning to chambers would spend the rest of the day in reading the constantly-accumulating Reports, and noting their more important contents in his favourite text-books. He constantly sat up till a very late, or rather early hour in the morning, and would frequently, on awaking, lie reading in bed till noon, when he would rise and take a sparing breakfast. I recollect calling upon him one gloomy day in December, about the time of which I am writing, to ask him to accompany me home to dinner, as he generally did once or twice a-week. He suffered a martyrdom from tooth-ache; and on this occasion had passed a miserable night from that cause, not having slept at all, and his swollen face betokened the violence of the fit. He had, nevertheless, got up much earlier than usual, to oblige one of his friends, for whom he had pro-

mised to draw some very pressing and difficult pleadings, which he was finishing as I entered. When he had despatched his clerk with them, he requested me to sit down and take a cup of tea with him, as he was suffering, both from pain, and fatigue, and *ennui*. I never saw him in so desponding an humour. He promised to dine with me on the morrow, provided I would sit with him for an hour "gossiping," for he said that he could not sleep, he could not sit still, he could not read or write. I complied with his request, and stayed with him a long time. In the course of conversation, I recollect him saying, that "He supposed he was not to get on in the law; that he could not fight against the want of a connexion." I reminded him that it was surely premature to hold such language, and that he must bide his time,—when he interrupted me by saying, shaking his head, "Ah, but while the grass grows the steed starves." Presently he said, rather suddenly, "Should you be surprised to hear of my entering the church?" "The church!" I echoed with surprise.—"What do you see so wonderful in the notion of my going into the church?" said he gravely. "Do you think me unfit for it?"—"Not at all; but what I wonder at is, that you should dream of quitting the bar."—"Why not, if I find that it will not afford me a living? Let me tell you, that I am very partial to the study of Divinity, and have read a good deal of it, much more than you would suppose. I think I should like composing sermons, though it is very possible that they might not be popular; and I suppose you will not deny that Divinity is a nobler study than law?" He said much more in the same strain, which led me to believe that the subject had for some time occupied his thoughts, and that he had begun seriously to contemplate quitting the bar—at all events, if another year should leave him as little likely to succeed in obtaining practice, as that which was on the eve of closing. Many of even his intimate friends were unaware of his partiality for Divinity, and the extent to which he had studied it; for he was very reserved on such matters.

I once told him that I had read the whole of "Pearson on the Creed;" at which, in his usual cold dry way, he replied, "So have I, and very carefully. I liked it much. And I'll tell you another book that I have read still more carefully, both in Latin and English — Mosheim's 'Ecclesiastical History.'" I have heard him say the same of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity." We have often discussed the merits of Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, and South; the last of whom was a favourite of his. He had a surprising knowledge of the Old and New Testaments. One of his oldest and ablest friends, and whom he appointed one of his executors, recently alluded, in conversation with me, to this circumstance, adding, "Smith *read* the Bible as few but he could read it; and *remembered* it, as very few but he could remember it." I have occasionally myself had evidence of his exact knowledge of very recondite portions of the Old Testament; but, as already intimated, he was always cautious and sparing in scriptural allusions or quotations. Since writing the foregoing sentences, a learned friend has informed me, that Mr. Smith, about two years before his death, had entered into a prolonged and ardent discussion with him on the subject of the *Apostolical Succession*, insisting that no one who did not assent to that doctrine, was in reality, or could be conscientiously, a minister of the Church of England. Again and again, during a considerable interval of time, whenever they met, Mr. Smith pertinaciously renewed the discussion, — his friend for some time doubting whether Mr. Smith had any other motive than to amuse himself with the matter as one of mere logical exercise, but being at length satisfied that he was sincerely expressing his own opinions. To a brother of this gentleman, Mr. Smith became closely attached, on discovering the extent and depth of his knowledge of divinity, a subject on which they conversed whenever they could, Mr. Smith exhibiting, on all such occasions, the utmost zest and energy. I have already intimated the extent of his acquaintance with general literature; to which it may be here added that he possessed a correct

and very extensive knowledge of history, ancient and modern. He knew it, *and its true uses*; and was equally conversant with its minute details, and its general scope and bearing, as illustrative of the practical operation of political principles and doctrines. He always, in short, appeared to me to be a man, whose first anxiety in all matters was to obtain a thorough knowledge of details, of facts; and then experienced delight in contemplating and reflecting upon them with a view to the discovery or detection of some leading principle of action or conduct involved in them. Such grave matters, however, did not alone occupy him; for I never saw a more eager and indiscriminate reader of even the ephemeral trash loading the shelves of circulating libraries. Scarcely a novel, play, or magazine appeared, which he did not take up, and, whenever they happened to be mentioned, show as complete a knowledge of them as if they had been worthy of it. I have often laughed at him on these accounts; he generally receiving my sallies with a sort of piqued silence, or simply saying, "It amuses me." I think that this circumstance is well accounted for by Mr. Phillimore — that Mr. Smith's over-tasked mind found light and easy narrative, of any kind, a relaxation.

Early in the year 1835 appeared a work on legal education, in which was enforced the advantage to the student and practitioner, of early mastering, as so many *nuclei* of future legal acquisitions, a few of the "*leading cases*" in the Law Reports, which suggested to Mr. Smith the idea of writing a book under the name of "*Leading Cases.*" He was engaged upon it from about the middle of 1835 till the early part of 1837. There was no book of the kind extant. The idea was felicitous; but much learning and judgment were requisite to work it out practically. Mr. Smith proved himself, however, fully equal to the undertaking. Though in 1835 and 1836 he composed and published, as we have seen, two other minor professional works, he was all the while quietly elaborating this more important performance, the first volume of which (in large 8vo) he published in March 1837. His plan

was, to select from the recognised Law Reports some of the chief Cases which had been decided in the Common Law Courts, and which were of such superior importance as to have become "Leading Cases," *i. e.* in his own words, "involving, and being usually cited to establish some point or principle of real practical importance." Each of these he made the basis of an elaborate disquisition, in which, to continue his own explanation, "in order that the consequences of each 'Case' might be understood, and its authority estimated as easily as possible, NOTES" were "subjoined, in which were collected subsequent decisions bearing on the points reported in the text, and in which doctrines having some obvious connexion with them," were "occasionally discussed," "without allowing them to digress so far from the subject matter of the text, as to distract the reader's mind from that to which they ought to be subsidiary." It is difficult to speak in terms too highly commendatory of this masterly performance—one quite of a judicial tone of investigation—and which, immediately upon its appearance, arrested the attention of all persons competent to form an opinion on the subject, as a sterling and permanent addition to the highest class of legal literature, and entitled its author to be regarded as really a first rate lawyer. Almost all the judges, and the most eminent members of the bar, wrote to him in terms of warm respect and approbation; and to this moment evince the same appreciation of the excellence of the work by quoting it, not more frequently in the arguments of counsel than in the most elaborate judgments delivered by the bench. It is indeed difficult to know which most to admire—the great extent and unerring accuracy of his law, or the clearness and precision of his reasoning, rendering simple and easy of apprehension the most obscure and perplexing subjects. The "Cases" were selected with great judgment out of the many thousands contained in the Reports; and whether he confirms, or questions, or illustrates the doctrine established by the case upon which he is annotating, he exhibits the same modest freedom,

masterly ease, accuracy, and subtlety of discrimination, distinctness of thought, and complete familiarity with the progress of legal decision. Every note, in short, is a model of legal analysis; and the style, also, is pure, simple, terse, and perspicuous. He dedicated this work to his former tutor Mr. Blick: and I recollect our having a long discussion upon the original terms of the dedication; which were these, "To Richard Granger Blick, Esq., this work is inscribed by his obliged friend and pupil." I suggested the insertion of the word "*former*," before "pupil:" without which, I said, it might appear that the work had been written by one still in *statu pupillari*. He was a man always difficult to convince of the impropriety of any thing on which he had once determined. He quitted my chamber unconvinced by what I had said: but the dedication afterwards appeared in accordance with my suggestion. I recollect being highly amused by the pertinacious ingenuity with which he defended his own view of the case. The fame of this work was not, however, confined to this country, but soon reached the United States of America, where it immediately met with the most flattering reception, and is at this moment accounted an established textbook, and quoted as an authority by their best writers and judges. I recollect Mr. Smith one day coming to me, and asking me, with a quaint mixture of mystery, pleasure, and embarrassment, if I would "be sure not to mention to any one what he was going to tell me:" and on my promising him that I would not, he showed me a letter which he had just received from that eminent American jurist, Mr. Justice Story, himself one of the most elaborate and successful legal writers of his age, and whose works are continually cited by both Bench and Bar in their country, with the utmost respect in this country, in which are contained the following.

"I consider your work among the most valuable additions to judicial literature which have appeared for many years. The 'Notes' are excellent, and set forth the leading principles of the various cases in the most satisfactory form, with an accu-

racy and nicety of discrimination equally honourable to yourself and to our common profession. I know not, indeed, if any work can be found which more perfectly accomplishes the purpose of the author. . . . I hope that your life may long be spared, so that you may be able to devote yourself to similar labours for the advancement of the learning and honour of the profession." Alas! both Mr. Justice Story and Mr. Smith, each a great ornament to his country, died within a few months of each other. When I congratulated my friend on this encomium, from so competent and eminent a judge, he replied modestly—" *Laudari à laudato viro* is certainly pleasing."

So great was the demand for this work, that Mr. Smith's publisher urged him to proceed as quickly as possible with the second volume, which he had, in his preface to the former one, announced his intention of doing, in the event of the first portion of his labours meeting with the approbation of the profession. He accordingly at once set to work upon the second volume; and although he was beginning to have serious calls upon his time, owing principally to his having accepted the appointment, in November 1837, of Common Law Lecturer to the Law Institution, such were his energy and industry, that by the 12th of May, 1838, he had succeeded in bringing out the first part of the second volume, which was fully equal in execution to the first. While, however, he was receiving with his usual modesty the congratulations of his friends on this solid addition to his reputation, he received a sort of *check-mate* which embarrassed and utterly confounded him; occasioning him infinitely greater annoyance and mortification than he ever experienced in his life. A highly respectable firm of law booksellers, the publishers of his "Compendium of Mercantile Law," and to whom he had also offered the publication of his "Leading Cases," which they had declined, without the slightest intimation of any objection to the principle of

selecting the "Cases," which he had explained fully to them, suddenly took it into their heads, that in thus selecting some few cases from "Reports" published by them, as mere texts for his masterly legal discussions, he had been guilty of PIRACY! and actually filed a bill in Equity against him and his publisher, to restrain them "from printing, selling, or publishing any copies of the first part of the second volume." I never saw Mr. Smith exhibit such intense vexation as that occasioned him by this proceeding: he felt at once his own honour impugned, and that he might have seriously compromised the character and interests of his publisher. Such, however, was the confidence in the justice of his case felt by the latter, that he resolved to resist this attack upon his own rights and those of Mr. Smith to the very last; and he did so, at his own expense, and with triumphant success. The Vice-Chancellor of England, (Sir Launcelot Shadwell,) after an elaborate argument, refused to grant the desired injunction—expressing his very decided opinion "that on the substance of the case, and on the conduct of the plaintiffs, (the publishers in question,) they were not entitled to the injunction which they had asked." Against this decision the plaintiffs immediately appealed to the present Lord Chancellor, Lord Cottenham, who, after another very elaborate argument, and taking time to consider, delivered a luminous judgment confirming the decision of the Vice-Chancellor, triumphantly vindicating the propriety of both author and publisher's conduct, and supporting the right which Mr. Smith had thought proper to exercise; and his lordship dismissed the appeal with costs.* Thus ended, what has always appeared to me a very absurd, and as the event proved, expensive experiment, on the part of the plaintiffs. Only one of them now carries on the business, and is a gentleman of such high respectability, and also liberality in his dealings with the profession, that I feel satisfied he had really very little part in this most unsatisfactory pro-

* The leading Counsel for the plaintiffs was the present Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce; for the defendants the present Vice-Chancellor Wigram.

ceeding. Mr. Smith's right to continue his selections from the Reports, for the purpose of annotation, having been thus established, and the excellence and importance of his labours conspicuously made known (had that, indeed, been necessary) to the entire profession, he at once proceeded with, and in due time completed the remaining portion of the second volume; and for the sake of legal science, it is to be lamented that there this admirable work ended. Mr. Smith felt no exultation at the defeat of this most thoughtless and unjustifiable attack upon him, nor evinced any pleasure in the friendly congratulations showered upon him. His sensitive mind had, indeed, been thoroughly shocked by the imputation which had been sought to be fixed upon him; and the only feeling on the subject which he ever expressed to me, or appeared to entertain, was one of calm indignation. I must say that in this I think he was abundantly justified. He repeatedly told me that he should never write another book, for "that he had had quite enough of it." As it happened, he never did; nor do I think that he would ever have done so, even had his career not been cut short by death. Whenever works of solid interest and importance in general literature appeared, Mr. Smith was very eager to peruse them, and seldom failed in doing so. I recollect him one day borrowing from me the first volume of Mr. Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries," which was published alone early in 1837. He read it with great interest, and reviewed it very ably in this Magazine—his only contribution to its pages, in the No. for May, 1837.

He was about the same time reading largely in the State Trials, and frequently conversed with me upon their interesting character, wondering that they had so seldom been made really available for the purposes of amusing literature. He himself selected one of the trials as one possessed of peculiar capabilities, and intended to have completed it for this Magazine, but was

prevented by his other labours. These lighter occupations, however, were soon interfered with by his appointment, as already intimated, to be Common Law Lecturer to the Law Institution in Chancery Lane, in November, 1837. This he owed entirely to his own merit, and the reputation which his writings had already gained him in the profession. I knew that fears were entertained by the directors of that important institution, lest his unpopular *manner* should stand in the way of his usefulness as a lecturer; but aware of his rare intellectual and legal qualifications, they wisely resolved to try an experiment, which completely succeeded. I recollect accompanying him, at his own request, to deliver his first lecture, at the close of 1837. He was somewhat fluttered when he made his appearance before his audience, but at once commenced reading with apparent calmness, a very able introductory lecture, which soon arrested attention, and caused the committee who sat before him to congratulate themselves on their selection. He held this appointment till March, 1843, during which time he delivered a great number of lectures to increasingly attentive auditories; and as he read over several portions of them to me, I am able to say that, in my humble judgment, they were of the highest value, for their clear, close, and correct exposition of some of the most difficult branches of the law. He had a great talent for communicating elementary information; and even the most ignorant and stolid of his listeners could scarce avoid understanding his simple and lucid explanations of legal principles. One series of his lectures on "The Law of Contracts," has just (1846,) been published* *verbatim* from his MSS. as they were delivered, and fully justifies the opinion here expressed. He never designed them for publication, but solely for delivery to the attorneys' and solicitors' clerks, for whom the lectureship was founded; yet it is doubtful whether there be any book extant in which the difficult and extensive subject of con-

* In one vol. 8vo, pp. 386, Benning & Co. Fleet Street, accompanied by Notes by Jelinger C. Symons, Esq. Barrister-at-Law.

tracts is, and that within the space of ten short lectures, comparably treated. The most youthful student, with only moderate attention, can acquire from it, in a short time, correct general notions calculated to be of infinite service to him, while able practitioners will regard it as at once concise, accurate, and practical, and evincing a thorough mastery of the subject in all its branches. In the words of his editor, "The lectures embody the chief *principles* of that branch of the law, and will be found equal to any of the former productions of the author for that clear, concise, and comprehensive exposition of his subject, which has characterised his works, and ensured the vitality of his reputation; popularising a branch of law which peculiarly affects the ordinary business of life; divesting it of the superfluities with which it is often encumbered; educing the great maxims, and broad rules by which it is moulded, and unravelling the perplexity in which an occasional conflict of judgments had from time to time involved it." I am not aware that Mr. Symonds had any personal knowledge of Mr. Smith, so that the more valuable is his concluding eulogium,—"That the profession already ranks him as among the most gifted of its writers, and most learned of modern lawyers." As an example of the ease and precision with which he elucidated the most difficult subjects, and brought them to the level of youthful capacities, I select the following brief passage on a most practically important subject, that of the "consideration" essential to support a valid simple contract, according to the civil law and that of England.* After explaining the doctrine of "*Nudum pactum*," he thus proceeds:—

"Now, with regard to the question, —*What does the law of England recognise as a consideration capable of supporting a simple contract?* the short practical rule" [after adverting to a well-known passage in Blackstone, for which he substitutes his own definition] "is, that *any benefit accruing to him who makes the promise, or any loss, trouble, or disadvantage undergone by,*

or charge imposed upon, him to whom it is made, is a sufficient consideration in the eye of the law to sustain an assumpsit. Thus, let us suppose that I promise to pay B £50 at Christmas. Now there must be a *consideration* to sustain this promise. It may be that B has lent me £50; here is a consideration by way of *benefit* or *advantage* to me. It may be that he has performed, or has agreed to perform, some laborious service for me; if so, here is a consideration by way of *inconvenience* to him, and of advantage to me at the same time. It may be that he is to labour for a third person at my request; here will be *inconvenience* to him, without advantage to me; or it may be that he has become surety for some one at my request; here is a *charge* imposed upon him; any of these will be a good consideration to sustain the promise on my part.

"Provided there be *some* benefit to the contractor, or *some* loss, trouble, inconvenience, or charge imposed upon the contractor, so as to constitute a *consideration*, the courts are not willing to enter into the question whether that consideration be ADEQUATE in value to the thing which is promised in exchange for it. Very gross inadequacy, indeed, would be an index of fraud, and might afford evidence of the existence of fraud; and fraud, as I have already stated to you, is a ground on which the performance of any contract may be resisted. But if there be no suggestion that the party promising has been defrauded, or deceived, the court will not hold the promise invalid upon the ground of mere *inadequacy*; for it is obvious, that to do so would be to exercise a sort of tyranny over the transactions of parties who have a right to fix their own value upon their own labour and exertions, but would be prevented from doing so were they subject to a legal scrutiny on each occasion, on the question whether the bargain had been such as a prudent man would have entered into. Suppose, for instance, I think fit to give £1000, for a picture not worth £50: it is foolish on my part; but, if the owner do not take me in, as the phrase is, no *injury*

* But not that of Scotland. Bell's Princip. Law of Scotland, p. 4, (4th Edition.)

is done. I *may* have my reasons. Possibly I may think that I am a better judge of painting than my neighbours, and that I have detected in the picture the touch of Raphael or Correggio. It would be hard to prevent me from buying it, and hard to prevent my neighbour from making the best of his property, provided he do not take me in by telling me a false story about it. Accordingly, in the absence of fraud, mere *inadequacy* of consideration is no ground for avoiding a contract.”*

Those who are acquainted with the practical difficulties of this subject, will best appreciate the cautious accuracy, and yet elementary simplicity and clearness, which characterised his teaching: he being then, be it remembered, little more than twenty-eight years of age.

His writings having thus led to his being placed in a situation where he had ample opportunities for exhibiting legitimately to the profession his great legal acquirements and abilities, it was not long before he became sensible of making his way, but gradually, nevertheless, into business. He had given up practising at sessions some time before, and resolved thenceforth to address himself entirely to civil business in London, and at the Assizes. The late Mr. Robert Vaughan Richards, Q.C.,† then one of the leaders of the Oxford Circuit, and himself an eminent lawyer and accomplished scholar, was one of the earliest to detect the superior qualifications of Mr. Smith, and lost no fair and legitimate opportunity of enabling him to exhibit his abilities, by naming him as an arbitrator, when the most important causes at the Assizes had been agreed to be so disposed of; and he invariably gave the highest satisfaction to both parties — the counsel before him, in arbitrations both in town and country, finding it necessary to conduct their cases as carefully as if they were before one of the astutest judges on the bench.

Though many important causes were thus referred to him, and were attended by some of the most experienced members of the bar, I am not aware of any instance in which his decisions were afterwards reversed by, or even questioned before, the courts. When once he had obtained a fair “start” on his circuit, he quickly overcame the disadvantages of a person and manner which one *might* characterise more strongly than as unprepossessing. Few cases of great importance were tried, in which Mr. Smith was not early engaged; and the entire conduct of the cause, up to the hour of trial, confidently intrusted to his masterly management. Amongst many others may be mentioned the great will case of *Panton v. Williams*, and that of James Wood of Gloucester, and other well-known cases. He was, without exception, one of the ablest *pleaders* with whom I ever came into contact: equally quick, sure, and long-headed in selecting his point of attack or defence with reference to the ultimate decision, skilfully escaping from difficulties, and throwing his opponent in the way of them, and of such, too, as not many would have had the sagacity to have foreseen, or thought of speculating upon. A recent volume of the Law Reports contains a case which, though his name does not appear in it, attests his appreciated superiority. It involved a legal point of much difficulty, and so troublesome in its facts as to have presented insuperable obstacles to two gentlemen successively, one under the bar, the other at the bar, and both eminent for their knowledge and experience. Their pleadings were, however, successfully demurred to; and then their client was induced to lay the case before Mr. Smith, who took quite a new view of the matter, in accordance with which he framed the pleadings, and when the case came on to be argued by the gentleman, (an eminent Queen’s Counsel,) who has

* Pp. 88-96.

† To this gentleman he dedicated, in 1843, the third edition of his “*Mercantile Law*.” Within a very few months of each other, both of them died — Mr. Richards himself having, as he once told me, ruined his health by his intense and laborious prosecution of his profession. He had found it necessary to retire a year or two before his death. His brother, also, Mr. Griffith Richards, Q.C., one of the ablest members of the Chancery Bar, recently died under similar circumstances.

recently mentioned it to me, he succeeded, and without difficulty. "I never," said he, "saw a terribly puzzled case so completely disentangled—I never saw the real point so beautifully put forward: we won by doing little else than stating the course of the pleadings; the court holding that the point was almost too clear for argument." I could easily multiply such instances. Mr. Smith had a truly astonishing facility in mastering the most intricate state of facts; as rapidly acquiring a knowledge of them, as he accurately and tenaciously retained even the slightest circumstances. He seldom used precedents, (often observing that "no man who understood his business needed them, except in very special occasions;") and, though a rapid draughtsman, it was rarely, indeed, that he laid himself open to attack in matters of even mere formal inaccuracy, while he was lynx-eyed enough to those of his opponents. When *he* was known to be the party who had demurred, his adversaries began seriously to think of *amending*! When his cases were ripe for argument *in banc*, he took extreme pains to provide himself with authorities on every point which he thought it in the least probable might be started against him by either the bench or the bar. I told him, on one of these occasions, that I thought "he need not give his enemy credit for such far-sighted astuteness."—"Oh," said he quickly, "never undervalue an opponent: besides, I like turning up law—I don't forget it, and, as Lord Coke says, it is sure to be useful at some time or another." In court, he was absorbed in his case, appearing to be sensible of the existence of nothing else but his opponent and the bench. He was very calm, quiet, and silent, rarely, if ever interrupting, and then always on a point proving to be of adequate importance. He did not take copious or minute notes on his brief, but never missed any thing of the least real significance or moment. When he rose to speak, his manner was formal and solemn, even to a degree of eccentricity calculated to provoke a smile from the hearers. His voice was rather loud and hard, his features were inflexible, his utterance was exceed-

ingly deliberate, and his language precise and elaborate. His motions were very slight, and, such as he had, ungraceful; for he would stand with his right arm a little raised, and the hand hanging down passively by his side for a long time together, except when a slight vertical motion appeared—he, the while, unconscious of the indication—to show that he was uttering what he considered very material. When a question was put to him by the judges, he always paused for a moment or two to consider how best he should answer it; and if it *could* be answered, an answer precise and pointed indeed he would give it. He afforded, in this instance, a contrast to the case of a gentleman then at the bar, about whom he has often laughed heartily with me. "Whenever," said he, "the judges put a question to —, however subtle and dangerous it may be, and though he evidently cannot in the least degree perceive the drift of it, before the words are out of their mouths, he, as it were, thrusts them down again with a confident good-humoured volubility, a kind of jocular recklessness of law and logic, which often makes one wonder whether the judges are more inclined to be angry or amused; nay, I have once or twice seen one of them lean back and laugh outright, poor — looking upon that as an evidence of his own success!" How different was the case with Mr. Smith, is known to every one who has heard him argue with the judges. Nothing consequently could be more flattering than the evident attention with which they listened to him, and most properly; for he never threw away a word, never wandered from the point, and showed on all occasions such a complete mastery of his facts, and such an exact and extensive knowledge of the law applicable to them, as not only warranted but required the best attention of those whose duty it was to decide the case. His manner was very respectful to the bench, without a trace of servility; and to those associated with him, or opposed to him, he was uniformly courteous and considerate. When he had to follow his leader, or even two of them, he would frequently give quite another tone to the case, a new direction to the argument, and

draw his opponents and the judges after him, unexpectedly, into the deeper waters of law. He was also distinguished by a most scrupulous and religious fidelity and accuracy of statement, whether of cases or facts, and documents, especially affidavits. The judges felt that they might rely upon every syllable that fell from him; that he was too accurate and cautious to be mistaken, too conscientious to suppress, garble, mislead, or deceive, with whatever safety or apparent advantage he might have done so. I have heard him say, that he who made rash and ill-considered statements in arguing in a court of justice, was not worthy of being there, and ought to be pitied or despised, according as the fault arose from timidity and inexperience, or confirmed carelessness or indifference, or fraudulent intention to deceive. It was in arguing before the court *in banc*, that Mr. Smith so much excelled; being equally lucid in stating and arranging his facts, logical in reasoning upon them, and ready in bringing to bear on them the most recondite doctrines of law. He was certainly not calculated to have ever made a figure at Nisi Prius; yet I recollect one day that one of the present judges, then a Queen's Counsel, was talking to me in court as Mr. Smith entered, and said, "What think you? your friend Smith has been opposing me to-day in a writ of inquiry to assess damages in a crim. con. case." I laughed. "Ay, indeed,—I thought myself that if there was a man at the bar more unfit than another for such a case, it was Smith; but I do assure you that he conducted the defendant's case with so much tact and judgment, that he reduced my verdict by at least £500! He really spoke with a good deal of feeling and spirit, and when the Jury had got accustomed to him, they listened most attentively; and the result is what I tell you."

Following the course of his professional progress, in 1840 Mr. Smith was appointed a revising barrister for one of the counties on his circuit, by Mr. Baron Alderson, who was personally a stranger to him, and named him for the office solely on account of his eminent fitness for the post. He held

it for several years, giving unmixed satisfaction to all parties, until precluded from further retaining it, in reference, I believe, to a rule of etiquette respecting seniority, prevailing at the bar of the Oxford circuit.

I recollect that, on one occasion, while he was waiting, apparently in vain, for the chance of professional employment, and not long before the occurrence of that moment of despondency already mentioned, when he contemplated quitting the profession, he and I were walking in the Temple Gardens, and he said, "Now, if I were to choose my future life at the bar, I should, of all things, like to have, and should be delighted with, a first-rate pleading business; not made up of many petty things, but of a few very important cases,—of 'heavy business,' in short. I feel that I could get on very well with it, and that it is just the thing suited to me. It would exercise my mind, and also secure me a handsome income, and, before long, an independence. What I should do *then* I don't know." His wishes were amply gratified a few years afterwards, as the reader must have already seen. So rapidly, indeed, did the calls of private practice increase upon him, that he was forced, early in 1843, to resign his lectureship at the Law Institution, having, in fact, got fairly into the stream of his desired "first-rate pleading business" to an extent which heavily taxed both his physical and mental energies. Whatever was brought to him, he attended to thoroughly, never resting till he had completely exhausted the subject, and contemplated it from every point of view. Even at this time, however, it would be incredible to what an extent he obliged his friends at the bar, principally by preparing for them arguments, and sketching for them "opinions" on their cases, and these, too, generally of special difficulty and importance. Some of the most admirable arguments delivered by others of late, at the bar of the House of Lords, had been really prepared by Mr. Smith. In one instance, indeed, I recollect hearing the ablest living lawyer and advocate mention, that in a particular cause of great magnitude, not having found it possible even to open his ponderous brief before he was called upon

to argue, he had time, before he rose, barely to glance over a very brief epitome of the facts, and of the *real*, though unsuspected point in which the case ought to be decided, which had been prepared for his assistance by Mr. Smith. In confident reliance upon his accuracy in matters both of fact and law, the counsel in question boldly opened the case, implicitly adopting, and ably enforcing Mr. Smith's view of it, and succeeded in obtaining the judgment of the House. Mr. Smith never spoke, however, of these his subsidiary labours to others, nor liked ever to have any allusion made to the subject. It was impossible that he could get through all this business without sitting up during most of the night: and I know that, for the last three or four years of his life, he was rarely in bed before two, and sometimes three, and even four o'clock, having to be, nevertheless, at Westminster or Guildhall as early as ten o'clock, or half-past nine, on the ensuing morning. While thus arduously engaged, he kept a constant eye upon the progress of the decisions of the various courts, as bearing upon his "Mercantile Law," and "Leading Cases," interleaved copies of which always lay on his table before him, and received almost daily MS. additions. Thus it was that he was able, in 1841 and 1843, to present new editions of his "Leading Cases," and "Mercantile Law," greatly enlarged and improved, and in many instances, especially in the "Leading Cases," entirely remodelled. Nor was he, with all this, so absorbed as to forget literature; for, amidst his piles of opened law-books, you might often see a well-used copy of some classic English, French, Spanish, or Italian author, either prose or poetry, which he would read with equal zest and attention, as his pencil-marks in such volumes even now attest. As for "Don Quixote," and "Gil Blas," I really think he knew them almost off by heart, in the originals. He was also very fond of Tacitus, Cicero, and Demosthenes, from all of whom, as well as the other leading classics, but especially the two latter, he could quote to a surprising extent, and with signal accu-

racy—a fact well known to all his friends. Of this, indeed, Mr. Phillimore* has given a striking instance, in his sketch of Mr. Smith in the "Law Magazine." After observing that "his memory was, indeed, astonishing, and the feats which he performed with it were incredible; that the writer had heard him repeat, successively, scene after scene from a French vaudeville,—the Record in an Action filling up the "&c.'s," and a passage from a Greek orator, without the least apparent difficulty or hesitation," Mr. Phillimore proceeds to say, that the passage in question "was one of the finest in the Greek language, being in the speech of Æschines, which the most celebrated effort of the genius of Demosthenes was required to answer; when, after adjuring the Athenians not to raise a trophy to their own loss and shame, nor awaken in the minds of their confederates the recollection of their misfortunes, he proceeds—*ἀλλ' ἂν ἐπιστῇ τοῖς σώμασιν ὃ παρὰ γένεσθαι, ἀλλ' ἂν τὰς γὰρ διαβολὰς ἀποδείξωσι*," &c., down to the words, *ἐπιστῇ πτόντας μὴδὲν τῶτον τὸν τῆς ἡλικίας ἀντήριον στεφανῶν*," the writer well remembering that Mr. Smith insisted particularly on the extraordinary force and beauty of the word, *ἐπιστῇ πτόντας*." I, also, have often heard him quote long passages from the Greek dramatists, particularly from "Aristophanes," really *impromptu*, and with as much facility and vivacity as if he had been reading English. I have already intimated that he read many of the new publications of the day. One of these was Mr. Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," with which he was much amused, saying that "some of them were very clever and spirited;" and, after reading them, he sate down one evening and wrote a humorous parody on them, which he showed me, entitled, "Lay of Gascoigne Justice," prefaced by an "Extract from a Manuscript of a Late Reporter," who says, "I had observed numerous traces, in the old reports and entries, of the use of *Rhythm* in the enunciation of legal doctrines: and, pursuing the

* "Law Magazine," N. S. Vol. lxx. p. 133.

investigation, I at length persuaded myself that, in the infancy of English law, the business of the court was transacted *in verse*, or, at least, rhythm, sometimes without, but on grand and solemn occasions with, the aid of music; a practice which seems to have been introduced by the ecclesiastical advocates." After a humorous argument in support of this notion, he concludes: "The following attempt to restore certain of these *Lays of Ancient Law* is conceived, as the original lays themselves probably were, partly in bad English, partly in Dog-Latin." Then follows the "Lay of Gascoigne Justice, Chanted by Cooke and Coke, Serjeants, and Plowden, Apprentice in 'the Hall of Serjeants' Inn, A.D., 15—." The subject of the Lay was a certain highway exploit of Prince Harry, Poins, and Peto. Poins gets into trouble, being brought incontinently before Gascoigne Justice, "presiding at the Bailey." The concluding verses contain a just satire on certain gross defects in the administration of criminal justice, which have been only very recently remedied.

"When Poins he spied, ho, ho! he cried,
The caitiff hither bring!
We'll have a quick deliverance,
Betwixt him and the King:

And sooth he said, for justice sped
In those days at a rate
Which now 'twere vain to seek to gain,
In matters small or great.

* * * *

For sundry wise precautions,
The sages of the law
Discreetly framed, whereby they aimed
To keep the rogues in awe.

For lest some sturdy criminal
False witnesses should bring—
*His witnesses were not allowed
To swear to any thing.*

And lest his oily advocate
The court should overreach,
*His advocate was not allowed
The privilege of speech.*

Yet such was the humanity
And wisdom of the law!
That if in his indictment there
Appeared to be a flaw—

The court assigned him counsellors,
To argue on the doubt,
*Provided he himself had first
Contrived to point it out.*

Yet lest their mildness should perchance
Be craftily abused,

*To show him the indictment they
Most sturdily refused.*

But still that he might understand
The nature of the charge,
*The same was in the Latin tongue
Read out to him at large.*

'Twas thus the law kept rogues at awe,
Gave honest men protection,
And justly famed, by all was named,
Of 'wisdom the perfection!'

But now the case is different,
The rogues are getting bold—
It was not so, some time ago,
In those good days of old!"

It may be gathered from what has gone before, that Mr. Smith's mind was one of equal *activity* and strength. His physical energies might flag, but never those of his mind. He was always ready to pass from protracted and intense professional study and exertion, to other kinds of mental exercise—"from gay to grave, from lively to severe"—either reading general literature, or amusing himself with slight affairs such as the foregoing; or, as soon as a little leisure had recruited his spirits, entering with infinite zest into superior conversation on almost any topic that could be started. He was for a long time shy and distant to strangers; but was quite a different person at the tables, and in the company, of his old friends and companions. There certainly never sat at *my* table a man who, when in the humour, could supply for hours together such genuine fun and amusement as Mr. Smith. Our little children were always very glad to see him, for he was patient and gentle with them, and contrived really to entertain them. Towards ladies, his manner was always most fastidiously delicate and courteous. There was, if I may so speak, a smack of days gone by—a kind of antique and rather quaint gracefulness of demeanour and address, which I used frequently to contemplate with lively interest and curiosity. When he returned from dining out, to his chambers, he would light his candles, and, instead of going to bed, sit up till a very late hour; for not only had he much to get through, but was a bad sleeper. A few years before his death, he had become a member of the Garrick Club, which was ever after his fa-

vourite resort, and was also frequented by several other members of the bar. He was delighted to take a friend or two to dinner with him, and would entertain them most hospitably, and with increasing frequency, as his means became rapidly more ample. He was also fond of the theatres, taking special delight in comedies and farces, however broad, and even pantomimes. With what solemn drollery he would afterwards dwell on the feats of Clown and Pantaloon! I am here, however, speaking of several years ago; for latterly he said, "It was a very hard thing to find any thing to laugh at in a pantomime, however much one tried!"

During the years 1842, 1843, and 1844, his practice continued steadily increasing, and that, too, in the highest and most lucrative class of business—not only before special juries at *Nisi Prius*, and the Courts in Banc and in Error in the Exchequer Chamber, but in the Privy Council and the House of Lords. Before the last tribunal, in particular, he appeared as one of the counsel in the O'Connell case, on behalf of Mr. O'Connell and his companions. His time was now incessantly occupied, by day and night; his slight intervals of relaxation necessarily becoming fewer and fewer. His evenings, indeed, were almost always occupied with arbitrations, consultations, or preparing those pleadings and writing those opinions which his constant attendance in the Courts prevented his *then* disposing of. His friends saw with pain how grievously he was over-tasking his strength, and earnestly importuned him to give himself more intervals of relaxation—but in vain. For nearly two years before his death, his haggard countenance evidenced the direful havoc which he was making of a constitution never of the strongest. Sir William Follett and he were both sitting at the bar of the House of Lords, on one of the latest days of the hearing of Mr. O'Connell's case, each within a yard or two of me. Two death-doomed beings they looked, each, alas! having similarly provoked and accelerated his fate. On the same afternoon that Sir William Follett leaned heavily and feebly on a friend's arm as he with difficulty retired from

the bar, I went home in a cab with Mr. Smith, who sat by me silent and exhausted, and coughing convulsively. I repeatedly conjured him to pause, and give his shattered health a chance of recovery, by retiring for a few months, or even for a year or two, from the excitement and wasting anxieties and exertions of business; but he never would listen to me, nor to any of his friends. "It is all very well," he said to me several times, "to talk of retiring *for a while*; but what is to become of one's business and connexion in the mean time? You know it will have melted away for ever." He had, however, been persuaded to consult a physician of experienced skill in cases of consumption; who, after having once or twice seen him, sent a private message to the friend who had prevailed on Mr. Smith to call upon him; and on that friend's attending the physician, he pronounced the case to be utterly hopeless; that it might be a matter of months, even; but he ought to be prepared for the worst, and apprised of his situation. His friend requested the physician to undertake that duty, assuring him of his patient's great strength of mind and character; but he declined. Mr. Smith spent the long vacation of 1844 with his brothers and sisters in Ireland. They were shocked at his appearance, and affectionately implored him not to return to England, or attempt to resume his professional duties; but in vain. While staying in Ireland, he regretted the fast flight of time, evidently clinging to the society of his brothers and sisters, to the latter of whom he was most devotedly attached; but bleak, bitter, blighting November saw him again established at the Temple, and fairly over head and ears in the business of the commencing term. He attended the courts as usual; went out in the evenings to arbitrations and consultations as of old; dined also at the Garrick as before; and sat up as late at nights as ever. We all sighed at this deplorable infatuation; but what could we do? He was a man of inflexible will, and a peculiar idiosyncrasy. Remonstrance and entreaty, from the first useless, at length evidently became only irritating. Not a judge on the bench, nor a member of

the bar, but regretted to see him persist in attending the courts; where he sat and stood, indeed, a piteous spectacle. He resolved on going the Spring Circuit in 1845, being retained in some of the heaviest cases tried there. Shortly before this, the friend already referred to resolved to perform the painful duty of telling him, that in his physician's opinion there was not a ray of hope for his recovery; a communication which he received with perfect calmness and fortitude. To his brother's entreaties, about the month of June, that he would either go abroad, accompanied by one of his brothers or sisters, or allow the latter to come and live with him, in a house a little removed from town, he steadily turned a deaf ear. He evidently knew that it was useless; and spoke of his desperate state as calmly as he would have done in referring to the case of a mere stranger. It is believed that his sole reason for refusing to permit his sister to come over, was his fond and tender regard for her—a reluctance to permit her to witness him waste away, injuring in vain her own health and spirits. About this time, he said to his brother very quietly, but sadly, that “he feared his sisters would soon have to bear a severe shock!” He sat in his chambers, which were within only a few yards’ distance from the Temple Church, on the day of Sir William Follett’s funeral. He heard the tolling of the bell, and from his window* he could have seen much of that solemn ceremonial. What must have been his feelings? This was on the 4th July; and five days afterwards, (*viz.* on the 9th,) poor Mr. Smith appeared, I believe for the last time in the Court of Exchequer, during the post-terminal sittings in Trinity vacation, to argue a demurrer! I was present during part of the time. What a dismal object he looked, while addressing the Court! I think we drove up to the Temple together. He had argued the case of *Bradburne v. Botfield*, (reported in 14 Meeson and Welsby, 558,) the last time, I believe, that his name appears in the Reports. It was a very nice question, as to whether certain covenants in a lease

were joint or several: his argument was successful, and the Court gave judgment in his favour. The next day he said to me, speaking of this occasion, “The judges must have thought me talking great nonsense: I was so weak, that it was with very great difficulty I could keep from dropping down, for my legs trembled under me all the time violently, and now and then I seemed to lose sight of the judges.” Yet his argument was distinguished by his usual accuracy, clearness, and force of reasoning. Nobody could prevail upon him to abstain from going the summer circuit. He went accordingly, and unless I am mistaken, held several heavy briefs. When the northern circuit had closed, I joined my family at Hastings; and found that poor Mr. Smith was staying alone at the Victoria Hotel, St. Leonards. I called upon him immediately after my arrival. His appearance was truly afflicting to behold. Consumption had fixed her talons still deeper in his vitals. He sat in an easy chair, from which he could not rise without great effort; and he expressed himself as delighted that I, and another of his oldest friends, happened to have established ourselves so near him. He was quite alone—no friend or relative with him; several briefs, &c. lay on his table, together with the most recent numbers of the Reports, several law-books, and works on general literature. A Bible also lay in the room, with several papers placed within the leaves. Nothing could exceed the attention paid to him by the landlady and her daughter, and the servants; but he gave them very little trouble. His cough was much aggravated, as were the wasting night-sweats; and he could walk only a few steps without assistance. Soon after having got to Hastings, I was summoned away to attend a court-martial at Leeds, which kept me there for upwards of a fortnight. On my return, Mr. Smith expressed a lively anxiety to hear from me a detailed account of “how the military managed law.” He seemed never tired of hearing of those “curious proceedings,” as he styled them. I

* His chambers were No. 2, Mitre Court Buildings, to which he had removed from No. 12, King’s Bench Walk, about two years before.

spent nearly two hours a day with him during the remainder of my stay, accompanying him in long drives whenever the weather permitted. Weak though his body was, his mind was as active and strong as ever. I saw several as heavy "sets" of papers, from time to time, forwarded by his clerk from London, according to Mr. Smith's orders, as I had ever seen even in his chambers. When I implored him to send them back, and take a real holiday, he answered simply, "No; they *must* be attended to,"—and he did so: though I saw him once unable from weakness to lift a brief from his knees to the table. I never beheld so calm and patient a sufferer. He never repined at the fate which had befallen him, nor uttered a word showing impatience or irritability. When we drove out together, he generally said little or nothing the whole time, lest his cough should be aggravated, but was very anxious to be talked to. Once he suddenly asked me, when we were driving out, "Whether I really ever intended to permit him to see the sketch of Follett, which I was preparing." I parried the question, by asking him, "Whether he thought Sir William Follett a great lawyer."—"Certainly," said he, "if there *be* such a character as a great lawyer. What thing of importance that only a great lawyer could do, did not Follett do? He *necessarily* knew an immensity of law; and his tact was a thing quite wonderful. I was a great admirer of Follett. I once heard him say, by the way, that either he had applied for the place of a police magistrate, or would have accepted it, if it had been offered, soon after he had come to the bar; so that it is quite a mistake to suppose that he was all at once so successful. And I can tell you another little fact about Follett: though perhaps no man took so few notes on his brief, during a cause: this was not always so; for, when he first came to the bar, he took most full and elaborate notes of every case, and prepared his arguments with extreme care. I have seen proofs of this." Shortly before his leaving town, he purchased a copy of Thirlwall's (the Bishop of St. David's) History of Greece, in eight volumes, "to read

over at the sea-side;" and he did so: telling me that "he liked it much,—that it had told him many things which he had not known before." This copy his brother presented to me after Mr. Smith's death, and I value it greatly. One morning I found him much exhausted; but soon after I had taken my seat, he said, "You can oblige me by something, if you will do it for me. I recollect that there is generally lying on your table, at chambers, 'Bell's Principles of the Law of Scotland.' Now I am very anxious to read the book, as I expect to be in one, if not two, Scotch appeal cases, in the House of Lords, next session! Will you do me this favour?" Of course I immediately procured the book to be forwarded to him, and it afforded him uncommon pleasure for many days. He read it entirely through with deep attention, as his numerous pencil marks on the margin attest, as well as several notes on the fly-leaf, of leading points of difference between our law and that of Scotland. At page 35, § 76, the text runs thus:—"Tacit acceptance may be inferred from silence, when the refusal is so put as to require rejection, if the party do not mean to assent; as when a merchant writes to another, that he is against a certain day, to send him a certain commodity, at a certain price, unless he shall previously forbid." Opposite to this, Mr. Smith has written in pencil, "*Surely one man cannot throw the duty of refusal on another, [in] that way!*" In the course of a little discussion which we had on this subject, I said, "Suppose the parties have had previously similar transactions?"—"Ah," he answered, "that might make a difference, and evidence a *contract* to the effect stated; but as nakedly enunciated in the text, I think it cannot be the law of Scotland, or law any where." He made many interesting and valuable remarks from time to time on Scotch law, and expressed a high opinion of the work in question, referring to every portion of it as readily as though it had been his familiar text-book for years. I often found him reading the numbers of the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer Reports; and he once said, "I have a good many arrears to get through, in this way,

before the beginning of term!" One day I saw a prodigious pile of law papers lying on his table, which had just arrived from London. "Why, what are these, my dear Smith?" said I earnestly—for he lay on the sofa in a state of miserable exhaustion. After some minutes' pause, he replied, "It is a very troublesome case. I have to reply or demur to some very harassing pleas of ———."—"But why not postpone them till near the end of October?" "When I am not fatigued, papers amuse me, and occupy my attention." I offered to him my services. "No, thank you—it would fatigue me more to explain the previous state of matters, with which I am familiar, than to draw the pleadings"—and he did it himself. On another occasion, I saw him sitting in his easy chair, deadly pale. When I had placed myself beside him, he said in a faint tone, but calmly and deliberately, "This morning a very serious thing has happened to me," and he mentioned a new and very alarming feature in his complaint, which, alas! fully justified his observation; and during the day he allowed me to request Dr. Duke, who was attending a patient in the hotel, to see him. He did—and on quitting him, told me that of course the case was hopeless; that his friends should be sent for, and he would not answer for his life for a few weeks, or even days. Two or three days afterwards, Dr. Duke saw him again, and had left him only half-an-hour when I called. He was writing a letter to an old friend (one of his executors,) and his face wore an expression of peculiar solemnity. Laying down his pen, and leaning back in his chair, he gently shook my hand, and, in an affectionate manner, said, "Warren, I have just had a startling communication made me by Dr. Duke; he has told me plainly that I cannot live much longer,—that recovery is utterly out of the question,—and that I am nearer death than I suppose." After a pause, I said, "He has been faithful, then, my dear Smith. It was his duty; and I trust he did it in a prudent manner."—"Perfectly," he replied. Profound gloom was in his features, but he was perfectly calm. Presently he said, covering his face with his attenuated hand, "I have

none to thank but myself; I have killed myself by going the last circuit, but I could not resist some tempting briefs which awaited me! I now regret that I did not allow my sister to come over, months ago, and go with her to the South of France; but of course wishing *now* is useless." Again I entreated him to allow her to be sent for. "My dear Warren," said he very decisively, "you and B. have often asked me to do so. I beg you to do so no more. I have private reasons for declining to follow your advice." His voice slightly faltered. His "private reasons" have already been adverted to—they were, his tender love for one whom he would not shock by showing himself to her in the rapid progress of decay! From that day I never saw the semblance of a smile upon his face, nor any appearance of emotion, but only of solemn thoughtfulness. A few days afterwards I said to him, "Well, if it be the will of God that you should never return to your profession, it is certainly consolatory for you to reflect how great a reputation you justly enjoy at the bar, and in how short a time you have gained it. Your name will live." He made no answer for some minutes, but shook his head, and then said, "I have done nothing worthy of being remembered for; but you are very kind for saying so." Even after this, the mail every now and then brought him fresh "papers" from town; and Miss ———, the daughter of the landlady, and who attended him with the utmost solicitude, one evening burst into tears, as she showed me a fresh packet; adding, "It is really heart-breaking to have to take them in to him: he is so weak that he feels a difficulty in even opening them!" It was so, indeed! The two old friends whom he had named as executors, came down to St. Leonards two or three times, and spent several days with him. As the time for our family's return to town approached, he evidently regarded it with uneasiness, and almost daily said, "Must you *really* go by the 15th? And ——— is also going before that: then I shall be left quite alone, and shall certainly feel dull." A friend of mine, a lady, who resides near St. Leonards, having requested me to intro-

duce her to him, in order that when we were gone she might come and see him, I asked him if he would allow me to do so? "Indeed," said he, faintly, and with a slight flush, "I should not only feel it a compliment, but extremely kind." The lady in question accordingly drove down very kindly almost daily, bringing him grapes and flowers, which he said he felt to be a very delicate attention: and so anxious was he to evince his sense of her courtesy, that he insisted on driving, when very feeble, on a bleak day, to leave a card at the lady's residence, nearly three miles off, with his own hand. When I took my leave of him, he seemed, I thought, a little moved; but said calmly, "If the weather breaks up, I shall return to the Temple: and it is possible that I may take lodgings in another part of the town; but to court I *must* go, at whatever inconvenience—for I have cases there which I must personally attend to!"

Towards the close of October he followed us to London, alone, and was sadly fatigued and exhausted by his journey. He went at once to his chambers; which he never, with one exception, quitted till his death; lying stretched in his dressing-gown upon the sofa, a large table near him being covered with briefs, cases, and pleadings, which he attended to almost as regularly as if he had been in perfect health. Yet he found it difficult to sit up, his hand trembled when holding even a small book, and his cough was fearfully increased in frequency and violence, and he could get little or no sleep at nights. The reader may imagine the concern and astonishment with which I heard, that about a fortnight after his return, he had actually gone to dine at the Garrick Club! Sitting at his table there, as a friend who saw him told me, "more like a corpse than a living being; in short, I almost thought it must be his ghost!" He left his rooms, however, no more; having his dinner sent in, till within the last few days of his life, from a neighbouring tavern. He had several consultations held at his chambers, in cases where new trials were to be moved for; his leaders, (one of whom was Mr. Sergeant Talfourd,) considerably waiving etiquette, and coming

to their dying junior's chambers. They were, as may be supposed, most reluctant to transact business with one in his state, but he insisted upon it. He earnestly requested me not to mention at Westminster, or elsewhere, how ill I thought him; "for if you do, my clients will send me no business, and then I shall have nothing to amuse my mind with." Towards the end of the term, he observed to me one morning,—“See how very kind my clients are to me! I suspect they have heard that I cannot go to court, so they send me a great number of pleas, demurrers, and motion papers, which I have merely to sign, and get half a guinea: I think it so considerate!” About the last day of the term, I happened myself to be his opponent, in one of those minor matters of form, a motion for judgment as in case of a nonsuit, on account of my client's not having gone to trial at the preceding assizes. Mr. Smith was lying in a state of great exhaustion on the sofa; but mentioned the “rule.” I told him that I had brought my brief with me.—“A peremptory undertaking, I suppose,” said he, languidly, “to try at the next assizes?”—“Yes, and I will sign my own papers, and yours too, to save you the trouble,—or your clerk shall?”—“No, thank you,” said he, and with difficulty raised himself. “Will you oblige me by giving me a pen?” I did so, and with a trembling hand he wrote his name on the briefs, saying, in a melancholy tone as he wrote, “It is the last time I shall sign my name with yours. Even if you *perform* your undertaking, I shall not be at the trial.” About a week afterwards I found him finishing the last sheet of a huge mass of short-hand writer's notes of an important case in which he was concerned, and he was grievously exhausted. It was in vain to remonstrate with him! An early and devoted friend of his, and I, called upon him daily two or three times, and sat with him as long as our engagements would permit us. We found his mind always vigorous; and though he could converse little, from weakness, and its irritating his cough, his language was as exact and significant as ever, and he liked to hear others talk, especially about what was going on at Westminster. I was sitting

silently beside him one afternoon, only a fortnight before his death, when a friend came in, and, after we had sat some time together, asked me a question which had just arisen in his practice. "Don't you think," said he, "that, under these circumstances, we may read the word '*forthwith*,' in this act of parliament, to mean, 'as soon as reasonably may be?'" Our poor friend, who had not spoken before, and lay apparently asleep, instantly raised his head, and with some quickness observed, "Ah! if you could only read an act of parliament in *any way you liked*, what fine things you could do!" The reader is not, however, to suppose that Mr. Smith's mind was exclusively occupied with business, and legal topics. On the contrary, I am certain that he both read and thought much, and anxiously, on religious subjects. I saw the Bible constantly open, and also one or two religious books; in particular, Mr. Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity" lay on his table and on his sofa. He seemed, however, to feel no disposition to converse on such topics, with any one. If any one attempted to lead conversation in that direction, he would either be silent, or in a significant manner change the subject. He had a favourite copy of Dante lying often near him, and it may be interesting to state, that he has left, underscored in pencil, the two following verses in the third canto, (*Del Purgatorio*,) expressive of faith in the great mysteries of Christianity,—

"Matto è chi spera che nostra ragione,
Possa trascorrer la 'nfinita via,
Che tiene una sustanzia in tre persone.

State contente, umana gente, al quia :
Che si potuto aveste veder tutto,
Mestier non era partorir Maria."

It may not be necessary to say it, but I am persuaded that he was a firm believer in the truths of Christianity, and a conscientious member of the Church of England. One day, within about a fortnight of his death, he said, "There is a work which I have often heard you speak of, and which, it does so happen, I never read, though I have often wished to do so; I mean Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*. I may say almost that

I know his *Evidences* off by heart. Now, will you do me the favour of procuring me a copy of the other book, in as large type as you can, and as soon as you can, for," he added with a slight sigh, after a pause, "I have not much time to lose?" I immediately procured him the book in question; and about three days afterwards he said to me, "I have read the *Horæ Paulinæ*; it is a book of extraordinary merit; I very much wonder that I never read it before." I asked him if he had read "Butler's Analogy." "Oh yes, of course, several times, and know it well," he replied, rather quickly. Life was visibly ebbing fast away during the first week in December. He grew weaker and weaker almost hourly, and scarcely ever rose from his sofa, where he always lay in his dressing-gown, except to go to his bed-room, which adjoined and opened into his sitting-room. He would even then allow no one to be in his chamber with him during the night! not even his attentive and attached laundress, or his clerk! I once very strongly urged upon him to allow the former to sleep in the chambers. "Either she leaves my chambers at her usual hour," said he, peremptorily, "or I do." We felt it, however, impossible to allow this; and, without his being aware of it, his clerk and laundress by turns continued to spend the night in one of the adjoining rooms. It was well that such was the case, for he began to get delirious during the nights. About ten days before his death, a great and marked change came very suddenly over him: his eyes assumed a strange glazed appearance, and his voice was altogether altered. His mind, however, continued calm and collected as ever. He moaned continually, though gently, assuring us, however, repeatedly that he felt no pain, "but an exhaustion that is quite inconceivable by *you*." Not many days before his end, he gave us a signal proof of the integrity of his reasoning faculties. Two of his friends, I and another, were sitting with him, and he told us, as he often latterly had, that he heard strange voices in the room. He asked the one who sat next him if there were not strangers at that moment in the

room speaking? When assured that there were not, he said very earnestly, "Will you, however, oblige me by looking immediately under the sofa, and tell me whether there is really no one there?" His friend looked, and solemnly assured him that there was no one there. "Now," said he, with some difficulty, after a pause, and suddenly looking at us, "how extraordinary this is! Of course, after what you say, I am bound to believe you, and the voices I hear are consequently imaginary: yet I hear them uttering *articulate sounds*: they are human voices; they speak to me intelligibly. What can make that impression upon the organ of hearing — upon the tympanum? How is it done? There must be some strange disorder in the organs. I can't understand it, nor the state of my own faculties!" Then he relapsed into the state of drowsy, moaning, half-unconsciousness, in which he spent the last fortnight of his life. For a few days previously, no more briefs or papers were taken in by the clerk: but one, a case for an opinion, which had been brought about a week before, Mr. Smith immediately read over with a view of answering it. In consequence of a communication from the physician, we at once summoned Mr. Smith's two brothers, the one from Dublin Castle, and the other (an officer on board the *Devastation* Steam Frigate) from Portsmouth. Both of them came as quickly as possible, and remained to the last in affectionate attendance upon their afflicted brother. About three days before his death, he was asked if he wished to receive the sacrament. "Yes," he immediately replied, "I was about to ask for it, but feared I was too ill to go through with it. I request it may now be administered to me as soon as can be, for I am sensible that I have no time to lose; and I beg that the rubric may be strictly complied with in all respects." This he said specially with reference to the prescribed number ("three, or two at the least") of communicants beside himself. The Rev. Mr. Harding, father of one of his intimate friends, being near at hand, immediately attended, and administered that sacred and awful rite: Lieutenant Smith, I, and another, par-

taking of the sacrament with our dying friend. He was in full possession of his faculties. He could not rise from the sofa, but made a great effort to incline towards the clergyman, lying with his hands clasped upon his breast. When the name of our Saviour was mentioned, he inclined his head with profound reverence of manner. It was, indeed, a very solemn and affecting scene, such as will never be effaced from my memory. When it was over, Mr. Smith gently grasped the hand of Mr. Harding, and faintly thanked him for his kindness in so promptly attending. He was unable, at night, to walk to his bed: to which he was assisted by his brother and a friend. The dark curtain was now rapidly descending between him and this life. He never rose again from bed; but lay there in the same mourning yet comparatively tranquil state in which he had been during the week. On the morning of the day of his death, I went early to sit beside him, alone; gazing at his poor emaciated countenance, with inexpressible feelings. Shortly after I left, his oldest friend took my place; and, after a while, to his great surprise, Mr. Smith, on recognising him, asked if a particular "case," — "*Ex parte* —" was not still in chambers? On being answered in the affirmative, he requested his friend to get pen, ink, and paper, and he would dictate the opinion! His friend, though conceiving him to be wandering and delirious, complied with his request; on which Mr. Smith slightly elevated himself in bed, and, to the amazement of his friend, in a perfectly calm and collected manner, but with great difficulty of utterance, dictated not only an appropriate, but a correct and able opinion on a case of considerable difficulty! When he had concluded, with the words, "the case is practically remediless," he requested that what had been written might be read over. It was done, and he said, on its being concluded, "There is only one alteration necessary — strike out the words '*on the case*,' leaving it '*action*,' simpler;" thereby showing an exact appreciation of a point in the case, with reference to the suggested form of action, of much difficulty! After this effort he rallied no more, but lay in a dozing state all

day; his friend, his brother, and myself, by turns, sitting at his bedside. He appeared to suffer no pain. I sate with him till about six o'clock, gazing at him with mournful intensity, perceiving that the struggle was rapidly drawing to a close. Being compelled to leave, I intended to have returned at eight o'clock; but, alas! a little before that hour, tidings were brought me that at shortly after seven o'clock our poor friend had been released from his sufferings. A few minutes before he expired, none being present but his brother and the laundress, he gently placed his left hand under his left cheek, and, after a few soft breathings, each longer than the preceding one, without apparent pain, ceased to exist upon earth. I immediately repaired to his chambers, and joined his brother and his oldest friend. They were sitting in mournful silence in his sitting room. Around us were all the evidences of our departed friend's very recent occupancy — his spectacles lay on the table; — many briefs, some of which I had seen his own feeble hands open only a few days before, so remained, as well as various books; among which were two large interleaved copies of his "Mercantile Law" and "Leading Cases," with considerable MS. additions and corrections in his own handwriting. When I looked at all these, and reflected that the prematurely wasted remains of one of my earliest and most faithful friends lay, scarce yet cold, in the adjoining room, I own that I felt it difficult to suppress my emotions.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis?;

He died on the 17th December, 1845. On looking among his papers, there was found a will which he had executed so long before as the year 1837, for a reason assigned in that document, viz., that on the 3d of July in that year, was passed the important Act of 7 Will. IV., and 1 Viet. c. 26, which rendered it necessary for all wills to be signed by the testator in the presence of two or more attesting witnesses, none having till then been necessary in the case of wills of personal estate, which alone Mr. Smith left behind him. This document contains some characteristic

touches. It begins in this old fashioned and formal style: —

"In the name of God, Amen!

"I, John William Smith, of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, being minded to make my last will and testament before the act passed in the first year of the reign of Her present Majesty, (whom God long preserve,) entitled 'An Act for the Amendment of the Law with respect to Wills,' shall have come into operation, do make this my last will and testament; that is to say," &c. &c.: and he proceeded, after giving some trifling mementoes to his friends, to bequeath all his property to his two executors, in trust for his sisters. He directed that his coffin should not be closed till after decay should have visibly commenced in his body; a precaution against the possibility of premature interment: which he always regarded with peculiar apprehension. He proceeded to direct that he should be buried in the burying-ground around the Temple church, a right which he always contended was possessed by every member of the Inn. With this request, however, it was impossible for the Benchers to comply, though anxious, by every means in their power, to do honour to his memory. He was, therefore, buried, on the 24th December, 1845, at Kensal Green. Had it been deemed desirable by his brothers and executors, a great number of the members of the bar would have attended his funeral. As it was, however, sixteen only of those most intimate with him followed his remains to their last resting-place. A small stone, placed at the head of his grave, merely mentions his name, age, and profession, and the day of his death; and adds, that a tablet to his memory is erected in the Temple church. On the ensuing Sunday, the Benchers of the Inner Temple caused the staff, or pole, surmounted with the arms of the Inn, carved in silver, and which is always borne before the Benchers into church, and placed at the corner of their pew, to be covered with crape, and the vergers to wear scarves; a tribute of respect which had never before then, I believe, been paid to any but deceased Benchers. They expressed anxiety to pay every honour to the memory of so distinguished a member

of the Inn, and cordially assented to the request that a tablet should be placed in the Triforium, where one of white marble now stands, bearing the following fitting inscription, written by his friend, Mr. Phillimore, of the Oxford circuit:—

JOH: GVL: SMITH

IN. STUDII. HUMANITATIS. AC. LITTERARVM.
A. PURITIA. SUMMA. LAUDE. VERSATO.
LEGVM. ET. CONSUEVDINIS. ANGLE.
TYM. JVRIS. NEGOTIANTIBVS. PROPRIIS.
PERITISSIMO. VT. SCRIPTA. QVÆ. MAGNAM.
ETIAM. TRANSMARINAS. APVD. GENTES.
AUCTORITATEM. CONSECVTA. SUNT. TESTANTVR.
MEMORIA. DILIGENTIA. ACVMINE. DOCTRINA.
NEQNON. FIDE. ET. BENEVOLENTIA. SINGVLARI.
A. FORO. VBI. QVOD. VIXIT. INGENI. LAUDE.
CREVIT.
INMATA. MORTE. ABREPTO.
H: L: S: E
NATVS. A.D. MDCCXC. OBIT. IDIBVS. DEC. A.D.
MDCCCLV.

Thus died, and thus was honoured in his, alas! premature death, John William Smith: leaving behind him a name of unsullied purity, and a permanent reputation, among a body of men noted for their severe discrimination in estimating character. He practised his profession in the spirit of a GENTLEMAN, disdaining all those vulgar and degrading expedients now too often resorted to, for the purpose of securing success at the bar. He waited, and prepared for, *his opportunity* with modest patience and fortitude, and indomitable industry and energy. He possessed an intellect of uncommon power, consummately disciplined, and

capable of easily mastering any thing to which its enegies were directed. Having devoted himself to jurisprudence, he obtained a marvellously rapid mastery, both theoretically and practically, over its greatest difficulties, leaving behind him writings which have contributed equally to facilitate the study and the practice of the law, in an enlightened spirit. Had Providence been pleased to prolong his life, the voice of the profession would, within a very few years, have called for his elevation to the judicial bench, and he would have proved one of its brightest ornaments. Nor did he sink the scholar in the lawyer, but cherished to the last those varied, elegant, refined, and refining tastes and pursuits, which, having acquired him early academical distinction, rendered in after life his intercourse always delightful to the most accomplished and gifted of his friends and acquaintance, and supplied him with a never-failing source of intellectual recreation. Above all, his conduct was uniformly characterised by truth and honour, by generosity and munificence, hid from nearly all but the objects of it; and by a profound reverence for religion, and a sincere faith in that Christianity whose consolations he experienced in the trying time of sickness and death, and which could alone afford him a well-founded hope of eternal peace and happiness.

Inner Temple, 8th January, 1847.

MODERN ITALIAN HISTORY.

UPON the fifth day of February, 1783, the province of Calabria was visited with a terrific earthquake. "The sway of earth *shook* like a thing unfirm," thousands of houses crumbled to their base, tens of thousands of human beings were buried beneath ruins, or engulfed by the gaping ground. In the small and ancient town of Squillace, the devastation was frightful; amongst others, the spacious mansion of the noble family of PÉPÉ was overthrown and utterly destroyed. At the time of this calamity, Irene Assanti, the wife of Gregorio PÉPÉ, was in daily expectation of being brought to bed. In vain was it attempted to find a fitting refuge for the suffering and feeble woman. The ruin that had overtaken her dwelling extended for leagues around; not a roof-tree stood in the doomed district; misery and desolation reigned throughout the land. A tent was hastily erected; and, under its scanty shelter, in a season of extreme rigour, the lady gave birth to a son, who was baptised by the name of William.

Soothsayers would have augured a stormy existence to the child who thus first saw light when "the frame and huge foundation of the earth shak'd like a coward." Such omens might have attended the birth of an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon, marking the advent of one of those human meteors sent at long intervals to astonish and dazzle the world. In this instance, if the man born during Nature's most terrible convulsion, was not destined to exercise a material or lasting influence on the fate of nations, at least his lot was cast in troublous and agitated times; he took share in great events, came in contact with extraordinary men, passed through perils and adventures such as few encounter, and fewer still survive. The last sixty years, comprising the most interesting and important chapter in the history of Europe, perhaps of the world, have been prolific in sudden transformations and startling reverses of fortune. During that period of revolution and restless ac-

tivity, we have seen peasants become princes, private soldiers occupying the thrones of great and civilized countries, obscure individuals in every walk of life raised by opportunity, genius, and the caprice of fate, to the most exalted positions. Some of these have maintained themselves on the giddy pinnacle on which fortune placed them. They are the few. Reverses, even more sudden and extraordinary than their upward progress, have cast down the majority from their high estate. The transitions have been rapid, from the palace to the prison, from the sway of kingdoms to the sufferings of emigration, from the command of mighty armies to the weariness and obscurity of a forced inactivity. Fortunes built up in a year, have been knocked down in a month; again reconstructed, they have been yet more rapidly destroyed. Such changes have been as numerous, often as strikingly contrasted, as the shifting visions of a magic lantern, or the fitful corruscations of a firework. Within a short half century, how often has the regal purple been bartered for the fugitive's disguise, the dictator's robe for a prison garb, the fortunate soldier's baton of command for the pilgrim's staff and the bitter bread of exile. Notable instances of such disastrous fluctuations are to be found in the memoirs of the Neapolitan general Guglielmo PÉPÉ.

One of the youngest of a family of two-and-twenty children, born of wealthy and highly descended parents, young PÉPÉ was placed, before he was seven years old, in the royal college of Catanzaro. There, his father, anxious that his education should be complete and excellent, intended him to remain until the age of eighteen. The peculiar disposition of the boy proved a grave obstacle to the accomplishment of the paternal wish. Nature had destined him for a military career, and his tendency to a soldier's life was early manifest. To the studies that would have qualified him for a learned profession, he showed an insurmountable aversion; Latin he

detested ; on the other hand, geography, history, and mathematics, were cultivated by him with a zeal and eagerness that astonished his professors. He had just attained his fourteenth year, when two of his brothers, but a little older than himself, left the military college at Naples, and received commissions in the army. This redoubled the military ardour of their junior, who had already caught the warlike feeling with which the Neapolitan government strove at that time to inspire the nation. He urged his father to purchase him a commission ; his father refused, and the wilful boy absconded from college. Brought back again, he a second time escaped, and enlisted in a regiment of riflemen. Again he was captured, and the poor sergeant who had accepted the juvenile recruit, was thrown into prison for enticing away a pupil of the royal college. But this time Gregorio P  p   thought it advisable to yield to the wishes of his headstrong son, and allowed him to enter the military school. He remained there two years, and left it to join, as drill sergeant, a company of the newly raised national guard. This was in 1799. Towards the close of the previous year, the ill-disciplined and inefficient Neapolitan army, composed for the most part of raw and uninstructed levies, had marched into the Papal States ; and, the French having evacuated it, had entered Rome without opposition. The triumph was very brief. Neither the Neapolitan troops, nor their leader, General Mack, were capable of contending successfully against the skilful officers and well-trained soldiers opposed to them. On the first alarm, the pusillanimous Ferdinand of Naples fled from Rome in disguise, and soon afterwards embarked for Sicily with his wife and court, carrying away "the wealth and jewels of the crown, the most valuable antiquities, the most precious works of art, and what remained from the pillage of the banks and churches, which had been lying in the mint either in bullion or specie." The amount of the rich treasure was estimated at twenty millions of ducats. The French still advanced, feebly opposed by the disheartened Neapolitans and their inefficient foreign leaders. Gaeta, the Gibraltar of Italy, was surrendered after a few hours'

siege, by an old general so ignorant of his profession that we are told he was accustomed to seek counsel from the bishop of the town. Capua, the bulwark of the capital, was given up by Ferdinand's vicar-general, Prince Pignatelli, in consideration of a two months' truce, which lasted, however, but as many days. A condition of this disgraceful armistice was a payment of two and a half millions of ducats. The money was not forthcoming ; and the French commander, General Championnet, marched upon Naples. After three days' obstinate combat, maintained around and in the city by the lazzaroni, victory remained with the assailants. They were aided by the republican or patriot party, who delivered up to them the fort of St. Elmo. By this party, then a very small minority in Naples—much the greater part of whose population, ignorant, fanatical, and worked upon by wily priests, were frantic in their hatred of the French, and of the Jacobins, as they called the liberal section of their own countrymen—the triumph of the invaders was looked upon as a temporary evil, trifling when compared with the advantages that would result from it. Amongst the most enthusiastic liberals was young P  p  , who had already conceived that ardent love of liberty, which, throughout life, has been his mainspring of action. He hailed with delight the publication of the edict by which Naples was erected into the Parthenopean Republic. He was eager to enter the new army, whose organisation had been decreed, but his tender age made his brothers oppose his wish, and he was fain to content himself with a post in the national guard.

The new republic was destined to a very short existence. The provisional government, consisting, in imitation of the French system, of six committees, displayed little activity and still less judgment. It neglected to conciliate and win over the popular party, which remained stanch to the Bourbons and absolutism ; it took little pains to convince the bigoted multitude of the advantages and blessings of a free constitution. The treasury was bare, the harvest had been bad, the coast was blockaded, and their difficulties were aggravated

by the heavy taxes imposed, and rigorously levied by Championnet for the support of his army. These impositions, and a decree for the disarming of the people, produced discontent even amongst the friends of the new institutions. Nevertheless, Championnet, by showing an interest in the rising Republic, had gained a certain degree of popularity, when he was recalled to Paris to be tried by a court-martial, for his opposition to the exactions of a French civil commissary, "one of those voracious blood-suckers, whom the French government was wont to fasten upon the newly formed republics which it created, and upon which it bestowed the derisive title of independent." General Macdonald succeeded Championnet; the commissary, maintained in his functions, had full scope for extortion, and the Republican government, unable, for want of money, to organise an army that might have given permanence to its existence, became daily more unpopular, and visibly tottered to its downfall. Meanwhile, on the opposite coast of Sicily, Ferdinand, his adherents and allies, were any thing but idle. They issued proclamations, lavished money, spared no means to excite the people to revolt against the French and their favourers. Every support and encouragement was given to the disaffected, and at last Cardinal Ruffo landed in Calabria, and by proclamations issued in his name, and in that of Ferdinand, promised the property and estates of the patriots to those who should take up arms for the holy cause of the king. Apulia was overrun by four Corsican adventurers; the other provinces were infested by bands of ruffians, mostly the outpourings of the prisons and galleys, which had been thrown open by the furious populace when preparing to defend the city against the French. A miller, by name Mammone, was one of the most ferocious and dreaded leaders of these banditti. His cruelties, as related by General P  p  , almost exceed belief. "He butchered in the most dreadful manner all who fell into his power, and with his own hands murdered nearly four hundred of them, chiefly Frenchmen and Neapolitans. Blood-

thirsty by nature, he seemed to revel in shedding blood, and carried his cruelty to such a pitch, that when seated at his meals, he delighted in having constantly before him a human head newly divided from the trunk and streaming with blood. This monster, the perpetrator of so many horrors, was, nevertheless, greeted by King Ferdinand and his Queen Caroline, in the most affectionate manner by the title of 'dear general,' and of 'faithful supporter of the throne.'

After long and unaccountable delay, two columns were formed for the pursuit of the Bourbonites, and a regular civil war began. At first the Republicans, supported by the French, had the best of the fight, and the strong towns of Andria and Trani were taken, after a vigorous defence, with great loss to the royalists, and no inconsiderable one to the assailants. But the Austrians and Russians now prepared to drive the French from northern Italy, and Macdonald, compelled to keep his army together, was unable to follow up these successes. Cardinal Ruffo's forces increased; he besieged and took several towns and overran entire provinces, his ferocious followers committing, as they proceeded, the most terrible excesses and acts of cruelty. At last, in the month of May, Macdonald evacuated the Neapolitan territory, placing French garrisons in the castle of St. Elmo and in the fortresses of Capua and Gaeta, and leaving the handful of republicans to defend themselves as best they might against the vast majority of the nation that supported the cause of the king. Against such odds, the enthusiasm of the liberals, ill assisted by a feeble and vacillating government, was unable successfully to contend. Nevertheless, they still struggled on; fresh troops were raised, and in a sort of sacred battalion, composed of officers, young P  p  , who had just completed his sixteenth year, was appointed serjeant-major. In this capacity he first saw fire, in a skirmish with a band of armed peasants. But the enemy gained ground, the limits of the Republic grew each day narrower, until at last they were restricted to

the capital and its immediate environs. Cardinal Ruffo's army, now amounting to forty thousand men, backed by detachments of foreign troops, and by regiments landed from Sicily, had improved in discipline and organisation, and, flushed with their successes, ventured to attack Naples. They encountered an obstinate resistance. General Schipani, an officer of distinguished bravery but little skill, commanded the body of troops of which Pèpè's battalion formed a part, and occupied the most advanced of the Republican positions, between Torre dell' Annunziata and Castella-mare. The Cardinal's troops cut him off from Naples, and whilst gallantly endeavouring to force a passage through them and assist the city, his little band, fifteen hundred in number, was assailed by a body of Russians, and by a thousand Calabrians under the command of Pano di Grano, a returned galley slave, and Ruffo's favourite officer. In a narrow road a desperate contest ensued, and terminated in the defeat of the Republicans. Pèpè received a bayonet thrust and a sabre cut, and although he escaped at the time, was soon afterwards captured with some of his comrades, by a party of peasants armed with scythes. This was the commencement of the young soldier's misfortunes. Suffering from hunger, thirst, and wounds, he was imprisoned in a damp and unwholesome warehouse, and subjected to the brutality of his peasant guards, who called in their women to gaze at the ill-fated patriots, as if they had been strange and savage animals caught in a snare, and to be viewed as objects of mingled curiosity and loathing. On the following day, when a detachment of the Cardinal's troops came to take charge of the prisoners and escort them to the capital, they were so exhausted with fatigue, loss of blood, and want of food, that before they could move, it was necessary to supply them with bread and water. This meagre refreshment taken, they were stripped to their shirts, manacled in couples, and marched off to Naples. Although informed of it by their captors, many of them had refused to credit the downfall of the city. "This illusion was soon dispelled by the

monstrous spectacle which presented itself to our gaze, and which I believe has very rarely been equalled. Men and women of every condition were being barbarously dragged along the road, most of them streaming with blood, many half dead, and stripped of every article of apparel, presenting altogether the most deplorable sight the mind can conceive. The shrieks and howlings of that ferocious mob were such, that it seemed composed, not of human beings, but of a horde of wild beasts. They cast stones and every species of filth at us, threatening to tear us to pieces." The *lazzaroni*, instigated by the priests,—at Naples, as every where, the steadfast partisans of absolutism,—were the chief perpetrators of these atrocious misdeeds. Scarcely a party of patriot prisoners passed through the streets without some of its number being torn from the hands of the escort and sacrificed to the blind fury of the benighted populace. And it was a question if death were not preferable to the barbarous treatment reserved for the survivors. Twenty thousand men, half-naked, many of them wounded, were crowded into the halls of the public granary, now converted into a temporary prison. Heat, filth, and vermin, were the least of the evils endured by these unfortunates, amongst whom were noblemen, priests, officers of high rank, many literary men, several Celestin monks, and, to crown all, a number of lunatics. The Hospital of Incurables had been held out by the medical students against the royalists, and when the latter took it, they sent both sane and insane to prison, where some of the madmen were detained on suspicion of feigning lunacy. "One of these poor wretches was the cause of a most disastrous scene, which we witnessed. Having struck one of the royal officers on the face, the latter called out, 'to arms!' and as soon as he was surrounded by his followers, he rushed furiously upon the lunatic, whom he clove in two by a sabre stroke. During this time the sentinels placed in the street to guard the royal granary, fired musket-shots at the windows, and the bullets, rebounding from the ceiling of the building, wounded and killed several amongst

us." The horrors of their situation, and the pangs of hunger and thirst were so great, that some of the sane amongst the prisoners nearly went mad. It was not till the third day that a scanty ration of bread and water was distributed. This spare diet and the absence of covering had one good effect, in preserving them from fever, and causing their wounds to heal rapidly. Their republican enthusiasm continued unabated, at least as regarded the younger men. "We had four poets amongst us, who sang by turns extemporary hymns to freedom." After twenty-two days passed in the granary, Pépé and a number of his companions were placed on board a Neapolitan corvette. Here they were, if any thing, worse off than in their previous prison. In a short time they were taken on shore again and lodged in the Vicaria prison, whence, each day, one or other of them was conveyed to the scaffold. Pépé was summoned before the Junta of State, where the bold sharpness of his replies irritated his judge, who consigned him to the *Criminali*, dark and horrible dungeons, appropriated to the worst of criminals. Three men loaded with fetters, and entirely naked, were his companions in this gloomy cavern. Two of them were notorious malefactors, "the third recalled vividly to my mind Voltaire's Lusignan in the tragedy of *Zaire*, which I had been perusing a few days before. His body was covered with hair, his head bald, a long and thick black beard contrasted forcibly with his ruddy lips and pearly teeth." His name was Lemaître, Marquis of Guarda Alfieri, and he had been several years imprisoned for participation in a republican conspiracy.

At last, after six months of the most painful captivity, Pépé, and seven hundred others sentenced to exile, were put on board three small vessels, and after a voyage of twenty-two days, during which their numbers were thinned by a destructive epidemic, were landed at Marseilles. There the first thing they learned was the arrival of Buonaparte from Egypt, and his enthusiastic reception in France. During his absence nothing had gone well, and the

French nation looked to him to redeem their disasters. Italy was again in the hands of the Austrians. To aid in their expulsion, the formation of an Italian legion was decreed, and this Pépé hastened to join. Upon reaching Dijon, where it was organising, he found that every corps had its full compliment of officers. As a supernumerary he was ordered to a depot, where he would receive lieutenant's half-pay until his services were required. Like many others of the exiles, he preferred serving as a volunteer to remaining idle, and accordingly joined a company of riflemen intended to be mounted, but who, from the scarcity of horses, were for the most part on foot. At the beginning of May, 1800, the legion, consisting of six thousand men, marched into Switzerland, and crossed the St. Bernard. They were detached from Napoleon's army during the battle of Marengo, but distinguished themselves at the fight of the *Jesia*, and in the *Valtellina*, until, by the truce which followed that memorable campaign, Pépé again found himself without employment, and in depot at Pavia. His restless spirit would not tolerate repose, and he entered the service of the Tuscan republic, where he continued until the truce of Luneville. An amnesty for Neapolitan political refugees being a condition of the treaty between France and Naples, he might now have returned home; but his hatred of the Bourbons indisposed him to such a step, and he resolved to enter the French army serving in Egypt. Murat was then commander-in-chief of the French troops in central Italy, and to him the young officer applied for a commission. He received that of a captain, and was about to start for Alexandria when his purse was emptied at a faro table. This compelled him to visit Naples for fresh supplies, and owing to the delay, before he could embark, the French had received orders to evacuate Egypt.

Notwithstanding the presence of the French troops, who by the treaty concluded at Florence, on terms ignominious for Naples, occupied several Neapolitan provinces, the patriot party again began to conspire against

Ferdinand, and in their machinations P  p  , in spite of his youth, soon took a prominent share. His aversion to the Neapolitan Bourbons was only equalled by the indignation with which he saw his native land garrisoned by foreigners, feeding upon its fatness. Murat, who at first had viewed him with favour, soon looked upon him as a dangerous political agitator. At Rome he was imprisoned, but obtained his release through the interest of a friend. All warnings were unavailing; he was foremost in every plot, until at last he was arrested at Naples and sent to the Fossa del Maritimo. He gives a striking description of this horrible place of confinement. Opposite to the city of Trapano in Sicily, at a distance of thirty miles, is the small island or rather the barren rock of the Maritimo, "a Sicilian anagram of Morte-mia, a name quite characteristic of the horror of the place. Upon a point of this island stands a castle where, in former days, watch was kept for the approach of the African pirates who infested the Sicilian coasts. Upon a platform of the castle, situated at the north, a deep cistern had been made in the rock. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the water had been emptied from this cistern in order to transform it into a prison for a wretched youth who had murdered his own father in the most barbarous manner, but who was too young to be condemned to death." In this den, which since 1799 had been used as a state prison, P  p   and five other political offenders were confined. It was six feet wide and twenty-two long; only in the centre could they stand upright: it was so dark that a lamp was kept constantly burning; the rain entered through the only opening that gave air; and two prisoners, who had already been there some time, declared that they had counted twenty-two species of insects. Fortunately for him, P  p   was not kept long in this dismal cell, although his next prison, a dungeon cut in the rock, in the very deepest vault of the castle of St. Catherine, on the island of Favignana, was but little preferable. Here, however, he obtained books, and was able to complete his education, which had been interrupted by the revolution.

"My passion for study," he says, "was carried to such an extent, that I felt pain and regret whenever I did not devote to it, either in reading or writing, fourteen hours a-day. During the three years of my imprisonment, my application was unremitting, and I owe to it that I did not fall into the habits, so common to prisoners, of smoking and drinking."

Most graphically told, the chapters relating to General P  p  's imprisonment, are as amusing as any romance. More than once did he and his fellow-captive muse over an escape, and ponder its possibilities. These were very remote. At last they devised a plan, which they thought would ensure their transfer to a less rigorous confinement, whence they might find means of flight. Twenty galley slaves were imprisoned in the castle. At night they occupied the same apartment with P  p  ; in the day-time they were set to work in different parts of the fortress. These men were easily persuaded to adopt an ingenious plan of escape devised by P  p  , who, with his friend, was to remain behind, "upon the plea that, as the government attached far more importance to the custody of state prisoners, than to that of common criminals, our company would prove more dangerous than useful to them." The fact was, that the chances were a hundred to one against the escape. Nevertheless it was accomplished, although the fugitives, with one exception, were promptly retaken. P  p   and his companion now made a merit of not having participated in it, and wrote to their friends at Naples, entreating them to urge their release. This would hardly have been obtained but for the outbreak of hostilities. Ferdinand, without waiting to see the result of the struggle between Austria, Russia, and France, declared against the latter power. He soon had reason to repent his precipitation. The crushing campaign of Austerlitz, followed by the march of Massena upon Naples, sent him and his court flying into Sicily. In the confusion that ensued, P  p   was set at liberty. Embarking at Messina, he once more landed in his native province of Calabria, and reached Naples, a wiser and better man than he had left it. Three

years' study and reflection had cooled the rash fervour of his youthful aspirations. His desire for his country's freedom was unabated, but his Utopian visions of a republic had lost much of the brilliant colouring that had dazzled his boyish imagination. Prudence told him that it was unwise, by aiming at too much, to risk obtaining nothing. He was not singular in this modification of his views. The great majority of the liberal party had also moderated their pretensions; and in Naples, as in France, the word republic was now seldom spoken but in derision. Pépé was content that the desired changes should come more gradually than would have suited him before three years of thought and dungeon-life had sobered and matured his judgment. And henceforward we find his endeavours directed, steadily and unceasingly, to the establishment of free institutions under a constitutional monarchy.

By the grace of his brother the king-maker, Joseph Buonaparte was now upon the throne of Naples. On arriving in that capital, Pépé was presented to the minister of war, General Dumas. "From my extreme anxiety to produce the well or ill digested theories I had imbibed in prison, I was very loquacious, and urged so strongly the danger threatened to Calabria by the impending landing, not only of the British, but of all Cardinal Ruffo's banditti levies, who had acquired consequence in 1799, that he ordered a militia to be raised throughout the country." By Dumas, the young theorist, whose predictions, however, were not ill-founded, was presented to King Joseph, of whom he speaks in no very favourable terms. He admits him to have been courteous and affable, not deficient in information, and to have established many of those institutions which pave the way to liberty; but he blames him for neglecting his ample opportunities of establishing his power on a solid basis, and acquiring the affections of his subjects. The higher classes—of which, in Naples, contrary to what is the case in many countries, the liberal party consists—were devoted to Joseph, until he disgusted them by various parts of his conduct, and

especially by the introduction of a horde of Frenchmen, who monopolised the most lucrative posts, both civil and military. He also gave offence by his luxurious and expensive manner of living. The sumptuousness of his table was proverbial throughout the kingdom, and, having left Madame Joseph in France, he permitted himself considerable license in other respects, living a very free life amongst the young beauties of his court, whom he used to take with him on his hunting excursions under the name of *cacciatrici*. It is probable that Neapolitan morality might have found little ground for censure in these Sardanapalian indulgences, but for the heavy expenses they entailed upon Neapolitan pockets, and, indeed, they were most unjustifiable in a country impoverished by wars and revolutions.

Personally, Pépé had no reason to complain of the king, who gave him a lieutenant-colonelcy and charged him with the organisation of the militia in Upper Calabria. Eager to serve his country, the newly made field officer hurried to his post. The English had not yet landed, but some of Ruffo's former followers had been put on shore, and laboured, not unsuccessfully, to induce the peasantry to revolt. Pépé soon found himself in action. Surprised in the town of Scigliano, he shut himself up in a house with two-and-twenty French soldiers, and there made a desperate defence against an overpowering force of the insurgents. Compelled to surrender, he received from his captors intelligence of the battle of Maida. So persuaded was he of the invincibility of the French, that at first he could not credit their defeat. He gives a brief account of the action, founded upon the report of French officers of rank present at it, and upon details collected from the inhabitants of Maida and Nicastro. It smells of its French origin. At the battle of Maida there were barely thirteen thousand men in the field, of which the larger portion, by some twenty-five hundred, were French. But the victory was as complete and as creditable to the handful of victors, as it could have been had those numbers been multiplied by ten. And the action was especially interesting as

the first, during the late war, in which the superiority of British bayonets over those of any other nation, was proved and established beyond the possibility of dispute,—the first of a long succession of triumphs, the Alpha of the series of which Waterloo was the Omega. Destitute of cavalry, and fiercely attacked by a superior force of horse and foot, the British grenadiers stemmed the tide of the foeman's pride, and showed the men who had overrun half Europe, that they had at last met their masters. By General P  p  , Regnier's army is represented as worn out by fatigue, and as attacking their opponents at the termination of a succession of forced marches, without any interval for repose and refreshment. It is well authenticated that this was the case with but a small portion of the French force, which joined the main body during the night preceding the action. The bulk of Regnier's division, numerically superior to the British, had been encamped upon the heights of Maida at least twenty-four hours previously to the battle. General P  p   says nothing of the brilliant charge with the bayonet that first broke the French ranks, and by which the victory was half won. "The English," he says, "who had constantly practised firing at a target in Sicily, and who were become skilful marksmen, directed their shot so ably that they caused great havoc in the French ranks, killing and wounding many. General Regnier now ordered the second line to advance and defile through the first, and as the movement is extremely difficult of execution under an enemy's fire, the French army fell into confusion, and Regnier was obliged to retreat." A retreat which history calls a precipitate flight. General P  p  's version of the affair reads like the bulletin of a vanquished commander trying to make the best of his disaster. The General, although he inveighs against the independence of his *cara patria*, betrays a leaning to them on mere campaigning questions. This is not unnatural. Both in Italy and Spain he fought by their side and witnessed their gallantry. With regard to the English, however his subsequent

residence in this country and intimacy with various Englishmen may have modified his opinion of them, they were certainly in no good odour with him forty years ago, at least as a nation. They supported the cause he detested, that of an absolute King; and to their greatest naval hero, he attributes the death, not only of Caracciolo, but of a long list of Italian patriots. His book is written in something of a partisan spirit, nor could it well be otherwise, with so fervent a politician. His account of many events and circumstances differs widely from that given by his former companion in arms, Colletta, whom he speaks of with contempt and dislike, and frequently accuses of misstatement and wilful falsehood. "Men," he says, "of loose morals, and so corrupt that they reflected contempt and abhorrence upon those who associated with them. Such were Catalani d'Azzia and the historian Pietro Colletta." That party feeling influenced Colletta, to the prejudice of the impartiality of his writings, is pretty generally admitted. But does General P  p   feel that his own withers are unwrung? Can he, hand on conscience, declare himself guiltless of exaggeration? Probably he believes himself so; there is evidence in his memoirs of honesty of purpose, and of a wish to do justice to all; but the best of us are led astray by our predilections, and it is right to be on one's guard against the colouring given to men's actions, and to great events, by the political prejudices of an ardent partisan.

Delivered into the hands of Pano di Grano, the ex-galley slave, now a royalist chief, P  p   was kindly treated, and, being carelessly guarded, effected his escape. Recaptured, he was about to be shot, when an order for his release was obtained from Sir John Stewart, who offered him, he informs us, the command of an English regiment, if he would change sides and serve King Ferdinand. He blames that general for having been in such haste to re-embark his troops, thus abandoning the insurgents to their fate; and is of opinion, that if he had continued to advance, flanked by the Calabrian bands, his forces would have increased, and he would have reached

Naples. On the departure of the British, Massena commenced vigorous operations for the suppression of the insurrection, and P  p   was actively employed in the organisation of the Calabrian patriots. Massena promised him the colonelcy of a light infantry regiment about to be raised; but upon the Marshal being summoned to Germany by Napoleon, the project was given up, and P  p   could not even get employment in his rank of lieutenant-colonel. Disgusted at this injustice, and preferring foreign service to residence in his own country, where he had the mortification of seeing the French paramount, he embarked for Corfu as major on the staff.

After a year's absence, during which he narrowly escaped death by shipwreck, and met with various other adventures, P  p   returned to Naples. It was in 1808: Napoleon had created his brother King of Spain, and given the Neapolitan crown to the Grand Duke of Berg. *Soldat avant tout*, Murat's first care was the amelioration of the army, then in a deplorable state. To this end he sent for all the Neapolitan officers employed in the Ionian islands. P  p   was amongst the number. Presenting himself before King Joachim, he exhibited his testimonials of service, and claimed the rank of colonel. The king replied, by appointing him one of his orderly officers, as a proof of the good opinion he had of him. "I recollect that I was so engrossed by admiration of the elegance of his appearance, and the affability of his address, that I omitted expressing my thanks. He talked to me a great deal about the Neapolitan army, and manifested a confidence in us that even exceeded my own; and, God knows, that was not small. His conversation filled me with such delight, that, had it not been for fear lest he should mistake my ardour of patriotism for courtier-like flattery, I could have fallen at his feet and worshipped him. It seemed to me that I beheld in him the Charles XII. of the Neapolitans."

Murat was the very man to become at once popular with an excitable and imaginative people. His handsome person, his dash and brilliancy, his reputation for romantic and chivalrous courage, his winning smile, and affable

manner, prepossessed the Neapolitans in his favour, and they joyfully received him in exchange for Joseph. But the dashing commander was not of the stuff of which kings should be made; still less was he the man to found and consolidate a new dynasty, and reduce to order a fickle and divided nation. Strong-handed, but weak-headed,—a capital man of action, but valueless at the council-board,—Murat's place was at the head of charging squadrons. There he was a host in himself; in the cabinet he was a cipher. He was not equal even to the organisation of the troops whom, in the field, he so effectively handled. His good nature rendered him unwilling to refuse a favour, and, as there were no fixed and stringent regulations for the appointment and promotion of officers, the higher posts of his army were often most inefficiently occupied. "He could never resist the supplications of the courtiers, still less the entreaties of the ladies about the court."—(*P  p  's Memoirs*, page 262.) And again, "Murat was a Charles XII. in the field, but a Francis I. in his court. He would have regarded the refusal of a favour to any lady of the court, even though she were not his mistress, as an indignity." His *d  bonnaire* facility was so well known, that people used to way-lay him in the street with a petition and an ink-stand, and he often signed, without inquiry, things that should never have been granted. "One day he was returning from the Campo di Marte, when a woman, in tears, and holding a petition in her hand, stood forward to present it to him. His horse, frightened at the sight of the paper, kicked and reared, and ended by throwing his majesty some distance from the spot. After swearing roundly, in the French fashion, Joachim took the paper and granted its request—the life of the woman's husband, who was to have been executed the following day." As his orderly officer, and subsequently, when promoted to a higher military grade, as his aide-de-camp, General P  p   saw a great deal of Murat, and we are disposed to place great faith in his evidence concerning that splendid soldier but poor king. His feelings towards Joachim were of a nature to ensure the impar-

tiality of his testimony: as his military chief, and as a private friend, he adored him; as a sovereign he blamed his acts, and was strenuously opposed to his system of government. He seems never to have satisfactorily ascertained the king's real feelings towards himself: at times he thought that he was really a favourite, at others, he imagined himself disliked for his obstinate political opposition, and for the pertinacity with which he urged Murat to grant the nation a constitution. It is probable that Joachim's sentiments towards his wrong-headed follower, whom he used to call the *tribune*, and the *savage*, were of a mixed nature; but, whether he liked him or not, he evidently esteemed and valued him. No other officer was so constantly employed on confidential, important, and hazardous missions, both previously to the battle of Wagram, when the Anglo-Sicilians menaced Naples with an invasion, and at a later period, when Murat entertained a design of landing in Sicily. In this project the king was thwarted by the chief of his staff, the French general, Grenier, a nominee of Napoleon's, who, with three French generals of division, strongly opposed the invasion of Sicily, acting, as General P  p   believes, on private instructions from the emperor. "The great aim of Napoleon was, so to divert the attention of the English, as to cause them to withdraw part of their forces from Spain and the Ionian islands, whilst that of Joachim was, simply to get possession of Sicily." In pursuance of this design, the king established himself, with 22,000 men, in and around the town of Scylla. His own head-quarters were upon the summit of a hill, in a magnificent tent, containing one large saloon and six small chambers. "The tricolor banners, streaming from its summit, seemed to defy the English batteries on the opposite shore, which discharged bombs and shot that not only could reach the king's tent, but even fell beyond it. One day, three balls descended into the tent, where I was dining with the other officers of the king's household, although it was situated farther back than that of Joachim." From this exposed position Murat gazed at Sicily through a

telescope, and tried to persuade himself that it was his. But English ships and men continued to arrive at Messina, rendering his enjoyment of his nominal possession each day less probable. So sharp a look-out was kept by the British fleet, that it was impossible to obtain intelligence from Sicily. The vessels could be counted; but the amount of land forces was unknown, and this Murat was most anxious to ascertain. He ordered P  p   to take two of the boats called *scorridore*, to land in Sicily during the night, and bring off a peasant, a soldier, or even a woman; any thing, in short, that could speak. The expedition was so dangerous, that P  p   expected never to return, and made all arrangements respecting the disposal of his property, as if condemned to certain death. The two naval officers whom he warned for the duty, looked at him with horror and astonishment, and asked what he had done, that the king wanted to get rid of him. To add to the peril, it was a bright moonlight night. Instead of perishing, however, he was fortunate enough to capture an English boat, having on board eight smugglers, spies of General Stewart. Murat's impatience was so great, that he came into the saloon of his tent, with only his shirt on, to receive his successful emissary; and General P  p   confesses, that if the king was delighted at receiving news, he himself was no less so, at having escaped with life and liberty. At last the invasion was attempted by a division of Neapolitan troops, and totally failed. Part of the invaders were taken prisoners: the remainder only escaped by favour of the strong current, which prevented the English from coming up with them. Murat returned to Naples, having spent a vast deal of money on these very expensive and fruitless operations. To Napoleon alone had they been of any use. He had "succeeded in conveying the necessary provisions to the Ionian islands whilst the seas were free from the enemy. At the same time, he had not to contend in Spain with that portion of the British forces which had been sent to protect Sicily."

In the stir and excitement of campaigning, Pepe managed to endure the presence of the French, whom he dis-

liked, not because they were *Frenchmen*, but in their quality of foreigners, and of intruders in his country. He felt them to be a necessary evil, in the absence of an efficient native army, which Murat, impatient of his dependence on Napoleon,—who, according to his custom, treated him rather as a subject than as a sovereign,—perseveringly endeavoured to organise. Had the king's talents been equal to his decision and industry, he could not have failed of success. As it was, his efforts had little result. P  p   observed this with pain, and his exaggerated feelings of nationality again obtaining the ascendancy, he determined once more to expatriate himself. He reminded Murat of an old promise to give him the command of one of the Italian regiments then serving in Spain. The king reproached him slightly with wishing to leave him; but, on his urging his request, and pleading a desire to improve himself in his profession, he appointed him colonel of the 8th of the line, formed out of the remnants of three regiments, food for powder, furnished to Napoleon by Naples. At the end of 1810, P  p   took his departure, passed through France, and reached Saragossa. There he met his brother Florestano, on his way back to Naples, where he received, on the recommendation of Marshal Suchet, and by the express desire of Buonaparte, the rank of major-general for his good services in the Peninsula. The career of this distinguished officer is highly interesting. At the siege of Andria, in 1799, he was shot through the breast whilst scaling the walls at the head of his company of grenadiers. Without being mortal, the wound was extremely severe, and the surgeon who attended him, and who was esteemed the most skilful in Naples, cut his chest completely open, in order the better to treat it. An India-rubber tube was inserted in the centre of the gash to receive the oozing blood. So terrible was the operation, that the surgeon wished him to be held down by four strong men. To this Florestano refused to submit, and bore the anguish without a movement or a murmur. He was then told that the greatest care and regularity of living were essential to his existence.

His answer was, "that he preferred a month's life of freedom to an age of solicitude about living;" and with this ghastly gaping wound he lived, in spite of the predictions of his leech, through fifteen campaigns. In command of a brigade of cavalry, he took share in the Russian expedition, and, on the night of the 6th December 1812, it fell to him to escort Napoleon from Osmiana to Wilna. Out of two regiments, not more than thirty or forty men arrived. The emperor's postilion was frozen to death, and had to be replaced by an Italian officer, who volunteered his services. The two colonels of the brigade had their extremities frozen, and Florestano P  p   shared the same fate, losing half his right foot, and only reaching Dantzic through the assistance of a devoted aide-de-camp. But, even thus mutilated, the heroic soldier would not abandon his beloved profession, and, during the final struggle against the Austrians in 1815, he was made lieutenant-general, by Murat, upon the field of battle.

On assuming command of his regiment, Colonel P  p   was as much struck by its martial aspect, as he was vexed at its clumsy man  uvres, and low moral condition. Both men and officers lacked instruction. The former were most incorrigible thieves. Plundering was a pretty common practice with the French armies in Spain, even in Suchet's corps, which was one of the best disciplined: and the Italians, anxious not to be outdone in any respect by their allies, were the most accomplished of depredators. They had come in fact to hold theft meritorious, and designated it by the elegant name of *poetry*. This slang term had become so general, that it was used even by the officers; and the adjutant of P  p  's regiment, in reporting a marauder to him, calls the man a *poet*. The prosaic application of a couple of hundred lashes to the shoulders of this culprit, served as a warning to his fellows, and soon the crime became of rare occurrence. The officers, although deficient in the theory of their profession, "were brave and honourable men, and had shown their valour, not only against the enemy, but in numerous duels, fought with the French, justifying fully a saying of

Machiavel, that the courage of the Italians, when opposed man to man, is far superior to that of other nations." The example of their new commander was not likely to break the officers of the eighth infantry of their duelling propensities. In the course of General P  p  's memoirs, he refers to at least half a score encounters of the kind, in which he was a principal. With the exception of two, which occurred when he was only seventeen, and of his final one—as far as we are informed—with General Carascosa, fought in England, in 1823, these single combats were invariably with foreigners, with whom the general seems to have been very unending. Not that provocation was wanting on the part of the French, more than sufficient to rouse the ire of the meekest. The insolence of Napoleon's victorious legions exceeded all bounds; nor was it the less irritating for being often unintentional,—the result of a habit of gasconading, and of a settled conviction that they were superior in valour and military qualities to all the world besides. A certain General F. could find no higher praise for P  p  's battalions, when they had gallantly attacked and beaten a Spanish corps, than was conveyed in the declaration that they ought, in future, to be regarded, not as Neapolitans but as Frenchmen! A compliment which, to patriotic Italian ears, sounded vastly like an insult. Attributing it to stupidity, P  p   did not resent the clumsy eulogium. But it was very rare that he allowed slights of that kind to pass unnoticed, nor could he always restrain his disgust and impatience at the fulsome praise he heard lavished upon Napoleon. The officers who had gained rank and wealth under the French emperor, exalted him above all the heroes of antiquity, and breathed fire and flames when their Italian comrades supported the superior claims to immortality, of an Alexander, a Hannibal, or a C  sar. "I believe Colonel P  p   loves neither Napoleon nor the French!" angrily exclaimed a French general during one of these discussions. "I replied instantly, that I was serving in the army of Arragon, but that I made no parade of my affections." Words like these were, of course, neither unheeded nor forgotten, and

were little likely to push their utterer upwards on the ladder of promotion. But at no period of his life did General P  p   trust to courtier-like qualities for the advancement which he well knew how to conquer at point of sword.

After two years passed in Spain, and with the reputation of one of the best colonels in Suchet's army, P  p   returned to Naples. Murat, who had just come back from Russia, received him kindly, and made him a major-general. Notwithstanding this, he entertained serious thoughts of quitting the service. He had left Spain full of political hopes; and now the independence which Napoleon's disasters had given to Murat rendered their realization more than ever improbable. His discontent was participated in by many of his countrymen, especially by the Carbonari, which sect was greatly on the increase, fostered by the Bourbonites, who, for their own purposes, sought to sow dissensions in Naples. "I looked upon this sect," says General P  p  , "as a useful agent for the civilisation of the popular classes; but, at the same time, I was of opinion that, as it was necessary to force the king to grant liberal institutions, it was needful to make use of the army to avoid, as much as possible, all disorders of the state." The Abruzzi were the focus of the Carbonaro doctrines, and thither the general had been despatched with his brigade. When there, he learned Murat's departure for Dresden, to command Napoleon's cavalry. "Such was the eccentricity of Joachim, that a few days before quitting Naples, he had been in treaty with England to proclaim the independence of Italy, that nation engaging to furnish twenty thousand men and a considerable sum of money for this purpose. The ratification of the treaty only reached Naples after the departure of the king." Caroline Buonaparte, regent of Naples during her husband's absence, hated P  p   for his liberal principles and declared opposition to the French party, and showed him marked distrust. October came; Leipsic was fought, Napoleon retreated towards the Rhine,—Murat returned to Naples. Deprived of the support of his brother-in-law, whose star was visibly on the decline, it was

time he should think and act for himself. In this critical conjuncture, he displayed, as usual, a grievous want of judgment. With a strong Bourbonite party against him, he could not make up his mind to conciliate, by concession, the liberal section of his subjects. On the other hand, Ferdinand, under the guidance of England, had given a constitution to Sicily, and promised to extend a similar boon to the Neapolitans if they would restore him to his continental dominions. In this promise, it is true, the patriot party, with the horrors of 1799 fresh in their memory, placed little confidence. General P  p   attributes much of Murat's undecided and injudicious conduct to Napoleon's treatment of him. "The emperor," he says, "one day exalted him to the skies, and the next would humble him to the very dust, condemning every thing he did, not only through the public papers, but in his private correspondence." On this head, the general gives very curious particulars, derived from the Duke of Campo Chiaro, chief of the police, and minister under Murat. The dilemma in which King Joachim found himself might have perplexed a wiser man. It was an option between turning his arms against his country and his benefactor, and losing his crown, which he could not hope to retain if he declared against the allies. After negotiating at one and the same time with all parties, he finally, at the commencement of 1814, concluded a treaty of alliance with Austria. But his mind was in an unsettled and wavering state; and he made no secret to those French officers who still followed his fortunes, of the good will with which he would once more fight beside, instead of against, his old companions in arms. "The Austrians so firmly expected this *volta-faccia*, that they attempted, with one of Nugent's regiments of hussars, to take him prisoner at Bologna." At times, P  p   fancied that the king was about to comply with the wishes of the patriot party, grant a liberal constitution, and proclaim the independence of Italy. His hopes of this were particularly strong, when he found himself appointed to organise and command a legion, to consist of men from all the provinces

of Italy, and of whose officers he was to have the nomination. That so important a trust as this should be confided to a man noted for his democratic principles, of whom the king never spoke but as the tribune and the *t  te de fer*, and who had been more than once suspected of an intention to revolt, was indeed a symptom of a change in Murat's views. But it all ended in smoke. P  p   drew up the plan of the legion, and submitted it to the king, who took no further notice of it. He was engrossed in watching the final struggle between Napoleon and the allies.

On the 19th April, when about to besiege Piacenza, news reached Murat of the fall of Paris, and of the treaty of peace concluded with the viceroy of the kingdom of Italy. The war was suspended, and the Neapolitan army retired southwards. At Rimini, General P  p  , who commanded the rear guard, fell in with the Pope, then proceeding to Rome, and was admitted to an interview. Never oblivious of his political principles, he took an opportunity of saying, "that it would be worthy of an Italian pontiff to collect about him the sons of Italy, and to drive the foreigners out of his native land." His holiness listened attentively, but made no reply. When Murat was informed of this bold suggestion of P  p  's, he exclaimed, "He will not leave even the Pope quiet," and this saying became a standing joke against the tenacious patriot. A few days afterwards, General Ambrosio, another of the liberal party, had been advocating to the Pope the advantages of a constitution for Italy, "when a crippled gentleman was brought to the carriage door, who requested the pontiff to bestow his blessing upon him, that he might recover the use of his limbs. The Pope, turning towards Ambrosio, said, 'You see, General, where we are; Italy is still far from the period you so ardently desire.'" Ambrosio and his friends, especially P  p  , were of the contrary opinion, and conspired to compel Murat to grant them a constitution. Seventeen general officers were implicated in the plot, but when the moment for action came, the majority faltered, P  p   was left in the lurch, and became the scapegoat. Urged

to fly to Milan, he refused to lower himself in the opinion of his countrymen by seeking refuge amidst the oppressors of Italy. He was ordered to the castle of St. Elmo, there to appear before a court-martial, but on reaching Naples, the placable Murat had forgotten his anger, and received him kindly. "I treat all my subjects, and you in particular, like my children," were his first words. In the interesting conversation that followed, P  p   urged the king to grant a constitution, as the surest means of securing the affections of his subjects and consolidating his throne. Murat replied, that he should long since have done so, but that such a proceeding would draw upon him the implacable animosity of Austria. And he declined relying, as his unceremonious counsellor urged him to do, upon the courage of six millions of Neapolitans and the natural strongholds of the country. He was never offended at P  p  's frankness, for he had faith in his personal attachment. "It is certain," says the General, "that, after my country, I was most truly attached to Joachim, and I would have given my life for him." Subsequent events proved this, and showed Murat that the man who, boldly and to his face, had blamed the conduct of the king, was the firm friend of the depressed and unhappy fugitive. In the closing scene of Joachim's reign, when the disbanded Neapolitans, badly led, and in some instances deserted by generals who should never have held the rank, fled before the hosts of Austria, the sympathy and friendship of his plain-spoken follower were amongst the last and best consolations of the falling monarch. Very bitter must have been Murat's reflections at that moment; the conviction was forced upon him that his misfortunes resulted chiefly from his own want of judgment and too great facility; captivity or exile stared him in the face; the sunny smile which, even in moments of the greatest peril, rarely left his countenance, was chased by shame and self-reproach, and tears stood upon his cheeks. "I could not restrain my own, and, instead of speaking, I advanced, took his hand, and kissed it. Oh! how touched he was by this act of respectful affection on

my part! Who knows but at that moment he recollected the words I had addressed to him in his palace, 'Whenever you shall find yourself in a situation of danger, you will learn to distinguish your real friends from the friends of your fortune.'" A very few days after this affecting scene, on the night of the 20th May, Murat crossed over in disguise to Ischia, and embarked for France. On the 23d, took place the triumphal entry of the Austrians into the city of Naples.

The particulars of Murat's last mad act, his landing in Italy at the head of thirty men, and of his consequent capture and tragical death, have been related by many writers, and General P  p   could add little in the way of facts to what was already known. He makes some interesting reflections on the subject, and traces the supreme ill-luck by which Joachim was pursued in his last desperate venture. On the return of the Bourbons to France, two of his followers, who had accompanied him from Naples, hired a vessel to convey him to England or America. But, as fate would have it, the place of rendezvous was misunderstood. Murat missed his friends, and, being in hourly peril of his life, put to sea in a boat. Landed in Corsica, the affectionate welcome he met from thousands of the inhabitants, many of whom had formerly served under him, cheered his drooping spirits, and inspired him with the idea of a descent in Italy. He had two hundred and seventy followers, hardy Corsican mountaineers, and had they landed with him, General P  p   is of opinion that he would soon have raised a force sufficiently strong to maintain the campaign, and extort favourable conditions from Austria, as far, at least, as regarded his life and liberty. But the six small vessels in which he left Ajaccio were scattered by a tempest, and he was driven, with but a tithe of his followers, to the very last port he ought to have made. The inhabitants of Pizzo, whose coasting trade had been ruined during the war, were glad of peace on any terms, and looked upon Murat as a firebrand, come to renew their calamities. They assailed the adventurers and drove them to the shore. But when Joachim would fain have re-embarked, he saw

his ship standing out to sea. The treacherous commander had betrayed him for the sake of the valuables he had left on board. And Murat, the chivalrous, the brave, remained a prisoner in the hands of his former subjects, scoffed at and reviled by the lowest of the people. Five days afterwards, twelve bullets in the breast terminated his misfortunes. It was a soldier's death, but had been better met on the battle-field. There, amidst the boom of artillery, and the din of charging squadrons, should have terminated the career of the most dashing cavalry officer of modern times, of one who might well have disputed with Ney the proud title of the "*brave des braves*."

We have purposely dwelt upon the earlier portion of General P  p  s work, to the exclusion of its latter chapters. We can take but little interest in Neapolitan history since 1815, in the abortive revolutionary struggles and man  uvres of the Carbonari and other would-be liberators. Nor do the ample details given by the general greatly increase our respect for Italian patriotism; whilst we trace more than one discrepancy between the conclusions he draws and the results he exhibits. He holds his countrymen to have been long since ripe for a constitutional government and free institutions, and yet he himself shows us that, when a revolution was achieved, and those great objects attained, the leading men of his party, those who had been foremost in effecting the change, proved traitors or dupes, and that the people, organised in militia and national guards, displayed so little self-devotion, such small zeal in defence of their newly acquired liberties, as to be utterly disheartened by the very first conflict with their treacherous king's supporters, and to disperse, never again to

reassemble. Such was the case in 1821, and in vain does General P  p   try to justify his countrymen by attributing their weakness and defection to the machinations of the evil-disposed. The truth, we believe, is to be found in the final words of his own proclamation, addressed to the national guards after the disastrous encounter, in the vain hope of once more rousing them to resistance. "Your women," he said, "will make you blush for your weakness, and will bid you hasten again to surround that general whose confidence in your patriotism you should have justified better than you did on the 7th of March, when you fought at Rieti."

His darling Constitution overthrown, P  p   wandered forth an exile. But hope never deserted him. Baffled, he was not discouraged. He sought on all sides for means to renew the struggle. And truly some of his projects, however creditable to his intrepidity and zeal, say little for his prudence and coolness of judgment. What can be thought of his application in 1823 to Mavrocordato for a thousand chosen Greeks, with whom he proposed to land in Calabria! Of course the chief of the new Greek government civilly declined lending a thousand of his countrymen for any such desperate venture. In 1830 the general's hopes were raised high by the success of the French revolution. His active brain teemed with projects, and in his mind's eye he again saw the tri-colored banner floating from St. Elmo's towers. Vain delusions, not destined to realization. The feeble attempts of the Italian patriots were easily suppressed, and P  p   retired to Paris, to mourn the fate of his beloved and beautiful country, doomed to languish in Austrian servitude and under Bourbon despotism.

FRENCH PLAYERS AND PLAYHOUSES.

IN these dull days of latter winter few of our readers will quarrel with us for transporting them to the gayest capital in Europe, the city of pleasure, the Capua of the age. In London, at least, there is just now little to regret; it wears its dreariest, dirtiest, and most disconsolate garb. The streets are slippery with black mud and blacker ice, a yellow halo surrounds the gas lamps, even the Bude lights look quenched and uncomfortable; cabmen, peevish at the paucity of fares, curse with triple intensity the wood pavement and the luckless garrons that slide and stumble over it; the blue and benumbed fingers of Italian grinders can scarcely turn the organ handles; tattered children and half-starved women, pale, shivering, and tearful, pester the pedestrian with offers of knitted wares, and of winter nosegays, meagre and miserable as themselves. The popular cheerfulness and merry-making of Christmas time are over, and have not yet been succeeded by the bustle and gaiety of the fashionable world. London is abandoned to its million of nobodies; the few thousands whose presence gives it life are still on the list of absentees.

Mark the contrast. But a minute ago we were in London — dull, empty London — and behold! we are in Paris — gay, crowded, lively Paris — now at the height of its season, and in full swing of carnival dissipation. By a process of which, since the days of Scheherazade, we alone possess the secret, we have flown over Kent, skimmed the Channel, sped across the uninteresting plains of Picardy, and are seated at dinner — where? In the spacious saloon of the *Hotel des Princes*, at the succulent table of the *Café de Paris*, or in the gaudy and dazzling apartments of the *Maison Dorée*? No matter. Or let us choose the last, the *Maison D'orée* as it has been called, its external gilding having ill resisted the assaults of winter's snows and summer's parching

heat. But although, as Mr. Moore of Ireland has informed us, all that's bright must fade, it follows not that the substantial deteriorates with the superficial. And the cookery of the *Maison Dorée* has improved as its gilding has rubbed off, until even the *Café de Paris* and the far-famed *Trois Frères* must veil their inferior charms before the manifold perfections of this Apician sanctuary. Here, then, we establish ourselves, in this snug embrasure, whence we have a full view of the throng of diners, whilst plate glass and a muslin curtain alone intervene between us and the broad asphalt of the Boulevard. A morocco book, a sheet of vellum, and a pencil, are before us. We write a dozen lines, and hand them to our companion; he reads, nods approval, and transfers the precious document to the smug and expectant waiter. The sharp eye of that Ganyমে of the Gilt House had at once detected our Britannic origin, conspicuous in our sober garb and shaven chins; and doubtless he anticipated one of those uncouth bills of fare, infamous by their gastronomical solecisms, which Englishmen are apt to perpetrate, for he smiles with an air of agreeable disappointment as he glances at our judicious *menu*. No cause for wonder, most dapper of *garçons*! 'Tis not the first time, by many, that we have tabled our Napoleons on your damask napery. Schooled by indigestion, like Dido by misfortune, we have learned to order our dinner, even at Paris; and are no more to be led astray in the labyrinth of your interminable *carte*, than you, versed in the currency of Albion, are to be deluded by a Brummagem sovereign, or a note of the Bank of Elegance. So, *presto*, to work! our blessing and a double *pourboire* your promised reward. And, verily, he earns them well. The *potage à la bisque* is irreproachable; the truffles, those black diamonds of the epicure, are the pick of Perigueux; the chambertin is of the old green seal, the

sparkling *à la frappé* to a turn, and, whilst we tranquilly degustate and deliberately imbibe, the influence of that greatest achievement of human genius, a good dinner, percolates through our system, telling upon our moral as upon our physical man. We feel ineffably benevolent: doubtless we look so; for yonder old gentleman with the white hair, red ribbon, and ditto face, dining *tête-à-tête* with himself, and who is now at his eleventh dish — a tempting but inexplicable compound, which Orfila himself would be puzzled to analyse — contemplates us, in the intervals of his forkings-in, with a benign and admiring look. Our trusty friend and *vis-à-vis* turns his head, and we behold ourselves reflected in the opposite mirror. 'Tis as we thought: our physiognomy is philanthropical in the extreme. Quite the "mild, angelic air," that Byron talks of, when describing a gentleman in very different circumstances.

But we have no time to dwell upon our personal fascinations, or to speculate upon the cause of their increase within the last half hour; no eyes have we save for that Lucullan *salmi* steaming before us; and, like ourselves, all around us are absorbed in absorbing. Though every table is full, there is little noise in the crowded apartment. Men go to the *Maison Dorée* to eat, not to chatter. Without, too, there is a lull, after the bustle and racket of the afternoon. The day has been splendid — crisp, bright, and invigorating, and all the dandies and beauties of Paris have been abroad, driving in the Champs Elysées, galloping through the leafless avenues of the Bois de Boulogne, basking in the winter sun upon the cheerful Boulevards. The morning's amusements are over; those of the night have not yet begun. It is the moment of the interlude, the hour of dine, and Paris is busied in the most important of its diurnal acts. But, alas for the briefness of earthly joys, and the limited capacity of mortal stomachs! Sad is it that not even in this Golden Mansion can a feeble child of clay dine twice. We long for the appetite of a Dando, for the digestion of the bird of the desert, to recommence our meal, from the soup to the *fondue*. Vain are our aspira-

tions. The soft languor of repletion steals over us, as we dally with our final olive, and buzz the Lafitte. Waiter! the coffee. At the word, the essence of Mocha, black as Erebus, and fragrant as a breeze from the Spice Islands, smokes beneath our nostrils, the sparkling glasses receive the golden *liqueur*, and — WE HAVE DINED.

Good dinners and amusing theatricals enter largely into the pleasurable anticipations of English visitors to Paris. The fame of French cooks and actors is universal; all are eager to taste their productions, and witness their performances. Let a tyrannical royal ordinance or sumptuary law close the playhouses and cut down the bills of fare from a volume to a page, and a sensible diminution will ensue in the influx of foreigners into France. However great the desire to visit Versailles, stare at the Vendôme column, and ramble round the Palais Royal, those attractions, if put into the scale, will frequently be found less weighty than a vaudeville, a dinner at Véry's, and a breakfast at the renowned Rocher. In their expectations, both gastronomical and theatrical, strangers in Paris are often disappointed. We refer, of course, to tyros; not to the regular birds of passage who consider a month or two in the French metropolis as essential a part of their annual recreations as Ascot or the moors. These, of course, are well versed in Parisian mysteries, both of the drama and the dining room. But to the novice, a guide is necessary, whether through the crowded columns of a *restaurateur's* complicated *carte*, or amidst the fair promises held out by the two dozen playbills posted each morning at eleven o'clock upon the walls and pillars of Paris. For want of it, many a Johnny Newcome finds himself, after much bewilderment and painful deliberation, masticating an unsatisfactory dinner or witnessing a stupid play. We have often wondered that, amongst the multitude of Paris guide books, not one was to be found containing minute instructions to the stranger as to the dinners he should order, and the plays and actors he should see; giving, in short, a series of bills of fare, culinary and histrionic.

This deficit has at last been supplied, at least as regards things theatrical. A book has been published which should find a place in the portmanteau of every Englishman starting for the French capital. Partly a compilation from French works, and partly the result of the author's own experience, it contains the general history of each of the Paris theatres, biographical and critical sketches of the actors, lists and anecdotes of the principal musicians and authors who compose and write for the stage, and, finally, an enumeration of the best performers at each theatre, and of the pieces in which they are seen to the greatest advantage. We need say no more to demonstrate the utility of the work to those going abroad. And by those remaining at home, its lively pages will be found a mine of amusing anecdote and curious information. Abounding in racy and pungent details, sometimes valuable from their connexion with historical characters, and as illustrations of the manners and morals of the times, the history of the French stage might almost be indefinitely prolonged; and, amidst the multitude of materials, it required some ingenuity to select, as Mr. Hervey has done, those most suitable to the taste of the day, and to pack them into a single volume.

Less than a century ago Paris contained but four theatres. These were, the French Comedy, the Royal Academy of Music or Grand Opera, the Italian Comedy, where vaudevilles and comic operas were performed, and the Theatre de la Foire. The two last named were the ancestors of the present Opera Comique. "Up to 1595," says Mr. Hervey, "the actors of the Théâtres de la Foire St. Germain and St. Laurent consisted of dogs, cats, monkeys, and even rats, some of the latter animals being so admirably trained as to dance a grand ballet on a table, whilst one in particular, a white rat from Lapland, executed a saraband with surpassing grace." In 1716 the manager of one of these theatres obtained leave to give musical performances. This was the origin of the Opera Comique, which, forty years later, was amalgamated with the Italian comedy at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, whence, in 1783,

the united companies transferred themselves to the Salle Favart. To the four theatres above enumerated, a few others were added during the reigns of Louis XV. and his successor, but they were of little note, and the increase in the number of theatrical establishments was unimportant until the revolution. Then license was universal, and no special one was required to open theatres. In 1791 a prodigious number were established, and, for some years afterwards, nearly fifty, large and small, existed in Paris. In the time of the empire twenty-eight of these remained, until Napoleon issued an edict reducing them to ten. At the present day the French capital contains twenty-two theatres, including the new Théâtre Montpensier, the privilege for which was conceded to Alexandre Dumas at the request of the prince whose name it bears. Besides these there are a number of petty playhouses outside the barriers, at the Batignolles, Belleville, and similar places, and Mr. Hervey informs us that a license has just been granted for a third French opera-house. Play-loving as the population of Paris undoubtedly is, it must be admitted that ample provision is made for its gratification.

The natural classification of the more important of the Parisian theatres, about fifteen in number, is under four heads: opera—tragedy, comedy, and drama—vaudeville—melodrama. The first division includes the French opera, the Italians, the Opera Comique; the second, the Français and the Odeon; at the Porte St. Martin and Ambigu Comique, melodrama is the staple commodity, varied, however, with performances of a lighter kind: whilst vaudevilles, broad farces, and short comedies constitute the chief stock in trade of the remainder. At many of the theatres an entire change in the style of the performances is of no unfrequent occurrence. We have known the Gaité in the doleful, and the Porte St. Martin abandoning its scaffolds, trap-doors, and other melodramatic horrors, for fun, farce, and ballet. As a regular thing, dancing is only to be seen at the Grand Opera. The license of each theatre specifies

the nature of the performances allowed it, but this is a matter difficult exactly to define, and the rule is easy of evasion. A better check, perhaps, is the jealousy with which one theatre beholds another infringing on its attributes. Thus, some years ago, at the Français, where the performances should be confined to tragedy, high comedy, and drama, a play interspersed with songs was brought out. The Vaudeville viewed this as a usurpation of its privileges, and forthwith produced a piece called "*La Tragédie au Vaudeville*," saying that if the Français sang vaudevilles, the Vaudeville was justified in singing tragedy.

There are in Paris four Theatres Royal, subsidised by the French government to the extent of about twelve hundred thousand francs, or nearly £50,000. Rather more than the half of this sum goes to the Grand Opera, nor is it too much, if we consider the enormous salaries paid to the singers and dancers at that theatre, and the low prices of admission; the best place in the house costing less than a pit-ticket at the Italian opera in London. The Opera Comique receives nearly ten thousand pounds a-year, the Français eight, the Odeon four. The other theatres do as well as they can without subsidies, and, as in this country, are losing or profitable concerns according to the skill of the manager, to the merits of the actors and plays produced; and, oftener still, according to the caprice and good pleasure of the public. Their prices of admission are generally higher in proportion than those of the larger theatres. It must be admitted that their performances are often more amusing.

Although one or two attempts were made at earlier periods, the permanent establishment of the opera in France cannot be traced further back than the reign of Louis XIV., when Cardinal Mazarine had the happy idea of introducing it, in hopes of amusing that most unamuseable of monarchs. The novelty found great favour, both with sovereign and courtiers. Performances took place in the king's private apartments; the Marquis of Sourdeac, a man of immense wealth and considerable mechanical skill,

constructed a theatre in his Norman castle, and brought out the "*Toison d'Or*," with words by Corneille. At last an opera company was regularly installed in a building in the Rue Vaugirard, and here, upon one occasion, when the King was present, the Prince of Condé, and other great nobles, danced upon the stage amongst the actors. "The first opera in which female dancers were introduced was the *Triumph of Love*, played at St. Germain before Louis XIV. On the occasion of this brilliant *fête*, several ladies of the court were amongst the performers, and it was resolved that they should in future be replaced by professional *danseuses*, the female characters in the ballet having previously been sustained by men." Lully, the celebrated composer, was manager of the opera house, where he amassed a very large fortune. He made himself greatly dreaded by his orchestra, whom he used to belabour over the head with his fiddle. In this manner he is said to have broken scores of violins, and one unlucky clarionet-player, in particular, who was never either in time or tune, cost him a vast number of instruments. They shivered like glass upon the obdurate noddle of the faulty Orpheus, and Lully swore he had never met with so vile a musician, or so hard a head. After a time it was discovered that the offender wore a leaden lining to his periwig. Louis XIV. never ceased to take a most paternal interest in his opera company. He went so far as to regulate and write out with his own hand, the salaries allowed to the performers. Those were not days when a singer was better paid than the general of an army, or a minister of state; when each note of a tenor's voice was worth a corresponding one, and of no small figure, issued from the Bank of France. The salary of a first rate tenor or barytone, was then less than is now given to a chorister or walking gentleman. Sixty pounds were the highest yearly sum granted by Louis XIV. to the best opera singer. The first female dancer received thirty-six pounds! We are quite sure, that the waiting maid of an Elssler or a Taglioni, would turn up her nose at such a pitance. Louis XIV. was gathered to his

fathers, and soon after his death matters improved a little. Still the pay was poor enough. But what of that? Those were the palmy days of the heroes and heroines of the foot lamps. For the disciples of Thespis, Paris was a paradise. True, when dead they were refused Christian burial, but they cared little about that, sinners that they were, for, whilst living, courted, flattered, and cherished, they amassed, or more often spent, princely fortunes. During the dissolute half century preceding the revolution, they were at the summit of their prosperity. High born dames, even princesses of blood royal, culled their favourites from amongst the knights of the buskin; actresses, dancers, mere figurantes, saw the wealthiest and proudest languishing at their feet, and contending for their smiles. That was the time when Vestris, the God of Dance, as he called himself, said publicly, and with the most perfect conviction, that there were only three great men in Europe, the King of Prussia, M. de Voltaire, and himself! "There are roses as well as thorns in my profession," said he to a friend who expatiated on the happiness of being a public favourite. "I assure you, sometimes I think I would rather be a mere captain of cavalry than what I am." "Old chronicles," says Albert Cler, in a spirited sketch of the French opera, "tell us of the extraordinary luxury, in carriages, liveries, furniture, and jewels, displayed by the goddesses of the opera. The Prince d'Henin passed a contract with Sophie Arnould, by a clause of which he engaged to supply her with a new equipage every month. A nymph who flourished in the time of the Directory, the celebrated Clotilde, enjoyed, thanks to the munificence of an Italian prince and of a Spanish admiral, an income of two millions, and managed, notwithstanding this royal revenue, to get into debt to the tune of some five hundred thousand francs yearly." Earlier than this, by fifty years, the Camargo and the Sallé were all the rage. The latter, Mr. Hervey tells us, paid a visit to London, and there, at one of her performances, gold and bank-notes

were showered upon the stage, to the amount of £800. Her annual salary at the French opera was less than £150. The suppers of Mademoiselle Guimard, another of the fairy-footed sisterhood, whose bust, bequeathed by her to the opera, is still the principal ornament of the dancers' green-room, were renowned throughout Europe. They occurred thrice in the week; the first was attended by the most distinguished courtiers and nobles, the second by artists and by men of letters and learning, the third, which deserved the name of an orgie, by the prettiest women she could collect.

Few of the amateurs, who, armed with double-barrelled telescopes, contemplate from box or stall the agile bounds and graceful evolutions of the hours of the ballet, have any conception of the amount of labour and torture gone through, before even an approach to perfection in the Terpsichorean art is accomplished. Alberic Second, the very witty author of a very amusing book (albeit in thorough French taste) "*Les Petits Mysteres de l'Opera*," to whose pages Mr. Hervey confesses himself largely indebted, gives many curious details on this subject. An immense amount of courage, patience, resignation, and toil, is necessary, to become even a middling dancer. The poor children—fordancing, above all things, must be learnt young—commence with the stocks, heel to heel and knees outwards. Half an hour of this, and another species of martyrdom begins. One foot is placed upon a bar which is grasped by the contrary hand. This is called *se casser*, to break one's self. After this agreeable process come the thousand and one steps, essential to an opera dancer. "Such," says an imaginary *danseuse* from whom M. Second professes to receive his information, "are the agreeable elements of the art of dancing. And do not suppose that these rude fatigues are of short duration. They are perpetual, and on that condition only does a dancer retain her activity and suppleness. A week's idleness must be atoned for by two months' double labour. The opera-dancer realises the fable of Sisyphus and his rock. She resembles the horse, who pays

with his repose, his flesh and his liberty, the rapid victories of the race-course. I have seen Mademoiselle Taglioni, after receiving a two hours' lesson from her father, fall helpless upon the floor, and allow herself to be undressed, spunged, and again attired, without the least consciousness of what passed. The agility and wonderful bounds with which she, that same evening, delighted the public, were purchased at this price." Besides these terrible fatigues, dancers often run serious personal risks. So, at least, says the author of the "Petits Mysteres" who, as a journalist and frequenter of the *coulisses*, is excellent authority. He cannot resist a joke, but it is easy to sift the facts from their admixture of burlesque exaggerations. "By dint of incurring simulated dangers, the dancer accustoms herself to real peril, as a soldier in war time becomes habituated to murder and pillage. She suspends herself from wires, sits upon pasteboard clouds, disappears through trap doors, comes in by the chimney and goes out by the window. In the first act of the *Peri* there is so dangerous a leap, that I consider Carlotta Grisi risks her life every time she takes it. Let M. Petipa be once awkward, or even absent, and Carlotta will break her head upon the boards. I know an Englishman who attends every performance of this ballet. He is persuaded it will be fatal to Carlotta, and would not for the world miss the catastrophe. It is the same man who, for three years, followed Carter and Van Amburgh, always hoping that a day would come when the animals would sup with their masters, and upon their masters." Considering the preparatory ordeal and frequent perils of their profession, dancers fairly earn the money and honours paid to them. Crowned heads have condescended to treat them as equals. At Stuttgart, we are told, Taglioni, towards the commencement of her career, won the affections of the Queen of Wurtemberg, who shed tears at her departure. At Munich, the King of Bavaria introduced her to his Queen, with the

words, "*Mademoiselle, je vous présente ma femme.*" "At Vienna she was once called before the curtain twenty-two times in one evening, and was drawn to her hotel, in her own carriage, by forty young men of the first Austrian families." Every one remembers the enthusiasm excited by Fanny Elssler amongst the matter-of-fact Yankees. During her last engagement at the French opera her salary was eighty thousand francs a-year. Taglioni and Elssler personify the two styles into which the present school of dancing is divided, the *ballonné* and the *tacqueté*. The former is lightness combined with grace, when the dancer seems to float upon air. The *tacqueté* is vivacity and rapidity; little quick steps on the points of the feet.

The principal singers now engaged at the French opera are Duprez and Gardoni, tenors; Baroilhet, the barytone; Brémond and Serda, who have succeeded, if they could not replace, the celebrated bass, Levasseur; and Madame Stoltz. Duprez is well known in England as a singer of great energy and admirable method, but whose powers have grievously suffered from over-exertion. Halevy and Meyerbeer should be indicted as the assassins of his once beautiful voice. The five tremendous acts of *Robert le Diable*, and the stunning accompaniments of the author of the *Juive*, are destructive to any tenor. In Paris, Duprez is still a favourite, especially in *Guillaume Tell*, considered his crack part. Gardoni, who has now been two years on the opera boards, has replaced him in some of his characters. This young singer has a very fresh and melodious voice, great taste and feeling, but lacks power, and, it is to be feared, will share the fate of most of his predecessors, and soon succumb to the thundering orchestra of the *Académie Royale*.* As Mr. Hervey very justly observes, there is no medium for a tenor at the French opera. He must either scream, in order to be heard above the music, or be wholly inaudible. Baroilhet is unquestionably

* Doubtless Gardoni was apprehensive of some such deterioration of his voice, for he has just left the *Académie*, after much opposition on the part of the manager, and has made a highly successful appearance at the Italian opera.

the best of the present opera company. His acting and singing are alike good, and his voice, of a less delicate texture than a tenor, has preserved its vigour and freshness. It would be unfair to estimate his abilities by his performance, some two years ago, at the London Opera-house. He was then in ill health, and was heard to great disadvantage. He has been fifteen years on the stage, but only the last five of them have been passed at Paris. He previously sang at various Italian theatres, chiefly at the San Carlo. Donizetti's Roberto Devereux and Belisario were composed expressly for him. Madame Rosine Stoltz, whose portrait, a very fair resemblance, is prefixed to Mr. Hervey's sketch of her operatic career, is a highly dramatic singer and an excellent actress, but her voice, of unusually extensive range, has a metallic sharpness which to our ear is not pleasant. She possesses a good stage face and figure, and her performance is most effective both in tragic and comic parts, although she is usually preferred in the former. We believe she has never sung in England, perhaps on account of the short respite allowed her by the French opera—but one month in the year. She is said to be a god-daughter of the Duchess of Berri. Various notices of her life have been published, but there is little agreement between them. It is generally understood that her early years were unprosperous, and that she endured much suffering and misfortune. If so, she learned mercy from persecution, for she is now noted for her benevolence, and for the generous assistance she affords to the needy amongst her comrades.

Notwithstanding the efforts and merits of these three or four singers, the French opera is in a declining state. A numerous company is not always synonymous with a strong one. The present manager, M. Léon Pillet, has been accused of disgusting, dismissing, or omitting to engage, some of the best singers of the day. Poultier, the Rouen cooper, a tenor of the Duprez school, is cited as an instance. He was engaged by a former management at a thousand francs a-month for eight months in the year,

but, although much liked by the public, he was kept in the background, owing partly, it was reported, to his own unassuming character, and partly to certain green-room intrigues and jealousies. During his vacation he starred in the provinces, earning four or five times the amount of his Paris salary. In his native town he was carried in triumph, and treated to an interminable serenade, whose performers, according to the deposition of our friend, M. Second, relieved each other every two hours, and kept up their harmony for a whole day and night. Roger, of the Opera Comique, is another singer whose proper place is at the Grand Opera. He is young, handsome, a good actor, and since Duprez' decline, the best French tenor extant.

At Paris theatres, and especially at the opera, the next best thing to having a good company is to have a good *claque*. Such, at least, is the theory of the actors and managers of the present day. The more rusty the tenor, the more wrinkled the prima donna, the greater the need of an army of iron-fisted, brazen-visaged hirelings to get up artificial applause, and inoculate the public with their factitious enthusiasm. In this latter respect they now rarely succeed. The device is stale, the trick detected, and yet the practice is maintained. It takes in no one. Even raw provincials and newly imported foreigners are up to the stratagem before they have been a week in Paris. The press inveighs against it; audiences, far from being duped, often remain silent when most pleased, lest they should be confounded with the *claqueurs*. But no manager dares to strike the first blow at this troublesome abuse. There is a regular contractor for the opera *claque*, receiving so much a month from each actor. Duprez has always refused to submit to this extortion, but he is, or was, the only exception to the rule. The contractor has an organised regiment under his orders, mustering sixty strong. Every opera night, before the opening of the doors, they assemble at a low coffee-house in the Rue Favart, to receive his orders for the evening, and thence follow him to the theatre, into which they are ad-

mitted through a private entrance. Some of them are paid for applauding — these are the chiefs, the veteran clappers; others applaud for a free admission, whilst a third class are content to do their best for the good of the house, and to pay half-price for their tickets. The distribution of these *bravo-battalions*, these knights of the chandelier, as they are called, from the post of their main body being in the centre of the pit, requires much skill and judgment. The captain of the *claque* is an important personage, respected by his subordinates, courted by the actors, and skilled in the strategy of his profession, which yields him a handsome income. A tap of his cane on the ground is the signal for applause. The *chatouilleur*, or tickler, a variety of the genus *claqueur*, is in vogue chiefly at the smaller theatres. His duty is to laugh, and, if possible, infect his neighbours with his mirth. He stands upon a lower grade of the social step-ladder than the *claqueur*; very unjustly, as it appears to us, his scope for the display of original genius being decidedly larger. How delicately may he modulate his merriment, and control his cachinnations, establishing a regular gamut, rising from the titter to the guffaw, abating from the irrepressible horse-laugh to the gratified snigger. He may himself be a better actor than those for whose benefit his mirth is feigned. And when, with aching ribs and a moist pocket-handkerchief—for an accomplished *chatouilleur* must be able to laugh till he cries—he retires from the scene enlivened by his efforts, it is with the proud consciousness that his contagious chuckle, as much as author's *jokes* or *buffo's* comicalities, has contributed to set the theatre in a roar.

Boileau said that

Le Français, né malin, créa le vaudeville,

and Boileau was right, although, when he wrote the line, he referred to a particular style of satirical song, and not to the farces and comedies, intermixed with couplets and snatches of music, that have since borne the name. The Frenchman not only created the vaudeville, but he reserved to himself its monopoly. Essentially French,

it is inimitable on any other stage. Of the many attempts made, none have succeeded in catching its peculiar spirit. The Englishman has his farce, the German his *possenspiel*, the Spaniard his *saynete*, but the vaudeville will only flourish on French soil, or, at least, in the hands of French authors and actors. Piron and Lesage were its fathers; their mantle has been handed down through succeeding generations, worn alternately by a Piis and a Barré, by a Panard, whom Marmontel called the La Fontaine of the vaudeville, and a Desaugiers, until, in the present day, it rests upon the shoulders of Scribe, and his legion of rivals and imitators. With the exception of the four theatres royal and the Italian opera, there is not a playhouse in Paris where it is not performed, although in each it takes a different tone, to which the actors, as they change from one stage to another, insensibly adapt themselves. Thus the four principal vaudeville theatres have each their own style. There is an immeasurable distance between the vaudeville *grivois*, the laxity, not to say the positive indecency, of the Palais Royal—supported by the *double-entendres* of Ravel and Madame Lemenil, and the buffoonery of Alcide Tousez—and the neat and correct little comedies of the Gymnase, so admirably enacted by a Ferville, a Numa, and a Rose Chéri. To the latter theatre, the Parisian matrons conduct their daughters; the former they themselves hesitate to visit. The substance is not invariably more praiseworthy at the one than at the other, but the form is always more decorous.

In discussing the vaudeville, the theatre bearing that name naturally claims the precedence, to which the excellence of its present company also gives it some title. Until the year 1792, there existed at Paris no theatre specially appropriated to this style of performance, which was given at the Comédie Italienne. It attracted crowds; and Sedaine, the composer, vexed to see it preferred to his comic operas, wrote a couplet against it, exhibiting more spleen than poetical merit. The attack, however, together with the refusal of a small pension which he had claimed from the Italian

Comedy, to whose treasury he had brought millions of francs, irritated Pils, the vaudevilliste then in vogue, the Scribe of his day. In conjunction with Barré and a few actors, he opened a theatre in the Rue de Chartres. The enterprise was crowned with complete success, and an able company was soon assembled. Mr. Hervey has collected some droll anecdotes of the actors who flourished under this management, although they lose part of their point by translation. Chapelle, a short stout man, "with eyes that were continually opening and shutting, thick black eyebrows, a mouth always half open, and a pair of legs resembling in shape the feet of an elephant," was remarkable for his credulity, and his comrades took particular delight in mystifying him. "Seveste, who had just returned from fulfilling an engagement at Rouen, told the unfortunate dupe that, during his stay in that town, he had succeeded in taming a carp so perfectly, that it followed him about like a dog; adding, that he was much grieved at having lost it. 'How did that happen?' said Chapelle, greatly interested. 'Why,' replied Seveste, 'one evening I took it to my dressing-room at the theatre; as I was going home after the performance, a terrible storm came on, and my poor carp, in trying to leap a gutter, fell in and was drowned.'—'How very unlucky!' cried Chapelle; 'I always thought a carp could swim like a fish!' As he grew older, however, Chapelle, weary of being continually hoaxed, made up his mind to believe nothing, and carried his scepticism so far as to reply to a friend's anxious inquiries after his health, 'Ask somebody else that question, my fine fellow; you can't take *me* in now.' Another of the company, Carpentier, drank away his memory, forgot his old parts, and could learn no new ones. For a long time he did not act, but at last ventured to appear in a procession, as a barber who had nothing to say. The audience immediately recognised their old favourite, and applauded him for several minutes after he left the stage. Once more behind the scenes, he exclaimed, "Ils m'ont reconnu! Ils m'ont reconnu!" and burst into tears. "In one of his parts, Carpentier had some couplets

to sing, of which the first ran as follows:—

Un acteur,
Qui veut de l'auteur
Suivre en tout
L'esprit et le gout,
Doit d'abord,
De savoir son rôle,
Faire au moins le petit effort.

Here he stopped short, and repeated the verse thrice, but could get no further; from that day a settled gloom came over him, and he soon committed suicide, by throwing himself out of a window."

The great guns of the present Vaudeville company are, Arnal, Bardou, and Felix; Madame Albert, lately become Madame Bignon, by a second marriage; and Madame Doche, sister of Miss Plunkett the dancer. It would be difficult to find five better actors in their respective styles. All of them, with the exception, we believe, of Bardou, have performed in London, and been received with enthusiasm as great as the chilly audience of the St. James's theatre ever thinks fit to manifest. Arnal, although he has formidable rivals at his own and other theatres, is unquestionably the first French comic actor of the day. Farce is his *forte*—we ask his pardon, and would say, comedy, vaudeville, *charge*, extravaganza, or any other names by which it may be fitting to designate the very farcical pieces in which he usually performs. There are no farces now upon the French stage; the term is voted low. Moliere, it is true, wrote and acted farces, until he glided into a higher style; but the more genteel authors and actors of the present time, will not so far condescend. They willingly produce and perform the most pitiful buffooneries, but then it is under a better sounding title. They look to the letter and not the spirit; admit the thing, but repudiate the name. *Les farceurs!* Arnal, of course, follows the fashion of the times, although too sensible a fellow, we suspect, to care a rush about the matter. For the last twenty years he has been the chief prop of the Vaudeville, where he performs for ten months out of the twelve, at a salary of fourteen hundred pounds, with *feux* or allowances of twenty francs for every act he plays in. His

first appearance was in the tragic character of Mithridates, in which he convulsed his audience with laughter. Convinced by this experiment that tragedy was not his line, he turned his attention to low comedy, and enacted Jocrisse. "In this part," he says, in a very clever poetical epistle to his friend Bouffé, "I was allowed to be tolerably amusing, but all declared that I was much more comic in Mithridates." Off the stage there is nothing particularly funny in Arnal's appearance. The expression of his face, which is much marked with the small pox, is quiet and serious, and it is by this same seriousness that he makes his hearers laugh. When acting, nothing will extort a smile from him. Gifted with extreme self-possession and a ready wit, he now and then embroiders his parts, always with the happiest effect. The excessive dryness with which he gives out his jokes often constitutes their chief merit. To enumerate his crack characters, those which he may be said to have created, would be too long a task. The *Poltron* is one of his best, and the story goes that his valet, who had been a soldier, having seen him perform it, gave him warning the next morning, declaring that he could not possibly remain in the service of so inveterate a coward. Some of his happiest efforts have been made in little one-act drolleries for two performers; such as *Passé Minuit*, where he is ably seconded by Bardou. "In private life, Arnal is grave, taciturn, and fond of study; he is said to be a regular frequenter of the *Bibliothèque Royale*, and has published, besides his epistle to Bouffé, a collection of prettily versified tales and fables." The letter to Bouffé is an amusing and witty sketch of his own career.

Happening, some seven years ago, to enter the ill-lighted, low-roofed theatre of a third-rate French town, full five hundred miles from Paris, we were struck and fascinated by the exquisite grace and feeling with which an actress of the name of Albert enacted the part of a blind girl in Frederick Soulié's painful drama of *Diane de Chivry*. The place of so accomplished a performer was evidently on the Parisian boards, and we learned with surprise, that she was on

no mere starring expedition, but had quitted the capital, where she was idolised, with a view to a long stay in the provinces. It is rare that French actors who can obtain a decent engagement at Paris, consent to waste their sweetness upon provincials for more than a few nights in the year; and at the time, the motives of Madame Albert's self-banishment, which has only recently terminated, was to us a mystery. The explanation we subsequently heard of it, agrees with that given by Mr. Hervey, and is most creditable to the delicacy and good feeling of the actress who thus abandoned the scene of her early triumphs to submit herself to the caprices and clumsy criticisms of country audiences. She wished "to spare her husband—then engaged in a subordinate capacity at the Théâtre Français, and who was seldom spoken of otherwise than as 'the husband of Madame Albert of the Vaudeville'—the mortification of seeing his own efforts completely cast into the shade by those of his wife; and it was with the view of associating him in future with her own successes that she determined on refusing every proposal made to her by the different managers of the capital, a task she persevered in until his death enabled her to return without compunction to Paris, where her place had long been empty." Eclipsed and unnoticed in the metropolis, M. Albert, whose real name was Rodrigues, passed muster very well in country towns. Of his widow, who has been seen and appreciated in London, we need say nothing. All who have witnessed her delightful performances, will admit her to be one of the most charming actresses of the day. Voice, face, figure, every thing is in her favour; her popularity is as well established as her talent is versatile and perfect. "She is cited," says Mr. Hervey, "as one of those who, not more by their brilliant natural gifts than by their private worth, have become ornaments of the profession to which they belong, and who, whilst they can fairly claim universal admiration, are not less entitled to universal respect." There are few actresses upon any stage deserving of so high an encomium; there is perhaps not one of whom, as of Madame Albert,

it may with truth be said, that in the several styles of comedy, vaudeville, and domestic drama, she is unsurpassed, if not unequalled.

Another pretty woman and excellent actress is the Belgian beauty, Madame Doche, to whose personal attractions the lithograph prefixed to her memoir does less than justice. She made her first appearance at the early age of fourteen, at the Versailles theatre, under the assumed name of Fleury. She is now only three-and-twenty, but her reputation as a first-rate actress has been established for the last half-dozen years. Of her it was said, when she acted at Brussels, her native city, that she was pretty enough to succeed without talent, and had enough talent to dispense with beauty. She was one of the first who, with Felix for her partner, danced the Polka upon the Paris stage, in the piece called *La Polka en Province*. The dance was then new, and her graceful performance of it excited enthusiastic applause.

From the *Vaudeville* to its neighbour and rival, the *Variétés*, the distance is short; to choose between them, in respect of excellence of acting, and amount of amusement, is very difficult. The founder of the *Variétés* was the witty Mlle. Montansier, who, previously to the first French Revolution, had the management of the Versailles theatre, as well as of several of the principal provincial ones. In 1790, she opened the house now known as the *Palais Royal*, for mixed performances, tragedy, comedy, and opera. There Mlle. Mars commenced her career. The prosperity of the

company dates from 1798, when the celebrated Brunet joined it. Brunet was the theatrical joker of his time; and all stray puns and witticisms, good, bad, and indifferent, were attributed to him as regularly as, at a later day, and in another country, they have been fathered upon a Jekyll and a Rogers. Many of his jests had a political character, and got him into serious scrapes. This, Mr. Hervey appears to doubt, but without reason. In various memoirs and reminiscences of the early years of the present century, we find recorded Brunet's stinging sarcasms, and the consequent reprimands and even imprisonments he incurred. "*L'Empereur n'aime que Joséphine et la chasse!*" was his exclamation when Napoleon's project of divorce was first bruited about; and for days Paris rang with the sharp jest. "*Le char l'attend!*" he cried, pausing before the triumphal arch on which stood the horses and empty chariot, the spoils of Venice. But the license of Monsieur Brunet's tongue was little relished by the imperial charlatan, — *le cloqueur de la Grand Armée*, as he has been called. Corsican though he was, he had a thorough French susceptibility of ridicule, and well knew that, with his laughter-loving subjects, wit carried weight. The actor was summoned before the prefect of police, severely lectured, and admonished to abjure puns, if he would escape punishment. "*Mais que voulez vous que je fusse,*" replied poor Brunet, in piteous accents, "*c'est mon métier de faire des calembourgs. j'y gagne ma vie. Voulez vous donc que je scie du bois!*"* And, in spite of

* Innumerable jests and lampoons circulated at the time of Napoleon's separation from Josephine, and second marriage. Conscious of the unworthy part he acted, the Emperor was greatly galled by them. "The keenest and most remarkable of these," says a German author who was in Paris at the time, "is unquestionably a *Chanson Poissarde*, of which hundreds of copies have been distributed, and which thousands have got by heart. Its author, in spite of Napoleon's fury, and of the zealous exertions of the police, has not been discovered. Several hundred persons have been arrested for copying or repeating it; but its original source remains unknown." It consists of nine verses, in the vulgar and mutilated French of the Paris *halles*. A couple of them will give a notion of the sly wit of the whole. They refer, of course, to the Emperor and to his future bride, Maria Louisa of Austria:—

Pour ell' il s'est fait l'aut' jour
Peind'en bel habit d'dimanche,
Et des diamants tout autour,
Près d' sa figur comm' ça tranche !
La p'tite luronne, j'en somn' sûr,
Ain' mieux l'présent que l'futur.

Ah! comm' ell' va s'amuser,
C' te princess' qui nous arrive !
Nous, j'allons boir' et danser,
N's enrouer à crier : Vive !
Ell, s' ra l'idol' d' la nation,
J' l'ons lu dans l' proclamation.

menaces and imprisonment, he continued each evening to delight the audience of the Variétés with his highly spiced allusions to the men and events of the day. His reputation was European. "Brazier, in his *Histoire des Petits Théâtres de Paris*, relates that, being one day, (March 31st, 1814,) on guard at the Barrière St. Martin, a young Calmuck officer, who could hardly speak a word of French, asked him the way to Brunet's theatre." Aided by Tiercelin, the popular actor of the time, who took his types from the lowest classes of the people, Brunet ensured the prosperity of the theatre, until at last the actors at the Français, who had long complained of the preference accorded by the public to Brunet's performances, addressed repeated remonstrances to government, and declared that the taste of the nation was becoming corrupted, and the classic drama of Corneille and Racine despised. They were supported by Fouché and a section of the press, until at last Napoleon, who meddled greatly in theatrical matters, and one of whose sayings was, that if Corneille had lived in his time, he would have made him a prince, thought proper to interfere. Brunet's company was ejected from the Palais Royal, and took refuge, whilst the present theatre on the Boulevard Montmartre was building, in the Théâtre de la Cité, on the left bank of the Seine. On the last night at the Palais Royal, (31st December, 1806,) the actors and actresses took their leave of the public on that side the river, in a series of appropriate couplets. One of these ran as follows:—

Vous que l'tambour et tambourin
A la gloir', au plaisir entraîne ;
Quand vous avez passé le Rhin,
Craindrez vous de passer la Seine ?

This reference to the martial prowess of the "*grande nation*," of course nearly brought down the house, but it did not carry the audience over the water, at least for some time. At last a new and successful play proved a magnet of irresistible attraction, and produced a receipt of twelve thousand pounds in three months.

In June, 1807, the new Théâtre des Variétés opened. Its situation, on a crowded central boulevard, is excellent, and its vogue, with a few brief intervals, has been constant. A large

proportion of the best French comic actors of the present century have acted there during the thirty-nine years that have elapsed since its inauguration. Amongst these are reckoned Bosquier Gavaudan, the best couplet singer of his day,—remarkable for his distinct articulation, and who, "from constantly personating officers of rank, grew so accustomed to wear a red ribbon in his coat, that, even when sitting in his dressing-gown at home, he did not feel comfortable without one in his button-hole;" Mme. Barroyer, a flame of Charles X. before the Revolution, the protectress and one of the teachers of Mlle. Mars; Potier, pronounced by Talma to be the most consummate actor he ever knew; Vernet, the admirable comedian; and Odry, who has been called the French Liston, but who is preferred, by most of those whom a thorough knowledge of both languages renders capable of equally appreciating French and English farce, even to the great Paul Pry himself. Then came Frederick Lemaître, the hero of the melodrama, and sometimes of the more elevated class of drama. He was ill supported at the Variétés, and consequently proved less attractive than he has since been at the Porte St. Martin. He is remarkable for the care with which he studies every detail of his characters, even to the most trifling points of dress and accessories. His love of consistency betrays him, at times, into what may be termed the pedantry of costume. "When playing Buridan, in the Tour de Nesle, he appeared as prime minister in the fourth act, clad in velvet, but with a plain woollen shirt, whereas the courtiers around him wore fine linen garnished with lace. On his being asked the reason of this apparent inconsistency, he replied, that he did not wear a linen shirt because at the epoch referred to in the piece, they were not in common use; 'Nay, more,' added he, 'a century afterward, Isabel of Bavaria was reproached with extravagance for having too much of linen in her *trousseau*.'" He was once hissed at Orleans, when performing the part of a starving and destitute man, for taking snuff out of a bit of paper. He had thought it improbable that the needy wretch he repre-

sented would carry a snuff-box. Guessing the cause of the public disapprobation, he produced a gold one, which was vehemently applauded.

Jenny Vertpré, the miniature Mars, as she has been called, in compliment to her talent, and with reference to her diminutive stature, held more than one engagement at the Variétés. She has been a great rambler, having acted in Germany, Holland, and Belgium, and visited England as manager of a French company. She married Carmouche, a writer of vaudevilles, has left the stage, and teaches young actresses.

The present company at this pleasant theatre is rich in talent. It includes seven or eight actors and actresses, who may be justly termed excellent in their respective styles. At the top of the list stand Bouffé and Déjazet. Respecting the latter, we have but little to add to the opinion we expressed in a recent number of this Magazine. After a long and fatiguing career, and at an age when most actresses have either left the scene, or dwindled into duennas and other subordinate parts, she still affords more pleasure by her performances than nine-tenths of her youthful contemporaries. Her *making-up* is admirable, and she and Madame Doche divide between them the honour of being the best dressed women on the French stage. In the ball-room or the street she still looks young; for although her face depends upon paint, her figure is erect and juvenile, and one would hardly suspect her of being the mother of "Monsieur Eugene Déjazet, who has attained some celebrity as a musical composer, and of a daughter who appeared at the St. James's theatre, in 1844, under the name of Mademoiselle Herminie." Her generosity and excellent heart have endeared her to her comrades. Her wit and ready repartee are proverbial. Mr. Hervey quotes a few of her *bon mots*, but he might have made a better selection. It is true that, besides the difficulty of translation, he may have been hampered by the latitude the lady allows herself. He regrets that a collection of her smart sayings is not made, to be called *Déjazetiana*; and opines that it would rival in merit, and far surpass

in bulk, the volume containing the sallies of the famous Sophie Arnould. Something of the sort has been published, under the title of the "*Perroquet de Mademoiselle Déjazet*," but to its authenticity or value we are unable to speak.

In the year 1821, a young man in his twenty-first year, by trade a carver and gilder, was engaged to act at the new theatre of the *Panorama Dramatique*, at the enormous salary of twelve pounds per annum. To augment this pittance, and to please his father, who was averse to his new profession, he employed himself between the acts in gilding frames in a small workshop behind the scenes. This ill-paid aspirant to histrionic fame was MARIE BOUFFÉ, "the most perfect comedian of his day," says Mr. Hervey, and we fully coincide in the verdict. Bouffé is one of the most intelligent, accomplished, and agreeable actors we ever saw; subtle and delicate in his conceptions of character, energetic without rant, ever true to Nature, and of a rare versatility of talent. We have known several persons who fancied, partly perhaps on account of his name, that he only acted comic parts; they should see him obtain a *succès de larmes*, throw a whole theatre into tears, by his exquisite feeling and pathos in serious ones. No actor more thoroughly makes his audience forget that he is one. His identification with his part is complete. The two lines of characters he usually takes are old men and lads, even very young boys. And in both he perfectly succeeds. We are doubtful in which to prefer him. As the noisy, lively, mischievous urchin in the *Gamin de Paris*, and as the gripping old miser in the *Fille de l'Avare*, he is equally excellent. His countenance is remarkable. A clever critic has said of him, that he has the physiognomy of a Mephistopheles and the eye of an angel. The observation is singularly happy. There is something Mephistophelian in the curve of his nose, and in the lines around his mouth. His command of expression is extraordinary; his eyes, especially, alternately flash fire and grow dim with melancholy or tenderness. His figure is short, thin, and frail; his general appearance

sickly, and not without cause, for poor Bouffé is consumptive, and, to judge from his looks, not long for this world. The only actor upon the French or English stage with whom we can compare him is the veteran Farren. But the comparison is to the advantage of the Frenchman, whose chief characteristic is his entire freedom from mannerism and stage trick. Mr. Farren is of the old and sterling school of actors, of which, unfortunately, so few remain. He stands first in his line upon the English boards, and deserves to be spoken of with all respect. Would that we had a dozen as good. But he has his faults, and the chief one is mannerism, certain peculiar ways that prevent the spectator from forgetting the actor in the person he represents, trifles, which it may be hypercritical to cavil at, but which nevertheless spoil the illusion, and compel the exclamation, "There is Farren." Take for example his favourite trick of scratching his upper lip with his forefinger. We have seen Bouffé many times—less frequently, certainly, than we have Farren—but we never perceived in him any of these peculiarities. His creations are original and new throughout; the mime disappears, and we have before us the gossiping old man, the rough ship-boy, the simple-hearted recruit. We are really at a loss to point out a fault or suggest an improvement in Bouffé's acting. "If the public," says M. Eugene Briffault, "finds that he makes but little progress in the course of each year, it is because he is as near perfection as an actor can be." Many of Mr. Hervey's criticisms are excellent; none more so than the following:—"Bouffé's gaiety is frank and communicative, his pathos simple, yet inexpressibly touching; the foundation of his character is sensibility; he *feels* all he says. He never employs any superfluity of action for the purpose of producing effect, nor does he seek, by first raising his voice almost to a shriek, and then lowering it to a whisper, to *startle* his audience into a fit of enthusiasm; on the contrary, a studied sobriety, both of speech and gesture, is one of the peculiar features of his acting." When Bouffé visits England, we recommend some of our

actors, who at present "imitate humanity so abominably," to attend his performances, and strive to profit by his example.

We have lingered at the Variétés, and must move onwards, rather against our will, and although much remains to be said concerning that amusing theatre and its actors. Hyacinthe's nose, alone, would furnish materials for a chapter, and of alarming longitude, if in proportion with the feature. The two Lepeintres would fill an article. They are brothers and rival punsters. The jokes of Lepeintre Jeune have been printed and sold at the theatre door. His senior, who is no way inferior to him, either as a wit or an actor, said, with reference to himself, that he carried abundance wherever he went, "*puisqu'on y voyoit le pain trainer* (Lepeintre aîné.)"

On the site of an old cemetery stands the theatre known as the Gymnase Dramatique. A suggestive fact for the moralist. Death replaced by Momus; the mourner's tears succeeded by the quips and cranks of an Achard, by the wreathed smiles of a Rose Chéri. Where the funeral once took its slow and solemn way, rouged processions pass, tinsel heroes strut and vapour. Thousand-tinted garlands supplant the pale *immortelles* that decked the graves; the sable cloak is doffed, and motley's the only wear. Surely actors must be bold men to tread a stage covering so many mouldering relics of mortality. Not for Potosi, and the Real del Monte to boot, would we do it, lest, at the witching hour, some ghastly skeleton array should rise and drive us from the Golgotha, or drag us to the charnel-house beneath. But we forget that the good old days are gone when such things were, or were believed in, and that superstition is now as much out of date as a heavy coach upon the Great North Road. Spectres may occasionally be seen at the Gymnase, but they are very material, flesh-and-blood sort of goblins, well known as impostors, even to the scene-shifters. This need not prevent any aspiring young novelist, desirous of coming out in the ghastly and ghostly line, from profiting by our hint, and producing, after a little preparatory cramming with Mrs. Radcliffe and the

Five Nights of St. Albans, what the newspapers call "a romance of thrilling interest" on the subject of the gay Gymnase and its grave foundation.

Built in 1819, the Gymnase "was originally intended, as its name denotes, to be a kind of preparatory school for dramatic aspirants, whence the most promising actors and actresses were to be occasionally transferred to the different royal theatres." For some years—from 1824 till the July Revolution—it was known as the *Théâtre de Madame*, and was under the special patronage of the Duchess of Berri, whom the manager had propitiated by sending a part of his company to amuse her when bathing at Dieppe. At that time it ranked immediately after the theatres royal, taking the precedence of the Vaudeville and other minors. Shorn by the Revolution of its honours and privileges, its favour with the public suffered little diminution. For many years Bouffé performed there, and there achieved his greatest triumphs. At the Variétés he has not been so well catered for by the dramatists. The present company at the Gymnase is very good. Bressant, Ferville, Numa, Klein, and Achard, are excellent actors. In actresses, also, the theatre is well provided, and the whole tone of its company and performances is such as to render it one of the most correct and agreeable in Paris. But the gem of the Gymnase, its grand attraction, to our thinking, is that delightful little actress, Rose Chéri. Never, assuredly, was a pretty name more appropriately bestowed. Her plump, fresh, pleasant little face, reminds one of the *Rose*, and *chérie* she assuredly is by the hundreds of thousands whom her graceful and tasteful performance has enchanted. Mademoiselle Chéri, who is only one-and-twenty, made her "first appearance upon any stage" at the somewhat early age of five years. "She acted the part of *Lisette*, in the *Roman d'une Heure*, for the amusement of her parents, (the other two characters being sustained by two of her playmates;) and the talent displayed by her was so remarkable, that she was encouraged to repeat the essay in public at the theatre of Bourges, on which occasion her infant exertions

were rewarded by the enthusiastic applause of the audience, and—which was probably still more to her taste—by a shower of *bonbons*." Either the applause or the *bonbons*, or both, decided her vocation, and she continued to act from time to time, until at length she became a regular member of a provincial company, whose manager was her father. In 1842, she went to Paris, where she soon took rank with the best *jeunes premières* of the capital. She has been justly called the most loveable actress upon the French stage; so graceful, so soft and womanly, displaying alternately such genuine feeling and nature, and such arch coquetry of manner; always such great freshness of style. We were pleased to see her properly appreciated during her last visit to London, both by press and public. Trained to the stage from so early an age—although not, as Mademoiselle Déjazet is said to have been, born in a theatre—it is not surprising that Rose Chéri is in the highest degree self-possessed and at her ease. But if she is *sans peur* on the boards, she is also—most rare commendation of a French actress—*sans reproche* in private life. Such a Rose as this is indeed the pride of the garden.

Two words about the Palais Royal, and we have done; leaving the dramatic aristocracy of the theatres royal, and the smaller fry of the Boulevards, for some future opportunity of comment. The Français, although it reckons in its company several excellent comic actors, relies chiefly on tragedy, and will doubtless continue to do so, as long as it possesses Rachel, or until a comedian of very extraordinary talent starts up. And in French tragedies, even, heretical as it may sound, in the classic masterpieces of Corneille and Racine, we take far less pleasure than in the witty and sparkling comedies of many less renowned authors, to which the genius of the language so much better adapts itself. Nay, we confess to have more than once passed the Français without the least compunction, with *les Horaces* or *Andromaque* on the bills, and a crowd at the door, to commit ourselves, a few paces farther, to the friendly arms of a stall

at the Palais Royal, and the mirth-inspiring influence of Tousez and Levassor, the most comical buffoon and admirable mimic on the French stage.

When the *Variétés*' company was expelled from the little theatre of the Palais Royal, it became the scene of all manner of bastard performances. Rope dancers, wooden puppets, even dogs were the actors. The most intelligent of these were the quadrupeds. Mr. Hervey gives the following analysis of a melodrama enacted by them :—

"A young Russian princess, held captive in a castle by a tyrant, has a lover, who has sworn to effect her rescue. On the rising of the curtain, the fair prisoner, a pretty spaniel, is discovered walking on the parapet of a tower; the lover, a very handsome dog, presently appears at the foot of the wall, barking most amorously. As for the tyrant, he is represented by a ferocious-looking bull-dog, with a smashed nose. On a given signal, the lover's army make their entrée, and scale the walls of the castle, which, after a gallant defence on the part of the garrison, is finally taken, and the princess delivered."

When the public had had enough of these canine comedies, the theatre was converted into a coffee-house. But the old dramatic prestige still hung about the place, and, after a time, the frequenters of the establishment were diverted, whilst sipping their punch and lemonade, with detached scenes and short vaudevilles, performed by two or three persons. Finally, in 1830, the house was rebuilt, and a regular license obtained; and from that date to the present day it has been a favourite resort of all lovers of a hearty laugh. Déjazet and Achard were long its chief support. They have left it; but others, little, if at all, inferior, have replaced them. Foremost amongst these stands Pierre Levassor, the best comic ballad-singer in France. Innumerable were the difficulties he had to overcome before he could fully gratify his passion for acting, and display his innate talent at a Paris theatre. His father, an old soldier of Napoleon's armies, opposed his propensity, which early manifested itself,

in every possible way, and apprenticed him to a trade. During the revolution of 1830, young Levassor was on business at Marseilles, where a dinner was given to celebrate the event. "At the general request, he sang the song of the *Trois Couleurs*, with such immense success, that on the party adjourning after dinner to the theatre, a note was thrown on the stage, in which he volunteered to sing it in public, if agreeable to the audience. The offer was accepted; and both song and vocalist were loudly applauded." This incident was decisive of his future career. On his return to Paris he became an actor, and soon conquered great popularity. He is particularly clever in disguising himself, so as to be quite unrecognisable. With his dress he changes his voice, gait, and even his face; and will look the part of a decrepid old woman every bit as well as the more easily assumed one of a scapegrace student. His vivacity, good-humour, and fun, are inexhaustible. In the ludicrous extravaganzas, reviews of the past year, which nearly every carnival sees produced at the Palais Royal, he is perfectly irresistible. Powerfully aided by Grassot, Lemenil, Sainville, and Alcide Tousez, he keeps the house in an unceasing roar, even at pieces which, like the *Pommes-de-terre Malades* and the *Enfant du Carnaval*, are in themselves of very feeble merit. An excellent singer and clever actor, he is also a capital dancer and first-rate mimic, imitating with extraordinary facility every possible sound, whether the cries of animals or any thing else. And, off the stage, Levassor is as unassuming and gentlemanly as he is amusing and accomplished upon it.

Ravel is another droll dog, but quite in a different style from Levassor. The latter is all quickness, impetuosity, and *entrain*; Ravel is of a more passive style of comicality. At times he reminds us of two English actors, Buckstone of the Haymarket, and Wright, the Adelphi low comedian. He has something of Buckstone's odd monotony of manner, and, like him, often excites the laughter of an audience by his mere look or attitude. When Wright is not compelled to make a buffoon of

himself in some stupid travestie, but is allowed fair scope for the display of his comic talents, which are really considerable, we prefer him to Ravel. He is a steady and improving performer. In *Paul Pry*, and some other stock pieces, his acting is quiet and excellent. Many of Ravel's characters have been taken by him in the English version. Ravel is seldom seen to greater advantage than as a soldier. He exactly renders the mingled simplicity and cunning of the conscript; the tricks of the barrack-room grafted upon clownish dulness. The piece called the *Tour-lourou*—the French nickname for a recruit—founded on a novel of Paul de Kock's, was one of his triumphs, and another was *Le Caporal et la Payse*, Englished as "Seeing Wright." In short, he occupies a high position amongst the half-dozen drolls who, night after night, send home the audience of the Palais Royal brimful of mirthful reminiscences.

In this imperfect sketch of some of the leading French theatres and actors, we have taken little opportunity of censure. We could notice but a few, and have selected from the most worthy. In Paris, as elsewhere, *pumps*, to use a green-room term, are plentiful. But in the higher class of theatres they are in the minority; and moreover there is a neatness and *tact* in the performance of French actors, which, in the less prominent characters, at least, goes

some way to atone for the absence of decided talent. A French comedian may be tame, he may be incorrect in the conception of his part; he is rarely vulgar or ridiculous. We refer, of course, to the actors allowed to figure on the boards of the half-score good theatres in Paris. There is no lack of inferior ones, where the laugh is more often at the performer than at the performance. But most even of these will repay a visit, if not for the sake of the actors, for that of the audience. Despised by the fashionable and pleasure-seeking, they afford a rich field to the observant man. He must not, it is true, be squeamish, and fear to let the unsavoury reek of *tabac-de-caporal*, or the odours of potato brandy and logwood wine come betwixt the wind and his nobility. Neither must he dread contact with the mechanic's blouse, with the cotton gown of the grisette, or the velveteen vest of the *coiffeur* of the Boulevards; he must even wake up his mind to see his neighbour, dispensing with his upper garment, exhibit his brawny arms in shirt sleeves of questionable purity. If he dare encounter these little imaginary contaminations, he will find entertainment in the humours of the Boulevard du Temple; in the pantomimes of the *Funambules*—once the scene of poor Debureau's triumphs—and in the ten-franc vaudevilles of the Petit Lazari.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

WALPOLE, in giving his history to the world, renounces the title of an historian. He proclaims himself simply a compiler; his volumes, *Memoires Pour Servir*; and his chief purpose, simply, to give his own recollections, day by day, of the men and things passing before his eyes. Yet what historian has ever told his story with more spirit, ever sketched his characters with more living truth, or led our curiosity onward through the labyrinth of political intrigue, parliamentary struggle, and national vicissitude, with so light, and yet so leading a hand? A part of this charm arises from the interest which he himself took in his performance. He evidently delighted in the revival of those scenes in which he had once figured, and the powerful portraiture which, in his study, realized the characters of the eminent men whom he had seen successively depart from the political world. In this lies the spell which makes Walpole the favourite of all the higher order of readers in our age, and will make him popular to the last hour of the English language.

We read Gibbon like a task. We are astonished at his learned opulence, his indefatigable labour, and his flood of rich and high-wrought conception; but we grow as weary of him, as if we walked through an Indian treasury, and rested the eye only on heaps of gold. With all our great historical writers, the mind feels a sense of their toil, and, however it may be endured for the sake of its knowledge, *our* toil, too, is inevitable, and the crop must be raised only by the sweat of our own brow.

But the pages of Walpole give us the knowledge without the toil, and, instead of bending to the tillage, we pluck the fruit from the tree as we pass along. When he, too, is heavy, his failure arises simply from his attempting to assume the style of his contemporaries. He is not made for their harness, however it may be

plated and embroidered. He cannot move in their stately and measured pace. His genius is volatile and vivid; he moves by bounds: and his display is always the most effective when, abandoning the beaten tracks of authorship, he speeds his light way across the field, and exhibits at once the agility of his powers and the caprice of his will.

What infinite gratification have we lost, by the want of such a writer in the days of classical antiquity! With what interest would the living world follow a Greek or a Roman Walpole! With what delight should we contemplate a Greek Council, with Pericles for its president, sketched by the hand of a spectator, and shown in the brilliant contests, intellectual intrigue, and ardent ambition of these sons of soul! What a scene would such a writer make of Cicero confronting Catiline, with the supremacy of Rome trembling in the scale, and the crowded senate-house preparing to hear the sentence of life or death! We might have wanted the strong historic phraseology of Sallust; or, in a subsequent age, the gloomy grandeur of Tacitus, that Caravaggio of ancient Rome; we might have lost some of the classic beauty, and all the théâtrical drapery, but we should have had a clearer, more emphatic, and more faithful picture, than in the severe energy of the one, or the picturesque mysticism of the other. We should have *known* the characters as they were known to the patrician and the populace of two thousand years ago; we should have seen them as they threw out all their stately and muscular strength; we should have been able to recover them from the tomb, make them move before us "in their armour, as they lived," and gather from their lips the language of times and things, now past away from man.

Still, we must acknowledge that Walpole's chief excellence is in his letters. His sportive spleen, his polished sarcasm, and his keen in-

sight into the ways of men, place him at the head of all epistolary authorship. He has had but two competitors for this fame,—it is remarkable that they were both women.—De Sevigne in France, and Lady Wortley Montague in England; yet, how utterly inferior are De Sevigne's feeble sketches of court life, and vapid panegyrics on the "adorable Grignan;" or the Englishwoman's rambling details of travels and tribulations, to the pungent pleasantry and substantial vigour of Walpole! The Frenchwoman's sketches are like her artificial flowers, to the freshness of the true. Lady Mary's slipshod sentences and coarse voluptuousness are equally inferior to the accurate finish and fashionable animation of the man who combined the critic with the courtier, and was the philosopher even more than he was the man of fashion.

Walpole is now an English classic. It is striking, to see a man of talent thus vindicating his genius in the grave, making a posthumous defence of his character, and compelling posterity to acknowledge the distinctions of which he was defrauded by the petulance of his time. His example and his success administer a moral which ought not to be thrown away. There are many individuals in our own time, who might thus nobly avenge themselves on the injustice of their age. The Frenchman's maxim, *Il n'y a que bonheur, et malheur*, is unanswerably true; and not only men of the finest faculties are often ill used by fortune, but they are often the worst used. Their conscious superiority renders them fastidious of the lower arts of success; their sense of honour disqualifies them for all those services which require flexibility of conscience; and their sensibility to injustice makes them retort public injury, by disdainfully abandoning the struggle, and retiring from the vulgar bustle of the world.

Let such men, then, glance over the pages of Walpole, and see how productive may be made the hours of obscurity; how vigorously the oblivion of one generation may be redeemed by the honours of another; and how effectively the humble man of genius may survive the glaring

favourites of an ephemeral good fortune.

Walpole, in his lifetime, was either pitied as a disappointed official, or laughed at as a collector of cracked china; but who either pities or laughs at him now? Posterity delights in the products of his study, while the prosperous tribe of his parliamentary day are forgotten, or remembered only through those products of his study. The Pulteneys, Granvilles, Lyttletons, and Wyndhams, are extinguished, and their chief interest now arises from Walpole's fixing their names in his works; as an architect uses the busts and masks of antiquity to decorate the gates, or crown the buttresses of his temple.

Lord Holland's preface contains the following brief statement relative to the present publication.

Among the papers found at Strawberry Hill, after the death of Lord Orford, was the following memorandum, wrapped in an envelope, on which was written, "Not to be opened till after my will."

"In my library, at Strawberry Hill, are two wainscot chests or boxes, the larger marked with an A, the lesser with a B. I desire that, as soon as I am dead, my executor and executrix will cord up strongly and seal the larger box marked A, and deliver it to the Honourable Hugh Conway Seymour; to be kept by him unopened and sealed, till the eldest son of Lady Waldegrave, or whichever of her sons, being Earl of Waldegrave, shall attain the age of twenty-five years, when the said chest, with whatever it contains, shall be delivered to him for his own."

The rest of the order refers simply to the keeping of the key in the interim. The date is August 19, 1796.

Lord Holland then argues, with a rather unnecessary waste of argument, that the history contained within this chest was intended for publication, which, of course, it must have been.

In his private correspondence, Walpole frequently alludes to his preparation of the present work. In a letter to Mr. Montague, in 1752, he tells him, that "his memoirs of last year are quite finished," but that he means to add some pages of notes, "that will not want anecdotes;" and in

answer to Montague, who had ludicrously menaced him with a messenger from the Secretary's office, to seize his papers, he says, "I have buried the memoirs under the oak in my garden, where they are to be found a thousand years hence, and taken perhaps for a Runic history in rhyme."

In another part of his memoirs of 1758, he says, with reference to the different stages of his work, "During the former part, I lived in the centre of business, was intimately acquainted with many of the chief actors, was eager in politics, and indefatigable in heaping up materials for my work. Now, detached from those busy scenes, with many political connexions dropped or dissolved; indifferent to events, and indolent; I shall have fewer opportunities of informing myself or others." And in this supposed indolence and ignorance, he sits down to his work without delay, and fills his volumes with information, inaccessible to nine-tenths of the ablest and most active in his generation.

But it is not our purpose to give a consecutive view of the contents of those volumes. Their nature is the reverse of consecutive. They are as odd, irregular, and often as novel, as the changes of a kaleidoscope. Nothing can be less like a picture, with its background, and foreground, its middle tints and its *chiaroscuro*. Their best emblem perhaps would be the "Dissolving views," where a palace has scarcely met the eye, before it melts into an Italian lake; or the procession to a Romish shrine is metamorphosed into a charge of cavalry. The volumes are a *melange* of characters, anecdotes, and reflections. We shall open the pages at hazard, and take, as it comes first, in those "Sortes Walpolianæ," a Westminster election.

There is "nothing new under the sun." What the Irish cry for "Repeal" is now, the cry for the "Stuarts" was a hundred years ago. Faction equally throve on both; and the tribe who live by faction in all ages uttered both cries with equal perseverance—the only distinction between them being, that as the Jacobite cry was an affair of the scaffold, it was uttered with a more *judicious* reserve.

Yet, it is only justice to the men

of the older day, to acknowledge that their motives were of a much higher order than the stimulants of the modern clamour. With many of the Scottish Jacobites, the impulse was a sense of honour to their chieftains, and a gallant devotion to their king; with many of the English, it was a conscientious belief that they were only doing their duty to the lawful throne in resisting the claims of the Prince of Orange. It is remarkable, that of the "seven bishops" sent to trial by James, but one, Trelawny, could be prevailed on to take the oath of allegiance to William; yet, unfounded and extravagant as were these conceptions, they showed manliness and conscience. Later times have had motives, unredeemed by the chivalry of the Scotch, or the integrity of the English; but the cause of both has been marked with a similarity of operation, which makes Solomon still "an oracle."

The elections became the chief scenes of display. The efforts to return Jacobite members were of the most pertinacious kind, and sometimes proceeded to actual violence. In one of the Westminster elections, the court candidate had been furiously attacked by a hired mob; and one Murray, a man of family, and marked, by his name, for an adherent of the Stuarts, had exhibited himself as a leader, had been captured, and consigned to the custody of the Serjeant-at-arms.

After a period of confinement, pardon was tendered to him, if he would ask it. He refused contemptuously, and obtained popularity by playing the hero.

Murray was brought to the bar of the House of Commons to be heard in his own defence. He asserted his innocence, smiled when he was taxed with having called Lord Trentham and the High Bailiff rascals, desired counsel, and was remanded. Another character then comes on the tapis by way of episode. This was Sir William Yonge. It has been said of the celebrated Erskine, that in the House he was a natural, out of the House he was a supernatural; and certainly nothing could be less like, than the orator of the bar, and the prattler of the House of Commons. Yonge's cha-

acteristics were just the reverse. He was always trifling, out of the House, and sometimes singularly effective in it. Walpole says of him, that his Parliamentary eloquence was the more extraordinary, as it seemed to come upon him by inspiration. Sir Robert Walpole frequently, when he did not choose to enter early into the debate himself, gave Yonge his notes as the latter came into the House; from which he could speak admirably, though he had missed all the preceding discussion.

Sir Robert Walpole said of him, with a pungency worthy of his son, that "nothing but Yonge's character could keep down his parts, and nothing but his parts support his character;" but, whatever might be his character, it is certain that his parts served him well, for though but four-and-twenty years in Parliament, he was twice a Lord of the Treasury, a Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary at War, finishing with the then very lucrative situation of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. For the more honorary part of his distinctions, he had the Ribbon of the Bath, was a Privy Councillor, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire.

We now return to Murray. It was moved that he should appear before the House on his knees. Walpole's description is very graphic. "He entered with an air of confidence, composed of something between a martyr and a coxcomb.

"The Speaker called out, Your obeisances, sir, your obeisances, and then, sir, you must kneel. He replied, Sir, I beg to be excused, I never kneel but to God. The Speaker repeated the command with great warmth. Murray answered, Sir, I am sorry I cannot comply with your request: I should in any thing else. The Speaker cried, Sir, I call upon you again to consider of it. Murray answered, Sir, when I have committed a crime, I kneel to God for pardon, but I know my own innocence, and I cannot kneel to any one else. The Speaker ordered the Serjeant to take him away and secure him. He was going to reply, but the Speaker would not suffer him. The Speaker then made a representation to the House of his contemptuous behaviour, and

said, However you may have differed in the debate, I hope you will be unanimous in the punishment.

"Then ensued a long, tedious, and trifling succession of speakers, finishing by an adjournment at two in the morning."

Then comes another character passing through the magic lantern. The Mutiny Bill is the back-ground for this caricature. The front figure is Lord Egmont. John Percival, second Earl of Egmont, seems to have been an extraordinary compound of the fanatic and the philosopher. He was scarcely of age, before he had a scheme of assembling the Jews, and making himself their king. His great talent was, indefatigable application. He was never known to laugh. He was once, indeed, seen to smile; but *that was at chess*. His father had trained him to history and antiquities; and he early settled his own political genius by scribbling pamphlets. Towards the decline of Sir Robert Walpole's power, he had created himself a leader of the Independents, a knot of desperate tradesmen, many of them converted to Jacobinism, by being fined at the custom-house for contraband practices. One of their chiefs was Blackistone, a grocer in the Strand, detected in smuggling, and forgiven by Sir Robert Walpole; detected again, and fined largely, on which he turned patriot and became an alderman of London.

At the beginning of this parliament, rejected by Westminster, and countenanced nowhere, he bought what Walpole pleasantly calls, the loss of an election at Weobly, for which place, however, on a petition, Fox procured his return to parliament, and immediately had the satisfaction to find him declare against the court. At the Westminster election, his indefatigability against the ministerial favourite came amply into play. All the morning he passed at the hustings, then came to the House, where he was a principal actor, and the rest of the day he spent at hazard, not to mention the hours spent in collecting materials for his speeches, or in furnishing them to his weekly mercenaries.

We then have a touch of the pencil at Lord Nugent.

"This Irishman's style was florid bombast; his impudence as great as if he had been honest. He affected unbounded good-humour, and it was unbounded, but by much secret malice, which sometimes broke out into boisterous railing, but oftener vented itself in still-born satires. Nugent's attachments were to Lord Granville; but all his flattery was addressed to Mr. Pelham, whom he mimicked in candour, as he often resembled Granville in ranting. Nugent had lost the reputation of a great poet, by writing works of his own, after he had acquired fame by an ode that was the joint production of several others."

Walpole certainly had an aversion to the wits of his day, with the exception of George Selwyn; on whom he lavished a double portion of the panegyric that he deserved, as a sort of compensation for his petulance to others. His next portrait was Lord Chesterfield, the observed of all observers, "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form," a man of talent unquestionably, and a master of the knowledge of mankind, but degrading his talent by the affectation of coxcombry, and turning his knowledge into a system of polished profligacy.

Chesterfield, though not the first who had made a study of the art of *nothings*, was the first who publicly prided himself on its study; and while France owed her fashionable vice to a hundred sources, all England looked up to Chesterfield as the high priest of that shrine, in which time and reputation were equally sacrificed, and in which fame was to be acquired alone by folly.

Walpole's sketch was struck off when Chesterfield was sinking into the vale of years, and he exhibits that celebrated peer under the character, at once melancholy and ridiculous, of a superannuated politician and an old beau. Chesterfield, since he had given up the seals in 1748, had retired from politics; in that spirit of resignation, which, in extinguished politicians, is only a decent disguise for despair.

He had published what he called an apology for his resignation, which, as Walpole says, excited no more notice than the resignation itself. "From that time he had lived at

White's, gaming, and pronouncing witticisms among the boys of quality." He then proceeds to examine the noble lord's construction, pretty much in the style of an anatomist with the subject on the table, and cuts him up with all the zeal of angry science.

"Chesterfield, early in life, announced his claim to wit, and the women believed in it. He had besides given himself out for a man of great intrigue, and the world believed in that too. It was not his fault if he had not wit, for nothing exceeded his efforts in that point. His speeches were fine, but as much laboured as his extempore sayings. His writings were every body's; that is, whatever came out good was given to him, and he was too humble ever to refuse the gift. But besides the passive enjoyment of all good productions in the present age, he had another art of reputation, which was, either to disapprove of the greatest authors of other times, or to patronize whatever was too bad to be ascribed to himself."

We then have a slight glance at his public life. His debut in diplomacy was as ambassador to Holland, where, as Walpole says, "he courted the good opinion of that economical people," by losing immense sums at play. On his return, he attached himself to Lord Townshend, an unlucky connexion; but what did him more harm still, was the queen's seeing him one Twelfth Night after winning a large sum of money at hazard, cross St. James's Court, "to deposit it with my Lady Suffolk until next morning." The queen never pardoned an intimacy there, and well she might not, Lady Suffolk's royal intimacies being perfectly notorious.

His next employment of note was the vice-royalty of Ireland; in which Walpole acknowledges that he was the most popular governor which that luckless country ever had. "Nothing was cried up but his integrity. He would have laughed at any man who had any confidence in his morality."

But Chesterfield's vice-royalty deserves better treatment than this. In Ireland he *was* an able governor. The man had something to do, and he did it. The loungee of the London clubs could not dawdle through the

day in the midst of a fiery people full of faction, bleeding with the wounds of civil war, and indignant at the supremacy of the "Saxon."

Jacobitism, in England a fashion, was in Ireland a fury. In England a phantom of party, it was in Ireland a fierce superstition. In England a fading recollection of power lost, and a still feeble hope of favours to come, it was in Ireland a hereditary frenzy embittered by personal sufferings, exalted by fantastic notions of pedigree, and sanctioned by the secret but powerful stimulants of Rome. This was no place for a man to take his rest, unless he could contrive to sleep on thorns.

Chesterfield was thus forced to be vigorous and vigilant; to watch every symptom of disaffection, to suppress every incipient turbulence, to guide without the appearance of control, and to make his popularity the strength of a government almost wholly destitute of civil reputation or military force. But the highest panegyric is to be found in the period of his thus preserving the peace of Ireland. It was in 1745, when the Pretender was proclaimed in Edinburgh, when the Highland army was on its march to London, and when all the hopes of hollow courtiership and inveterate Jacobitism were turned to the triumph of the ancient dynasty. Yet, Ireland was kept in a state of quietude, and the empire was thus saved from the greatest peril since the Norman invasion.

An Irish insurrection would have largely multiplied the hazards of the Brunswick throne; and though we have firm faith in the power of England to extinguish a foreign invader, yet, when the question came to be simply one of the right to the crown, and the decision was to be made by civil conflict, the alienation, or the insurrection, of Ireland might have thrown an irresistible weight into the scale.

It is not our purpose, nor would it be becoming, to more than allude to the private life of this showy personage. His was not the era of either public or private morality. His marriage was contemptible, a connexion equally marked by love of money and neglect of honour; for his choice was the niece of the Duchess of Kendal,

the duchess being notoriously the king's mistress, and Chesterfield obviously marrying the niece as being a probable heiress of her aunt, and also of bringing to her husband some share of the royal favour. He was disappointed, as he deserved, in the legacy; and seems to have been not much happier in the wife, who brought him no heir, and was apparently a compound of pride and dulness. He was more fortunate, however, in earning the political favour of the old Duchess of Marlborough, who left him £20,000 in her will.

Still, with all the political chicanery, and all the official squabbles of parliament, those were sportive times; and Walpole records the delay of the debate on the bill for naturalizing the Jews, as arising from the adjournment of the house, to attend private theatricals at Drury Lane, where Delaval had hired the theatre to exhibit himself in *Othello*! Walpole, in his pleasant exaggeration, says, that "the crowd of people of fashion was so great, that the footman's gallery was hung with blue ribands."

For some reason, which must now sleep with the author, he had an inveterate aversion to Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards translated to Canterbury. "The king," said he, "would not go to chapel because the Bishop of Oxford was to preach before him. The ministers did not insist upon his hearing the sermon, as they had lately upon his making him Dean of St. Paul's."

Character and popularity do not always depend upon the circumstances which alone ought to fix either. He then proceeds to hew the right reverend lord in pieces. "This bishop," says he, "who had been bred a Presbyterian and man-midwife, which sect and profession he had dropt for a season, while he was President of a Free-thinking Club, had been converted by Bishop Talbot, whose relation he married, and his faith settled in a prebend of Durham, whence he was transplanted by the queen, and advanced by her (who had no aversion to a medley of religions, which she always compounded into a scheme of heresy of her own) to the living of St. James's, vacant by the death of

her favourite *Arrian*, Dr. Clarke, and afterwards to the bishoprics of Bristol and Oxford."

Then, probably for the purpose of relieving the dark hues of this desperate portrait, he throws in a touch of praise, and tells us that Secker grew surprisingly popular in his parish of St. James's, and was especially approved of in the pulpit.

Secker's discourses, with his charges and lectures, still remain; and it is impossible to conceive any thing more commonplace in style, weaker in conception, or more thoroughly marked with mediocrity of mind. And yet it is perfectly possible to conceive such a man popular. What the multitude call eloquence, in the pulpit, is palpably different from eloquence any where else. At the bar, or in the legislature, it evidently consists in a mixture of strong sense and powerful feeling. It must exhibit *some* knowledge of the subject, and more knowledge of human nature. But the "sermons" which then achieved a passing popularity were characterised by nothing but by the most shallow notions in the most impotent language. The age of reasoners had passed away with Barrow, South, and Sherlock; and a studied mingling of affected simplicity and deliberate nonsense constituted the sole merits of the pulpit in the middle of the eighteenth century. Then, according to the proverb, that "when things come to the worst, they must mend," came the gentle enthusiasm of Wesley and the fierce declamation of Whitefield, both differing utterly in doctrine, practice, and principle, yet both regarding themselves as missionaries to restore Christianity, and both evidently believed by the multitude to be all but inspired. Their example, however, infused some slight ardour into the established pulpit, and its sermons were no longer dull *rechauffes* of Epictetus, and substitutes for the Gospel, taken from the school-boy recollections of Plato. Secker reigned in this middle-age of the pulpit, and his performances are matchless as models of words without thought, doctrines without learning, and language that trickled through the ear without the possibility of reaching the understanding.

But Secker's faults were those of

nature, which alone is to be blamed; unless we are to join in the blame the ministers who placed such a twinkling taper as a "shining light" in the church.

We do not believe in the story of his freethinking, though Walpole strongly repeats it, and gives his authority. Secker's was obviously a commonplace mind, wholly destitute of all pretension to ability, yet as obviously not disinclined to make use of those means which often constitute court favour, but which high minds disdain. He had been made Dean of St. Paul's by the Chancellor's interest, though he had been for some time in the shade at court, from being strongly suspected of cultivating the Prince's connexions at the same time; however, he achieved Canterbury at last, and, once sheltered in Lambeth, he might laugh at the jealousies of courtiers.

Walpole now bursts out into indignant virtue; exclaims that even the church has its renegades in politics, and almost compassionates the king, "who was obliged to fling open his *asylum* to all kinds of deserters; revenging himself, however, by not speaking to them at his levee, or listening to them in the pulpit."

In the meantime, the great source of all opposition, the dread of the successful, the hope of the defeated, the thorn in the royal side; or, to take a higher emblem, the tree of promise to all that contemptible race who trade in conscience, and live on faction,—disappeared in a moment. The heir-apparent died! The Prince of Wales had suffered from a pleurisy, but was so much recovered as to attend the king to the House of Lords. After being much heated in the atmosphere of the house, he returned to Carlton House to unrobe, put on only a light frock, went to Kew, where he walked some time, returned to Carlton House, and lay down upon a couch for three hours on a ground floor next the garden. The consequence of this rashness or obstinacy was, that he caught a fresh cold, and relapsed that night.

After struggling with this illness for a week, he was suddenly seized with an increase of his distemper. Three years before, he had received a

blow on the breast from a tennis ball, from which, or from a subsequent fall, he often felt great pain. Exhausted by the cough, he cried, "Je sens la mort," and died in the arms of his valet.

The character of this prince, who was chiefly memorable as the father of George III., had in it nothing to eclipse the past age, conciliate the present, or attract honour from the future. Walpole, in his keen way, says, "that he resembled the Black Prince in nothing, but in dying before his father." "Indeed," he contemptuously adds, "it was not his fault if he had not distinguished himself by warlike achievements." He had solicited the command of the army in Scotland in the rebellion of 1745, which was of course given to his brother; "a hard judgment," says Walpole, "for what he could do, he did." When the royal army lay before Carlisle, the prince, at a great supper which he gave his court and favourites, had ordered for the dessert a model of the citadel of Carlisle, in paste, which he in person, and the maids of honour, *bombarded with sugar plumbs!*

The Prince had disagreed with the king and queen early after his coming to England, "not entirely," says Walpole, "by his own fault." The king had refused to pay his debts in Hanover, and it ran a little in the blood of the family to hate the eldest son! The queen exerted more authority than he liked, and "the Princess Emily, who had been admitted into his greatest confidence, had not," the historian bitterly observes, "forfeited her duty to the queen, by concealing any of his secrets that *might do him prejudice.*"

Gaming was one of his passions; "but his style of play did him less honour than even the amusement." He carried this *dexterity* into practice in more essential points, and was vain of it. "One day at Kensington that he had just borrowed £5000 of Doddington, seeing him pass under his window, he said to Hedges, his secretary, 'that man is reckoned one of the most sensible men in England; yet, with all his parts, I have just tricked him out of £5000!'" A line from Earl Stanhope summed up his character, — "He has his father's head and his mother's heart."

A smart hit is mentioned of Pelham, who, however, was not remarkable for humour. One Ayscough, who had been preceptor to Prince George, and who had "not taught him to read English, though eleven years old," was about to be removed from the preceptorship. Lyttleton, whose sister he had married, applied to Pelham to save him. Pelham answered, "I know nothing of Dr. Ayscough—Oh, yes, I recollect, a very worthy man told me in this room, two years ago, that he was a *great rogue.*" This very worthy man happened to be *Lyttleton himself*, who had then quarrelled with Ayscough about election affairs. Walpole abounds in sketches of character, and they are generally capital. Here is a kit-cat of Lord Albemarle, then ambassador in Paris. "It was convenient to him to be any where but in England. His debts were excessive, though he was ambassador, groom of the stole, governor of Virginia, and colonel of a regiment of guards. His figure was genteel, his manner noble and agreeable. The rest of his merit was the interest Lady Albemarle had with the king through Lady Yarmouth. He had all his life imitated the French manners since he came to Paris, where he never conversed with a Frenchman. If good breeding is not different from good sense, Lord Albemarle at least knew how to distinguish it from good nature. He would bow to his postilion, while he was ruining his tailor."

The prince's death had all the effect of the last act of a melo-drama. It had blown up more castles in the air, than any explosion in the history of paint and pasteboard. All the rejected of the court had naturally flocked round the heir-apparent, and never was worship of the rising sun more mortified by its sudden eclipse. Peerages in embryo never came to the birth, and all sorts of ministerial appointments, from the premier downwards, which had been looked upon as solid and sure, were scattered by this one event into thin air. Drax, the prince's secretary, who "could not write his own name;" Lord Baltimore, who, "with a great deal of mistaken knowledge, could not spell;" and Sir William Irby, the princesses' Polonius, were to be

barons; Doddington, it was said, had actually kissed hands for the reversion of a dukedom!

The whole work is a picture gallery. Doddington, whose "Diary" has placed him among those authors whose happiest fate would have been to have been prohibited the use of pen, ink, and paper, is sketched to the life in a few keen and graphic lines.

"This man, with great knowledge of business and much wit, had, by mere absurdity of judgment and a disposition to finesse, thrown himself out of all estimation, and out of all the views which his large fortune and abilities could not have failed to promote, if he had preserved but the least shadow of steadiness. He had two or three times gone all lengths of flattery, alternately with Sir Robert Walpole and the prince. The latter keenly said, 'that they had met again, at last, in a necessary connexion, for no party would have any thing to do with either.'"

Why has not some biographer, curious in the dissection of human vanity, written the real life of Doddington? There could be no richer subject for a pen contemptuous of the follies of high life and capable of dissecting that compound of worldly passion and infirm principle which, in nine instances out of ten, figures in the front ranks of mankind.

Doddington had begun public life with higher advantages than most men of his time. He had figure, fortune, and fashion; he was employed early in Spain, with Sir Paul Methuen, our ambassador; where he signed the treaty of Madrid. He then clung to Walpole, whom he panegyricised in verse and adulated in prose. But Walpole thwarted his longing for a peerage, and the refusal produced his revolt. He then went over to the Opposition, and flattered the prince. But the prince had a favourite already; and Doddington failed again. He then returned to Walpole, who made him a lord of the treasury. But Walpole himself was soon to feel the chances of power; and Doddington, who was never inclined to prop a sinking cause, crossed the House again. There he was left for a while, to suffer the penalties of a placeman's purgatory, but without being purified; and, after some

continuance in opposition, a state for which he was as unfitted as a shark upon the sea-shore, he crossed over again to the court, and was made treasurer of the navy. But he was now rapidly falling into ridicule; and, determining to obtain power at all risks, he bowed down before the prince. At this mimic court he obtained a mimic office, was endured without respect, and consulted without confidence. Even there he had not secured a final refuge.

The prince suddenly died; and Doddington's hopes, though not his follies, were extinguished in his grave. Such was the fate of a man of ability, of indefatigable labour, of affluent means, and confessedly accomplished in all the habits and knowledge of public life. He wanted, as Walpole observes, "nothing for power but constancy." Under a foreign government he might have been minister for life. But in the free spirit and restless parties of an English legislature, though such a man might float, he must be at the mercy of every wave.

We then have the most extraordinary man in England in his day, under review, the well-known Duke of Newcastle, minister, or possessing ministerial influence, for nearly a quarter of a century! Of all the public characters of his time, or perhaps of any other, the Duke of Newcastle was the most ridiculed. Every act of his life, every speech which he uttered, nay, almost every look and gesture, became instantly food for burlesque. All the scribblers of the empire, with some of the higher class, as Smollett, were pecking at him day by day; yet, in a parliament where Chatham, with his powerful eloquence, Bedford with his subtle argument, Townshend with his wit, and the elder Fox with his indefatigable intrigue, were all contending for the mastery; this man, who seemed sometimes half-frenzied, and at other times half-idiotic, retained power, as if it belonged to him by right, and resigned it, as if he had given it away.

Walpole thus describes his appearance. "A constant hurry in his walk, a restlessness of place, a borrowed importance, gave him the perpetual air of a solicitor. His habit of never finishing; which proceeded from his

beginning every thing twenty times over, gave rise to the famous *bou-mot* of Lord Wilmington: 'The Duke of Newcastle always loses half an hour in the morning, which he is running after for the rest of the day.' But he began the world with advantages:—an estate of £30,000 a-year, great borough and county interest, the heirship of his uncle, the old Duke of Newcastle, and a new creation of the title in his person." Walpole curiously describes the temperament of this singular man. "The Duke of Newcastle had no pride, though infinite self-love. He always caressed his enemies, to enlist them against his friends. There was no service that he would not do for either, till either was above being served by him.

"There was no expense to which he was not addicted, but generosity. His houses, gardens, table, and equipage, swallowed immense treasures. The sums which he owed were exceeded only by those which he wasted. He loved business immoderately, yet was always only doing it, never did it. His speeches in council and parliament were copious of words, but unmeaning. He aimed at every thing, yet endeavoured nothing. A ridiculous fear was predominant in him; he would venture the overthrow of the government, rather than dare to open a letter that might discover a plot. He was a secretary of state without intelligence, a man of infinite intrigue without secrecy or policy, and a minister despised and hated by his master, by all parties and ministers, without being turned out by any." This faculty of retaining office is evidently the chief problem in Walpole's eyes, and was as evidently the chief source of wrath, in the eyes of his crowd of clever opponents.

But the duke must have had some qualities, for which his caricaturists will not give him credit. He must have been shrewd, with all his oddity, and well acquainted with the science of the world, with all his trifling. He must have known the art of pulling the strings of parliament, before he could have managed the puppet show of power with such unfailing success. He must also have been dexterous in dealing with wayward tempers, while he had to manage the suspicious

spirit, stubborn prejudices, and arrogant obstinacy of George II. It may be admitted that he had great assistance in the skill and subtlety of his brother Pelham; but there were so many occasions on which he must have trusted to himself alone, that it may well be doubted, whether to be constantly successful, he must not have been singularly skilful, and that the personal dexterity of the minister was the true secret of his prolonged power.

We now come to Walpole's summary of the career of the two most celebrated men of his early life—his father and Bolingbroke.

Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Bolingbroke had begun, as rivals at school, lived a life of competition, and died much in the same manner, "provoked at being killed by empirics, but with the same difference in their manner of dying as had appeared in the temper of their lives,—the first with a calmness which was habitual philosophy, the other with a rage which his affected philosophy could not disguise. The one had seen his early ambition dashed with imprisonment, from which he had shot into the sphere of his rival. The other was exiled, recalled, and ruined. Walpole rose gradually to the height of power, maintained it by his single talents against Bolingbroke, assisted by all the considerable men of England; and when driven from it at last, resigned it without a stain or a censure; retiring to private life without an attempt to re-establish himself, and almost without a regret for what he had lost."

Though this was the tribute of a son to a father, it is, in all its essentials, the tribute of truth; for Walpole was, beyond all doubt, a man of great administrative abilities, remarkably temperate in the use of power, and, though violently assailed both within and without the house, neither insolent in the one instance, nor vindictive in the other. It was equally beyond a doubt, that to him was in a great degree owing the establishment of the Hanover succession. The peaceful extinction of Jacobitism, whose success would have been the renewal of despotism and popery; and that system of finance and nurture of the national

resources, which prepared the country for the signal triumphs of the reign, were the work of Walpole.

Bolingbroke, with talents of the highest brilliancy, wanted that strength of judgment without which the most brilliant talents are only dangerous to their possessor. After tasting of power, only to feel the bitterness of disappointment — after rising to the height of ambition, only to be cast into the lowest depths of disgrace, after being driven into exile, and returning from it only in the humiliation of a pardon under the hand of his rival, — Bolingbroke died in retirement, without respect, and in the obscurity, without the peace of a private station. It must be acknowledged that, in his instance, ill-fortune was only another name for justice; that the philosopher, whose pen was employed in defaming religion, was punished in the politician, who felt the uncertainty of human power; and that a life expended in treachery to the religion in which he was born, was well punished by his being forced in public life to drink the bitterest dregs of political shame, live with an extinguished reputation, and be buried in national scorn, long before his body was consigned to the tomb.

At this period, the king, far advanced in years, was destined to feel the heaviest pressure of domestic calamity. His queen, a woman of sense and virtue, to whom, notwithstanding the grossness of his vices, he could not help paying public respect, died from the effects of an accident, which had grown into a confirmed disease. Her death was followed by that of his youngest daughter, the Queen of Denmark, a woman “of great spirit and sense,” who died of an accident resembling her mother’s. She, too, like the Queen of England, had led an unhappy life, — for like her, she had the vice and scandal of royal mistresses to contend with.

The king, on the news of this death, broke into unusual expressions of sorrow and fondness. “This,” said he, “has been a fatal year to my family; I lost my eldest son, but I was *glad of it*. Then the Prince of Orange died, and left every thing in confusion. Poor little Edward has been cut open, (for an imposthume in his side,) and

now the Queen of Denmark is gone. I know I did not love my children when they were young, I hated to have them running about my room; but now I love them as well as most fathers.”

The contrast between the Walpole and the Pelham administrations, is sketched with great force and fidelity. In our days the character of a cabinet depends upon the party. In those days the character of the cabinet depended upon the premier. Walpole was bold, open, steady, and never dejected: Pelham was timorous, reserved, fickle, and apt to despair. Presumption made Walpole many enemies: want of confidence in himself estranged from Pelham many friends. Walpole was content to have one great view, and would overlook or trample on the intermediate degrees: Pelham could never reach a great view, through stumbling at little ones. Walpole loved power so much, that he would not endure a rival: Pelham loved it so much, that he would endure any thing. Walpole would risk his administration by driving every considerable man from court, rather than venture their rivalry: Pelham would employ any means to take able men out of the opposition, though he ventured their engrossing his authority and outshining his capacity; but he dreaded abuse more than competition, and always bought off his enemies, to avoid their satire, rather than to acquire their support.

The historian, on the whole, regards Pelham’s conduct on this point, though the less bold, as the more prudential. He acknowledges that the result of Sir Robert’s driving away all able men from him was, to gain for himself but weak and uncertain assistance, while he always kept up a formidable opposition. But he might have grounded Sir Robert’s failure, on insulted justice, as well as on mistaken policy; for, by depriving able men of their natural right to official distinction, he did more than enfeeble himself, — he deprived the country of their services. Walpole’s was the more daring plan, and Pelham’s was palpably and abjectly pusillanimous; but the result of the one was, to reduce the government to a solitary minister, while the

result of the other was always to form an effective cabinet. The former plan *may* subsist, during a period of national peril; but the return of public tranquillity, which, in England, is always the severest trial of governments, invariably shows the superior stability of the other.

Both were valued in private life. "Walpole was fond of magnificence, and was generous to a fault: the other had neither ostentation nor avarice, and yet had but little generosity. The one was profuse to his family and friends, liberal indiscriminately, and unbounded to his tools and spies: the other loved his family and his friends, and enriched them as often as he could *steal an opportunity* from his extravagant bounty to his enemies and antagonists. Walpole was "forgiving to a fault, if forgiveness be a fault. Pelham *never* forgave, but when he durst not resent! The one was most appreciated while he was minister; the other most, when he ceased to be minister. All men thought Pelham honest, *until* he was in power. Walpole was never thought so, until he was out." Such is the lecture which this dexterous operator gives, knife in hand, over the corpses of the two most powerful men of their age.

Is it to be supposed that Ireland was doing nothing during this bustling period of English faction? Quite the contrary. It was in a flame, yet the subject was as insignificant as the indignation was profuse. One Jones, the court architect, was charged by the opposition with irregularities in his conduct, and was defended by the ministry. On the first division ministers had a majority, but it was almost a defeat, the majority amounting to but three. All Ireland resounded with acclamation. The "national cause" was to live, only with the expulsion of Jones from his office; and to perish irrecoverably, if he should draw another quarter's salary. His protectors were anatomised, his assailants were the models of patriotism. The populace made "bonfires of reproach" before the primate's house, a tolerably significant sign of what might happen to himself; and stopped the coaches in the streets, demanding of their pas-

sengers a pledge "whether they were for Ireland, or England." Even the hackney coachmen exhibited their patriotic self-denial by the heroism of refusing to carry any fare to the Castle, the residence of the viceroy. The passion became even more powerful than duelling. A Dr. Andrews, of the Castle party, challenging Lambert, a member, at the door of the Commons, on some election squabble, Lambert said, "I shall go *first* into the house, and vote against that rascal Neville Jones." Andrews repeating the insult, and, as it seems, not allowing time for this patriotic vote, Lambert went in and complained; in consequence of which Andrews was ordered into custody; Carter, the Master of the Rolls,—for even the lawyers had caught fire on the occasion,—exclaiming of Andrews, "What! would that man force himself into a seat here, and for what? only to prostitute his vote to a man, the sworn enemy of his country," (Lord George Sackville, then Secretary for Ireland.) The Speaker, too, was equally hostile. The government were finally defeated by 124 to 116. Never was ridiculous triumph more ridiculously triumphant. The strangers in the gallery huzzaed, the mob in the streets huzzaed. When Lord Kildare returned to his house (he had been the leader of the debate,) there was a procession of some hours. All the world was rejoicing, Neville Jones was prostrated, Ireland had cast aside her sackcloth, and was thenceforth to be rich, loyal, and happy. The triumph lasted during the night, and was forgotten in the morning. Jones covered his retreat with a pleasantry, saying—"So, after all, I am not to be In—igo, but Out—igo Jones," a piece of wit, which disposed many in that wit-loving land to believe, that he was not so very much a demon after all. But the revenge of government was longer lived than the popular rejoicing. Their first intention was a general casting out of all who had foiled them in the debate: a two-handed slaughter of officials—a massacre of the innocents. But the wrath cooled, and was satisfied with turning off Carter, master of the rolls; Malone, prime serjeant; Dilks, the quarter-master general;

and abolishing the pension of Boyle, a near relative of the obnoxious speaker.

But a powerful man was now to be snatched away from the scene: Pelham died. He had been for some time suffering under the great disease of high life, high living. His health had given way to many feasts, many physicians, and the Scarborough waters. He died on the 8th of March, 1754.

France next supplies the historian with another display. The two countries differ, even in the nineteenth century, by characteristics wholly irreconcilable; and they are both of a sterner order as time advances with both. But, in the eighteenth century, each country in its public transactions approached nearer to the propensities and passions of the drama. The rapid changes of the English cabinet—the clever circumventions of courtiers—the bold developments of political talent, and the dexterous intrigues of office—bore some resemblance to the graver comedy. On the other hand, the Court life of France was all a ballet, of which Versailles was the patent theatre. There all was show and scene-shifting, the tinsel of high life, and the frolic of brilliant frivolity.—The minister was eclipsed by the mistress; the king was a buffoon in the hands of the courtier; and the government of a powerful nation was disposed of in the style of a flirtation behind the scenes.

Louis XV. had at this period grown weary of the faded graces of Madame de Pompadour, and selected for his favourite a woman of Irish extraction, of the name of Murphy. The monarch had stooped low enough, for his new sultana was the daughter of a shoemaker. The royal history was scarcely more profligate, than it was ridiculous. His Majesty, though the husband of a respectable queen, had seemed to regard every abomination of life as a royal privilege. He had first adopted the society of a Madame de Mailly, a clever coquette, but with the disqualification of being the utter reverse of handsome. Madame, to obviate the known truantry of the King, introduced her sister, Madame de Vintinsille, as clever, but as ordinary as herself. The latter died in

child-birth, supposed to have been poisoned! The same family, however, supplied a third sultana, a very pretty personage, on whom the royal favour was lavished in the shape of a title, and she was created Duchess de Chateauroux.

But this course of rivalry was interrupted. The king was suddenly seized with illness. Fitzjames, Bishop of Soissons, came to the royal bedside, and remonstrated. The mistress was dismissed, with a kind of public disgrace, and the queen went in a sort of public pomp, to thank the saints for the royal repentance.

“But,” says Walpole, “as soon as the king’s health was re-established, the queen was sent to her prayers, the bishop to his diocese, and the Duchess was recalled—but died suddenly.” He ends the narrative with a reflection as pointed and as bitter as that of any French chamberlain in existence:—“Though a jealous sister may be disposed to despatch a rival, can we believe that *bishops* and *confessors* poison?”

Madame de Pompadour had reigned paramount for a longer period than any of those Medæas or Circes. Walpole describes her as all that was charming in person and manner. But nearer observers have denied her the praise of more than common goodlooks, and more than vulgar animation. She, however, evidently understood the art of managing her old fool, and of keeping influence by the aid of his ministers. Madame mingled eagerly in politics, purchased dependents, paid her instruments well, gave the gayest of all possible entertainments—a resistless source of superiority in France—had a purse for many, and a smile for more; by her liveliness kept up the spirits of the old king, who was now vibrating between vice and superstition; fed, fêted, and flattered the noblesse, by whom she was libelled, and *worshipped*; and with all the remaining decencies of France exclaiming against her, but with all its factions, its private licentiousness, and its political corruption, rejoicing in her reign; she flourished before the eyes of Europe, the acknowledged ruler of the throne.

Can we wonder that this throne fell—that this career of glaring guilt

was followed by terrible retribution—that this bacchanalian revel was inflamed into national frenzy—that this riot of naked vice was to be punished and extinguished by the dungeon and the scaffold?

Walpole, though formed in courts, fashioned in politics, and a haunter of high life to the last, now and then exhibits a feeling worthy of a manlier vocation, and an honest time. “If I do not forbid myself censure,” says he, “at least I shall shun that poison of histories, flattery. How has it predominated in writers. My Lord Bacon was almost as profuse of his incense to the memory of dead kings, as he was infamous for clouding the memory of the living with it. Commynes, an honest writer, though I fear, by the masters whom he pleased, not a much less servile courtier, says that the virtues of Louis XI. preponderated over his vices. Even Voltaire has in a manner purified the dross of adulation which contemporary authors had squandered on Louis XIV. by adopting and refining it after the tyrant was dead.”

He then becomes courageous, and writes in his castle of Strawberry Hill, what he never would have dared to breathe in the circle of St. James’s. “If any thing can shock one of those mortal divinities, and they must be shocked before they can be corrected, it would be to find, that the truth would be related of them at last. Nay, is it not cruel to them to hallow their memories. One is sure that they will never hear truth; shall they not even have a chance of reading it?”

In all great political movements, where the authority of a nation has been shaken, we are strongly inclined to think that the shock has originated in mal-administration at home. Some of the most remarkable passages in these volumes relate to our early neglect of the American colonies. In the perpetual struggles of public men for power, the remote world of the West seemed to be wholly forgotten, or to be remembered only when an old governor was recalled, or a new creature of office sent out. Those great provinces had been in the especial department of the Secretary of State, assisted by the Board of Trade. That secretary had been the Duke of

Newcastle, a man whose optics seem never to have reached beyond Whitehall. It would scarcely be credited, what reams of papers, representations, memorials, and petitions from that quarter of the world lay mouldering and unopened in his office. He even knew as little of the geography of his province, as of the state of it. During the war, while the French were encroaching on the frontier; when General Ligonier hinted some defence for Annapolis, he replied in his evasive, lisping hurry, “Annapolis. Oh, yes, Annapolis must be defended—Where is Annapolis?”

But a more serious impolicy was exhibited in the neglect of American claims to distinctions and offices. No cabinet seems ever to have thought of attaching the rising men of the colonies, by a fair and natural distribution of honours. Excepting a few trifling offices, scarcely more than menial, under the staff of the British governors, or commissions in the provincial militia, the promotion of an American was scarcely ever heard of. The result was natural,—the English blood was soured in the American veins; the original spirit of the colonist became first sullen, and then hostile. It was natural, as the population grew more numerous; while individual ability found itself thwarted in its progress, and insulted by the preference of strangers to all the offices of the country, that the feelings of the people should ponder upon change. Nothing could be more impolitic than this careless insult, and nothing more calamitous in its consequences. The intelligent lawyer, the enterprising merchant, the hardy soldier, and America had them all, grew bitter against the country of their ancestors. It would scarcely be believed, that the Episcopal Church was almost wholly abandoned to weakness, poverty, and unpopularity, and even that no bishop was sent to superintend the exertions, or sustain the efficacy, or cement the connexion of the Church in America with the Church in England. The whole of the united provinces were, by the absurd fiction of a sinecure law, “in the diocese of London!” Of course, in the first collision, the Church was swept away like chaff before the wind. An Episcopal Church

has since risen in its room; but it has now no farther connexion with its predecessor than some occasional civilities offered to its tourist bishops on presenting their cards at Lambeth, or the rare appearance of a volume of sermons transmitted to our public libraries.

Another capital fault was committed in the administration of those great colonies: they had been peopled chiefly by emigrants of the humbler order. Leaving England chiefly in times of national disturbance, they had carried with them the seeds of republicanism; but all men love public honours, and Englishmen love them as much as any others. Hereditary honours, too, are the most valuable of all, from their giving a certain rank to those objects of our regard, which every honest and high-minded man values most, his children. To be the founder of a family is the most honourable, the most gratifying, and the most permanent reward of public talents. The Americans of our day affect to abhor a peerage; though no people on earth are more tenacious of the trifling and temporary titles of office. Nothing could have been easier at this period, than the creation of an aristocracy in America; and nothing could have been wiser. The landed proprietors, and there were some of vast possessions; the leading men of commerce, and there were some of great wealth; and the principal lawyers, and there were men of eloquence and ability among them—would have formed the *nucleus* of an aristocracy purely English, closely connected with the English throne as the fountain of honour, and not less strongly bound to English allegiance. An Episcopacy, of all ties the most powerful, required only a word for its creation. And in this manly, generous, and free-spirited connexion, the colonies would have grown with the growth of England; have shunned all the bitter collisions of rival interests; have escaped the actual wars which inflicted disaster on both; and, by the first of all benefits to America, she would have obtained the means of resisting that supremacy of faction, which is now hurrying her into all the excesses of democracy.

In Canada we are still pursuing the same system, inevitably to be fol-

lowed by the same fruits. We are suffering it to be filled with men of the lowest order of society; with the peasant, the small dealer, the fugitive, and the pauper. Those men no sooner acquire personal independence, than they aim at political. But who ever hears of a title of honour among even the ablest, the most gallant, or the most attached of the Canadian colonists? The French acted more rationally. Their Canadians have a noblesse, and that noblesse to this moment keep their station, and keep up the interest of France in Canada. Our obvious policy would be, to conciliate the leading men by titles of honour, to conciliate the rising generation by giving them the offices of their own country, and make it a principle of colonial government, that while the command of the forces, or the governor-generalship should be supplied from home, every office below those ranks should be given to those brave and intelligent individuals of the colony who had best earned them. We should then hear of no factions, no revolts, and no republicanism in Canada.

It is a curious contrast to the present state of things, that during the long reign of George II. government was simply a game. Half a dozen powerful men were the players. The king was merely the looker on, the people knew no more of the matter than the passers by through Pall-Mall know of the performances going on within the walls of its club-houses. It must shock our present men of the mob to hear of national interests tossed about like so many billiard balls by those powdered and ruffled handlers of the cue. Yet every thing is to be judged of by the result. Public life was never exhibited on a more showy scale. Parliament never abounded with more accomplished ability. England never commanded higher influence with Europe. If her commerce has since become more extensive, it was then more secure, and if the victories of our own time have been on a scale of magnitude, which throws the past into the shade, our fleets and armies then gave proofs of a gallantry which no subsequent triumphs could transcend.

It cannot be doubted, that the habits of that rank to which the statesmen of that day were born, naturally influenced their views of political transactions. Though party unquestionably existed in all its force among them, there was no faction. If there was a strong competition for power, there was little of the meanness of modern intrigue; and a minister of the days of George II. would no more have stooped to the rabble popularity, than he would have availed himself of its assistance or dreaded its alienation.

We now come to one of those negotiations which, like a gust of wind against a tree, while they seemed to shake, only strengthened the cabinet. A violent attack had been made in the house upon Sir Thomas Robinson, a great favourite with the king. Walpole strikes off his character with his usual spirit. Sir Thomas had been bred in German courts, and was rather restored, than naturalised to the genius of Germany. He had German honour, loved German politics, and "could explain himself as little" as if he spoke "only German." Walpole attributes Sir Thomas's political distinctions simply to Newcastle's necessity for finding out men of talents inferior to his own, "notwithstanding the difficulty of the discovery." Yet if the duke had intended to please his master, he could not have done it more happily than by presenting him with so congenial a servant. The king, "with such a secretary in his closet, felt himself in the very Elysium of Heren-hausen."

Then follows a singular conversation between the king and Fox. The Duke of Newcastle saw his power tottering, and had begun to look out for new allies. His first thought was to dismiss Pitt, the next and more natural, was to "try to sweeten Fox." Accordingly, on the morning of the 29th, the king sent for Fox, reproached him for concurring to wrong Sir Thomas Robinson, and asked him if he had united with Pitt to oppose his measures. Fox assured him he had not, and that he had given his honour that he would resign first. Then, said the king, will you stand up and carry on my measures in the House of Commons, as you can do with spirit.

Fox replied, I must know, sir, what means I shall have. "It would be better for you," said the king, "you shall have favour, advantage, and confidence," but would not explain particulars, only asking if he would go to the Duke of Newcastle.

"I must, if you command me," said Fox, "go and say I have forgot every thing."

"No," replied the king, "I have a good opinion of you. You have abilities and honesty, but you are too warm. I will send a common friend, Lord Waldegrave. I have obligations to you that I never mentioned. The prince tried you, and you would not join him, and yet you made no merit of it, to me."

Mingled with these memoirs are appendices of anecdote, and those anecdotes generally of remarkable characters. Among the rest is a sketch of the famous Count Bruhl, one of those men who figured in Europe as the grand burlesque of ministerial life, or rather of that life, which in the East raises a slave into the highest appointments of the state, and after showing him as a slipper-bearer, places him beside the throne. The extravagances of the court of Saxony at that period were proverbial, the elector being King of Poland, and lavishing the revenues of his electorate alike on his kingdom and person. While the court was borrowing at an interest of ten per cent. the elector was lavishing money as if it rained from the skies. He had just wasted £200,000 sterling on two royal marriages, given £100,000 sterling for the Duke of Modena's gallery of pictures, given pensions in Poland amounting to £50,000 sterling above what he received, and enabled Count Bruhl personally to spend £60,000 a-year.

This favourite of fortune, originally of a good family, was only a page to the late king, and had the education of a page. By his assiduity, and being never absent from the king's side, he became necessary to this marvellously idle monarch; he himself, next to the monarch, being, probably, the idlest man in his dominions. The day of a German prime minister seems to have been a succession of formal idleness. Bruhl rose at six in the morning, the only instance of activity in

his career. But he was obliged to attend the king before nine, after having read the letters of the morning. With the king he staid until the hour of mass, which was at eleven. From mass he went to the Countess Moyensha, where he remained till twelve. From her house he adjourned to dinner with the king, or to his own house, where he was surrounded by a circle of profligates, of his own choosing. After dinner he undressed, and went to sleep till five. He then dressed, for the second time in the day, each time occupying him an hour. At six he went to the king, with whom he staid till seven. At seven he always went to some assembly, where he played deep, the Countess Moyensha being always of the party. At ten he supped, and at twelve he went to bed. Thus did the German contrive to mingle statesmanship with folly, and the rigid regularities of a life not to be envied by a horse in a mill, with the feeble frivolities of a child in the nursery. His expenses were immense; he kept three hundred servants, and as many horses. Yet he lived without elegance, and even without comfort. His house was a model of extravagance and bad taste. He had contracted a mania for building, and had at least a dozen country seats, which he scarcely ever visited. This enormous expenditure naturally implied extraordinary resources, and he was said to sell all the great appointments in Poland without mercy.

Frederick of Prussia described him exactly, when he said, that "of all men of his age he had the most watches, dresses, lace, boots, shoes, and slippers. Cæsar would have put him among those well dressed and perfumed heads of which he was not afraid." But this mixture of prodigality and profligacy was not to go unpunished, even on its own soil. Bruhl involved Saxony in a war with Frederick. Nothing could be more foolish than the beginning of the war, except its conduct. The Prussian king, the first soldier in Europe, instantly out-manœuvred the Saxons, shut up their whole army at Pirna; made them lay down their arms, and took possession of Dresden. The king and his minister took to flight. This

was the extinction of Bruhl's power. On his return to Dresden, after peace had been procured, he lost his protector, the king. The new elector dismissed him from his offices. He died in 1764.

Some scattered anecdotes of Doddington are characteristic of the man and of the time. Soon after the arrival of Frederick Prince of Wales in England, Doddington set up for a favourite, and carried the distinction to the pitifulness of submitting to all the caprices of his royal highness; among other instances, submitting to the practical joke of being rolled up in a blanket, and trundled down stairs.

Doddington has been already spoken of as a wit; and even Walpole, fastidious as he was, gives some instances of that readiness which delights the loungers of high life. Lord Sunderland, a fellow commissioner of the treasury, was a very dull man. One day as they left the board, Sunderland laughed heartily about something which Doddington had said, and, when gone, Winnington observed, "Doddington, you are very ungrateful. You call Sunderland stupid and slow, and yet you see how quickly he took what you said." "Oh no," was the reply, "he was only now laughing at what I said last treasury day."

Trenchard, a neighbour, telling him, that though his pinery was extensive, he contrived, by applying the fire and the tan to other purposes, to make it so advantageous that he believed he got a shilling by every pine-apple he ate. "Sir," said Doddington, "I would eat them for half the money." Those are but the easy pleasantries of a man of conversation. The following is better: Doddington had a habit of falling asleep after dinner. One day, dining with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, &c., he was reproached with his drowsiness. He denied having been asleep, and to prove his assertion, offered to repeat all that Cobham had been saying. He was challenged to do so. In reply, he repeated a story; and Cobham acknowledged that he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it. But I went to sleep because I knew that, about this time of day, you would tell that story."

There are few things more singular than the want of taste, amounting to the ludicrous, which is sometimes visible in the mansions of public men, who have great opulence at their disposal. Walpole himself, when he became rich, was an instance of this bad taste in the laborious frivolity of his decorations at Strawberry hill. But in Doddington we have a man of fashion, living, during his whole career, in the highest circles, familiar with every thing that was graceful and classical in the arts, and yet exhibiting at home the most ponderous and tawdry pomp. At his mansion at Eastbury, in the great bed-chamber, hung with the richest red velvet, was pasted on "every panel of the velvet his crest, a hunting horn, supported by an eagle, cut out in gilt leather, while the footcloth round his bed was a mosaic of the pocket flaps and cuffs of all his embroidered clothes."

He was evidently very fond of this crest, for in his villa at Hammersmith, (afterwards the well known Brandenburg House,) his crest in pebbles was stuck in the centre of the turf before his door. The chimney-piece was hung with spars representing icicles round the fire, and a bed of purple lined with orange, was crowned by a dome of peacock's feathers. The great gallery, to which was a beautiful door of white marble, supported by two columns of lapis lazuli, was not only filled with busts and statues, but had an inlaid floor of marble, and all this weight was above stairs. One day showing it to Edward, Duke of York, (brother of George III.) Doddington said, Sir, some persons tell me, that this room ought to be on the ground. "Be easy, Mr. Doddington," said the prince, "it will soon be there."

At length this reign, which began in doubt of the succession, and was carried on in difficulties both political and commercial, came to a close in the most memorable prosperity. The British arms were triumphant in every quarter, and the king had arrived at the height of popularity and fortune, when the sudden bursting of a ventricle of the heart, put an end to his life in October, 1760, in his seventy-seventh year, and the thirty-third of his possession of the throne.

A general glance at the reigns of the first three Georges, might form a general view of the operations of party. In other king doms, the will of the monarch or the talents of the minister, alone stand before the eye of the historian. In England, a third power exists, more efficient than either, and moulding the character of both, and this is party, the combination of able members of the legislature, united by similarity of views, and continuing a systematic struggle for the supremacy. This influence makes the minister, and directs even the sitter on the throne. And this influence, belonging solely to a free government, is essential to its existence. It is the legitimate medium between the people and the crown. It is the peaceful organ of that public voice which, without it, would speak only in thunder. It is that great preservative principle, which, like the tides of the ocean, purifies, invigorates, and animates the whole mass, without rousing it into storm.

The reign of George the First, was a continual effort of the constitutional spirit against the remnants of papistry and tyranny, which still adhered to the government of England. The reign of the second George was a more decided advance of constitutional rights, powers, and feelings. The pacific administration of Walpole made the nation commercial; and when the young Pretender landed in Scotland, in 1745, he found adherents only in the wild gallantry, and feudal faith of the clans. In England Jacobitism had already perished. It had undergone that death from which there is no restoration. It had been swept away from the recollections of the country, by the influx of active and opulent prosperity. The brave mountaineer might exult at the sight of the Jacobite banner, and follow it boldly over hill and dale. But the Englishman was no longer the man of feudalism. The wars of the Roses could be renewed no more. He was no longer the fierce retainer of the baron, or the armed vassal of the king. He had rights and possessions of his own, and he valued both too much to cast them away in civil conflict, for claims which had become emaciated by the lapse of years, and sacrifice freedom

for the superstitious romance of a vanished royalty.

Thus the last enterprise of Jacobitism was closed in the field, and the bravery of the Highlander was thenceforth, with better fortune, to be distinguished in the service of the empire.

The reign of the third George began with the rise of a new influence. Jacobitism had been trampled. Han-

over and St. Germain were no longer rallying cries. Even Whig and Tory were scarcely more than imaginary names. The influence now was that of family. The two great divisions of the aristocracy, the old and the new, were in the field. The people were simply spectators. The fight was in the Homeric style. Great champions challenged each other. Achilles Chatham brandished his spear, and flashed his divine armour, against the defenders of the throne, until he became himself the defender. The Ajax, the Diomedé, and the whole tribe of the classic leaders, might have found their counterparts in the eminent men who successively appeared

in the front of the struggle; and the nation looked on with justified pride, and Europe with natural wonder, at the intellectual resources which could supply so noble and so prolonged a display of ability. The oratorical and legislative names of the first thirty years of the reign of George the Third have not been surpassed in any legislature of the world.

But a still more important period, a still more strenuous struggle, and a still more illustrious triumph, was to come. The British parliament was to be the scene of labours exerted not for Britain alone, but for the globe. The names of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and a crowd of men of genius, trained by their example, and following their career, are cosmopolite. They belong to all countries and to all generations. Their successes not only swept the most dangerous of all despotisms from the field, but opened that field for an advance of human kind to intellectual victories, which may yet throw all the trophies of the past into the shade.

MILDRED :

A TALE.

CHAPTER VII.

"To-morrow we quit Rome," said Mildred; "let us spend the day in quest of nothing new, but in a farewell visit to some of our first and oldest friends. How soon does that which we very much admire, come to be an old friend!"

Winston felt the same inclination as herself; but Mr. and Miss Bloomfield, since nothing new was to be seen, preferred to stay at home and rest themselves, in anticipation of the morrow's journey. Winston and Mildred therefore started together.

They entered a carriage and drove to St. Peter's; alighting, however, at the entrance of the magnificent colonnade which extends before it. The last visit we pay to any remarkable place bears a strong resemblance to the first; for the prospect of quitting it revives the freshness of the scene, and invests it for a second time with something like the charm of novelty. As it broke on us before from a past spent in ignorance of it, so now we seem to look out on it from the long anticipated absence of the future.

"Standing at the extremity of the colonnade," said Winston, "how diminutive seem the men who are ascending the broad flight of steps that lead to the church itself; and the carriages and horses drawn up at the bottom of those steps look like children's toys. Men have dwarfed themselves by their own creations."

"Who is it," said Mildred, "that in his oracular criticism pronounced this colonnade, beautiful as it is, to be disproportioned to the building, and out of place. Whoever it was, he must have excogitated the idea at a distance, and in some splenetic humour; it never could have entered through his eyesight standing here. Had there been a portico to the church, such as we are told Michael

Angelo intended, resembling that of the Pantheon, then this colonnade might have been unnecessary—it would always have been a beautiful addition—but with so flat a façade, (the only part of the building, I think, which disappoints expectation,) I pronounce the colonnade to be absolutely essential. Without it the temple would never seem to invite, as it does and ought to do, the whole Christian world to enter it. Oh, if it were only to girdle in those two beautiful fountains, it were invaluable."

"Beautiful indeed! Such should fountains be," said Winston. "The water, in its graceful and noble play, should constitute the sole ornament. If you introduce statuary, the water should be an accessory to the statue, and no longer the principal ornament."

"How I abominate," said Mildred, "all those devices for spirting water out of the mouths of animals! It is a constant surprise to me that a taste so evidently revolting to all our natural associations, should be still persevered in. To leave unmentioned more odious devices, I can never pass without a sense of the disagreeable and the offensive, even those lions or leopards, whichever they may be, in the *Piazza del Popolo*, who are abundantly supplying the inhabitants with water through their mouths. And where the fountain is made to play over the statue, what a discoloured and lamentable appearance it necessarily gives to the marble! Let the river god, if you will, lean safe and tranquil over his reversed and symbolic pitcher: or at the feet of some statue, half surrounded by foliage, let the little fountain be seen playing from the ground; but keep the statue out of the water, and oh, keep the water out of the statue!"*

* "The good Abderites," writes Wieland in his *Abderiten*, "once got the notion that such a town as Abdera ought no longer to be without its fountain. They would have one in their market place. Accordingly, they procured a celebrated sculptor

They ascended the broad flight of steps, and seemed now to feel themselves dwarfs as they mounted—and entered the portico. Here are several groups of allegorical figures, and to the right and left the equestrian statues of Charlemagne and Constantine.

"I am not surprised," said Mildred, "at the mistake of a countryman of ours, who took Charlemagne for St. Paul. One would more naturally look for the apostle here."

"What! than the great benefactor of the Papacy! I rather suspect," replied Winston, "that St. Paul would find himself less at home in this temple than Charlemagne. What think you of these colossal allegories? Here we have Truth, with her inviolable mirror."

"Which mirror, it has always appeared to me," said Mildred, "has a very poor significance. It reflects faithfully the surface of all things. But this is not the sort of truth we care much about."

"But it reflects *faithfully*."

"That would rather illustrate the good moral lesson to *speak* the truth, than the exalted effort to attain it."

"Here the lady—and a very sweet face she has—is looking at herself in the mirror. This must represent, I suppose, metaphysic truth."

"If so, that must be the reason," rejoined Mildred, "that she is placed here outside the temple. I am afraid she will never enter it. But we will." And they proceeded into the church.

"What an admirable effect has this high altar!" said Winston, in a subdued exclamation. "Standing as it does in the centre, just beneath the dome, and so justly proportioned, it at once occupies the whole building, and explains its purpose to the eye. I cannot agree with the criticism which has objected to the twisted column in a position like this. These four bronze and gilded pillars—how lofty they are!—sustain nothing of greater weight than the canopy above

from Athens to design and execute for them a group of figures representing the god of the ocean, in a car drawn by four sea-horses, surrounded by nymphs, and tritons, and dolphins. The sea-horses and the dolphins were to spout a quantity of water out of their nostrils. But when all was completed, it was found that there was hardly water enough to supply the nose of a single dolphin. So that when the fountain began to play it looked for all the world as if the sea-horses and the dolphins had all taken a miserable cold, and were put to great shame there in the public place by reason of this dropping rheum. As this was too ridiculous for even the Abderites to endure, they removed the whole group into the temple of Neptune; and now, as often as it is shown to a foreigner, the custodian, in the name of the worthy town of Abdera, bitterly laments that so glorious a work of art should have been rendered useless by the *parsimony of Nature*."

In like manner, our good *Brightonians* lately got possessed of the notion that their sea-beaten town ought no longer to be without its fountain. They accordingly procured, not an artist from Athens, but a tall iron machine from Birmingham, tall as their houses, and much resembling in form one candlestick put upon another. This they placed in the choicest site their town afforded. Its ugliness was of no importance, as it was to be hidden underneath the graceful and ample flow of water. But when this water-spouting instrument was erected, it was found here too that no water was to be had—no natural and gratuitous supply. And now when the stranger wonders at this tall disfigurement, and inquires into its meaning, he is told how the spirited efforts of the *Brightonians* to adorn their town have been rendered fruitless by the *parsimony of water-companies*. Once a week, however, his cicerone will advertise him—once every week and for two hours together—the fountain is *let off* to the sound of music, and the people are gathered together to see it play—or rather, he might add, to *weep*—for even at these moments it feels the effect of the same cruel spirit of parsimony.

Our countrymen had better leave fountains alone. The introduction of them into London is nothing but a thoughtless imitation of what can only be a pleasing and natural ornament in a quite different climate. Who cares to see water spiriting in the fog of London, in an atmosphere cold and damp, where there is rain enough to drown the fountain, and wind enough to scatter it in the air? Out of the whole twelve months there are scarce twelve days where this bubbling up of water in our city does not look a very uncomfortable object.

them, and are here as much in the character of ornament as support. The dove, in its golden atmosphere of glory, the representation of the Holy Spirit, which is indeed at the extremity of the church, seems brought within them, and to be floating between the columns. In every picture or engraving I have seen, the contrary effect is produced, and the high altar, losing its central position, seems transferred, with the dove in it, to the extremity of the church."

"And this semicircle of small burning lamps, arranged in their mystical trinities on the marble balustrade before it; and this double flight of stairs," continued Winston, as they approached the altar, and looked over the balustrade, "leading down to those brazen doors below, before which other burning lamps are suspended; and that marble figure of the Pope kneeling before them, kneeling and praying incessantly for the people—it is altogether admirable!"

"The light of lamps and tapers," said Mildred, "burning in midday, had upon me at first an incongruous effect; they seemed so superfluous and out of place. But after a little reflection, or a little habit, they ceased to make this impression. The lamp and the taper are not here to *give* light, but to *be* light. The light is a mystical and brilliant ornament—it is here for its own sake—and surely no jewellery and no burnished gold could surpass it in effect. These brazen lamps round the altar, each tipped with its steady, unwavering, little globe of light, are sufficiently justified by their beauty and their brightness. In the light of the taper, as in the water of the fountain, the ordinary purposes of utility are forgotten—enough that it is beautiful."

"How admirable the arrangement," said Winston, "of the tombs of the pontiffs! The sculpture on them seems as much a part of the church as of the monument. That kneeling figure of Clement XIII., kneeling upon its exalted tomb—I shall see it whenever I think of St. Peter's. It is here, and not in the Vatican, that Canova triumphs. That genius of Death, reclining underneath the pontiff, with his torch reversed—what could be more expressive, more ten-

der, more melancholy! And Faith, or Religion, whichever she may be, standing upright on the opposite side, and leaning her outstretched hand *with force* upon the marble—is a noble figure too. But I could willingly have dispensed with those spikes around her head, signifying rays of light."

"It is a fortunate subject for the artist, that of the Pope," said Mildred. "Being a temporal prince, a high-priest, and it is to be supposed, a saint, he can be represented in all attitudes; in the humility of prayer, or the dignity of empire. Yonder he rises, blessing the people, and here he sits enthroned, giving out the law, and Religion is looking up to him! Have you observed this monument to our James II.?—who certainly deserved a tomb in St. Peter's, since he paid the price of a kingdom for it. It is one of the least conspicuous, but not one of the least beautiful of Canova's. Those two youthful figures leaning their brows each on his inverted torch—standing sentinels by that closed door—are they not inexpressibly graceful? And that closed door!—so firmly closed!—and the dead have gone in!"

"Mildred Willoughby," said Winston, "you are a poet."

It was the first time he had ever called his companion by her Christian name. It was done suddenly, in the moment of admiration, and her other name was also coupled with it; but he had no sooner uttered the word "Mildred" than he felt singularly embarrassed. She, however, by not perceiving, or not seeming to perceive his embarrassment, immediately dissipated it.

"If I were," said she, "to tell me of it would for ever check the inspiration. To banish all suspicion of poetry, let me make a carping criticism, the only one, I think, which the whole interior of this edifice would suggest to me. I do wish that its marble pillars could be swept clean of the multitudes of little boys that are clinging to them—cherubs I suppose they are to be called. By breaking the pillar into compartments, they destroy the effect of its height. *Little*, indeed, they are not; they are big enough. A colossal infant—what can

be made of it? And an infant, too, that must not smile, or he might be taken for a representative of some other love than the celestial?"

"Ay, and do what the artist will," said Winston, "the two Loves often bear a very striking resemblance. In the church of St. Giovanni, amongst their wreaths of flowers, the cherubs have a very Anacreontic appearance."

"But away with criticism. One farewell look," cried Mildred, "at this magnificent dome. How well all its accessories, all its decorations, are proportioned and harmonised—growing lighter as they rise higher. Here at the base of each of the four vast columns which support it, we have gigantic statuary—seen and felt to be gigantic, yet disturbing nothing by its great magnitude—just above the columns those exquisite bas-reliefs—next the circular mosaics—then the ribbed roof, so chastely gilded and divided into compartments, distinct yet never separated from the whole—it is perfection!"

They bade farewell to St. Peter's; and, in pursuance of their design, re-entered their carriage and drove to its great dilapidated rival—the Coliseum.

"No dome here but the wide heavens," said Winston, as they approached the vast circular ruin rising arch above arch into the air. "How it scales, and would embrace the sky! Verily these old Romans seemed to have no idea that any thing was to come after them; they lived and built upon the earth as if they were the last types of the human species."

"Mutability and progress are modern ideas; they had not attained to them," said Mildred.

They walked partly round the interior, looking through the deep arches, overhung with verdure, and regretting the patches here and there too perceptible of modern masonry, and still more the ridiculous attempt, by the introduction of some contemptible pictures, or altar pieces, in the arena, to *christianise* the old heathen structure. They then ascended to the summit to enjoy the prospect it commands, both of the distant country, the beautiful hills of Italy, and of the neighbouring ruins of ancient Rome.

"How plainly it is the change of

religion," said Winston, "which gives its true antiquity to the past! All that we see of ancient Rome bears the impress of Paganism; every thing in the modern city, of Catholicism. It is this which puts the great gulf between the two, and makes the old Roman to have lived, as it seems to us, in a world so different from our own. Strange! that what in each age is looked upon as pre-eminently unchangeable and eternal, should by its transformations mark out the several eras of mankind. Ay, and this religion which now fills the city with its temples—which I do not honour with the name of Christianity—will one day, by its departure from the scene, have made St Peter's as complete an antiquity as the ruins we are now sitting on."

"I notice," said Mildred, "you are somewhat bitter against Catholicism."

"I was tolerant when at a distance from it, and when again at a distance I shall perhaps grow tolerant again. But a priesthood, not teaching but ruling, governing men in their civil relations, seizing all education into its own hand, training the thinking part of the community to hypocrisy, and the unthinking to gross credulity—it is a spectacle that exasperates. I used in England to be a staunch advocate for educating and endowing the Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland. I shall never, I think, advocate that cause again. To educate this priesthood,—what is it but to perfect an instrument for the restraining and corrupting the education of all the rest of the people? To endow this priesthood,—what else would it be but to give them an additional influence and power, to be used always for their own aggrandisement, and the strengthening of their own usurpations? The donative of a Protestant government would not make them dependent upon that government; they have sources of wealth in their own superstitions; they draw their vitality, and strike their roots, in a far other soil than the crafty munificence of an opponent. They would use the gift as best it pleased them, and defy a government—anxious only for peace—to withdraw it. No! even if the tranquillity of the empire should require the two

churches to be placed on an equal footing, I still would not endow the Roman Catholic. — But pardon me, — what have we to do with the politics of England here ?”

“I cannot tell you,” said Mildred, quite acquiescing in this dismissal of the subject. “I cannot tell you what a singular pleasure it gave me when I first saw the *classic* ruin — the few upright Corinthian pillars with their entablature across them, and the broken column lying at their feet — which the pictures of Claude make us so familiar with. It must be confessed, that the back-ground of my picture — such as the *Campo Vaccino* afforded me — was not exactly what a Claude would have selected. How different in character and significance are the two ruins — the classic and the romantic ! The one square, well-defined, well-proportioned, speaks of an age of *order*, — when Time stood still a little, and looked with complacency on what he was about ; the other, with its round towers of unequal height, its arches of all shapes and dimensions, full of grandeur, but never exhibiting either completeness or congruity, tells us clearly of a period of turmoil and disorder, and great designs withal, — when Time had struck his tent, and

was hurrying on in confused march, with bag and baggage, knight, standard, and the sutler’s wagon all jumbled together. — Let us, on our return, pass through that group of desolate Corinthians ; and, looking in at the Capitol, bid farewell to the *Dying Gladiator*.”

In retracing their steps, they therefore passed through the old forum, and then ascending the Capitol, entered the museum there, and renewed their impression of that admirable statue. What pain ! — but pain overmastered — on that brow, as he sinks in death ! Nor was the charming little group of *Cupid and Psyche* forgotten. That kiss ! it merits to be eternised. In *his* love, what delight ! In *hers*, what devotion !

“But above all,” said Mildred, “let us do reverence, before we part, to *Aristides the Just*. How self-contained ! Austere — the lover more of virtue than of man. Full of his grand abstractions, he asks for nothing even of the gods. Let them do justice ! Nay, let them submit to justice too ! Great leveller ! Is not virtue so uncompromising as this, very near to rebellion against the gods and destiny ?”

CHAPTER VIII.

The next morning the whole party were packed in their travelling carriage to start from Rome. Winston had no longer refused that fourth seat which had been destined for him at Genoa. To say nothing of some diminution of expense (a very worthy subject of consideration with all travellers,) it was a great relief to Mr. Bloomfield to have a second gentleman in their party. It decreased materially his own share of personal trouble. Besides which, the travelling experience of Winston, and his more familiar acquaintance with the Italian, rendered him very acceptable. Mildred had generally acted as interpreter ; and so long as the speaker would answer in the same pure Tuscan in which she addressed him, she could perform the office admirably well. But unfortunately, the traveller in Italy has most need for his Italian

exactly where any thing but pure Tuscan is spoken. She could always succeed in making herself understood ; but was often sadly at a loss to understand that answer which, with all due dexterity, she had elicited.

On they now rattled through the streets of Rome. What rags upon those beggars ! Patches of all colours, red, blue, brown ; but worn with such an air of calm assurance, as if the garment of many colours had been bestowed on the most favoured son of humanity. They passed the peasant dame, or damsel, in her gaudy attire, with gold comb and ear-rings glittering in her jet black hair, and that square folded handkerchief on her head, which we always associate with the bandit’s wife ; and amidst the squalid populace there appeared now and then, quite distinct from the rest, a form or face of some youth, or

maiden, or old man, that might have issued from the canvass of Raphael. The apostles of the old masters, at least, are walking still about Rome; and sometimes a Virgin Mary is seen sitting at the door, and still more often a young John the Baptist looks up to you from the pavement. Their own postillon reminded the whole party of the *Suonatore di Violino* of Raphael—whose fiddlestick, by the way, being that of a bass viol, might at first sight be mistaken for a folded riding-whip.

On they pass by the beautiful church of St. Giovanni, the statues on the roof and over the portico of which have at least one point of resemblance with their saintly prototypes—they are standing out there in the clear blue heavens, to which, and not to the earth, they seem to belong. At the Port Sebastian they are detained by a string of wine-carts, each drawn by one horse, with his plume of black feathers on his head, and each cart furnished with its goatskin umbrella, under the shade of which the driver lies fast asleep. Then follow a long cavalcade of peasants, mounted on mules or asses—*mounted* of a truth, for they sit on a high wooden saddle, their arms folded under their long brown cloaks, and a black pointed hat upon their heads. Strange figures!

"A flower in *that* hat!" exclaimed Mildred, as one passed her with a beautiful carnation stuck into a beaver, which, except that it retained its pyramidal form, and was there upon a human head, could not have been recognised as *hat* at all. "And he wears it seriously," she continued, "serenely—without the least feeling of incongruity. Oh, I like that!"

Getting clear of this train, they advanced through the gate into the open country. To their left the old aqueduct extended on the horizon its long line of ruined arches; to the right the plain was dotted with mere massive fragments of undistinguishable ruin, looking like what the geologists call boulders. The trace of man's labour was lost in them; the work of the artificer had come to resemble the rudest accident of Nature.

And so Rome was left behind.

"Is that smoke or a cloud," asked Miss Bloomfield, "that rests so constantly upon that mountain?"

"It is Vesuvius! Vesuvius!" exclaimed the rest of the party.

But they found themselves in a position, at that moment, the least of all favourable to enthusiastic emotions. Their carriage was delayed at the entrance into Naples, in the middle of a wide road, the hottest and the dustiest that can be imagined. There they were arrested to undergo the examination and the extortions of the custom-house gentry. Poor Mr. Bloomfield was in a fever. His passport had been asked for six several times between Rome and Naples, and each time solely, as it seemed, to extract a gratuity. Even the military guard stationed at the gates of the towns had begged. No one in Italy seemed to speak to him but to beg, or to *lay the foundation*, as a lawyer would say, for a begging question. And now these fellows were examining, or pretending to examine his baggage, and were evidently resolved to keep them there, in the sun and the dust, till they had paid a sufficient ransom. In this position it was that Winston and Mildred were, by stolen glances, taking their first survey of the burning mountain. By stolen glances, because they were compelled from a certain feeling of politeness to share in the anxieties and chagrin of Mr. Bloomfield. For themselves, they both agreed it was much better to submit quietly, and at once, to all these impositions; even if there were a fair chance, after much controversy, of a successful resistance. There is surely no money so well laid out as that which purchases equanimity.

They were extricated at length, and the carriage rattled on into Naples. Mr. Bloomfield had written to procure apartments in the quarter of the *Chiaja*, opposite the Villa Reale, (or royal gardens.) To these therefore they drove. Winston of course found his way to an hotel.

That evening he walked out to look at the burning mountain. It was now, and during the whole period of their stay, in a state of great activity, which some dignified with the name of an eruption. As Winston watched its burning summit across an angle of

the bay, he thought he had never seen any thing which so completely *fascinated* the eye. The flame alternately rising and falling leads the spectator every moment to expect something more than he has hitherto seen, and that *now* it is about to burst forth. And even at this distance it is so evidently not a fire *upon* but *within* the mountain, from the manner in which the flame sinks down, and that red metallic glare which shoots along the rocky summits and cavities, where the fire is not visible. Yet fascinating as the object was, it did not entirely rivet the thoughts of Winston. To his own surprise and confusion, he found that he, a professed admirer of nature, was standing, for the first time, by the bay of Naples, under the beautiful star-light of Italy, watching one of the most magnificent of nature's wonders with a divided and distracted mind. All this scene, and all its novelty, could not keep Mildred from his thoughts. Evidently he was a lost man.

And who or what, after all, was Alfred Winston? The question, it may be supposed, had often occurred to the Bloomfields. That he was an artist, was a conjecture long ago given up; he travelled with no portfolio, and was never known to use the pencil. That he was a literary man was also contradicted by his own straightforward unaffected denials; if he had cultivated his mind, it was solely for the pleasure or profit accruing to himself. The manner in which his time was at his own disposal, seemed to contradict the idea that he belonged to any of the learned professions. What could he be therefore but simply a gentleman? And such they had satisfied themselves, from many reasons, that he was. But there are gentlemen and gentlemen—rich, and poor. To which of these two classes did he belong? Question of questions. The moment it is asked how all vain enchantments are dispersed! how the bare earth shows itself directly beneath our feet! Where is now the bay of Naples, and star-light, and Vesuvius? Is he rich or poor?

One word on the father of Alfred Winston will best explain his own present position in the world. That

father was one of a class of men altogether inexplicable, quite unintelligible to sober-minded and methodical persons; and yet the class is not so very rare. He was of good birth and fortune, of agreeable manners, and witty conversation, but utterly destitute of all prudential, all providential care, whether for himself or others. He was born to an ample estate; and, fond of pleasure as he was, he might have found it sufficient, with very little effort of prudence, to gratify all his tastes. But from the very commencement of his career, he entered upon the ruinous practice of "eating the land with the revenue," and continued, in this manner, consuming every year more of land and less of revenue. He early lost his wife. He had been an amiable husband, and manifested a decorous sorrow on the occasion; but could not disguise from his intimate friends the pleasure he felt at the recovery of his bachelor freedom. He hated the necessity of having to yield his own inclinations to another; though he hated still more the alternative of having to dispute with that other for liberty to follow his own inclinations.

After the decease of his wife, the elder Winston lived, for the most part, a roaming life upon the Continent. A little intrigue, a little gaming, the dinner, and the opera, sufficiently filled up the time of one who, while he courted pleasure, was not difficult in his amusements. And for *this* he could continue, with the utmost calmness and freedom from anxiety, a scale of expenditure which was rapidly dissipating his hereditary estates. His son he treated with indulgence and liberality, and when he saw him, which was seldom, with great kindness of manner. He encouraged him in all the idle and expensive habits of a gentleman of fortune, while he was utterly destroying the property which could alone support them.

He died suddenly; a fever carried him off at the age of fifty. Had he lived three years longer, he would have spent every shilling he possessed. What had he intended to do *then*? It is impossible to say. To all appearance he had never entertained the question. When young Winston had paid off his father's debts and his

own, he who had expected to enter into an ample revenue found himself in the possession only of a few thousand pounds. This was all his patrimony. What to do he had not yet resolved; but this reverse had not prevented him from accomplishing a long cherished wish of visiting Italy. Some idea also was floating in his mind that perhaps he should select some place upon the Continent where to reside permanently upon the small pittance that was left to him.

It will be now seen at a glance, why it was that Winston fled from the attractions of Mildred at Genoa: he knew himself to be poor, and had become acquainted with the peculiar, and perhaps dependent, position in which Miss Willoughby stood. No one will blame him for running away from Genoa; but ought he to have lingered at Rome? We fear our friend was not remarkable for resolution of character. He had ardent feelings, and to counteract them he had just perceptions of what life demands from us; but he lacked, evidently, in steadiness of purpose.

And what now *could* he do? Flight, as at Genoa, was out of the question. He could not, by any rude or abrupt behaviour, forfeit that share of Mildred's esteem which he possessed. On his way back to his hotel he resolved—it was the utmost that his prudence suggested—that he would take occasion quietly and unostentatiously to intimate that, like Bassanio,

“All the wealth he had
Ran in his veins, he was a gentleman.”

It would then be seen by Miss Willoughby, as clearly as by himself, that his *attentions*, to use the appropriate phrase, *meant nothing*. What might follow would be a torture merely to himself—the torture of a hopeless passion. She would know how to regulate her own feelings towards him. He alone should be the sufferer.

Very fallacious reasoning! If he with his eyes open loved and suffered, how could he tell but that Mildred might do the same? and this quiet intimation of certain barriers and impediments to his passion was likely to prove—as indeed it did prove—

little better than a declaration of love, and not the less ardent because coupled with avowals of despondency.

Meanwhile, having made this concession to the cause of prudence and his honour, he resigned himself to the charms of Mildred's society. Every day brought some new excursion to scenes of surpassing beauty, in companionship with one of the most lovely and gifted of women. Winston's theory, that what is most beautiful in nature ought to be enjoyed in solitude, was entirely overthrown. He cared to visit nothing unless in her society; nor was there any scene whatever in which her presence was not felt to be the higher gratification.

Mr. Bloomfield and his sister, after their first visit to some of the environs of Naples, felt little disposed to make any unusual exertion. They had both discovered that the bay was much the same whether viewed from the right side or the left, and that in this warm weather—it was now the month of May—the shady walks in the *Villa Reale*, or a promenade in the town, was to be preferred to a ride in an open carriage. To Mildred, on the contrary, almost every excursion, whatever its professed object, derived its chief attraction from the different points of view it presented her of that bay, which every hour seemed to make more lovely. It followed, therefore, that Winston and Mildred were sometimes left to proceed on their expedition alone. How the heart of Winston beat as he handed her into the carriage, and took his seat beside her! It was something very like a curse which fell at that moment upon the memory of his selfish parent. Had he been fairly dealt with, it might have been his lot to hand her into a carriage of his own—and hers.

Winston was almost in danger of forgetting the existence of Mr. Bloomfield; but habitual politeness so far prevailed, that he occasionally brought himself to listen to the account that gentleman gave of his own impressions or afflictions.

“I was never more disappointed,” said Mr. Bloomfield on one of these occasions, “or rather, I was never more mistaken in any place in my life than in this town of Naples. I

had heard much of lazzaroni lying about in the sun, eating macaroni, and of the love of the people for gaudy colours and tinsel, even to the sticking gold-leaf and little flags of red paper upon the meat in the butcher's shop; and I had seen depicted the more curious costumes of man and horse, and especially this *curiculo*, as I believe they call it, which seems originally to have been like our old-fashioned one-horse chaise, but by the extension of the shafts into a sort of platform before and behind, and by means of a network suspended underneath between the wheels, has been made to hold a quite indefinite number of persons, and still remains a one-horse chaise, inasmuch as the whole cluster of mortals is generally carried on at a gallop by one little black horse, who, as some sort of compensation for the work they give him, is tricked out as fine as leather and brass nails, ribbands and feathers, can make him. Well, out of all these materials I had contrived for myself a picture of utter and contented idleness on the one hand, and the extreme of hilarious activity on the other. I need not tell you how little such a picture answers to the reality, how little prepared I was to encounter the din, and more than Cheapside confusion of this main thoroughfare, the *Toledo* street. The impression which Naples actually makes, is of a city where noise and turmoil and confusion are at their very height. Carried one step further, "chaos would come again." There is the same incessant toil for gain as in London itself—as little of repose, as little of hilarity. Here is the spirit of trade without the order and method which trade should introduce. It is commerce bewildered, and passionate after pence. There are some parts of London more thickly stocked perhaps with carts and wagons, and carriages of all descriptions, but they are order itself compared to this *Toledo* street. Every thing one can desire to purchase, every thing one can desire to escape from, comes walking abroad upon its even, uniform pavement, where men and carriages are circulating together. Glass, and tea-trays, and crockery-ware, and haberdashery, all meet you

in the street. You are running for dear life from some devil of a driver, who thinks that if he does but shout loud enough, he is at perfect liberty to break your bones, and you are stopt in your flight by an industrious chapman, who spreads his stock of pocket-handkerchiefs before your eyes. Men are walking about with live fowls, cocks, hens, turkeys, which they hold, head downwards, in a bunch, tied together by the legs. They are the quietest animals in the street. They seem to have been touched by the utter inutility of their loudest exclamations, and therefore to have resigned themselves in silence; only when some cart-wheel grazes that head of theirs, which they naturally hold up as high as possible, lest they should die of apoplexy, do they make any ineffectual attempt to call attention to their sufferings. Even money-changers, who, in all capitals of Europe, carry on their business with a certain dignity and decorum, are here to be seen, like our apple-women, ambulatory: they keep a stall with a sort of bird-cage upon it, between the wires of which are glistening a store of coins, gold, and silver, and much copper. I saw an old woman at one of these stalls laying down the rate of exchange. No doubt she knew her arithmetic that old crone, and made no mistake, at least on one side of the account. A couple of lads with a large trayful of spectacles and opera-glasses, were the great opticians of the day. I saw all sorts of men, priests among them, trying on spectacles in the jostle of this thoroughfare. The tailor and the hatter sit outside the door-way stitching. I look into a baker's shop, if that can be called a shop which is merely a square cavity laid open at the side near the street—it is verily a baker's, and bread is made there, for you may see the whole process carried on. Against the wall, on one side, a great wheel is turning—grinding the corn; at the opposite side stands a man up to his elbows in flour, kneading away with all his might; and in front of you, if you will wait a moment, you will see the fiery oven open, and the baked bread make its appearance—a sample of which is deposited in the wire safe

that hangs up at the entrance, and serves for shop-window. Would that all handicrafts were but as peaceful! A few doors further on there is *Rafaele Papa*, the copper-smith, hammering remorselessly at his copper pans. And, O heavens! the blacksmith himself has come out in the open air with his fire and his forge; he has established his smoking furnace in the only recess, the only place of refuge, the whole street afforded."

"And in the midst of all this, and at every corner, what heaps of beautiful flowers!" said Mildred. "It is curious, too," she added, "to see, moving through this Cheapside throng, the mendicant friar, cowed and sandaled, with his wallet, or double sack that hangs across his shoulder before and behind, actually then and there collecting alms for his convent."

"But you must not forget the sugar saints and saviours," said Miss Bloomfield, "that one sees amongst the sweetmeats; and how in every shop there hangs up the picture of some patron saint, before which on holy-days candles are burning; nor above all, those lemonade stalls, which are certainly the gayest things in the town. But tell me," she continued, "I do not quite understand them. First, there is a sort of dresser heaped up with lemons and oranges. At each end of this rise two little pillars, painted with red and white stripes,

and supporting a sort of canopy, on which figures, of course, the Virgin Mary—so that the whole looks like a little altar. Well, but on each side, between these pillars, there swings, suspended by the middle, a sort of wooden barrel, and when the damsel, who makes the lemonade, has nothing else to do, she gives it a touch, and sets it swinging. Now, what are those for?"

"They hold the snow," said her brother, "which serves instead of ice, and which the damsel, by this swinging process, helps to dissolve. Some day we will have a glass of lemonade at one of these altars, as you call them. We shall get it fresh enough, and cheap enough. But you must take your sugar with you, for sugar they do not give; their customers are in the habit of taking it without. I was amused to-day," he continued, "by watching the progress down the street of a very simple style of water-cart. A butt of water, with a leathern pipe issuing from it, is drawn on a low cart by a donkey. A bare-legged fellow ties a string to the end of the leathern pipe, and follows jerking it to and fro, this side and that side—of course with many loud vociferations—and so continues to distribute the contents of his butt over a pretty large area."

"Very surprising!" said Winston, who for some time past had not heard one syllable of what was uttered.

CHAPTER IX.

We will not indulge ourselves, at the risk of wearying our readers, by traversing in the society of Mildred and Winston the environs of Naples; we will not wander with them through the disinterred streets and temples of Pompeii; nor attempt to partake of their delight at those exquisite views which their excursions on both sides of the bay presented to them. Often did Winston sit by the side of Mildred, looking at those scenes, and his happy spirit for a while reflected them as calmly as the blue waters those beautiful islands within them. Alas! the pebble soon fell in *one* of those mirrors—the tranquil mood was ever and anon cruelly disturbed.

We will not even trust ourselves in the museum of Naples, so rich in the curiosities of the antiquarian, and in works of art; nor stand with Mildred before those statues of the goddess Isis, from which it was difficult to persuade her to move, so much was there of thought as well as beauty in the countenances. One especially (for there are several) of these statues of Isis—it was the smallest in the group—she confessed, after after all she had seen of sculpture, had affected her more intensely than any work of art, by its thrilling union of deep mystery with perfect loveliness. Of Isis herself, or of the religion taught under her name, she confessed, she

said, to have very obscure ideas; but if ever a temple should be erected to human philosophy, that statue, she thought, was worthy to occupy the chief place in it.

One of their excursions, however, it is necessary, for the sake of our narrative, to give some account of—it is that to Vesuvius. Perhaps there are few travellers who have not recorded the day they visited the burning mountain as amongst the most remarkable of their lives. The extreme beauty of the views as you ascend, the strange desolation immediately around, and the grand spectacle that awaits you on the summit, so vary and sustain the interest, that every emotion which nature is capable of producing, seems to have been crowded into one spot, and one hour.

The whole party started together on this expedition, but Mr. and Miss Bloomfield had no intention of proceeding further than the hermitage—a small house erected, as every one knows, half way up the mountain, before the ascent becomes steep or severe, and, for the rest, very little like a hermitage. Here they designed to stay, enjoying the magnificent view it commands, while the younger half of the party proceeded to scale the mountain. It would have been easy for them to ascend thus far by a circuitous route in a carriage, but, beside that horses could convey Mildred and her companion somewhat further than the carriage road extends, the uncle and aunt were not unwilling to partake to a certain extent the spirit of the enterprise. They all, therefore, mounted their horses, and, accompanied by their guide, advanced by the steeper and more direct path.

The ascent begins amongst gardens and vineyards—the vine flowing from tree to tree, and making of a whole field one continuous harbour. The path next winds along a vast barren hill-side, utterly without verdure, whose brown furrows present the appearance of a ploughed field; but the clods here do not give way to the tread of your animal; you stoop and touch them, they are of stone, they are the old lava. As you ascend, these clods grow larger, grow darker, till the narrow road winds between great blocks of black lava, pitched here and

there in the wildest confusion. You then reach a level piece of road, on which stands the hermitage.

Here Mr. and Miss Bloomfield paused. The rest proceeded somewhat further on horseback, till the mountain, taking the shape of a cone, presents a steep ascent, to be mastered only on foot.

"Let us pause a moment here," said Mildred, "when they had dismounted, "and look at the bay. I have longed several times upon the road to make a halt, but if I had, it would have been a signal for the general hubbub of conversation. You," she continued with a smile, "are a sensible companion, you know how to be silent, or can talk in those snatches or broken utterances which rather relieve silence than dissipate it, which do not scare the gentle goddess altogether from our company. Had I asked my uncle to stop, he would immediately have commenced talking, and talked till we went on again."

The scene lay outstretched before them in all its beauty, and under an almost cloudless sky. One peculiar charm of this celebrated bay depends on the islands scattered on both sides of its entrance, as Capri, Ischia, and others. These, as you shift your position on the bay, produce an endless variety—interlacing the azure water with stripes of blue mountainous land, in the same manner as well-defined clouds are sometimes set, ridge after ridge, in the clear sky. From their present point of view, the centre of their picture was open sea, and the sides filled up and diversified by these islands. Seen under the mid-day sun, they appear invested in a *mist of light*.

"They rise from the deep blue sea like sapphires that love has breathed upon," said Winston. "What fantastic tricks," he continued, "but always beautiful—Nature plays under her own high heaven. The hills on yonder coast, huge as they are, have a way of hiding themselves in the very air—vanishing in the very light. And, look yonder, in the extreme distance, the light seems to have *cut away* the solid basis of the hills, and left nothing but the ridge, the wavy outline, which one might expect to rise into the air, it is so cloud-like."

"The earth and heaven do so mingle here, there is no separating them," said Mildred. "I wonder not that the inhabitants of such a region as this threw a certain dimness, as of twilight, over their future Elysium. Some difference it was necessary to imagine between it and their familiar earth, and could they fancy any thing more bright and beautiful than this?"

"Look behind you," said Winston. She turned, and started at the sudden and complete contrast which the utter desolation of the scathed mountain presented to her.

They then addressed themselves to their somewhat arduous undertaking. Mildred had refused to be carried up in a chair — had determined to walk. She had received a very accurate description of this part of her task, and found things exactly as she expected. The side of the mountain seems, at first, composed of large loose stones, of a brown colour; but the lava, which assumes this shape, is not loose, and you step from projection to projection with perfect safety, — with the same fatigue, — neither more nor less, as one walks up a flight of stairs. It is rather a long flight, however, and there is no bannister. This last deficiency the guide is in the habit of supplying — to such as condescend to accept his assistance — by fastening a leathern strap round his waist, and giving the end of it into the hand of the traveller. Winston insisted upon putting this strap round his own waist, and that Mildred should allow him to take what seemed to him the most enviable position of the guide. It was a dangerous experiment. Not the weight of Mildred — for she leant very lightly — it was not the weight of Mildred which he felt at every step was exhausting his strength, till his heart beat and his knees trembled. After a little time he was compelled to sit down, faint as a child. Mildred was far from guessing the cause of this sudden weakness, but requested that the belt might be again transferred to the guide. Nor did he hesitate a moment. Had he attempted to proceed much farther they might both have been precipitated to the bottom.

Their march was toilsome; and Mildred, taking advantage of a commodious place, sat down to rest upon

the lava. At the altitude which they had reached the temperature changes, — a cold wintry wind was blowing — and she had not quite prepared herself for so sudden a change. Winston, anxious only that the breath of heaven should not visit her too rudely, and forgetting to ask himself whether there might not be a too familiar kindness in the act, pulled off a light over-coat which he wore, and, making the best shawl he could of it, put it over her shoulders. She was not a little confused at the unaffected anxiety which had evidently given rise to this prompt attention; and blushed as she refused to rob him of his own attire. She attempted, by some playful remark, to remove the feeling of embarrassment which had seized upon both parties.

"But from a poor gentleman," replied Winston, alluding to something that had passed between them at an earlier part of the day, "any gift may be safely accepted. Like the priest, he wears a tonsure, which at once gives him unusual privileges, and reduces him to a subject of indifference."

Mildred made no answer; but she thought that, in one of these cases, the tonsure was so little visible, was kept so much out of sight, that it might fail of its due precautionary influence. She rose, and they proceeded on their walk, or, rather, their climbing. And now the volume of smoke which had, for some time, been concealed from view by the mountain itself, burst upon them, and a few minutes placed them on the summit. They stood within the crater, or what has been such, for, at present, the mountain discharges itself through a lofty cone which rises on one side of this strange, black, sulphurous amphitheatre. All around them, however, the volcanic vapours were steaming up from innumerable crevices, and the hot lava pouring out, moving slowly, with a dull red heat. No need here of further clothing. Their feet were burning where they stood. They had again exchanged the cold of winter, not for the heat of summer, but of a furnace.

There is a terrific grandeur in the scene. The black masses of lava, whose surface, here, is of the hue and texture of cinders, are piled and jost-

led together with the utmost irregularity, with deep fissures between them, in the same manner, though the material is so different, as the blocks of ice in the glaciers of Mont Blanc. Sometimes these cindery surfaces undulate and take the appearance of black coils, as of a huge cable laid in parallel folds. These coils, as you advance, are explained; for you will see the dull red lava sweltering out from underneath one of those great blocks, in a long and narrow wave, which does not subside, but stiffens as it cools, and, in this form, is pushed forward by the succeeding wave. In another part, the lava is flowing in a small stream, about a foot in breadth, just as the metal in a foundry, but more slowly, and the surface dimmed with a black scaly film; on raising which, with your stick, the flame bursts out. It flows so slowly that, sometimes, you must watch it narrowly before you detect the motion; you may be looking at such a stream and not suspect it to be this stealthy Phlegethon, till suddenly it is seen to stir, like a vast serpent moving in its sleep.

To the left of them, as they stood in this crater, the wall of the mountain enclosed them in, utterly without vestige of any kind of verdure, bare brown ore, with fissures exhaling their sulphurous vapour; before them, extending to and meeting the horizon, lay the tumbled masses of black lava, with the glowing at intervals of their dull red furnaces, and every where the same vapour steaming up; and at their right rose the conical summit from which Vesuvius was discharging its artillery, the sides of which are covered with a green and yellow sulphur that, elsewhere, might be mistaken at a distance for some sort of moss or other vegetation, but the eye has learnt to expect here nothing of so peaceful a nature. From this cone volleys of huge stones were perpetually issuing, with thunder-like explosions; and, above all, that majestic column of smoke! Smoke seems a very ordinary word, expressive of a very ordinary thing, but it forms here no ordinary spectacle. At each explosion it bursts up impetuously, struggling like frenzy from its imprisonment, revolving with amazing rapidity, thick,

turbid, ruddy, mixed with flame; as it rises, it revolves less rapidly, and becomes more pure, more calm; ever rising higher, and expanding in greater and purer volumes, it at length fills the heavens, towering majestically, whiter than the whitest cloud, and floating off in light ethereal vapours, which the blue sky gladly receives. "The spirit of Beauty," said Mildred, as she gazed upwards, "has triumphed."

As she looked with increasing interest on this spectacle, the spirit of enterprise grew strong within her, and she wished to ascend this cone itself. But besides that the huge stones which at that time were being constantly projected, rendered the expedition dangerous, the guide assured her that the fatigue would be to her excessive. In fact, he resolutely declined to lend his aid to such a scheme.

"If you had been alone," she said to Winston, "you would have gone farther. I am a sore hinderance to you, I fear."

"On the contrary," he replied, "if you had not come, I should not have ascended so far as this."

And he spoke the simple truth; for Vesuvius itself would have been forgotten in the society of Mildred. To ascend the mountain at night-time had been one of the most conspicuous objects he had proposed to himself in his visit to Italy; but as it was out of the question (the uncle and aunt would not have listened to it for a moment) that she should accompany him in such an expedition, he had at once foregone it, or rather it had slipped from his thoughts.

After some time longer spent in this remarkable scene, they began their descent, which they found to be quite an easy and amusing piece of business. The descent is made on a side of the mountain covered with loose ashes that yield to the foot. *Up* this it would be impossible to get, but you go down it with the same facility as if you were skating along the side of the mountain. Mildred, with the help of a staff, accomplished this part of her task with much ease, and not without hilarity.

Mr. and Miss Bloomfield were happy to see them return — had begun to wonder what could keep them so long — had for some time grown quite tired

of their own position. The carriage had been ordered to come slowly round by the other road, and meet them at the hermitage. It was waiting for them. They were all willing to enter it, and return by the carriage road to Naples.

On the ride home Mildred was very silent. Many little incidents had occurred, many words had dropped, during the course of the day, which became subjects of reflection, not quite so calm as the works of art or nature had hitherto supplied. Winston—she could not refuse to see it—loved! But loved, as he desired to intimate, without the least hope, the least prospect of alliance. Well, she was warned. What remained for her but to keep her own heart quite sure? Keep! was she quite sure that she still retained it in undisputed custody?

But we have lost sight, all this while, of Mrs. Jackson and her daughter, which it was not our intention to do. They had not lost sight of Winston. As they had inquired of him, when at Rome, what hotel he would recommend them at Naples, and as he had very naturally mentioned the one he had selected for himself, it was not at all surprising that he should find himself, one afternoon, seated very snugly by Mrs. and Miss Jackson, at the comfortable quiet *table-d'hôte* of the *Hôtel des Etrangers*. Happily there existed no secrets, and no division of opinion between the mother and daughter on what now chiefly pre-occupied the thoughts of both. Mrs. Jackson had herself conceived a great partiality for Winston—sympathised entirely with her daughter's romantic attachment—and was willing to promote her views by all means in her power. She was at heart a generous woman, though certain petty and rooted habits would, at first acquaintance, lead to an opposite impression. There was nothing she was not ready to do for Winston. It was only the good sense, or the somewhat better sense, of the daughter, that prevented her at Rome from secretly calling for his bill and paying it for him behind his back. At Naples, Winston almost always met them at the dinner table; and it was impossible for him to be churlish towards persons who seemed so very pleased with whatever he

said, and so kindly disposed towards him. Mrs. Jackson was confidential in the extreme as to the several items which formed her worldly prosperity, and very clearly intimated the extremely benevolent designs she had upon himself. To Louisa, indeed, it was a sad blow and heavy discouragement when she met him in the company of one so beautiful as Mildred; but she had tact enough, even from Winston himself, to extract certain particulars respecting the fortune of the lady, which went far to set her fears at rest.

And now began in Winston's mind one of the saddest conflicts and confusions that could visit a poor mortal. On the one hand was hopeless passion—poverty forbidding; on the other, a fortune offered to a needy gentleman—ay, and affection too, if he could resign himself to accept it. Strange as it may seem, it was his very love for Mildred that gave its greatest influence to the fortune of Miss Jackson. By a marriage with this latter lady he should escape from the tortures of his hopeless passion; it would be a refuge from this, and all like disquietudes. Most people will be doubtless of opinion that the attractions of wealth need no auxiliary. Those, however, who are well read in the human heart, will have no difficulty in believing us when we say of Winston, that if he had never encountered Mildred, he would have merely smiled at the idea of a marriage with Louisa Jackson. It now came recommended to him as an escape from an intolerable torture: he would rush into matrimony as a shelter from love.

When passing the morning in the society of Mildred, not a single fragment of a thought fell to the share of Louisa. But when, having left her, he proceeded to his hotel with a heavy and perplexed heart, and asked himself where all this was tending—when he afterwards found himself seated by the side of two persons, somewhat silly and ridiculous it is true, but kind-hearted and most amiably disposed, able and anxious to offer him that only safe harbour of life which property builds up for us—a harbour, too, which would secure him from that wild tempest so evidently pre-

paring for him—it seemed that a very little more would turn the balance in favour of Louisa.

That *very little more*, an incident which we have to record, supplied.

Whilst walking and sitting with Mildred in the Villa Reale, he had noticed that a tall, military-looking gentleman had appeared singularly struck with the beauty of his fair companion. In this there was nothing unusual. Few people passed her without paying a certain silent homage to those blue eyes and their singular sweetness of expression. Even the common people, even the beggars, when they had received their alms and stayed no longer to beg, would still stay, lingering about, to catch another look at that face, when it should be turned towards them. But in the stranger's manner there was something more than admiration expressed; and, what was more remarkable and more alarming to the feelings of Winston, Mildred herself manifested towards this stranger—if he were a stranger—an almost equal degree of interest. On the last occasion, when they encountered him, this gentleman was observed to turn and follow them, and watch them to the door of Mr. Bloomfield's residence. Winston, after parting with his companion, re-entered the gardens opposite, and from this position he saw the same stranger return to Mr. Bloomfield's door, ring at the bell, ask, as it seemed, several questions of the porter, and then—enter the house!

As he stood staring at this inexplicable vision, he was accosted by a young Englishman, with whom he had some slight travelling acquaintance; and, by a singular coincidence, the very first question his companion put, was—whether he knew that gentleman who had just entered the house opposite?

“No! do you?” was the prompt reply of Winston.

“I do not,” said the other; “but I confess I am rather curious to learn. He must be *somebody*—travels in grand style—has taken the best rooms in the *Victoria*. I took him for a Russian prince, but he speaks English like a native.”

“The Russians are said to be such

good linguists, this may be no criterion,” said Winston, hiding, as best he could, under the commonplace remark, the agitation that he felt. He very soon made some excuse to escape from his companion, and returned to his hotel. That day he was at dinner more absent than usual; yet there was something in his manner which Louisa liked, which gave her more hope than she had lately entertained.

The next morning Winston called as usual at the Bloomfields. They had ridden out; and he learned, on inquiry, that his seat in the carriage had been occupied by this mysterious stranger. Where should he go? what should he do? He now felt how complete a slave he had become—how utterly dependent for all his happiness upon another. His happiness! what but misery could he reap from this passion? And now to love was to be added all the pangs of jealousy.

He entered the gardens opposite the Villa Reale. That “prince of promenades,” as some one has called it, extending as it does along a quay unparalleled for the beauty of its position, with its thick dark shelter of olives on the one side of you, and its light and graceful avenue of acacias on the other, with its statues surrounded each by its parterre of flowers or niched in its green recess, with the fountain bubbling from the ground at its feet—all had ceased to please. At one part the promenade projects into a small semicircle, fitted up with marble seats, which commands an uninterrupted view of the bay and of Vesuvius. It is difficult to recognise our old boisterous friend, the sea, such as we know him in our northern latitudes, in the dancing blue waters which, stirred by the lightest breeze, are here flinging the whitest foam over the polished black rocks or stones that line these coasts, and still more in the glassy azure which extends, like a lake, in the distance: it is a scene to induce the most perfect repose. But Winston found no repose in it, and its beauty awoke not a single emotion of enthusiasm. He turned towards Vesuvius. Its column of smoke, rising always there, neither subsiding nor increasing,

now irritated him by its sameness and its constancy. "Always thus!" he mentally exclaimed. "Why does it not explode at once? Why not at once give out all its rage?"

He passed through the gardens. They lead, at the further extremity, into an open space, where much rabble assemble, where a sort of market is held, and where, on the neighbouring beach, the fishermen draw up their boats: fishermen bare-legged, bare-thighed, but legs and thighs not of flesh but mahogany. At other times he had been amused with the sudden contrast this scene affords with the well-dressed crowd within the gardens. It now disgusted him. There was nothing but noise and dirt, nothing but dust and heat, and glare. The various beggars who had often vexed him by their clamours, but had generally ended by extorting from him some pence and some good-humour, were quite intolerable. The little children, with their naked feet, tanned and dusted to the colour of the road, girt with their scanty complement of rags, with nothing on earth but their little shrill voices — their Signor! Signor! — to get their daily morsel with, and who had so often, when Mildred was at his side, received a whole handful of copper coins amongst them, now excited not the least commiseration, called forth nothing but some passing execration upon the slovenly government that could permit human life to sink down into all the wildness, and more than the destitution of the brute animal.

After the lapse of some hours, spent in this horrible restlessness, he again called on the Bloomfields. They had returned from their drive. He ran up the stairs: but, when he reached the landing-place, he paused. Perhaps that stranger might have returned with them. The door of the drawing-room was half-open: he looked, and saw that formidable intruder seated there. He was not formidable, evidently, to Mildred. She stood gracefully before him, and, putting back his dark hair from his fine manly brow, she stooped, and laid a kiss upon his forehead. Winston drew back instantly, and hurried from the house.

He had not retreated, however, so quickly, but that he had been seen by

Mildred — thanks to the tall mirror before which she stood, and which had faithfully reflected his image. Had he been less distracted, he would have heard a soft voice call him by his name, from the head of the stairs; but he heard nothing, and he seemed to see nothing, as he strode along the street, and, rushing into his hotel, shut himself up in his room. "This intolerable anguish!" he cried; "it must have an end. To a passion which itself is the merest despair, must I add the maddest of jealousies?"

That day, after the dinner was concluded, Winston accepted an invitation which Mrs. Jackson had often pressed upon him in vain, to adjourn to her sitting-room, and partake of a dessert there. He accepted the invitation. It sealed his fate; and he intended that it should. He left that room — he, the lover of Mildred — the affianced of Louisa Jackson!

The next morning — it was a sleepless night that intervened — he paid his respects, with the due appearance of felicity upon his countenance, to Mrs. Jackson and her daughter. It was into their carriage he was now to enter, to take one of those drives in the environs which he had so often enjoyed with Mildred. It was to *their* admiration he was now to listen and respond.

The party was preparing to start, when a message was brought to them that two ladies were below who wished to speak to Mr. Winston. Mrs. Jackson, all anxiety to be polite, told the servant to show the ladies into her room. Immediately after Miss Bloomfield and Mildred Wilmoughby were ushered up stairs.

Never was Mildred looking more beautiful, for never was she so happy in her life. The name even of Mrs. Jackson she had never heard pronounced; and, not aware of being in the apartment of that lady, but considering she was in some room destined for the reception of visitors, she merely made to the ladies that slight curtsy by which the presence of a stranger is recognised, and immediately turned and addressed herself to Winston.

"Congratulate me!" she said. "Congratulate me! — But first I must repeat my message from Mr. Bloom-

field, who insists upon it that you break through your unsocial rule, and dine with him to-day. And now again congratulate me! My father has returned from India. It was he whom we called the mysterious stranger. As to the conflicting reports which had been spread of him in England, you shall hear all at leisure. But he has returned!—and he has returned wealthy and amiable.”

There was a slight tremor in her voice as she uttered these last words. That slight tremor, it was the response now given to certain passionate but desponding declarations, which he had so often half uttered in her ear.

The answer came one day too late. Winston stood as if struck dumb. His rage, his shame, his agony of vexation, he knew not how to express. And indeed there was that convulsion in his throat which, if he had attempted to speak, would have choked his utterance. But there was one amongst the party who found words fit for the occasion, and quite explanatory. In what she conceived the prettiest manner in the world, Louisa Jackson laid her hand upon Winston's shoulder. She had heard something of an invitation — “But, Alfred dear,” she said, “you will not surely dine out to-day!”

Mildred started at the tone of that address, telling as it did so strange a history, so utterly unexpected. Then collecting herself, and taking the arm of Miss Bloomfield, she expressed her regret, in some words of course, that they could not have the pleasure of Mr. Winston's company to dinner,

and, curtsying slightly to the rest of the society, withdrew.

What a drama had passed between them, and in silence! What feelings had been hidden under those few words of formal and ceremonious speech!

No sooner had she left than Winston rushed into his own apartment. Amongst the curiosities which he had collected in Italy was a genuine stiletto. This had sometimes accompanied him in his solitary rambles; and of late he had sometimes, in his moods of despondency, contemplated that instrument, thinking the while of some other purpose than that of striking a foe to which it might be applicable. They are dangerous moments which we spend in reflecting on the mere possibility of some fatal act. The imagination becomes familiarised with the deed. When the fiery and ungovernable passion falls upon us, it finds the train ready laid. Winston locked his door—ran to the stiletto—buried it in his heart!

The horror and distraction of Louisa and her mother may be easily imagined. It might be a subject of more deep and curious interest to trace the influence of such a catastrophe on the mind of Mildred; but this also we must leave to the reflection and perspicacity of the reader. Mr. Bloomfield and his sister soon after left Italy, embarking in the steam-boat direct for Marseilles: they had grown weary of travel. Colonel Willoughby and his daughter Mildred took the route by land, and quitted Naples for the north of Italy and the Alps.

THE EARLY TAKEN.

The idea embodied in the following verses is the subject of an old German legend, intended, perhaps somewhat painfully, to represent a repining and diseased spirit awed by a fearful vision of eventual futurity into a becoming resignation for the early loss of those who might have proved unequal to the temptations of a longer life.

A mother mourned her children dead,
Two blooming boys, whose opening prime
Along her path a light had shed,
Now quenched, alas ! before its time.

She mourned as one who dreamed that here
Our home and dwelling place should be ;
She mourned as if she felt no fear
Of earthly sin and misery.

Once, in the watches of the night,
Before her dim and tearful eye,
Beyond the clouds an opening bright
Revealed a vision of the sky.

There, amid amaranthine bowers,
Where God's own glory seemed to shine,
She saw, on beds of golden flowers,
Her dear departed ones recline.

Thence bending down, a pitying smile
Their fair illumined features wore :
" For us now freed from guilt and guile,
O, dearest mother, weep no more ! "

But still her tears rebellious flow,
And still she raves of angry fate,
As if, with blind and selfish wo,
She grudged her children's blissful state.

Again in visions of the night,
Sent to impart a sad relief,
The matron saw another sight
That stayed the torrent of her grief.

A youth, by wine to madness stirred,
Stood brawling on the midnight street,
And as a clash of swords was heard,
Sunk lifeless at a rival's feet.

New horrors o'er her senses steal ;
She sees, appearing through the gloom,
A hardened outlaw on the wheel,
While crowds around applaud his doom.

She gazed upon the hapless youth,
She gazed upon the hardened man,
And dawnings of the dreadful truth
To rise upon her soul began.

Then thus a voice was heard to say,
" What now they are thine eye hath seen :
Here, had they not been snatch'd away,
See also what they would have been. "

A RIDE TO MAGNESIA.

STAGE FIRST.

SMYRNA is a capital starting point for eastern expeditions, though it is too full of *gaoors*, of every description, to be, in itself, a fair specimen of orientalism. The man would carry home a queer account of Turkey who should begin his notes at Smyrna, and, passing up the Dardanelles, make up his book as he travelled overland from Constantinople to Jannina, *en route* to Tower Stairs. This is the approved track, or, perhaps, it may be up the Danube in the Austrian steamer. Such an expedition is capital fun, no doubt, and to be recommended to any of our friends with a little loose cash, and some six weeks' holiday. It introduces to many notabilities, first-rate in their way, but not to that singular notability, the genuine old Osmanli. He is a branch of the ethnographical tree that will not flourish in European atmosphere; though the same exuberance of vigour that first sent forth the mighty shoot from central Asia, has prevailed to pass through the feeble defences of the West. It is as an overgrown weakling that he exists in our quarter of the world. His eyes are without fire, his manners without the stamp of originality. He succumbs beneath the presence of the Frank,—the hated and despised, and yet the feared and the envied. The better feelings of his nature suffer from the constant presence of those whose superiority he is forced to admire, but whose personal character he naturally detests. Such conflict of feeling cannot but be with detriment to the spirit, which, so fettered, refuses the generous offices of brotherhood, and yields the debt of civility only from policy or by constraint. How different is this man in his proper country! where the usages and language and ideas are unmingledly those which have been his father's before him; where the leading idea of *gaoors* is, that they are infidel dogs, who eat pork and are unenlightened of Islam; and where every one firmly believes that the whole set of Franks are allowed to occupy and rule only by the clemency of their high and mighty lord the Padishah! Here the Turk may condescend, and

here he can be truly generous and hospitable. The Frank comes as a wanderer from his own remote settlement (somewhere or other at the world's end,) to see the lords of the earth, the true believers. He is a poor ignorant stranger who cannot speak a word of intelligible language. It is kind, and gratifying to self-esteem, to receive such an one, and show him those good things that shall make him sigh to return to his own forlorn fatherland. Besides all this, the outward modifications affecting the European Turk spoil his nationality. The reforms of Mahmoud, and of the present sultan, have wofully cut up the appearance of their subjects; and, of course, sumptuary changes such as these affect especially those who mix with the world, and are near court. Who can believe in the ill-looking fellow with smooth face, regular built boots, and tight frock coat, buttoned up to the chin,—to say nothing of the wretched red cap he wears instead of a turban? That a Turk! pshaw!

When I landed at that nest of pirates, Valona,—what time we bore a message to the respectable inhabitants, that unless they took a little more pains to grow honest, we should be under certain painful necessities with respect to them,—was I to look upon that wretched rabble as Turks? Men dressed in every variety of shabby frock coat and trousers; and, above all, men who were undisguised in the exhibition of vulgar curiosity. What amount of excitement would it take to make a genuine Turk open the eyes of astonishment? or, should he even be betrayed into an unguarded *Mashallah!* has the power of morbid attraction been discovered which may draw him from his seat and lead him to any effort of inquiry? When, then, I saw these people flocking together on their jetty to meet us, I at once recognised them as mongrel and degenerated. They were queer fellows in their way, too, quite worthy of observation. The whole community are piratical; the youth practically, the seniors by counsel. They manage their evil deeds with a singleness of

purpose that neglects no feasible opportunity; and with a caution that restrains from doubtful attempts, and almost secures them from capture. They are not like the pirates of the nautical novels, who embark in a sea-going ship, and stand by to fight it out with any cruisers they may meet. Like cautious sportsmen, they mark down their prey first, and do not waste powder and shot. In a breeze there is no danger on their coast. But wo betideth the trabaccolo or short-handed merchantman that may happen to be becalmed in their sight. Incontinent they launch their boats, — terrible vessels that hold twenty or thirty armed men besides the rowers, and cleave their irresistible course towards the motionless and defenceless victim. On such occasions it is only by rare hap that any individual survives to tell the tale and cry for vengeance. And how shall this cry be satisfied? The bloody work is no sooner over than its traces are obliterated and the community restored to the appearance of inoffensiveness: the boats are pulled up on shore, the crews dispersed. Should an avenger arrive on the spot, he finds the miserable huts either deserted or tenanted by women and old men. How can these be made to suffer for other men's offences, or forced to give information which they declare themselves not to possess?

The same dissatisfaction must be confessed with Previsa Salonica, that place of steady disrespectability, which has maintained its bad character since the apostolic days, and even with Constantinople. This last is a gem of the earth, but its beauties are to a great extent those of civilised elaboration. Courtiers form but one species, and breathe pretty much the same atmosphere throughout the world. He who has studied them throughout the world has marked only the circumstantial differences of locality producing their effect on a spring of action, itself one and constant. To search out and know this principle it may be useful to visit foreign courts; but Man, beyond the exhibition of this one phase of character, does not flourish in such places. If the best place of observation be not actually the wilderness, because that too is as extensive, calling forth necessarily particular energies, and exhibiting to a great

extent one effect, we may take favourable ground somewhere midway between the extremes. It is to the heart and centre of a country that we should go for the vigorous current of its life. Here the colour is vivid, the speciality preserved, the family features of our brethren distinguishable.

I suppose it was some such profound rumination as this that suggested to my two friends and myself the idea of the cruise hereinafter to be recorded. All three were right travel-smitten, a state of mind which marvellously thrives on slight nourishment. We had had substantial food in this way, and were proportionately vigorous in enterprise. We had seen at odd times a good deal of our friends the Turks, but it had been chiefly of the vagabonds near the coast. Into all sorts of queer creeks and corners had we found our way in boat expeditions, that most capital mode of adventure; though rather ticklish for those who are not pretty strong in numbers. So had we dug into the sinuosities of Greece, of which both eastern and western borders were familiar to us; and it is not a little that I would take for my Horace, which I bore with me up the Ambracian Gulf, and which bears over the "*nunc est bibendum*" the note of my personal presence off Actium. Pleasant, too, are the recollections of our visit to Nicopolis, the mighty monument of this victory, now serving, as all things earthly must one day serve, to display the victory of time. We were forced to walk on this occasion, as to have touched a saddle or animal would have exposed us to the penalties of quarantine. Our good friend Achmet walked before with a long stick, booming the people off, who shrank from our contact right and left, as if we had been the lords of the soil, or as if it had been *they*, instead of us, who had to fear the plague-compromising touch. And then when we returned hungry as hunters from our march, full of ready forgiveness for any faults of cookery, what a banquet was that which consular hospitality had prepared! Oh, the jocosity of that breakfast, which was in the open air, because we could not go into the house, where we could take nothing from, and could give nothing to, the ladies, but had to keep them at most

respectful distance, and be civil under the control of a vigilant *guardiano*.

There is no mode of travelling which can possibly be compared to this boat-work. The scope of such proceeding is certainly, by comparison, confined; but, so far as it goes, nothing is to be mentioned in the same day with it—that is, so far as comfort is concerned. Places even inland may be visited in this way, for almost any where a horse or two can be mustered, and the craft left in charge of her crew. What a difference between turning into your own berth at night, and affording the amusement one does on shore to the Hellenic vermin. One good joke in this way happened to me once upon a time, showing what quarters travellers may stumble upon even with the best recommendations. A large party of us had started, particularly recommended by letter from the consular agent of a place that shall be nameless, to no less a person than the Demarch of a high-sounding Greek town, who was to do every thing for us in the way of billeting. By great exertion, and with aching bones, we managed to reach this place after night-fall, prolonging, for its hope's sake, our course through a most break-neck road, and through unseen but clamorous numbers of their wolf-like dogs. At last we came up with a miserable shed, which proved to be the mansion of the great man. Of course we should have looked for no other floor but the mudden one we found, had it not been for our magnificent recommendation, which warranted the expectation of a suite of apartments. But the floor was so packed with goods and chattels, affording the most comfortable roosting for the fleas, and with children who brought in ever-fresh collections to the stock, that among the many undeleatable nights we passed, none equalled in horrors that one of official introduction and high classical association. And such is pretty generally the hap of him who ventures to pass the night in one of those habitations where sweeping and washing remain exotics, and where the αὐτόθους acquire impenetrable skins. Now, all this sort of thing you avoid in a boat, besides converting the mere locomotion from a frequent punishment into

a delight: always supposing, be it remembered, that you have not to beat your way home up the Sinus Saronicus against a tempest. But the old story of the rose and the thorn comes in here too. By land you are exposed to the miseries of your nightly quarterings: by sea you may rejoice your heart with the beauties with which Nature rejoices to adorn, many of which she reserves for, the coast, and plunge each morning into the brine with an unsmarting skin; and if you be a genuine lover of the picturesque, you will be no less eager to seek it among the fantasies of human society than among the rocks and crags of a landscape.

So thought I and my two friends as we sat smoking the chibouque of reflection, at that best of Smyrna's cafés, on the French quay. We were unanimous on the conclusion that Smyrna had no earthly right to the title of a Turkish city, except the accident of its happening to be in Turkey. You may go half over the place and meet not a single Turk, except those wonderful fellows, the porters, whose Herculean powers have been so often noticed; or perhaps friend Hassan, the chief of the police, making a progress, with some couple of grim attendants. In fact, in the motley of its society, if any one colour prevail, it is that of France: for among all decent people her language is spoken, and in all reunions of pretension, her colonists are the more numerous body. The Greeks, to be sure, are in great plenty, but they occupy chiefly the lower grades. And as it so happens that the Sisters of Charity have here an establishment, and maintain, with much ability and diligence, a female school, the only one in the place—and that the Lazarists are equally sedulous in their province, it seems not unlikely that Smyrna will become entirely French in spirit, so far as the upper classes are concerned. At present the mixture only savours strongly of the Gallic ingredient. And a most agreeable mixture it makes, affording the blended essences of many nations. Few who have seen much of that society can entertain its reflection without pleasure; and all are wise to make the most of its image, as the

wide world affords no twin establishment. Coming from many parts of Europe, the colonists have, by the influences of climate and association, been blended into a general assimilation of character, yet retaining the one or two salient points of nationality. Their physiognomies express the wild influences of Ionia; and it would be vain to seek in their native countries such beautiful specimens of French or Italian women (I except Englishwomen) as are to be found in this birth-place of poetry. It is a city of wonderful linguists, for the necessities of intercourse demand at least three, and in many cases four, languages: Greek with the servants, Italian with the shop-keepers, and French among the polished. Many of them possess more than this number, and truly wonderful it is to see them turn from one guest to another in their pleasant assemblies, and to each address the tongue of his proper country. The same causes that loosened the vowels and softened the utterance of the old Greek in Ionia, have dipped in honey the tongues of the modern Levantines; and whatever they be speaking it is always mellifluously. It is no less true that the old grace of these shores revives in the persons of the ladies, and gives a Lydian softness to all that they do. Whether you mark the Armenian matron, languid from her siesta, seeking the breeze at her lattice; or the more active Frank maiden at the hour of her evening promenade, you are ever struck with the idea of grace and poetry. But chiefly is it pleasant to mark them when the unruffled sea, and cloudless moon, invite them to wander on the marina, and embark on the waters—when the hot sun has persecuted the day, and evening first allowed to breathe freely. There is the bay alive with boats, and resonant of music and laughter, and the shore alive with gay promenaders. There are certain seasons when it might be presumed that the Smyrnists divorce night from sleep; for often have I listened to the cheerful sound till long past midnight, and still has some passing boat brought music to contribute to my dreams. Or, take your hat, and wander forth at evening to the banks of Meles, where Homer sang

—whose waters have washed the feet of the epic father, and say whether Homer's self would not acknowledge these groups as worthy of the soil.

Now this is all pleasant exceedingly, but to enjoy this sort of thing sustainedly one should not have an English constitution. We are a phlegmatic set, to whom such zests should be dealt out homœopathically: else do we soon begin to criticise and take exceptions. Now it so happens that we had entered upon the experience of this delectability with every good disposition towards it, but a still better disposition towards the getting beyond it if we could, that we might see something of the real state of the people. We soon voted Smyrna a bore, as was likely with those who in coming thither had been bent on using it only as a stepping-stone to get farther. But this was more easily said than done with us, who were travellers not for our own fancy's sake, but in the service of her most gracious Majesty. Had we been simply unfettered, our will was good to have started directly coastward, and to have explored those vast tracts of Asia Minor, of so much of which nothing is known. The country between the coast and the western border of Persia, explored in a direct line, not going towards Eszeroun, and a divergence southward towards and about Caramania, would be a fine field for travel. We could well afford to receive some addition to our knowledge of the central parts of Asia Minor, and I should like right well to be one of two bound to the borders of lake Van, to pay a visit to the Armenian patriarch. But such an expedition would take a deal of time and of money. Now we had but the short interval of time at our disposal, during which it was judged that Britannic interests might suffer our absence without detriment. Happily for us, we knew that foreign infection was but skin deep in this country; so that, although the curious recesses were beyond our reach, we might, by a comparatively short expedition, arrive at the texture and substance of the mass. Two cities invited us, Aidin, and Magnesia, both of which are, as nearly as possible, free from foreigners: for the rajahs, though

they be Christians, are not, of course, to be considered foreign to that soil, in which they have been implanted since before its occupation by the Turks. In Magnesia, so far as we could discover, there dwelt but a single Frank, who was consular agent for England, as he was, probably, for half-a-dozen other European powers, an office little likely to be useful or needful in the case of personal protection to distressed wanderers, but no doubt not without value as a commercial relationship. Magnesia also is interesting, because it is the seat of the great Carasman, Oglu Pascha, a name to which are attached little less than royal honours. He is one of the great hereditary dignitaries of the kingdom, who, from olden time, and till but a few years ago, used to be almost kings within their territory. At the command of the Sultan, these men used to bring into the field enormous bodies of cavalry, raised by themselves, forming the staple of the Ottoman armies; and Mr. Slade, in his book on Turkey, places the alterations of Mahmoud with respect to these Beys among the prominent causes of the decay of the Ottoman empire.

The vote passed in favour of Magnesia; partly because we expected in that place to find, through the good offices of the consular agent, decent quarters in some Greek house. The question of ways and means remained. The ordinary mode of conducting these proceedings is through the ministry of a *Kawash* or guide; a person whose assistance is generally considered indispensable, in a country where one neither knows the roads, nor can exchange a word of inquiry with the people. But this plan was little suited to our taste, as we knew by experience that these men are apt to assume the absolute control of their parties. In this respect they are no worse than the other whole tribe of ciceroni, who assuredly are among the greatest bores that necessity imposes. If they would confine themselves to leading the way, and interpreting, and rest contented with solicitude for the horses, they would be useful and endurable. S—— forewent for a moment his amber mouth-piece to give us his experience and opinion.

"These *kawashes* are greater plagues on a journey than a pebble in the shoe. When I was a youngster on board the *Blanche*, we started, a party of us, for Aidin, under convoy of one of them with a first-rate character. We had hardly got clear of the town when he began to take command of us, coolly wanting to regulate our pace. We stood no nonsense, but set off full cry, with him at our heels shouting like mad. He was presently up with me, and caught my horse's bridle, uttering all sorts of unintelligible exclamations. The fellow drew his yataghan, and I really thought was going to cut my head off. However, he vented his rage on the brute, striking him with the flat of his weapon; and it was with difficulty I pacified him at last, by saying, 'Pasha!' several times, and pointing forward; giving him to understand that if he did not behave himself, I should complain to the Pasha as soon as we arrived."

"And then," said K——, "you must always battle with them for your halting-place, if they do not happen to fancy it. If you want to go ahead, the horses are tired; and if you want to stop, there's sure to be some better place farther on."

I joined in the vote against subjecting ourselves to tutelage.

"But these fellows do something else besides showing the way—they interpret. Isn't that rather a floorer for us?"

"Not a bit of it," said S——. "I'll be the *ἡγεμὼν*, for I've been the road once before; and K—— there talks a little Turkish."

"Yes, I know the numbers, and can say '*Koteh sahet*,' which means, 'how many hours, or 'how far to?'"

"That will do capitally; for if you say, '*Koteh sahet* Magnesia?' any blockhead will know that you mean 'How far to Magnesia?' Besides, we all can say, '*Salam Aleikum*,' so can do the polite as well as the interrogative."

Reader, this was a mistake. A Mussulman loves not to hear this salutation at the mouth of a Christian; it is the expression of a religious wish; and when uttered by one who receives not the Korān, it falls on the ear of a Turk as a profana-

tion. The correct thing to say by way of being civil is, "*A-oorahah!*"

Thus slender was the stock of language with which we started; but perhaps we were not much worse off than we should have been had we known a good deal more. It is all very well with our European dialects to have a certain smattering of grammar and principle; but the hopeless languages of the East come under a different category. Any knowledge of their theory short of actual accuracy is nearly useless; perhaps worse than useless, because, by beguiling the unhappy smatterer into ambitious attempts, it cheats him of the little power he may have of rendering himself intelligible. A man who is content with the attainment of a certain vocabulary of substantives, in whose pronunciation he is perfect, has much the best chance, because he can eke out the other parts of speech by gesture. But the *attaché* of legation, who has been poring over their orthography, and hammering at principle, often proves the uselessness of his acquisitions for colloquial purposes. However, we might have done very well with a little more knowledge than we possessed on this particular occasion.

We did not know at this time what Magnesia could do for us in the way of an inn, though we were quite aware of the fact, that throughout the kingdom khans are provided for the accommodation of travellers. What we had seen in this way was very undesirable, being little more than what might serve to minister to the comfort of the horses. In some places, the subsiding stream of travellers has left them bare and ruined; in others, Smyrna to wit, there is so ready entertainment elsewhere, that the khan has become little more than a public stable yard. And here, any time of the day, you may see tethered a collection of donkeys that would set up all the costermongers in London, and drivers who would surely make fortunes by their lessons, if their brethren of Hampstead possessed ambition and gratitude. The vulgar argument of the stick may be occasionally exhibited, but it is by the magic of a single word that the energies of the donkey are usually aroused. And the

mystery of the training is this, that neither words nor blows are effective, except from the initiated. Often it will happen, that after long trial of coaxing, the meekest rider will be betrayed into the experiment of cudgelling. It will then certainly happen, that after having cudgelled his full, he will yield the victory to the impassible brute, and be reduced to hope, that when he has had thistles enough, he may be induced to move on. Suddenly there sounds behind him the exclamation of *Déáh! Déáh!* and the donkey starts into a dislocating trot. This is your true driver's policy, to make his presence and aid indispensable. By dint of great practice, I acquired a pretty accurate imitation of this sound, and have practised it successfully. But the animals were quick to discover the imposture, and to punish it by extra impassibility.

Many of the best khans or caravansaries are of royal foundation; others, like the fountains, the monuments of departed piety. But much as we might admire the institution, we could not feel very ambitious of occupying a billet of so very gregarious and inclusive character. Besides, in these khans you must provide for yourself all that you require in the shape of provisions; and it was too much of a good thing to carry with us tea, and bread and butter. We clung to the hope of finding lodging in the shade of domestic hospitality, the rather because of our recommendation to the consular agent. A second string was added to our bow by a worthy Armenian of Smyrna. He kindly assisted our intention by a letter to a compatriot of his at Magnesia, of whom the least that we could expect was, that he would receive us to the fellowship of trencher and hearth; that is, should we present our introduction, for, in the first instance, our purpose was to seek the man of office.

We had some debate concerning the propriety of our going ostensibly armed—no doubt, however, concerning the advisability of our actually being armed. In those desolate tracts, where you may ride pretty well all day and meet no wayfarer, except some lone camel-driver, riding at the head of his long string of animals, it

is impossible to say what contingencies may be your hap. It is, to say the least, a locality where thieves might have things pretty much their own way; for the guard-houses, scattered throughout the routes, are far from being within hail of each other, and far from possessing the control of the road mid-way. Nay, they are themselves tenanted by men so fierce by nature, and so imperfectly disciplined, that some people might fear the guards more than the robbers. They are not detachments of the regular forces, but men taken chiefly from the Xebeques, whose manners and dress are sufficiently distinct from those of the ordinary Turks. Each of these detachments is placed under the control of an Agah; and on the personal character of this officer depends the security of the district. The prescribed discipline is necessarily strict, for any admitted relaxation would soon lead to confusion. Especially is it enjoined that all spiritous liquors be absolutely excluded from the guard-houses—and a neglect of this law by the Agah is never forgiven. When intoxicated, they are said to rage like demons, respecting no person or thing—utterly rejecting all semblance of discipline. It will be long before I forget the apprehensions connected with even faint symptoms in them of approach to such a state. A party of us, with ladies among our numbers, had halted for the night at a guard-house. The spot was of the rarest beauty—the evening such as breathes only in Ionia; cities and men were removed out of sight and thought; and, full of poetry and peace—the pleasing sadness we had caught on the hallowed ground of the mighty Ephesus,—we resigned ourselves to the influence of the moment. What was that sound of revelry that broke upon the stillness? The mandolin tinkled—voices were heard in chorus. We got up to explore, and found, to our consternation, that the guards of our station, having received a visit from their brethren of the next detachment, were holding festival on the occasion. We had previously been informed that the Agah was absent on duty, and had left the command to his ancient—and this we were ready to suppose was not calculated to tighten the reins of

discipline. Drinking and jollity were such natural associates, that we feared terribly these men would be getting at spirits—and then what did we not fear for the fair companions of our adventure? However, to make a long story short, the men did not get drunk, and separated peacefully after the performance of many Terpsichorean novelties. But they taught the careless to feel that travellers in such a country should not be without the means of defence. It is quite true that arms may do you a bad turn, either by tempting you to a hasty display, or by being of so costly a character as to excite the cupidity of some ruffian. But it is just as true that any other thing you possess may do you the like ill turn among men who would shoot you for the value of your skin. The golden mean is to be armed usefully, but not showily; and, above all things, to be very discreet in the production of weapons.

The first of these laws on this particular occasion I egregiously transgressed. My two friends were supplied with unimpeachable pistols of their own; but I, being of peaceable disposition, had made no such provision. A worthy friend on shore supplied the deficiency, by lending me a pair of the most formidable weapons one would wish to see. They were of the old style of theatrical horse-pistols, as long nearly as a small carbine, and beyond any ordinary man's power of holding steady. The stocks were deeply incrustated with silver, or something that looked very like it. The only objection to them was, that nothing could persuade the flint to give out a spark, or induce the pan to take the hint at the proper time. Yet though I knew them to be in fact thoroughly useless, they contributed sensibly to my comfort, for they were most excellent make-believes. Our steeds were supplied by our good friend George, the Greek stable-keeper, as no Turk would have let out his animals on such an occasion without sending along with them a kawash to look after the mad Franks. It betokened no little confidence in George, that he allowed his horses to be taken away, whither and for how long he knew not.

It is a noble climate where you can

start of a fine morning, with a certainty that the weather will continue and fulfil its promise. One starts light without any wrappings, or any thing more than he has on. One *tescharé*, or passport, was our luggage for three. Our first little adventure was about this same *tescharé*. It is to be got, as are all things in this land, only through the medium of interpreters and kawashs. A first-rate bore it is to be in all matters of business subjected to the ministration of these gentry: and what a pity it is that some steady Englishmen will not qualify themselves to fulfil their functions. But, from the most important diplomatic negotiations down to the most trivial matter of convenience, procedure can only be had through such agency: at least almost without exception at present, whatever revolutions may lurk in the recent studies of the *attachés* at Constantinople.

Mahmoud, the Janissary — by the way it is odd that they should call this consular body-guard of one by such a name — brought us the document, and then, of course, stood by to pocket his *backshish*. We were then making our final preparations for the start, laying in a little personal provender at the *restaurant* in Frank Street, at the door of which stood our animals, saddled and impatient.

"Give him his tip," we said to S —, who had been installed paymaster for the nonce.

A smile and a coin were forthwith presented to the functionary. "Bow, wow, wow," or something like it, uttered by our Mahometan friend, made us look up, and we saw him unaccepting and unsmiling. "Why, thou greedy varlet," (friend, the words were innocuous, because unintelligible,) "'tis by so much exactly too much for thee."

It is an amusing thing to have a dispute where words will not second energy. Such a scene have I noted more than once, as a fine psychological demonstration. You abuse a guide or a donkey driver in a language he does not understand, for disobeying directions that he did not understand, word or particle. The whole thing is absurd, and as a man of sense you

ought to be philosophical. But when I have noted you in such case, and seen that you do not lose your temper, nor abuse the offender in round English, I will set you down as of placid temperament. Mahmoud growled, and looked as if he would fain have resumed the paper, or abducted the horses; and thus it was with the interchange of such pleasantries, and followed by his good wishes, that we started.

"Bravo," said K —; "we start with a row, we shall be all right presently."

And now stoop well your head and keep your eyes open as you turn the corner into the Armenian quarter. These houses that make such beautiful streets, are ticklish things to ride by. They all project forward, having the upper story supported by a kind of flying buttress. These are at no great height from the ground, so that an unbending horseman passing under, would infallibly knock his head against the corner of one of their first floors. But chiefly on donkeys is this risk noticeable — the stubborn brutes which it is much the fashion to ride, and whom none but the drivers can guide. On entering Smyrna by night — those dull streets where gas is not — your only plan is to keep well in the middle of the street, right in the hollow. It is a beautiful quarter of the town; in itself picturesque and variegated in colour, and beset with the fairest embellishments. Look up at that lattice for a moment only, and then prick your way again. Did you see those lustrous eyes and graceful head-dress? The sun is now high, and these stars twinkle but from lattices. Pass this way at even, and you shall see them congregated in brilliancy. They are not of the retiring nature that shuns observation. They sit congregated round every door wooing the breeze. Supper is spread in the spacious halls, beyond which the open doors give to view a perspective of garden. Nay, you may stop and stare — the men are occupied with their pipes, and the women are not offended at admiration.

Right interesting are these Armenians, of whom the men have all the riches, and the women all the beauty

(at least unveiled and cognisable) of Turkey. They have lost all trace of the active spirit that in an age of iron kept them busy in the *mêlée* of nations. Their gravest senior would stare unintelligent were you to speak to him of Tiridates, or the Romans : and with their thoughts of Persia no ideas of tyranny are mixed ; no stirring of the ancient spirit that kept them faithful in an ocean of foes, and rendered their land a continued battle-field. They give no signs of intelligence if you challenge them on the subject of Eutychus, by whose arch heresy they suffered severance from Catholicity, and in whose dogmas they live. They are a quiet, matter-of-fact, business-like people—the bankers and capitalists of the kingdom. Their mode of existence under the shadow of the Sultan's mercy, but without national representation or protection, has subdued them to a condition of patient endurance, and killed the energy of their nature. They are quiet, fat, and lethargic, reserving their anxieties for money-getting.

There might be to fiery spirits something humiliating in the dress to which they are so anxious to acquire the right : the huge and ugly cap which bespeaks them to be under some particular foreign protection, as the case may be, which is their only safeguard against all sorts of oppression. But where nationality is a mere idea without embodiment, it soon becomes as a dream. The Armenian is content to be endured and protected. Meanwhile he is not without a sort of national ambition : but it is of a new kind for him. They believe themselves to be the most ancient of people, retaining the original language that was spoken before the dispersion of Babel, and by consequence the identical language that was spoken by Adam. An interesting excursion might be made on this subject, seemingly so far at variance with the conclusions of learned ethnographers. Their deductions are from undoubted facts, and tend to their conclusion with a force that some philologists at least have considered irresistible.

Through the Armenian quarter our road lay onward for a short distance by the banks of Miles. It is but an insignificant stream, of scarcely suffi-

cient tide to turn a mill ; but in no better case are Ilissus and Cephissus found to be in the present day. The shade of Socrates still seems to linger over the Attic streamlet, swelling its puny tide to the capacity of the loftiest musings of the humanized ; and the memory of Homer is wedded to these waters of Meles. The critics who would disprove the existence of the bard, and assign the different members of his compositions to numerous anonymous authors, or to indefinite traditions, would find this no vantage ground. The influences of the place would abash their contumacy. There is something poetical even now about the locality. The stream flows through the Armenian quarter, passing by a short course to the well-known Caravan-bridge, and thence into the open country. At pretty well all hours of the day, groups of nymphs may be seen washing clothes in the waters, exhibiting *tableaux vivans* of Nausicaa and her maidens. No vulgar washerwomen are these with corrugated hands at reeking tubs, but such as painters and poets might celebrate. Washing is with them a pastime, and an elegance : their laundry a studio of art. They go right into the water, and splash about their things like naiads sporting ; and anon returning to the bank, put forth their little strength in beating out the clothes. It would be rash to say that the process is so effectual as our more homely method ; but it is at least pretty to look at. At evening the banks of the stream assume another appearance. Gay crowds promenade, and cafileades linger ; people of many nations congregate to unbend the brow laden with the cares of the day. Fathers muse, maidens gambol, and matrons chide.

A little farther on, and we come to Caravan-bridge,—of all Smyrna's objects, perhaps the one best known by reputation. It has its name from the number of caravans that, entering Smyrna from the interior, have to pass over it. And see, there is at this moment a string of camels in the way, so that we may as well halt in this convenient shade till they be gone by. That little Ethiopian will look after our horses, and Ali will bring us coffee and chibouques in a twinkling. See how pleasantly these trees overshadow

our resting-place, and how the gliding of the water, here a broader and more rapid stream, seems to cool our very thoughts. This is the great picnic place for the citizens — a sort of Turkish Vauxhall. Yet what a difference between the orderly composure of these holiday makers, and the noisy mirth of our own compatriots. These folks take their *kef*, as they do every thing else, quietly. Here you may see hundreds of revellers, and not a drunkard among them. Perhaps the repose of the scene draws some of its influence from those sombre burying grounds, of which two are just opposite. No where is such truth of funereal effect preserved as in this country. Père la Chaise, and all European cemeteries are puerile in comparison. The stately evergreen which they have consecrated to the overshadowing of the dead fulfils the idea of solemnity and awe. There is effect in the manner in which the simple head-stones are planted together, with no separation of rails, no interspersions of pretending sarcophagi. All have returned to their dust, and have put off the ephemeral distinctions of life; they have returned to the bosom of their mother, where there is no aristocracy, and slumber as brethren till they shall be awakened to new distinctions.

This is a place where at odd times many a pleasant hour may be passed. It is such a thoroughfare, (at least the bridge, though you are in the shade by its side, well out of the bustle,) that there is always something passing worthy of notice. It is also a capital place to practise the language, if you have any of it to expend. You see the strangest figures entering from the interior with their merchandise, which is all diligently examined by the officer of the customs here posted. It is a singular thing that the long trains of camels are invariably headed by a donkey; who takes the lead as coolly as if it were quite in order that such an insignificant brute should drag after him some five hundred animals, each big enough to eat him. The Caravandgis might be supposed to come all from one locality, so strong is the family likeness subsisting between them. Perhaps they actually do, for this hereditary disposition of employments

is quite according to the genius of the nation. They are short, stout, little men, with round smooth faces, especially stolid in expression. They dress in the old style, never wearing the fez; and sure we ought to take the portrait of one of them, were it only for the sake of their boots. Such buckets are not often worn, and to pedestrians would be impracticable. But these men do not walk: seated on their donkeys, they jog on at the head of the caravan, bearing the merchandise of Asia through wildernesses where the foot of man is strange. With man they have little communion, and with nature they have little sympathy, or their soulless visages belie them. Life to them must be a blended experience of tobacco and camel's bells. I have marked them at night, when arrived at their journey's end, and bivouacking in the midst of their animals. The brutes formed a circular rampart, in the centre of which reclined the men. It was a desolate spot, such as generally disposes men to sociability with the stray fellow-creature or two who may happen to have been led to the same point; and here were two or three fellow-countrymen of the drivers. But they took no notice of their neighbours; they performed their prostrations, they disposed of their supper, and coiled themselves up to rest. If they rose for a moment, it was to look after some restless camel; and early in the morning, long before the sun, when I turned out, they were departed to a more remote solitude. But now the road is clear, and we make a start of it, leaving the town fairly behind.

"Stop, my men," said J——; "look at your horses' feet."

"What's that for?"

"We shall pass never another smithy this livelong day; and should a screw be loose in any of their shoes, it would be rather a bring up for us." Sage and sound advice for those who have a long ride before them; which yet at this time of our need we rejected; and for which I afterwards suffered. Awakening to a sense of my error, I did afterwards make a divergence to a village by the way; but there I found no artist, and in the course of the day I learned fully to appreciate the importance of a nail

in time. By the way, the shoes here—about are of a peculiar kind, composed of a plate that entirely covers the hoof. They are at least effective in preventing the infraction of pebbles.

Our road was in the line that leads to the pretty village of Bonabat, leaving the no less pretty village of Boujah on the right, but far away, and hidden among the hills. These are two pleasant suburban retreats that the merchants of Smyrna have established as a *ricovero* from the toils of the city. Bonabat is more especially inhabited by the French, and Boujah by the English. There is a third village somewhat farther off in the direction of Ephesus called Sittagui. A few years ago, when the Turkey trade was in its palmy days, the merchants used to do their business in most agreeable style. It was during certain months only that they went every day to their offices, the rest of the year being permitted to enjoyment. At present, though perhaps somewhat less magnificent in their style, they are eminently comfortable in their ways. During the summer months, their families are removed to these pretty country places; and at sundown each evening the ways are covered with the returning fathers and brothers. For us Englishmen, Boujah was naturally the accustomed haunt. Here is to be found the charming mixture of nationalities, which is the feature of Smyrneot society. Their ways are manly, without constraint, and in many respects patriarchal. The young ladies never wear bonnets, and are generally to be seen of a fine evening sitting in the open air before their own gates. The whole community having been pretty well all brought up together from childhood are on the happiest terms of intimacy: surnames are almost obsolete. Ungrateful must the heart be that can remember without pleasure days past in their society; where every house is open, and every face has a smile for the guest. There is one particular spot here, called the Three Wells, where my evening's walk has ever brought before me images fraught with recollection of Rebecca's introduction to Isaac, or of Jacob wooing Rachel. We now passed into the open country,

where the road, leading over a low ridge of hills, becomes of less definite track. And the last village was passed, and thenceforward we were to meet stations only as rare landmarks. Hereabouts sugar, as a general luxury, disappears; the *caffedgis* supplying the mere coffee, unless some more luxurious stranger demand the drug. It is then dealt out from a small private store, and notified by a separate charge in the bill. The homely old Turks are ignorant of the uses of sugar; and it would seem that their language does not supply a descriptive term, as their "*shuk-kar*" is evidently a mispronunciation of our word. One could not, without romancing, say much of the beauty of the country through which we were passing at this early stage of our journey. It is even flat, and tame; and appears to be so more decidedly by contrast with most that lies in this region. Almost every where else the prospect is bounded by beautiful hills, here and there aspiring to the character of mountains, whose sides vary constantly in tint as they rangingly receive the rays of the rising or the setting sun. Or sometimes one has to pass through vast plains, where neglect and desolation have, in the exuberance of nature, assumed the appearance of luxuriant cultivation. Few artificial pastures could equal the natural beds of oleander that are sometimes found here stretching far away till lost behind the crags of a ravine; and which, in their unconstrained vegetation, show colours that the hothouse might envy. And particularly are the wildernesses of myrtle remarkable, which for miles grow in thick jungle, through which it is difficult to preserve the narrow track kept for passage. It is curious to pass through these odorous thickets, where you can never see around you, and seldom many feet before you, on account of the windings of the way. Long are heard the tinklings of the camel's bells, and the heavy plod of their feet, before the train comes into sight, and many are the manœuvres to effect a passage in peace. The camels, however many, are all linked together, and to the preceding donkey; and as they cannot be always persuaded to observe due distance, so as to keep

the line *taught*, nor to follow each other on the same side of the road, it may be conceived that to pass them is sometimes a work of difficulty. It is a comfort that they never bite—at least never in ordinary cases; but still, till one is used to their near contact, it does seem formidable to be involved and hampered among these as one constantly must be. But this particular road of ours was, for some way, diversified by neither beauty nor incident; and, as things go, perhaps it is well that so it was; for therefore have I the less scruple at passing over observations topographical, and making haste to tell of what things befel us in the city of the unbelievers. One single party of travellers we did meet, whose journeying exercised considerable influence on our fortunes. It was about mid-day that we saw approaching, from the opposite direction to ourselves, a Frank gentleman, attended by a respectable looking squire. We knew him to be coming from Magnesia, because there was no other place from which he could be coming; and, by the same token, we shrewdly guessed him to be the one Frank inhabitant, the pro-consul, on whose good offices we had reckoned. The only alternative was, that he might be some casual visiter like ourselves, whom business or curiosity had led on a journey, whence he was returning. But, as he drew nearer, we read in the incurious expression of his face, that he was certainly at home; and the air of accustomed importance that beset him argued him to be one in authority. No men, surely, can be so alive to the sense of borrowed dignity as consular agents in out-of-the-way corners; at least no men carry so pompous an exposition on their brow. By these tokens we identified our stranger friend.

"Hail him," said K——.

"Bon giorno, signori!"

"Servo, signori. Andate in Magnesia?"

"I told you so," said K——.

And so it was. He, her Britannic Majesty's, and half-a-dozen other majestys' agent, stood convicted by his speech. The man had not been out of Magnesia, perhaps, any day for the last twelvemonths, and he had chosen, for the prosecution of his

foreign interests, that precise day, when these three desolate Englishmen had come to throw themselves on his cares.

However, our blood was up, and our souls superior to trifles.

"Here 's a poser! shall we reveal?"

"Not a bit of it. We don't want him, nor any one else. Any mixture of aid would have marred the spirit of our expedition: besides, remember our friend the Seraph."

This Seraph was of no higher than terrestrial order, being no other than the Armenian to whom we had the letter commendatory. What the word in their application means, I cannot say exactly, but believe it to be descriptive of the sordid occupation of a *basqua*; at any rate, it is a common style and title *Agusvixōs*.

In the confidence of this our possession, we allowed the European to pass on without giving him any hint of our forlorn condition, and without craving any direction for our conduct. He evidently thought that we had some bosom friend ready to receive us, or at any rate that we were fully up to all the ways and means of the country—as well he might, seeing us roam about in such *degagé* style. We were far too jealous of our dignity to betray any symptoms of indecision, or having been taken aback; and our adieux were waved to him with a perfect air of being at home and comfortable.

"Now then for an Armenian at home! How fortunate that fellow should be out of the way, for now our friend the Seraph will be sure to insist on our honouring his roof."

"Capital spreads, too, they give—judging by the samples one sees laid out of an evening in their halls."

"Hospitable people; are they not, K——?"

"Oh, very. Not that ever I have been in one of their houses."

"Nor I—any farther than having a pipe with old John the Dragoman at his porch."

"Nor I."

Here was a crown to our adventure! An untrodden city, an unvisited people, a welcome to the mysterious bosom of Armenian hospitality!

DIRECT TAXATION.

"FREE TRADE," say the Americans, "is another word for direct taxation, and direct taxation is another word for repudiation of states' debts." The Americans are right; it is so; and the strongest proof of these propositions is to be found in the conduct of the Americans themselves. The subject, however, is one not less interesting on this than the other side of the Atlantic. It involves the fortune and the temporal prosperity of every man in the united kingdom; and we do not hesitate to say that, on the embracing of just and reasonable views on this all-important subject for the constituencies of the united kingdom, the maintenance of the public credit,—the upholding of the public prosperity,—the ultimate existence of England as an independent nation, must come to depend.

We hear much, in the popular phrase of the day, of "great facts." We will assume "free trade" as a "great fact." We will not stop to inquire how it was brought about, or whether, by any means, it could have been avoided. These are the topics of history, and history, no one need fear, will do them justice. As little shall we stop to ask, whether direct or indirect taxation is the best, or whether a mixture of both is to be recommended. We shall not ask whether it is better to pay taxes on the price of the articles we purchase, when the amount is not perceived, or, if perceived, seldom objected to, at least against government, and when the disagreeable operation of paying money is compensated, at least in some degree, by the pleasure derived from the article purchased,—or to pay them at once to the tax-gatherer, when we get nothing for our ample disbursements but a bit of paper from the collector to remind us of the extent of our losses. As little shall we inquire, from history, how many nations have been ruined by direct taxation, and whether there is one, the decline of which can be traced to indirect; or from reason, whether it is possible that a nation can be ruined by indirect taxes, when the only effect of their becoming too high is, that they

check the consumption of the articles on which they are laid, and therefore cease to be paid. We shall not remind our readers that, in the latter years of the war £72,000,000, under the protective system, was levied in the shape of taxes amidst general prosperity, on eighteen millions of people in the British empire; and that now, under the free trade system, fifty-two millions net revenue is felt as extremely oppressive by twenty-eight millions. These topics, vast and important as they are, and deeply as they bear on the past history and future prospects of the British empire, have become the province of history, because the great change on which they hinge has been made and cannot be unmade. We have chosen to have free trade,—in other words, to abandon indirect taxation; and free trade we must have, and indirect taxation will in consequence be abandoned.

But it is particularly to be observed, in the outset of this system, that free trade, once adopted and applied to certain great branches of national industry, must necessarily be *progressive*, and embrace *all*, if we would avoid the total ruin of many of the staple branches of our production and main source of our *direct* revenue. In a short time, grain of all sorts will be left with the nominal protection of a shilling a quarter; and many branches of manufactures already find themselves with a protecting duty so small that, keeping in view the difference of the value of money in England and the continental states, it amounts to nothing. If the classes thus left without any protection, or a merely nominal one, exposed to the effects of foreign competition, are not indemnified for their losses by the diminished price of the articles which they themselves purchase, they must grow poorer every day. Amidst the general cheapening of the articles *sold*, which constitute the income of the productive classes, if there is not a proportional cheapening of the articles *bought* which compose their *expenditure*, they must inevitably be destroyed.

This truth is so obvious that it is adapted to the level of every capacity,

and accordingly we already see it producing agitation for the farther repeal of indirect taxes, which it does not require the gift of prophecy to foresee will, in the end, though perhaps after a severe struggle, prove successful. It may not do so in this session of Parliament or the next; but, in process of time, the effect is certain.

A squeezable ministry, a yielding premier, will ere long be found, who, in a moment of difficulty, will be glad to buy off one set of assailants, as we did the Danes of old, by giving up what they desire. The separate agitations which must, in the end, produce this result, are already manifesting themselves. The West India planters allege, with reason, that, exposed as they are, when burdened with costly and irregular free labourers, to the competition of slave labour in Cuba and Brazil, without, in a few years, any protection, it is indispensable that the market of the mother country should be thrown open to them for all parts of their produce, especially in distilleries and breweries. The farmers, exposed to this attack in flank, while the corn laws have been repealed in their front, have no resource left but to clamour incessantly for the repeal of the malt-tax. In this attempt it is probable they will, in the end, prove successful, not because their demands are either just or reasonable, for as power is now constituted in this country that affords no guarantee whatever for being listened to, but because their claims are likely to be supported by the *beer-drinkers in towns*, a numerous and influential class of the community. The tea-dealers, encouraged by the success of agitation in other quarters, are already making a loud clamour for a reduction of the duty on tea, and prepared to prove, to the entire satisfaction of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that nothing is so likely to increase a branch of revenue now producing £4,800,000 a-year, as to lower

the duty from half-a-crown to a shilling on the pound. The tobacco dealers will not be behind their brethren in agitation; and we may soon expect to see all the venal talent of the nation enlisted in the great cause of free trade in smoking and chewing. The spirit-dealers will, most assuredly, not be the last to insist upon a reduction of the duties affecting them; and they are sure to be supported by the whole publicans in the urban constituencies; a class of men so numerous that it is certain their united voice is not long likely to be treated without attention. Every class, in short, will insist for a remission of the taxes affecting themselves, without the slightest regard to the effect it is likely to have on the revenue, the public credit, or the general security of the empire; and when we reflect on the stupendous array of indirect taxes, which, under the influence of similar partial but fierce agitations, have been abandoned by successive conceding administrations to purchase temporary popularity, we feel convinced that the time is not far distant when the remaining customs and excise, producing, at present, about thirty millions of revenue, will share the same fate.

It is useless to lament this tendency, because lamentations will not stop it, and the reform bill has vested power in classes who, for good or for evil, will work it out. Nearly *two-thirds* of the Imperial Parliament are, under its enactments, the representatives of burghs.* In these burghs the great majority of the voters are shopkeepers, that is, persons whose interest it is to buy cheap and sell dear. In making the first use of their newly acquired power to force on free trade, and a repeal of all duties affecting themselves, our burghs have exactly followed in the footsteps of their predecessors, when parliamentary writs were first addressed to them by the Earl of Leicester, in 1264.

	* County Members.	Borough Members.
England, . . .	162	336
Scotland, . . .	30	23
Ireland, . . .	66	39

258

398

Or as 2 to 3 nearly.

"The burghers," says Guizot, "as much astonished as charmed at the importance which Leicester gave them, took advantage of their influence to procure *freedom to trade, and to get quit of all custom-house duties*, instead of establishing, in conjunction with him, the government on a durable foundation."* The influence of these urban constituencies is not likely to decrease under the increasing embarrassments of the landed producers, and the augmented stimulus to certain branches of trade from foreign importations. And, in consequence, as the revenue melts away under the effect of successive repeals of the indirect taxes, the question will, ere long, force itself on the government and the country, How is the interest of the debt to be paid? How are the charges of the national establishments to be defrayed? The extraordinary prosperity of the last two years, the result of the three fine harvests which had preceded them, cannot be expected to continue. A railway mania is not immortal;—like every other violent passion it must soon wear itself out. Peace cannot much longer be relied on:—the clouds are already gathering in more than one quarter. A recurrence to general indirect taxes is not to be thought of in these days of restricted currency and unrestricted importation. The only alternative is, either a reduction of the interest of the national debt, or a great increase of direct taxation.

It is not probable that a forcible reduction of the national debt will be attempted, at least till the other alternative has been tried and failed. The public funds are the great saving bank of the nation. Out of 192,970 persons who received the half-yearly dividend at the Bank of England in the year 1841, no less than 158,735 drew dividends under £50 half-yearly, of whom 58,000 were under £5; while those above £50 and not exceeding £200 were only 10,094, and those exceeding £200 only 125!† This is the great security for the public funds in England—the extent to which shares in them are held by persons composing

that middle commercial class, in whom, under the present constitution, supreme power is practically vested.

Nor is it only the actual holders of the public funds who would be immediately struck at by an invasion of the national debt. Stock of every kind would at once fall *pari passu* with the three per cents.—credit of every kind would be violently shaken—the rate of discount at the Bank of England would instantly rise—money would become scarce over the country—every debtor would find his whole creditors on his back at once, while his means of recovering payment from those indebted to him would be proportionately abated. It is not going too far to say that, within a year after a blow had been struck at the public funds, one-half of the whole trading classes would find themselves insolvent. None would be able to stand the shock but those possessed of considerable capital. The majority who carried the measure would, for the most part, be ruined by its effects. This consequence is not a remote or secondary one, which large bodies of men can never be brought to see; it is immediate and direct, and is practically known, by the intercourse with banks, and the necessity of getting bills discounted, to the whole commercial community in the country. It is not probable that the burgher class, to whom the Reform Bill has given power, will voluntarily advocate a measure so evidently and palpably destructive to themselves. The public funds of Great Britain rest on the securest of all bases in a popular community, the self-interest of the holders of power. They would soon be swept away under universal suffrage, as they have been in so many states of America, because the majority under such a system have no funds to hold.

Two things, then, may be considered as certain as any thing depending on the varying chances of human affairs can be. 1. That the indirect taxes which at present constitute three-fifths of the net revenue of Great Britain will, in great part, in process of time, be swept away. 2. That to

* Guizot's *Essais Sur l'Hist. de France*, 475, 476.

† Porter's *Parliamentary Tables*, xii. 6.

uphold the public credit and save from ruin the commercial classes, a great addition must be made to direct taxation.

It has become, therefore, a matter of the very highest importance to consider how an additional revenue can be raised without wide-spread ruin in that way; and what are the *principles* on which direct taxation should be founded, in order to be at once equal, just, and productive. It will be found, on consideration, that they are simple and of universal application—so plain as to be obvious, when stated, to every capacity, although a protracted struggle may doubtless be anticipated from the various classes whose immunities or exemptions such a just and equal system may abolish or abridge.

The first principles on the subject will naturally suggest themselves on the principle of "*lucus a non lucendo*," upon considering the gross inequalities, the enormous injustice of our present system of direct taxation. Upon reviewing it, one can hardly discover under what prevailing interest in the Legislature the regulations have been framed, so strangely is occasional and unjust favour to the landed interest, in some particulars, blended with frequent and equally unjust oppression of them in others—so unequally is undue favour to the middle classes, in some respects, combined with unjust and partial burdens upon them in others.

To begin with one particular, in which the landed interest are greatly and unjustly exempted, while the other classes are severely and unjustly burdened. There is no duty on bequests or inheritance in land, while there is such a duty, and a very heavy one, in movable succession. The legacy duty on succession, from one unconnected with the legatee by blood, is ten *per cent.*; from relations six, and from parents one *per cent.* By the aid of the probate duty, which must be paid by the executors, and the expense of suing out letters of administration in England, or an edict and confirmation as executor in Scotland, these duties are practically nearly doubled. Succession in land, on the other hand, costs nothing, at least nothing requires to be paid to govern-

ment; and though the expense of making up titles to landed estates is often very heavy, that is a burden for the benefit of lawyers, not the good of the state. A poor man who gets a legacy of £100, pays £10 direct to the Exchequer, and the executor, in addition, pays the heavy stamp on probate of the succession; but the great landholder succeeds to £100,000 a-year without paying a shilling to the state.

A creditor in Scotland, who succeeds to a bond for £100,000, heritably secured, pays nothing; if it is on personal security, he pays the full legacy duty of £10,000.

This glaring inequality, the remnant of the days of feudal oppression, or the relic of a time when the landholders had no money, and taxes could be extracted from movable property only, should forthwith be abolished. Succession of all kinds, whether in land, bonds heritably secured, or movable funds, should be taxed at the same rate. And by the addition of the vast amount of the landed property to the produce of the succession duty, it would be in the power of Government to *reduce the general tax at least a half* without any diminution, probably a large increase, in the general result. This must be at once apparent, when it is recollected that out of £5,303,000, which the income tax produced in 1845, from Britain, no less than £2,666,000, or nearly a half, came from the land. When it is recollected that the remainder embraced, besides income from realized money, no less than £1,541,000 for professional income, which of course corresponds to a comparatively small amount of realized capital, it is evident how great an increase to the taxable amount of succession this most equitable change would produce. It need hardly be said that the land should pay on so many years' purchase, say thirty in Great Britain, and twenty in Ireland of the *clear rent*, after deducting the interest of mortgages or heritable bonds or jointures. They would pay the tax on the succession of their holders respectively. And the distinction as to the lesser amount of the tax to be paid by children and relations, than strangers, now observed in the succession to personal property,

should be applied also to landed succession.

This is one obvious burden, which should be applied equally to landed as to any other class of proprietors. But there are several particulars in which they are most unjustly subjected to burdens from which other classes are relieved; and if they get justice done them in this respect, they could well afford to pay the succession duty.

In the first place, the levying of the POOR'S RATE as a burden exclusively laid on *real* property in England, that is, lands and houses, to the entire liberation of personal property or professional incomes, is a most monstrous inequality—indeffensible on every principle of justice or expedience, and the long continuance of which can only be explained by the well known and proverbial supineness of that class of men, and their inability to rouse themselves to any combined or general effort, even for matters in which their own vital interests are concerned. The Poor's Rate, it is well known, is, especially in England, a very heavy burden. It amounted, prior to the late change in the law in England, to above £8,000,000 a-year; and although it was at first considerably reduced in the years immediately succeeding the first introduction of that Act in 1834, yet it has been steadily rising since, and has now nearly attained its former level.* Under the most favourable circumstances it cannot be estimated in round numbers at less than £6,000,000 a-year; in seasons of distress it never fails to reach £7,000,000. Scotland hitherto has paid less, because under the administration of the old law, the support afforded to the poor was miserably stinted, and quite inadequate to meet their necessities. This was fully exposed by the efforts of Dr. Alison and other distinguished philanthropists, and a parliamentary inquiry having demonstrated the truth of their statements, the Act of 1846 introduced a more humane and care-

ful provision for the poor. Under the operation of this Act, the Poor Rate in Scotland has in most places considerably, and in some alarmingly, increased. The dreadful state of Ireland, suffering less under the failure, total as it has been, of the potato crop, than the general indigent condition of the poor, has at length forcibly aroused the attention of all classes in the empire, and it may confidently be predicted that the mockery of supposing the Irish paupers, 2,300,000 in number, to be provided for because £240,000 a-year, or about *two shillings* a head a-year, is levied for their relief on a rental of above £12,000,000 annually, cannot much longer be maintained. The Poor's Rate, therefore, is a subject which already interests deeply, and is likely to interest still more deeply, every part of the empire, and it is of the highest importance to consider what are the principles on which, in conformity with justice and expedience, it should be levied.

The monstrous injustice of the present system will be rendered apparent by a single example. Manufactories, collieries, iron-works, and commercial towns, are, it is well known, the great *producers* of the poor, because they bring together the labouring classes in vast numbers from all quarters while trade is prosperous, and leave them in a state of suffering or destitution a burden on the landholders the moment it becomes depressed. The commercial classes, too, are immediately and directly benefited by the labour of these manufacturing poor while they retain their health; while the landholders in their vicinity are only so indirectly and in a lesser degree. This is decisively demonstrated by the colossal fortunes so frequently made in the commercial classes, contrasted with the declining circumstances or actual insolvency of the landholders by whom they are surrounded. Do these, the merchants and manufacturers, pay the larger proportion of

* Poor's Rate and County Rate.

1832	£8,662,000
1833	8,279,217
1834	8,338,079

Poor's Rate and County Rate.

1842	£6,552,800
1843	7,085,595
1844	6,848,717

Parl. Paper. Porter, xii. 247.

the poor tax, thus rendered inevitable by the nature of their operations, which are in so high a degree beneficial to themselves? Quite the reverse: they do not, in proportion to their profits, pay a *tenth part* of its amount. The poor's rate, as at present levied, is on the rural proprietors an *Income*, on burgh inhabitants a *House tax*. The difference is prodigious, and leads to results in practice of the grossest injustice.

A landowner has an estate of £2000 a-year in a parish of which the poor's-rate is 1s. in the pound, or £100 a-year on his property. A manufactory is established, or an iron-work set agoing, or a coal mine opened upon it, from which the fortunate owner derives £50,000 a-year of profit. The buildings on it, however, are only valued at £2000 a-year. He pays for his *pauper creating* work, yielding him £50,000 a-year, £100 annually, the same as what the landowner in the same parish pays for his *pauper-feeding* estate of £2000 a-year. In other words, in proportion to the respective incomes, the landholder, who had no hand in bringing in the poor, and derives little or nothing from their labour, pays just *five-and-twenty times* as much as the manufacturer who introduced them, and is daily making a colossal fortune by their exertions! And this becomes the more unjust when it is recollected, that under the present system of free trade in corn and easy communication with distant quarters which railways and steam-boats afford, the little benefit the neighbouring landholders formerly derived from the presence of such manufacturing crowds, is fast disappearing. But further, the manufacturer or mine-owner having got off thus easily during the time of prosperous trade, when he was realising his fortune, stops his works, and discharges his workmen when the adverse season arrives. The rateable value of the manufactory or the mine has, for the present, almost or wholly disappeared, and the poor starving workmen are handed over to be supported by the land-owner.

Persons not practically acquainted

with these matters may think this statement is overcharged: on the contrary, it is *within* the truth in some instances. We know an instance of a great iron master, whose profits average above £100,000 a-year, who pays less poor's rates for the poor he has mainly created, than a landholder in the same parish, of £2000 a-year, who never brought a pauper on its funds in his life. Such is the consequence of the present barbarous system of levying the poor's rate as an income tax on the landlords who are burdened with paupers, and only a house tax on the manufacturers who create and profit by them. The first thing to be done towards the introduction of a just system of direct taxation is to lay the maintenance of the poor equally on all classes; and above all to abolish the present most unjust system of making it only a house tax on the producers of poor in towns, and an income tax on their feeders in the country.

The LAND TAX is another burden, exclusively affecting real property, which should either be abolished altogether or levied equally on all classes. Its amount is not so great as the poor's rate, nevertheless it is considerable, as it produces about £1,172,000 a-year.*

The whole ASSESSED TAXES, though not avowedly and exclusively a tax on the landed interest, are, practically speaking, and in reality, a burden on them almost entirely; at least they are so much heavier on the land-owners than the inhabitants of towns, that the burden is nothing in comparison on urban indwellers. Had they been practically felt as a grievance by the urban population they would long since have shared the fate of the house tax and been abolished. They have so long been kept up only because, with a few exceptions, they press almost exclusively upon that passive and supine class of landlords, the natural prey of Chancellors of the Exchequer, whom it seems generally impossible by any exertions, or the advent of any danger how urgent soever, to rouse to any common measure of defence. It no doubt sounds well to say that the assessed taxes are laid

* Porter's Parl. Tables, xii. 36.

generally on luxuries, and therefore they are paid equally by all classes which indulge in them. But a closer examination will show that this view is entirely fallacious, and that the subjects actually taxed, though really luxuries to urban, are necessary aids to rural life. For example, a carriage, a riding horse, a coachman, a groom, are really luxuries in town, and their use may be considered as a fair test of affluent, or at least easy circumstances. But in the country they are absolutely necessities. They are indispensable to business, to health, to mutual communication, to society, to existence. What similarity is there between the situation of a merchant with £1000 a-year, living in a comfortable town house, with an omnibus driving past his door every five minutes, a stand of cabs within call, and dining three days in the week at a club where he needs no servants of his own; and a landholder enjoying the same income, living in a country situation, with no neighbour within five miles, and having six miles to ride or drive to the nearest town or railway station where his business is to be transacted, or where a public conveyance can be reached?

Gardeners, park-keepers, foresters and the like, are generally not luxuries in the country, they are a necessary part of an establishment which is to turn the land to a profitable use. You might as well tax operatives in mills, or miners in collieries, or mechanics in manufactories, as such servants. Yet they are all swept into the assessed taxes, upon the rude and unfounded presumption that they are, equally with a large establishment of men-servants in towns, an indication of affluent circumstances. The window tax is incomparably more oppressive in country houses than in town ones, from their greater size in general, and being for the most part constructed at a period when no attention was paid to the number of windows, and they were generally made very small from being formed before the window tax was laid on. Taking all these circumstances into view, it is not going too

far to assert, that on equal fortunes the assessed taxes are *twice as heavy* in the country as in towns; and that of £3,312,000 which they produce annually, after deducting the land tax, about £2,500,000, is paid by *landowners either in town or country*. It is inconceivable—no one *a priori* could credit it—how few householders in town, and not being landowners, pay any assessed taxes at all—or any of such amount as to be really a burden. The total number of houses charged to the window tax, in Great Britain, is 447,000, and the duty levied on them is, £1,613,774, or, at an average, about £3, 10s. a-house, while the number of inhabited houses was, in 1841, 3,464,000, or above seven times the number. The total number charged with one man-servant, is only 49,320, and, *persons keeping men-servants at all*, 110,849.* facts indicating how extremely partial is the operation of these taxes, and how severely they fall on the class most heavily burdened in other respects, and therefore least able to bear them.

The HIGHWAY RATES are another burden exclusively affecting land, although the whole community derive benefit from their use. This burden, exclusive of the sum levied at turn-pike gates, in England amounted to £1,169,891. a-year.† This charge, heavy as it is, is felt as the more vexatious, that the rate-payers are not at liberty either to limit the use of the road, for which they pay, to themselves, or to allow it to fall into disrepair. An indictment of the road lies at common law, if it becomes unfit for traffic, even at the instance of any party using the road, though he does not pay any part of the rate. In other words, the neighbouring landholders are compelled to keep up the roads for the benefit of the public generally, who contribute nothing towards their maintenance. This matter becomes the more serious that in consequence of the general adoption and immense spread of railways, the traffic on the principal lines of road in England, has either almost entirely disappeared, or become inadequate to contributing any thing material to the

* Porter's Parl. Tables, xii. 37, 42; and xi. 275.

† Lords' Report on Burdens on Real Property, 1846, p. vi.

support even of the turnpikes hitherto entirely maintained by them. It is not difficult to foresee that the time is not far distant when nearly the *whole roads of England will fall as a burden on the rate payers*; for these roads cannot be abandoned, or the country off the railway lines would have no communication at all. And the sums paid by railway companies, how large soever, to landholders, afford no general compensation; for they benefit a few in the close vicinity of the railways only, while the highway rate affects all.

The CHURCH RATE is another burden exclusively affecting land, though all classes obtain the benefit of it in the comfort and convenience of churches. It amounted, in 1839, the last year for which a return was made, to £506,512.* Nothing can be clearer than that this is a burden truly affecting real estates. It is entirely different from tithes, which are not, correctly speaking, a burden on land, but a separate estate apart from that of the landlord, which never was his, for which he has given no valuable consideration. But on what principle of justice is the burden of upholding churches exclusively laid on the land, when all classes sit in churches, and enjoy the benefit of their accommodation. The thing is evidently and palpably unjust, and won't bear an argument.

The POLICE, LUNATIC ASYLUM, and BRIDGE RATES, constitute another burden on real property to which no other property is subject, which, though not universally introduced, are very oppressive in those counties where their establishment has been found necessary. Mr. Blamire, a very competent witness, estimates these incidental and partial charges at 2s. 1d. an acre.† The land is still liable also to a heavy disbursement on account of the Militia, if that national force should be again called out. There has been no return yet laid before parliament of these partial burdens on land, but they cannot be estimated at less than the church rate, or £500,000 a-year.

The STAMP DUTIES, from deeds

and instruments which produce annually £1,646,000 a-year, fall for the most part as a burden on real property. This must be evident to every person who considers that real estates in land or houses are the great security on which money is advanced in every part of the country, and the extremely heavy burdens, in the shape of a direct payment in the requisite stamps for deeds to government, is imposed on the transmission and burdening of such property. It is particularly severe, in proportion to the value of the subjects burdened, in the mortgaging or alienating of small freeholds or heritable subjects. It is stated in the Lords' Report, on the burdens affecting real property, "The stamp on a conveyance of a certain length, on a sale of real subjects of the value of £50, would cost 12½ per cent, or £6, 10s.; on a £100 sale, to 5 per cent; on a £200 sale, to 2½ per cent; on a £500 sale, to £1, 14s. 3d. per £100; and above that sum, to one per cent." The weight on the establishment of mortgages, especially on small sums, is not less remarkable. The same report adds, "A mortgage for £50 costs, in stamps and law expenses, thirty per cent.; a mortgage for £100, twenty per cent.; one for £450 seven per cent.; for £1500 three per cent.; for £12,500 one per cent.; for £25,000 fifteen shillings per cent, and for £100,000 twelve shillings per cent."‡ These burdens on the sale or mortgaging of real property are felt as the more oppressive, when it is recollected that movable property to the greatest amount, as in the public funds, or the like, may be alienated or burdened in the most valid and effectual manner for the cost of a power of attorney, which is a guinea and half-a-crown per cent. to the broker who executes the transaction. Materials do not exist for separating exactly the deed-stamps falling as a burden on land transmissions and mortgages, from those affecting personal estates; but it is certainly within the mark to say, that they are three-fourths of the whole stamp-duties on deeds and instruments, or £1,200,000 a-year.

* Lords' Report on Burdens on Real Property, 1846, p. 6.

† Ibid. p. 7.

‡ Ibid. 1847, p. 8.

Thus, it appears that, setting aside the title, as not the land-owner's property, and, therefore, a separate estate, and not, properly speaking, a burden on land; and saying nothing of the malt-tax, which produces annually £4,500,000 a-year, on the supposition that, at present at least, that falls as a burden on the consumer; and saying nothing of the income-tax, which, as will immediately appear, falls as a much severer burden on land-rents than commercial incomes. — these distinct, clear, and indisputable burdens laid on land, from which property of other sorts in England are exempt, stand thus:—

I. Poor's Rate in 1845, a very prosperous year,	£6,847,205
II. Land-tax,	1,164,042
III. Highway Rates,	1,169,391
IV. Church Rates,	506,812
V. Police, Lunatic, and Bridge-rates, estimated,	500,000
VI. Excess of assessed taxes falling on land above personal estates, estimated,	1,500,000
VII. Stamp-duties peculiar to land,	1,200,000
	£12,887,950

The rental of real property in England, rated to the Poor's Rates, is £62,540,030;* but the real rental, as ascertained by the more rigid and accurate returns for the Income-tax, is £85,802,735. On the first of these sums, the taxes exclusively falling on land amount to a tax of *twenty-five*, on the last of *eighteen* per cent. annually. This is in *addition* to the Income-tax, and all the indirect taxes which the owners of land and houses pay in common with all the rest of

the community, and which by it are complained of as so oppressive.

Enough, it is thought, has now been said to prove the extreme inequality and injustice with which direct public burdens are levied in this country, and the necessity for a thorough and searching revision of our system of taxation, in this respect, especially since, from the way in which the tide sets, it has become so evident that direct will progressively be more extensively substituted for indirect taxation. But, in addition to these, there are several other circumstances which aggravate fourfold the burdens thus exclusively laid on real property.

I. In the first place, the alterations in the monetary system of the country, by the resumption of cash payments in 1819, followed up in Scotland and Ireland, as well as England, by the stringent Bankers' Act of 1844, has added fully forty per cent. to the weight of all taxes and other burdens, public or private, affecting landed property, because it has altered, to that extent, the value of money, and diminished the price of the articles of rural produce from which the land-holders' means of paying them are derived. If the prices of wheat and of all other kinds of agricultural produce, for ten years before 1819, and ten years before 1845, be compared, it will at once appear that the difference is even greater than has been here stated.† But that consideration is of vital importance in this question, for if the price of all kinds of rural produce has declined nearly as nine to six by the operation of these monetary changes, the weight of debts and taxes, of

* Lords' Report, 1847, p. 7.

† Prices of wheat average, per Winchester quarter, in the years after mentioned, viz.:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
1809	78	11	1834	46	2
1810	103	3	1835	39	4
1811	92	5	1836	28	6
1812	122	8	1837	56	10
1813	106	6	1838	64	7
1814	72	1	1839	70	8
1815	63	8	1840	66	4
1816	76	2	1841	64	4
1817	94	0	1842	64	6
1818	83	8	1843	54	4
1819	72	3	1844	51	3

Average 87 3

Average 56 5

course, must have been increased in the same proportion. We are not now to enter into any argument as to the expedience or necessity of that great change in our monetary system: we assume it as *a fact*, and refer to it only as rendering imperative a revision of the direct taxes bearing so heavily on the great interests whose means of paying them have been thus so seriously abridged.

II. In the second place, and this is a most important circumstance, the burdens which have been mentioned all fall as a burden on the landowner, how much soever his property may be charged with mortgages, jointures, or other real burdens. These must all be paid in full by himself alone, how small soever be the fraction of the nominal income of his estate which remains to him after discharging the annual amount of its real burdens. There is no right to deduct poor's rates, land tax, or other burdens affecting land, from mortgages, or even jointure holders, unless they are expressly declared liable to such, which is very seldom the case. These annual charges must all be paid *clear* to the creditor, without any deduction, except that of the income tax, which the debtor is allowed to retain by the Act imposing it. But this consideration is of vital importance to the landholders when the amount of their mortgages and other real burdens is taken into consideration. Their annual amount has been estimated by very competent judges at *two-thirds* of the income derived from land, although, as there is no general record in England for real burdens, their amount cannot at present be accurately ascertained. But take it, in order to be within the mark, at *three-fifths* of the real rental, as ascertained by the income tax returns, these show, as already stated, an income of £85,000,000 annually derived from land. Take three-fifths, or £51,000,000 of this sum as absorbed annually by mortgagors and annuitants holding real and preferable securities over land, and there will remain £34,000,000 annually to the holders of land and houses. Now on this £34,000,000 the real burdens above mentioned, amounting to £12,900,000 a-year, are fastened. If to these be added the income

tax paid by the land, amounting, by the income tax returns, to £2,112,000, the clear income derived by landholders from the real property of England, with the *direct* taxes paid by them, will stand thus—

Clear Income as above	£34,000,000
Deduct direct taxes levied exclusively	
on land . . .	£12,900,000
Income tax paid by land . . .	2,100,000
	15,000,000
Remains,	
	£19,000,000

Thus it appears that out of thirty-four millions of clear rental left to the owners of real property in England, no less than fifteen millions, or nearly *a half*, is taken from them annually in the shape of direct taxes which they cannot by any possibility avoid! How long would the commercial or city industry of England stand direct taxes to the amount of 46 per cent on their clear income? If that had been the state of their finances, we should have had no clamour in 1831 for enlarged representation, or in 1846 for the destruction, to their advantage, of all the protection to other branches of industry. We should have had no Anti-Corn Law League subscriptions of £100,000 to buy up all the venal talent in the form of itinerant orators and pamphleteers in the country. We should have had no conversions of conceding premiers by the weight of external agitation. In social, not less than military warfare, the longest purse carries the day; and the party which is the heaviest burdened is sure to be in the end overthrown.

III. The abolition of the Corn Laws, partially at present, entirely at the end of two years and a half, by the bill of 1846, not only has made this enormous burden of 46 *per cent* on their clear income *deductis debitis* a permanent load on the landowners, but it has rendered it a hopeless one, because it has destroyed every means which they previously might have possessed of indemnifying themselves for its weight, by sharing its oppression with other classes. This is a matter of the very highest importance, which will soon make itself felt, though, in consequence of the nearly total failure of the potato crop in the west

of Great Britain and Ireland, it has not yet been so. The usual resource of persons, who are burdened with heavy payments to government, is to lay as much as they can of it on others, by enhancing as much as possible the price of their produce. It is in this way that indirect taxes fall in general on the consumer; and it is on this principle that, in estimating the burdens exclusively affecting land, we have not included the malt duty, because it is in great part at least paid by the consumers of beer or porter. But, of course, if it becomes from any cause impossible for the party burdened, in the first instance, to raise the price of his produce, or if, on the contrary, he is compelled to lower it, *the whole tax will fall direct on himself*, because he will be without the means of laying it on the purchaser from him.

Now, the abolition of the Corn Laws has done this. In two years and a half, the whole grain of Poland and America will be admitted into the English market at the nominal duty of a shilling a quarter. It will be impossible for the farmers and landowners after that to keep up the price of grain of any sort in the British market beyond the prices in Prussia, and with the addition of 5s. a quarter for the cost of transit, and perhaps half as much for the profit of the importer. Wheat, beyond all question, will fall on an average of years to forty shillings a quarter, barley and oats to twenty. This is just as certain as the parallel reduction of average prices of wheat from 87s. a quarter to 56s. has been by the money law of 1819. Accordingly, now that the stress is over, they have no longer an interest to conceal or pervert the truth; the anti-corn law journals are the first to proclaim this result *as certain*, and they coolly recommend the English farmers to abandon altogether the cultivation of wheat, which can no longer be expected to pay, and to lay out their lands in pasture grass and the producing of *garden stuffs*. But amidst this general and now admitted decline in the price of grain, the 46 per cent. of direct burdens on land will continue unchanged; happy if it does not receive a large augmentation. The effect of this will be to augment

the weight of the burdens to which they are already subjected on the landholders by at least twenty per cent., and, in addition, to *throw upon them the whole malt tax*, now amounting to £4,500,000 a-year. The moment the British farmer is obliged to lower the price of his barley to the level of the continental nations, where labour is so much cheaper, and rents comparatively light, the whole malt tax falls, without deduction or limitation, on British agriculture.

IV. The income tax, though apparently a burden equally affecting all classes, in reality attaches with much more severity to the landed than to any other class. There is, indeed, an advantage unduly enjoyed by capitalists of all sorts, landed or moneyed, in comparison with annuitants or professional men, which, as will immediately appear, loudly calls for a remedy. But, as compared with the merchant or moneyed man, who derives his income from trade or realised capital in a movable form, the landholder is, in every direct taxation, exposed to a most serious disadvantage. His income cannot be concealed, and it is returned by others than himself. The farmer or tenant, who has no interest in the matter, returns his landlord's rent. The trader, shopkeeper, or merchant estimates and returns his own income. The possessions of the first, and their annual rental, are universally known, and concealment as to them is impossible or sure of detection; the gains of the last are entirely secret, and wrapped up, even to the owner, in books or accounts, generally unintelligible in all cases but those of considerable merchants—to all but the persons who prepared them. Whoever is practically acquainted with human nature will at once perceive the immense effect which this difference must have on the amount of the burden, in appearance the same, as it affects the different classes of society.

And the result of this difference appears in the most decisive manner, in the amount of the sums paid by the different classes of society, as shown by the income tax returns. From them, it appears that the contributions from commerce, trades, and professions of *all sorts*, is not quite *half*

of that obtained from landed property. The first is, in round numbers, £2,700,000; the second, £1,500,000.* But let it be recollected that the £1,541,000 a-year, which, in 1845, was paid by professional men of all descriptions, in Great Britain, included, besides merchants and traders, the whole class of professional men not traders, as lawyers, attorneys, physicians, &c. At the very lowest computation their share of this must amount to £341,000 a-year. There remains then £1,200,000 as the contribution of trade and commerce, of all kinds, from Great Britain, while that from land is £2,670,000 a-year, or *considerably more than double*. Can it be believed that this is founded on a fair return of incomes by the commercial classes? Are they prepared to admit that their property and income, and consequent interest and title to sway in the state, is not half of that which is derived from land? Or do they shelter themselves under the comfortable assurance that their real income is incomparably greater, and that they quietly escape with a half or a third of the income tax which they ought to pay? We leave it to the trading class, and their abettors in the press, to settle this question with the commissioners of income tax throughout the country. We mention the fact, that trade and commerce do not pay half the income tax that land does, as a reason, among the many others which exist, for a thorough and radical reform of our financial system, so far as direct taxation is concerned.

Whoever considers seriously, and in an impartial spirit, the various particulars which have now been stated, will not only cease to wonder at the frequent, it may almost be said universal, embarrassment of the landed proprietors, but he will arrive at the conclusion, that if they continue much

longer unchanged, they must terminate in their general ruin. We say *general* ruin, because it will not be universal. The *great* landowners, the magnates, whether moneyed or territorial, of the land will alone survive the general wreck. They will, by degrees, swallow up all the smaller estates in their neighbourhood; and it will come to be literally true in Britain what was said, by a Roman emperor, of Gaul, in the decline of the empire, "That the estates of the rich go on continually increasing and absorbing all lesser estates around them, till they come to the estate of *another as rich as themselves*." With direct taxes, amounting to 50 or 60 per cent. on the disposable income, which, under the change of prices, induced by the change in the corn laws, they will very soon be, even without any addition from farther taxes, it is wholly impossible that any landowner who does not possess enormous tracts of country, or vast funded or moneyed property in addition to his territorial possessions, can avoid insolvency. What the effect of the total destruction of the middle class of British landholders must be on the balance of the constitution, and the state of society in these islands, it is not our present purpose to inquire. Suffice it to say, that it is precisely the state of things which signalled the later stages of the Roman empire, and coincides with so many other circumstances in marking the striking analogy between our present condition and that which proved fatal to the ancient masters of the world.

Well may the Lords' Committee on the burdens affecting landed property have said, "Neither the law nor the spirit of the constitution originally contemplated so partial a system of taxation."† In truth, originally some of the heaviest present exclusive burdens on real property were born equally by per-

* Net amount of income tax for year ending 5th April, 1845:—

		England.	Scotland.	Total.
Schedule A,	Land rents,	£2,112,072	£253,976	£2,366,048.
— B,	Tenants	292,646	22,961	315,607.
— C,	Annuities, funds, &c.	766,066		766,066.
— D,	Trades and professions,	1,424,017	117,953	1,541,970.
— E,	Offices, Pensions, &c.,	305,401	8,500	313,901.
		£4,900,202	£403,390	£5,303,592.

† Report, p. 9.

sonal estates. "The poor law of Elizabeth," says the report, "and the land tax of William and Mary, *embraced every species of income*; but in consequence of the comparative facility of rating visible property, and the small amount of income derived from other sources in the early period of their assessment, personalty seems to have escaped its legal share of contribution to the public service. The liability of stock in trade, however, was continued by law to a late period, and is, up to the present day, only suspended by an annual act of exemption." The Committee here point out, or rather hint at the real cause of the extraordinary exemption from their due share of the public burdens which has grown up insensibly in favour of movable property. Land has two admirable qualities in the estimation of Chancellors of the Exchequer. It can *neither be concealed nor removed*. Movable estates, stock in trade, are susceptible of both. The landholder has no secret invisible funds which he can bring forth when desired in the form of convenient loans to government to meet the state necessities. He has only a visible fixed estate, which can neither be concealed nor withdrawn from its annual burdens. Hence the influence and exemptions of the one, and the injustice experienced by and burdens of the other.

But in addition to this, there is another circumstance which has powerfully contributed to establish this extraordinary and iniquitous exemption of personal property from direct taxation. This is the difficulty which in practice amounts to an impossibility of getting by any means at the real amount of rateable personal property. The Commissioners of the Income Tax through the country will have no difficulty in understanding what is here meant. All the efforts of government and their official organs to ascertain the real amount of assessable movable property, have been insufficient to accomplish that end. Doubtless there are in the commercial and professional class many just and honourable men who give a true account to the last farthing of their gains. These are men, the honour and support of the country, whose word is their bond, and who may confidently be relied on

to speak the truth under any circumstances. But, unhappily, experience has too clearly proved that the facility of concealing gains derived from stock in trade, and thus withdrawing it from its just liability for assessment, is too strong a temptation to be resisted. The proof of this is decisive. The returns of the income tax show £175,000,000 of annual income rated to that assessment, while only £1,541,000 was in 1845 paid by the whole professional persons in Great Britain. Of this £1,541,000, only £1200,000, at the very utmost can be estimated as coming from commercial or trade incomes, which, at sevenpence in the pound, corresponds to about £40,000,000 of annual income. Is it possible to believe that the whole commercial and trading classes in Great Britain, whose wealth is in every direction purchasing up the estates of the landed proprietors in the island, only enjoy forty out of one hundred and seventy-five millions of the rateable national income? Have they less than a fourth of the whole income rated to the income tax? If they have no more, they certainly make a good use of what they have, and must deem themselves singularly fortunate in that happy exemption from taxation which has enabled them, with less than a fourth of the general income, to get the command of the state, and buy up the properties of all the other classes.

There is one peculiarity in the income tax as at present established, which is productive of the greatest injustice, and loudly calls for immediate remedy. This consists in the taxing *all incomes at the same rate*, whether derived from professional income, annuity, land, or realized funds. This is just another instance of the careless and reckless way in which our system of direct taxation has at different times been framed, without any regard to principle, and alternately unjustly favouring or grossly oppressing every class in society, *except the great capitalists*. They have been always and unduly considered. What can be more unjust than to tax every man of the same income at the same rate, whether it is derived from land or funded property, worth thirty years' purchase, or rail-

way or bank stock worth twenty, or an annuity worth five, or a precarious professional income, which would not bring, from the uncertainty of life and the public favour, or the winds or monetary changes, above *two or three*? Under the present most unjust system, they all pay alike on their income, that is, some pay about FIFTEEN TIMES as much on what they are worth in the world in comparison with others! A man who derives £300 a-year from the three per cents. on land has a capital stock worth about £10,000. He pays as much, and no more, as a poor widow, just dropping into the grave, who has a jointure of £300 a-year, for which no insurance company in the kingdom would give her above £500, or a hard-working lawyer or country surgeon with the same income, whose chances of life and business are not worth three years' purchase. The gross injustice of this inequality requires no illustration.

Nor is it any answer to this to say, that if the professional and commercial classes are unduly oppressed by the income tax, they are proportionally benefited by their general exemption from the heavy direct taxation which in other respects weighs down the land; and that the one injustice may be set off against the other. We protest against the system of setting off one injustice against another: there is no compensation of evils in an equitable administration. In the present instance there can be no compensation, for the acts of injustice are committed against different classes. It is the trading classes which enjoy the means, from the occult nature of their gains, of evading by fallacious returns the income tax. The honest and honourable pay it to the last farthing: it is the *dishonest* who escape. The persons upon whom the levying the income tax in its present form operates with the most cruel severity are the professional men and annuitants. They cannot evade it, as the trading classes can. Their gains are generally known: if they are at all eminent or prosperous, the kindness or envy of the public generally helps them to at least a half more than they really enjoy. Merchants or shopkeepers are less in the public eye; and even when

most prominent, their transactions are so various and wide-spread, that no one but themselves can estimate their profits. Every one knows, or can easily guess, what Dr. Chambers or the Attorney-General make a year; but it would puzzle the most experienced heads on 'Change to say what were the yearly profits of the great bankers, merchants and manufacturers.

There is another enormous injustice connected with the income tax, and indeed all the direct taxes to Government, which loudly calls for remedy—*Ireland pays none of them*. It is high time that England and Scotland should rouse themselves to a sense of this most unreasonable and unjust exemption, and unite their strength by the proper constitutional means to remove it. We are always told Ireland cannot afford to pay any direct taxes. What, then, comes of its £12,000,000 of rental? Scotland, with little more than a *third* of that land rent, pays it and the assessed taxes besides, without either complaint or difficulty. But it is said the landlords are so eat up with mortgages, that they have not a fourth part of their nominal incomes left to live upon. That is a good reason for only making them pay, as under the income tax they would, on the free balance, *deductis debitis*. But, in the name of Heaven, why should the bondholders' pay nothing? If they sit at home at ease in Dublin, Cork, or Belfast, and quietly enjoy £9,000,000 out of the £12,000,000 of Irish rental, why cannot *they* as well pay the income tax as their brethren in London, Liverpool, or Glasgow? The bondholders of Ireland *alone*, would, if they paid an income tax, contribute more to the common necessities of the State than *the whole land and industry of Scotland put together*. So vast are the natural resources which Providence has bestowed on that fickle and misguided people, and so few those enjoyed by the hardy and industrious Scotch mountaineers.

On what conceivable ground of justice or reason can this most monstrous and invidious exemption in favour of Ireland from income and assessed taxes be defended? Is it that Ireland with its 12,000,000 arable acres, and 5,000,000

of mountain and waste, has fewer natural resources than Scotland with its 4,500,000 of arable acres, and 12,000,000 of mountain and waste? Is it that 8,500,000 persons now in Ireland, cannot pay even what 2,900,000 now pay in Scotland? Is it that Ireland is so singularly peaceable and loyal, and gives so little anxiety or disquiet to the rest of the empire, that it must be rewarded for its admirable and dutiful conduct by an absolute exemption from all direct taxation to government? Is it that the troops required to be kept in it are so few, and in Scotland so numerous, that the former country may be liberated from taxation, while the latter is subjected to it in full extent? Is it that industry in towns in Ireland is so great, and manufacturing skill so transcendent, that it is entitled to be liberated from direct taxation in consideration of the vast amount of its indirect custom-house duties, in comparison of which those of London, yielding £12,000,000; of Liverpool, yielding £4,500,000 a-year; or Glasgow and the Clyde harbours, yielding £1,200,000; and Leith, yielding £589,000, are as nothing? Or is it that this extraordinary exemption is the reward of tumult, disaffection, and treason; of turbulent demagogues and factious priests, and an indolent people; of active and incessant combination for the purposes of evil, and total inability to combine for the purposes of good? And is it the first fruits of the regeneration of government by the Reform Bill, that it can raise a revenue only from the loyal and pacific and industrious part of the empire, and must proclaim relief from all taxation as the reward of tumult, disorder, murder, monster meetings, and treason? We leave it to the advocates of the present system of government, or those who established it, to answer these questions. We did neither the one nor the other, but have constantly opposed both; and Great Britain, in the system of direct taxation we have now exposed, is reaping the fruits of the changes she has thought proper to introduce.

Lastly, there is another peculiarity of the income tax which requires revision, and that is this;—at present it descends only to £150 a-year income;

and every one practically acquainted with these matters, knows that this, with the trading classes at least, whose gains can be concealed, amounts to a practical exemption, generally speaking, of all under at least £200 a-year. Nothing can be plainer than that, as matters stand at least, this exemption of all below such a line is invidious, unjust, and, if persisted in, will lead to ruinous consequences. No reason can be assigned for it which will bear examination; for it is to be supposed the practical necessity of conciliating the ten pounders, the great majority of whom escape the tax altogether in this way, will not, in public at least, be assigned as a reason, how cogent soever it may be felt and candidly acknowledged in private. Why should a man, whose income, perhaps derived from land or funded property below £150, pay nothing, while a hard working clerk, attorney, or country surgeon, who makes £155, and is not worth a tenth part of the other's realised capital, pays *income-tax*? It is in vain to say you must draw a line somewhere. So you must, but you must not draw it in a way to do gross and palpable injustice,—to exempt the comparatively affluent, and oppress the industrious poor. There is a vital distinction, which it would be well if the income tax recognised, between income, of any amount, derived from realised property and from professional exertions. By all means give the humble professional classes the benefit of this distinction. But to draw the line, not according to the *quality* of the income as derived from capital or labour, but from its *absolute amount*, is arbitrary, invidious, and unjust.

The great advantage to be derived from making the income tax, modified as now suggested, descend lower in society is, that it would *interest a larger number in guarding against its abuse*. At present, it is said, there are three hundred and twenty thousand persons rated to the income tax in Great Britain, but not half of them really pay on *their own account*. Many pay the income tax of *one*; as a landlord's whole tenants for his rent, though not more than one or two, perhaps none, certainly not half the number, are separate persons whose incomes are really made liable. But

can any thing be more unjust than to select in this way a particular class, not more than a *two-hundredth* part of the community, and subject them and *them alone* to the heaviest of the direct taxes? It is just the privileged class of old France over again, with this difference, that the privileged class in England is distinguished by being obliged to *bear* not to *avoid* the hated *taille*. Nevertheless, nothing is more certain than that, as long as this invidious and unjust accumulation of the whole direct tax is on one class of 150,000 persons, it will be highly popular with the remaining 29,000,000, and that the popular journals will never cease to resound with the propriety of extending still farther the *partial* burden of direct, and the *general exemption* under the name of Free Trade from the indirect taxes.

The increase of direct taxation, till it proved fatal to industry, population, national strength, and every thing save great capital, was the cause of the ruin of the Roman empire. Many circumstances, alas! concur in showing, and will ere long demonstrate to the most inconsiderate, that we are fast following in the same direction; and if so, we shall beyond all question share the same fate. The extension of the income tax, on a graduated scale, to persons as low even as £50 a-year, is the only way to arrest this great and growing evil. What is wanted is not the money to be drawn from these poorer but more numerous classes, but the *interesting them in resisting* its undue extension. If 150,000 persons only pay the income tax, it is very likely ere long to be raised to 10 or 15 per cent. *If a million pay it, no such extension need be dreaded.* No matter though the additional 850,000 pay only 10s. a piece, or £425,000 in all: their doing so would probably save the state from ruin. What is wanted is not their money, but their breath; not their contributions, but their clamour. They have a majority of votes in the constituencies. In a serious conflict their voice would be decisive in favour of any side they espoused. Interested to prevent the confiscation of property, they will effectually do so. Exempted from direct taxation, they will promote its increase till it has swallowed up the

state, and themselves in its ruin, as it did the Roman empire.

So much has been said on the inequalities and injustice of the present system of direct taxation established in Great Britain, that little room remains for the true principles on the subject; but fortunately, like a beacon, it shows what rock should be avoided in the course. A system of direct taxation would not be far from just, which in every respect was precisely the reverse of that which at present exists amongst us.

I. The first thing to be done is to equalise the succession tax, lay it equally on land and personal estate, and lower it to the whole *one-half*. Five per cent. in succession to strangers; two-and-a-half to relations; and a half per cent. to parents or brothers, alike in land and money, would probably augment the produce of the tax, and certainly greatly relieve a most meritorious class of society, the representatives of small capitals.

II. All direct taxes should be levied equally on landed and personal estates, and, subject to the distinction after-mentioned, equally on professional income, as the fruit of realised capital. This rule should apply to all local or parochial, as well as public burdens. The effect of it would be to let in, as taxable income, in addition to the £2,666,000 now derived from land, a sum at least as large derived from personal estates or incomes. It would therefore lower this most oppressive tax, supposing its absolute amount undiminished *one-half*. The same would be the case with land tax, highway rates, church rates, police rates, &c. They would all be lowered a-half to the persons at present burdened with them, and that simply by the adoption of the just principle, that all fortunes in the same situation should be taxed alike for the general service of the state, and that the commercial classes who create the poor, and are enriched by their labour, should contribute equally with the landed to their support.

III. In levying the income tax, a different rate should be imposed on income, according as it is derived or not derived from realised capital. If it is so it should be taxed alike for all

direct taxes. But if it is derived from annuity or professions, a lower rate should be adopted. If the *property* tax is 5 per cent. the *income* tax should not exceed $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. ; whatever the one is the other should be *a-half* of it only. This modification of an impost now felt as so oppressive by all subjected to it, would go far towards reconciling the numerous class of small traders, the great majority in all urban constituencies, to the change—to its continuance, and also justify its extension to all incomes above £50 or £100 a-year. Without that extension it will inevitably degenerate into a confiscation of property above a certain level.

IV. Stamps or conveyances, or burdening of property, should be the same, and *not higher*, on personalty or landed estates. For the additional security of the latter, the borrower pays amply in the greater expense of the law deeds requisite to constitute effectual securities over real estates than over stock or movable funds. Stamps on bills, &c., which are advances for a short period only, should be rated at a widely different scale from that adopted in permanent loans. But there is no reason why securities over real estates should require to be written on paper bearing a higher stamp than those over personal effects.

V. The present system of the *assessed taxes* should be altered, so as to make it include all classes alike, and not, as at present, fall twice as heavily on the inhabitants of the country as those of towns. This may be done best by making these taxes a certain proportion of the *value of the house* inhabited by the party, as rated for the property tax—perhaps a fourth or fifth part, abolishing all other assessed taxes. This would reach all classes alike in town and country : for whatever may be said as to doing without an establishment in town, no one can do even there without a house. And the rich misers who live in a poor lodging and spend nothing, would be effectually reached in the heavy property tax, on their funds, wherever invested.

VI. To obviate the innumerable frauds daily practised in the concealment of professional incomes, especially by small traders, a power should

be given to the Commissioners in all cases where they were dissatisfied with the return of professional income, to assess the party for income *at five times the value at which his house is rated*. On this principle if a lawyer or physician lives in a house rated at £100 a-year, he would pay on £500 a-year as income : if he occupied one rated at £2000, he would be taxed on £10,000. If the tax on realised property was 5 per cent. which it will soon be, that would just subject the professional one to two and a half. Perhaps it would be better to adopt some such general principle for all cases of professional income, and avoid the *requiring returns at all*.

In some cases the above plan might be adopted as a substitute for the income tax, or rather as a mode of levying it on *professional* persons. Those whose income is derived from land, the funds, or other realised property, would be entitled to exemption or deduction, upon production of the proper evidence that they were rated for the property tax at the higher rate.

VII. *Ireland* should pay the income and all direct taxes, at least on land, bonds, and other *realised property*, as well as the assessed and other direct taxes, just as Great Britain. Nothing can be advanced, founded either in reason or justice, in favour of the further continuance of their present most invidious and unjust exemption.

We have thus laid before our readers a just and reasonable system of direct taxation, from which the landed interest, now so unjustly oppressed, would derive great relief, simply by doing equal justice to them and the other classes in the state. The amount of injustice which such a system would remove, may be accurately measured by the amount of resistance which the system we have now advocated would doubtless experience, just as the injustice of the exemption from direct taxation enjoyed by the nobles and clergy of old France was measured by the obstinate resistance they made to an equalisation of the public burdens. Men cling to nothing with such a tenacity as unjust privileges and exemptions. But the changes we recommend have one lasting recommendation : they are founded on obvious

justice. They go only to levy all taxes alike on all classes, in proportion, as nearly as may be, to their ability to pay them. And we implore the Conservative body, with whom we have so long acted, to consider whether it would not be far wiser to unite their strength to convince the country of the justice and expedience of some, at least, of these changes, than to follow the example of the Free Traders in urging the repeal of the malt tax, which could only be followed, as no addition to the indirect taxes is to be thought of, by a vast increase of the *income tax*, two-thirds of which would fall on the land itself.

And now a single word in conclusion on ourselves. We need not say how long and steadily we ranged ourselves on the side of the late Premier, or how widely the principles now contended for differ from those which he has carried into effect. We are actuated by no spirit of hostility either to the late or the present Government. Our course is that of freedom and independence. During Sir R. Peel's long and able contest with

the movement party from 1838 to 1841, we stood faithfully by him, and that when many who have been most courtly during the subsequent days of his power, were not the least intemperate leaders on the other side. From respect for his talents and gratitude for his public services when in opposition, and a natural reluctance to believe that we had been mistaken in one whom we so long acknowledged as the leader of the Conservative party, we tempered our political discussion during the last twelve-months with more forbearance than we should have done under other circumstances. But the die is now cast: it has been cast by himself. We can feel no dependence in a minister who introduces measures directly at variance with the whole principles of his public life: and we earnestly trust that by far the greater portion of the true-hearted and loyal men who, from over-confidence in their chief, have allowed themselves to be compromised in the late political transactions, will not again commit themselves to any leader in whose candour and integrity they cannot thoroughly rely.

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ON PAUPERISM, AND ITS TREATMENT.

“ If I oft
Must turn elsewhere—to travel near the tribes
And fellowships of men, and see ill sights
Of maddening passions mutually inflamed ;
Must hear humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish ; or must hang
Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities—may these sounds
Have their authentic comment ! ”

WORDSWORTH.

IN order to deal effectively with pauperism, it is necessary to know the causes which lead to the impoverishment of individuals and masses of individuals, and to be familiar with the condition, manners, customs, habits, prejudices, feelings, and superstitions of the poor.

We do not propose to institute an elaborate inquiry into the *causes of pauperism*, or to make the topic a subject of separate investigation. Our chief object will be, to collect into classes those of the poor who are known, from personal observation, to become chargeable to parishes, which process will afford abundant scope for remark upon the causes which led to their impoverishment. We may require the company of the reader with us in the metropolis for a short space, and may satisfy him that he need not travel ten miles from his own door in search of valuable facts, and at the same time convince him that *pauperism is not that simple compact evil* which many would wish him to be-

lieve. We might also show that, in the metropolis and its suburbs, there exist types of every class of poor that can be found in the rural and manufacturing districts of England ; just as it might be shown, that its inhabitants consist of natives of every county in the three kingdoms. Its fixed population, according to the quarter in which they live, would be found to resemble the inhabitants of a great town, a cathedral city, or a seat of manufactures. And that portion of its inhabitants which may be regarded as migratory, would complete the resemblance, except that the shadows would be deeper and the outline more jagged. These persons make London their winter-quarters. At other seasons they are employed by the farmer and the grazier. It is a fact, that the most onerous part of the duties of the metropolitan authorities are those which relate to these migratory classes. Among them are the most lawless and the most pauperised of the agricultural districts. Others, during

the spring, summer, and autumn months, were engaged, or pretend that they were engaged (and the statement cannot be tested,) in the cutting of vegetables, the making of hay, the picking of pease, beans, fruit, and hops, and in harvest work. Or they travelled over the country, frequenting fairs, selling, or pretending to sell, knives, combs, and stay-laces. Or they were knife-grinders, tinkers, musicians, or mountebanks. As the winter approaches, they flock into the town in droves. There they obtain a precarious subsistence in ways unknown; some pick up the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, others overcrowd the workhouses. It would lead to many curious and useful results if this matter were fully investigated. The reader's company is not, however, required for this purpose; at the same time, the previous remarks may, in some measure, prepare his mind for the consideration of kindred topics. It may introduce a train of reflection, and prompt him to inquire whether the wandering habits of these outcasts have been in any degree engendered by the strict workhouse system and workhouse test enforced in their native villages, by the destruction of cottages, and the breaking up of local associations, and whether these habits have been fostered by the facilities with which a bed and a mess of porridge may be obtained at the unions, without inquiry into their business and object in travelling.

Let us steer our course along the silent "highway," the Thames, and make inquiries of the few sailor-looking men who may still be seen loitering at the several "stairs;" we shall learn that not many years since these narrow outlets were the marts of a thriving employment, and that there crowds of independent and privileged watermen plied successfully for fares. These places are now forsaken, and the men have lost their occupation. Some still ply; and the cry at a few stairs, of "Boat, your honour?" may still be heard. Others have been draughted into situations connected with the boat companies, which support them during the summer months. A large number swell the crowds of day-labourers, who frequent the legal quays, the sufferance wharves, and the

docks. And the rest, unfitted by their age or habits to compete with labourers accustomed to the other fields of occupation, sink lower and lower; sustained for a time by the helping hands of comrades and old patrons, but at last obliged to seek a refuge at the parish workhouse. Death also does his part. At Paul's Wharf stairs, a few inches above high-water mark, a few shrubs have been planted against the river wall — and above them is a small board, rudely cut, and on it are inscribed these words,—"To the memory of old Brown, who departed this life, August 26, 1846." Let us stroll to the coach offices. Here again we see a great change — great to the common eye of the public, who miss a raree show, and a still greater one to the hundreds and thousands of human beings whose subsistence depended upon the work done at those places. A few years ago, the reader may have formed one of a large group of spectators, collected at the "Peacock" at Islington, to witness the departure of the night mails, on the high north road. The cracking of whips, the blowing of horns, the prancing horses, the bustle of passengers and porters, and the consciousness of the long dreary distance they had to go, exercised an enduring influence upon the imagination and memory of the youthful observer. Now, a solitary slow coach may be sometimes seen. In those days, all the outlets of the metropolis presented similar scenes. Then call to remembrance the business transacted in those numerous, large, old-fashioned, square-galleried inn-yards; and reflect upon the hundreds who have been thrown out of bread. The high-roads and the way-side inns are now forsaken and silent. These remarks are not made merely to show that there is an analogy between the several districts and employments in the metropolis, and those of the country. If this were all, not another word would be written. But it so happens that the comparison affords an opportunity, which cannot be passed over, of referring to the changes which are going on in the world; and forcibly reminds us, that while some are rising, others are falling, and many are in the mire, trodden under foot, and forgotten. It

is with the miserable beings who are in the last predicament, that poor-laws have to do.

The political economist may be right when he announces, that the introduction of machinery has, on the whole, been beneficial; and that the change of employment from one locality to another, depends upon the action of natural laws, of which he is merely the expositor. It may be the case, too, that he is attending carefully to the particular limits of his favourite science, when he occupies his mind with the laws themselves, rather than with their aberrations. But those who treat upon pauperism as an existing evil, to be dealt with now, should remember that they have to do not with natural laws, as they are separated and classified in the works of scientific men, but with the laws in all their complexity of operation, and with the incidents which arise from that complexity.

The coachmen, the guards, the ostlers, the horse-keepers, the harness-makers, the farriers, the various workers in the trade of coach-builders, and the crowd of tatterdemalions who performed all sorts of offices, — where are they? The inquirer must go into the back streets and alleys of London. He must search the records of benevolent institutions: and he must hold frequent converse with those who administer parochial relief. But his sphere must not be confined to the metropolis. Let the reader unroll his library map of England, and devote an entire afternoon to the study of it. Trace the high-roads with a pointer. Pause at every town, and at every stage. Refer to an old book of roads, and to a more modern conveyance directory. Let memory perform its office: reflect upon the crowds of persons who gained a subsistence from the fact that yourselves and many others were obliged to travel along the high-road on your way from London to York. There were inn-keepers, and waiters and chambermaids, post-boys and "boots." Then there were hosts of shop-keepers and tradesmen who were enabled to support their families decently, because the stream of traffic flowed through their native towns and villages. Take a stroll to Hounslow. Its very exist-

ence may be traceable to the fact that it is a convenient stage from London. It was populous and thriving, and yet it is neither a town, a parish, nor a hamlet. Enter the bar of one of the inns, and take nothing more aristocratic than a jug of ale and a biscuit. Lounge about the yard, and enter freely into conversation with the superannuated post-boys who still haunt the spot. You will soon learn, that it is the opinion of the public in general, and of the old post-boys in particular, that the nation is on the brink of ruin: and they will refer to the decadence of their native spot as an instance. The writer was travelling, not many months ago, in the counties of Rutland, Northampton, and Lincoln; and while in conversation with the coachman, who then held up his head as high, and talked as familiarly of the "old families," whose mansions we from time to time left behind us, as if the evil days were not approaching, our attention was arrested by the approach of a suite of carriages with out-riders, advancing rapidly from the north. An air of unusual bustle had been observed at the last way-side inn. A waiter had been seen with a napkin on his arm, not merely waiting for a customer, but evidently expecting one, and of a class much higher than the travelling bagmen: and this was a solitary way-side inn. We soon learnt that the cortège belonged to the Duke of —. The coachman added, with a veneration which referred much more to his grace's practice and opinions than to his rank, — "He always travels in this way, — he is determined to support the good old plans;" and then, with a sigh, continued, "It's of no use — it's very good-natured, but it does more harm than good; it tempts a lot of people to keep open establishments they had better close. It's all up."

It is not necessary to pursue this matter further. Nor is it required that we should follow these unfortunates who have thus been thrown out of bread, or speculate upon their fallen fortunes. Nor need we specially remind the reader, that this is only one of many changes which have come upon us during the last quarter of a century, and which are now taking place. Space will not permit a full exposure

of the common fallacy, that men soon change their employments. As a general rule, it is false. The great extent to which the division of labour is carried, effectually prevents it. Each trade is divided into a great many branches. Each branch, in large manufactories, is again divided. A youth selects a branch, and by being engaged from day to day in the same manipulation, he acquires, in the course of years, an extraordinary degree of skill and facility of execution. He works on, until the period of youth is beginning to wane; and then his particular division, or branch, or trade, is superseded. Is it not clear that the very habits he has acquired, his very skill and facility in the now obsolete handicraft, must incapacitate him for performing any other kind of labour, much less competing with those who have acquired the same skill and facility in those other branches or trades?

The most important preliminary inquiry connected with an improved and extended form of out-door relief is, how can the mass of pauperism be broken up and prepared for operation? We are told that the total number of persons receiving relief in England and Wales is 1,470,970, of which 1,255,645 receive out-door relief. Without admitting the strict accuracy of these figures, we may rest satisfied that they truly represent a dense multitude. It is the duty of the relieving officers to make themselves acquainted with the circumstances of each of these cases, and to perform other duties involving severe labour. The number of relieving officers is about 1310. This mass is broken up and distributed among these officers, not in uniform numerical proportion, but in a manner which would allow space and number to be taken into account. The officer who is located in a thickly populated district, has to do with great numbers; while the officer who resides in a rural district, has to do with comparative smallness of numbers, but they are spread over a wide extent of country. The total mass of pauperism is thus divided and distributed; but division and distribution do not necessarily involve classification, and they ought not to be regarded as substitutes for it.

To the general reader, the idea of the classification of the many hundreds of thousands of paupers, and the uniform treatment of each class according to definite rules, may appear chimerical. To him we may say, Look at the enormous amount of business transacted with precision in a public office, or by a "City firm" in a single day. All is done without noise or bustle. There is no jolting of the machinery, or running out of gear. There is that old house in the City. It has existed more than a hundred years. And it has always transacted business with a stately and aristocratic air, — reminding us of Florence and Venice, and the quaint old cities of Ghent and Bruges. The heads of the house have often changed. One family passed into oblivion. Another, when nature gave the signal, bequeathed his interests and powers to his heirs, who now reign in his stead. But, however rapid, or however complete the revolutions may have been, no sensible interruption occurred in the continued flow of business. The principles of management have apparently been the same through the whole period. Yet, as times changed, as one market closed and another opened, as new lands were discovered, trading stations established and grew into towns, as the Aborigines left the graves of their fathers, and retired before the advance of *civilisation*, and as India became English in its tastes and desires, so did the business and resources of the old house expand, and its machinery of management change. Once in a quarter of a century, a group of sedate looking gentlemen meet in the mysterious back-parlour; a few words are spoken, a few strokes of the pen are made, a few formal directions are given to the heads of departments, a new book is permitted, an addition to the staff is confirmed, and the power of the house is rendered equal to the transaction of business in any quarter of the world, and to any amount. Now, look at this great house of business from the desk. Study the machinery. A young man, perhaps the eldest son of a senior clerk, enters the house, and takes his seat at a particular desk: and there he remains until superannuation or death leaves a vacancy, when he

changes his place, from this desk to that, and so on, until old age or death creeps upon him in turn. He is chained daily to the desk's dull wood, and makes entry after entry in the same columns of the same book. This is his duty. He may be unsteady, irregular, inapt, or incorrect, and his being so may occasion his brethren some trouble, and draw down upon himself a rebuke from a higher quarter; but the machinery goes on steadily notwithstanding. Each clerk, or each desk, has its apportioned duty, which continued repetition has rendered habitual and mechanical. In the heads of departments, a greater degree of intellect may appear necessary. It is hardly the fact, however. For the head of the department has passed through every grade—he has laboured for years at each desk, and knows intuitively, as it were, the possible and probable errors. His discernment or judgment is a spontaneous exercise of memory, and resembles the chess-playing skill of one who plays a gambit. Now, what is all this? It is called “official routine.” It appears, then, that an extensive business may be transacted steadily and successfully, providing always that a few general rules are laid down, and steadily adhered to, and enforced. *In books these rules are simplified, classified, and rendered permanent.* A book-keeper may imagine that thousands of voices are above him and around him, giving orders and directions, and admonishing to diligence and accuracy,—all of which are restrained, subdued, and silenced, and yet all are still speaking, without audible utterance, from the pages before him. And in strictness, it would not be a flight of imagination, but a mode of stating a truth which, from its obviousness, has escaped observation. Of course, these books may speak incoherently and discursively, just as the human being will do; and if they do speak, thus the evils which arise are apt to be perpetuated. The books, then, must have a large share of attention, and be carefully arranged. Then they must have a keeper, and his duties must be explicitly stated, and his character and his means of subsistence made dependent upon his accuracy and vigilance. There is then the choice of the person who is to

perform the business which the books indicate and record. The requirements vary in different occupations. In one, strict probity is a grand point; in another, strict accuracy as to time, or skill in distinguishing fabrics and signatures. In some cases, firmness, mildness, and activity, under circumstances of excitement, is required; and these qualities, among others, would appear to be indispensable in parochial and union officers,—if the fact of their oversight did not render it doubtful. The last lesson we learn is, that business should be checked as it proceeds. There are two methods. The one is a system of checks, and is practicable when the business does not occupy much space. The other is a system of minute inspection; there are cases in which both methods may be partially applied, and that of poor-law administration is one of them.

The machinery by which pauperism may be efficiently dealt with, may be thus generally expressed. There would be required:—

First, A Board of Guardians, elected according to law, and with powers and duties defined and limited by legal enactment.

Second, A staff of efficient officers.

Third, A scroll of duties.

Fourth, A set of books, drawn up by men of scientific ability, and submitted to the severest scrutiny of practical men.

Fifth, A system of inspection under the immediate control of the government.

Sixth, District auditors, whose appointment and duties are regulated by the law.

Seventh, And in the negative, the absence of any speculative, interfering, disturbing, and irritating power, which may be continually adding to, varying and perplexing the duties and the management, in attempting to carry into practical operation certain crotchets, and in rectifying resulting blunders.

Much might be said upon each of these requisitions. But we propose rather to limit our remarks, and to turn them in that direction which will afford opportunities for exhibiting the various classes and varieties of poor, and suggesting modes of treatment.

The books which are necessary to enable the several boards of guardians

to deal with each individual case, not only as regards the bare fact of destitution, but also with reference to its causes and remedies, are the Diary or Journal, and the Report Book. The Diary is simple, and may be easily constructed to suit the circumstances of each locality. Every person who has any business to transact, and values punctuality, possesses a Diary, which is drawn up in that form which appears most suitable to his peculiar business or profession. In it is entered the whole of his regular engagements for the day or year, and also those which he makes from day to day. Then on each day, he regularly, and without miss, consults his remembrancer, and learns from thence his engagements for the time being, and so arranges his proceedings. Such a book, drawn up in a form adapted to the nature of the business transacted, and ruled and divided in a manner which a month's experience would suggest, would be the DIARY. It

would differ from that used by the man of ordinary business in the respect that its main divisions would not be daily, but weekly or fortnightly, according as the board held its meetings. It would be kept by the relieving officer, and laid before the Chairman at each Board meeting—it is in fact a “business sheet.” The name of each poor person who appears before the Board, and with respect to whom orders are made, would appear in this book on each occasion. And the arrangement of its contents would depend upon the classification of the poor.

The Report Book* was briefly commented upon in a former article. Its size should be large—for it is presumed that each page will record the results of many visits, and be referred to on each occasion that the pauper appears before the Board. The lapse of time between the first entry and the last, may be seven or even ten years.

PROPOSED FORM OF THE RELIEVING OFFICER'S REPORT BOOK.

No. I.	Names of Dependent Family.	Date of Birth.	Residence.	Present Relief.		The circumstances as they existed when visited by R. O., &c.	Orders of the Board, and Remarks.
				Money.	Bread.		
				s.	d.	lb.	
							Visited Dec. 16, 1846.
							Visited, &c.
							Visited.
The cause and date of first application. }							
The FACTS of the history of the case, abstracted to the date of the last visit. }							
Relations who, according to law, should assist. }							
Friends who do assist, or are likely to do so. }							

* See No. CCCLXXIII. page 555.

This report is prepared from the actual visit of the relieving officer at the home of the applicant, and by coincidental inquiry. Upon its first reading, there would appear the names of the heads of the family — the names of their children who may be dependent upon them, and the several dates of birth, the residence, the occupation of the several members of the family, their actual condition, the admitted cause of the application for relief, and a statement of such facts as a single visit may disclose respecting their past history. This would form a basis for a future report, and would lead the guardians to make comparisons, and judge whether the case is rising or falling, having reference not only to weeks, but years. The practical man will perceive, that the chief point of difference between this form of Report Book and that enforced by the Commissioners, is, that the latter speaks of the present only, while the proposed form speaks of the past as well, — an addition of vital importance, if character is to be considered. It is clear, if the past and present condition of the applicant be stated, together with the main facts of his history, the mental act of classification will follow inevitably, and will require merely the mechanical means of expression. It may be stated generally with reference to this book: *First*, Every case must be visited, and reported upon by a statement of facts, not opinions. *Second*, The report must be made returnable on a given day — this would be secured by the Chairman's Diary. *Third*, Each applicant must appear personally before the Board, unless distance or infirmity prevent.

With these books in our possession, we may begin to separate the poor into masses, and collect them into groups. The facts contained in the Report Book would enable Boards of Guardians to decide in which class the applicants ought to be placed. But in order to preserve the classes in their distinctness, a ready and simple mode of grouping them in a permanent manner must be devised; and as it is desirable that old and existing

materials should be used in preference to new, the "Weekly Out-Door Relief List," now in daily use, may be made the basis of an improved form.*

How are we to proceed? Let the reader call to mind a parish or union with which he is acquainted, and make it the scene of his labours. That period of the year when the demands upon the attention of the Board of Guardians, and its officers, are at zero, may be selected for making the first step in advance. The most convenient season of the year would probably be a late Easter; for at that time the weekly returns for in-door and out-door relief are rapidly descending. The winter is losing its rugged aspect, and is rapidly dissolving into spring; and labour is busy in field and market. And so it continues until the fall of the year, except when the temperature of the summer may be unusually high, and then low fever and cholera prevail in low, marshy, crowded, or undrained districts. Those cases which have received relief for the longest period may be taken first. The technicalities of the report may be made up from existing documents. The history of each case may not be so readily prepared. It being a collection of facts, they may be added slowly. The space allotted to this important matter is amply sufficient, unless the officer should unfortunately be afflicted with a plethora of words. The whole number of ordinary cases may be reported upon, and their classes apportioned, before the winter sets in. In the month of November, the *medical list* would begin to be augmented. And as the dreary season for the poor advances, the *casual applications* would multiply. In two or three years the names of all persons who ordinarily receive relief, or are casually applicants, would be found in the Report Book: and the facts having been recorded there, the labours of the officer would then decrease, and be confined to the investigation of existing circumstances.

The reader may have inquired, upon observing the number of classes into which the recipients of relief are proposed to be arranged, how can accu-

* See next page.

istence to the authoritative attempts on the part of the latter to prevent these boards from recognising in any practical manner these very distinctions. Independently of this, the period for which the relief is ordered may be so determined as to allow of a particular time for each class; this will be made clear as we proceed. And, lastly, a brief and accurate description of each of the classes may be printed at the head of each of the pages of the Diary, Report Book, and Relief List.

The first class consists of aged and infirm persons who have no natural relations, but are enabled to eke out a subsistence with the aid of an out-door allowance from the parish. The poor of this class are frequently in receipt of other relief. It may be a tribute of memory from a child she nursed, from a family he served, an occasional donation from the church they attend, or a weekly trifle from one of those benevolent societies that assist the aged poor to retain their accustomed dwelling, or to enjoy the unexpensive luxuries which habit has made necessary. The circumstances of each of the individuals in these classes are presumed to be known through the report of the officer; and as each case, when health and vicinity of residence permit, appears personally before the board, it may be *carried forward for revisal that day twelve months*. The whole of the cases belonging to this class would be so treated. They may be distributed over a given number of Board days, and during a particular month of the year. In the month of July all the names of the poor of this class would appear in the Diary; and the reports of the relieving officer would then be called for, in the order in which the names are entered. Of course, if any change of circumstances should occur in the interval, application may be made to the officer; and as they are paid at their homes in the majority of instances, the application may then be made. At the end of twelve months, each case is formally revisited and reported. It would then appear that some are dead, some are bed-ridden, some are childish, and require an asylum—second childhood has commenced, and they require the nurture

of children; they are therefore admitted into the Union. A few others have lost a bounty through the death of a friend, and their allowance requires augmentation.

The entrance to this class should be carefully guarded against admission by accident or undue influence. For instance, a lady not indisposed to relieve human suffering, receives an indirect application from a respectable elderly female, for charitable aid. Her charitable list is full, but she does not like to send her empty away, although she knows nothing of the person except through the excellent note of introduction. Temporary relief is given. The lady's husband has an intimate friend, who is a guardian. And, through this medium, the female becomes an applicant for parochial relief. Forms are complied with. A sketch of her circumstances is entered in the Report Book, with such accuracy as the fact of the report being required at the next board meeting permitted. Her name appearing at the end of the page of the Diary which now lies before the chairman, and her turn having come, the guardian blandly informs the meeting, that a case has come to his knowledge, of whose fitness to be a recipient of their bounty he is credibly informed there can be no doubt; and the chairman is only too certain that a case so brought before them should be liberally responded to. An unusual amount of relief is given, and the name put on the yearly list. And thus, a decent person, who had by sometimes working, and by sometimes receiving those occasional aids to which her long life of probity and prudence had given her a title, is beguiled into that which it had really been the great object of her life to avoid. Thousands who have been accustomed to a life of labour, and especially those females who have lived in decent servitude, regard the workhouse with horror. Now, to avoid errors of this kind, and also to ensure that the necessities of the case are thoroughly known, it ought to be a "standing order" of the board that no case shall be draughted into the yearly list, without having been visited and reported upon six several times.

The second class consists of those

aged and infirm persons who possess relations who are legally liable to be made to contribute towards their support, or who have friends and relations who, in virtue of those social ties which bind men together, may be reasonably expected to assist them. The separation of the individuals of this class from those of the former one, is not made on the single ground that, according to law, sons and unmarried daughters, and grandchildren, can be compelled to support their sires. If the parochial authorities had no stronger appeal than that which the law of Elizabeth affords, the pauper list would soon be filled to overflowing. The law is more correct in principle than efficient in practice. Fortunately, the natural feelings of humanity effect that spontaneously, which the law with its penalties cannot compel. It is a matter of daily remark by those who mix much and observantly among the poor—not the class merely who struggle hard to preserve a decent appearance, and to drive destitution from their dwellings, but those who have no qualities which can engage, whose ordinary habits are those of intemperance, whose manners are rough, and whose language is coarse and obscure—and to a class still lower, who are steeped in vice and crime, who seem regardless of God or man, and to whom society appears to have done its worst; that even in these rude, uncultivated, and depraved human beings, a strong under-current of natural feeling wells up and flows perpetually. So strongly are these feelings sometimes manifested in such characters, that they appear to be developed with an intensity proportionate to the extent to which the other feelings have been wrecked, and to the loss of sympathy which these miserales have sustained from the world. It is too often forgotten by those who are concerned for the poor, that these feelings—the love of parents for offspring, and the reverence of children for parents—are instinctive, and that their activity depends upon the fact, whether there are children to be loved and parents to be revered. And this being so, we may be satisfied that they are not extinct in any case. They may not be expressed in good set terms, or in

the ordinary language of endearment. The conversation of these persons may sound harsh to unaccustomed ears, and the acts may often coincide with the words. But the bond of union is seen in acts of mutual defence, in acts of mutual aggression, and in acts of mutual assistance. The true ground of separation is, that it would be highly inexpedient, and prejudicial to public morals, if the duties of these relations were to be forgotten or superseded. And, therefore, when it appears from the relieving officer's report that such connexions exist, the cases should be relieved of course; but it should be intimated that these parties are expected to assist; and it should be formally declared, that they are legally and morally bound so to do. In the majority of instances, the result would be satisfactory. This is not said because a trifle might be saved to parishes. It would most frequently happen, that all these parties could do would be to add a luxury very dear to the aged person, but which the parochial board could hardly grant. A daughter in service may send an article of apparel, a son-in-law may give a Sunday's dinner, and a son may make a weekly contribution of grocery. In general, it being presumed that the several boards of guardians present a fair average of human nature, no reduction of allowance would ensue. In many instances the result flowing from this method would be still more satisfactory. It so happens in the strife for subsistence, that each striver is so occupied by his own affairs—and even when increased ability or established probity and diligence, has led to the receipt of a higher wage, the mind is either so entirely absorbed by the new duties and increased responsibilities, or luxuries have so stealthily slipped from their places and become necessities—that he is apt to forget his poorer brethren, who, less fortunate than himself, or unblessed with his own patience and steadiness—

“Poor wights! nae rules nor roads
observin’,
To right or left eternal swervin’,
They zig-zag on,
’Till, curst with age obscure and
starvin’,
They aften groan.”

The attention of this prosperous relation must be arrested. Here is a fact. A man at the advanced age of seventy-six years, and his wife still more aged, applied for relief. He is a mechanic. He had never applied for relief during the threescore years and ten, and upwards, to which his life has spun out. Assistance was rendered. The law of settlement intervened, occasioned much trouble, and prevented the case from being dealt with permanently. This hinderance afforded an opportunity for the relations to consult and arrange. One son is at work in a distant county. Another is a mechanic with a full wage; he has four children—but he is industrious and temperate. The daughter is married to a clerk in a lawyer's office, and has already two children. No magistrate would make an "order of maintenance" upon the sons, and the daughter being married is not liable. But a consultation is held of relations and friends. That member of the family upon whom there can be no legal demand, and whose circumstances are the least flourishing, is the first to make a proposal. He will take the old lady home: she can have a chair in the chimney-corner, and mind the children when their mother is away. The son in the country will give one or two shillings weekly, according as work is abundant. The son in town will guarantee the payment for the old man's lodging. The right to a meal is not thought of—it is a matter of course. The old man had supposed that his work on earth was done; and he had therefore fallen into despondency. But the events of the last week have restored him to that elasticity of mind which had sustained him through many trials. Hope is again in the ascendant, and pours upon him her genial influence. His helpmate is provided for; and he has a home secured to himself, and is not in danger of starvation. He now says, "There is some work left in me yet." He can no longer be the first in the throng, but he can take his place in the crowd. He can do all sorts of odd, light, casual jobs; and by the exercise of that perseverance and care, which enabled him during his long life to drive want from his home-

stead, he can provide for the future. He is no longer an applicant for parochial relief. This class may be easily distinguished, practically, from the former one, and from all others, without making any distinction or reference to the mode or value of the relief. Each case, after it has been visited and reported upon by the officer six several times, in the same way, and for the same reasons as class number one, must be carried forward in the chairman's Diary to that board day in the summer months which has been appropriated for the class. *This class would undergo revision twice in the year.* The reports of the officer would especially refer to the circumstances of relations, and state the assistance which they do or are able to render. All this would become matter of routine.

The third class differs from the two former, in respect that the individuals who compose it are not aged, but are likely to be permanent burdens on parishes, from malformation of brain, or a disturbance in the sensuous system. They are idiotic, fatuous, blind, deaf or lame, or permanently disabled by chronic disease. It has been said that the workhouse is the best place for such persons; and in some localities it may be so. But there are places, where benevolent expedients have been adopted, which have saved these unfortunates from that stagnation of soul approaching melancholia, to which they would have been otherwise doomed. They may now hold converse in books. They are taught trades. They receive assistance which enables them to enter fields of competition with their more perfectly organised fellows. But this aid is oftentimes withheld, or it is insufficient, and so they become chargeable to parishes.

The fourth class consists of those widows with families upon whom the officer, after a series of visits, is enabled to report facts which must satisfy the guardians that she is industrious, temperate, and of strict probity. Her thoughts as a wife were confined to two great domestic questions,—how can my husband's income be economised, without making his home no home? and how can I qualify my children to fill their appointed stations

in life? During the lifetime of her husband, her mind was so entirely absorbed by her household and family duties, that now she feels and acts like one who has just been disturbed from a long and troubled dream. Death has now turned the channel of her ideas. The change was one of bitter suffering. And now she must provide bread for her children by her own "hand-labour," — without the habitude of labour. Death acts thus daily; and yet the number of widows so circumstanced, who apply for parochial relief, bears a very small proportion to the total number of persons thus bereaved. The fact is curious; and as sound methods of dealing with pauperism can be discovered only from a minute and comprehensive knowledge of the anatomy and pathology of the lower classes of society, the facts must be studied. The widows who compose this class were, previous to their marriage, either trusted servants in quiet families, daughters of respectable shop-keepers, or younger daughters of widows with small annuities: and their husbands were probably members of religious communities. Suppose the condition of the widow to have been that of a decent servitude. She performed her duties with credit; and her name is not forgotten. During the state of wifehood, intercourse was kept up by the exercise of kindly greetings on the one side, and respectful inquiries on the other. Her present circumstances excite sympathy. "Something *must* be done for poor Ann!" But she desires to subsist by labour rather than by gifts of charity. This is thought of by the reflecting patron, who knows full well how benefits unearned weaken the moral powers. But there are many ways by which the feeling of charity may be manifested without moral injury. A son may be in chambers, and who can so well clean and arrange them, as the nurse of his infancy? She may be intrusted with the care of an office; or she may be recommended to friends, who have hitherto taken labour from the labour market, at the lowest market price, and are just beginning to perceive that the moral qualities manifested in a prudent carriage, strict honesty, and taciturnity with respect

to private affairs, are valuable, and have yet to learn that they are not common, and to be obtained must be paid for. The recommendation is well-timed. And although this friend of the family may miss the moral points of the matter, and would, if the patroness had not fixed her wages, by the force of example, tell the widow how little she gave the other "person," and offer the same. The widow's eyes now sparkle. She has reason to be grateful, and is not absolutely dependent. She is now in a fair way to gain an honest livelihood. The parish has not once been thought of. Then she may be a member of a religious body: which congregation is not a question of moment. As a member of the Established Church she has many advantages. Did you, reader, ever hear of a member of the Society of Friends being an applicant for parochial relief? The question may be repeated with respect to the Jews; not, however, with the expectation of an universal negative; but, having regard to the precariousness of their callings, the answer must be — *No!* The widow is a Wesleyan methodist. She is united with a religious body which includes within its pale many of those who compose the middle—or rather the lower middle—and lower classes of society. The members of it are closely cemented together—spiritually and temporally. As a member of a "class meeting," her hopes and fears, her temptations and trials, are known; not only to the members of her own section, but to the minister, and the members of the congregation. It may be true that the class system engenders spiritual pride and hypocrisy: that is not in point. We are dealing with facts. And it is a fact, and one which might be predicated from the circumstances, that the frequent meeting together of persons in nearly the same social position, to converse and advise upon practical religious matters, from which personal interests and temporalities, when they bear down the spirit, cannot be excluded, does exert an important influence on the fortunes of the distressed. In the Church of England, a minister may not mix so freely with his flock. His social position—his language, is different.

But although that sense of common interest and common danger, which opens the flood-gates of the soul, and allows it to pour forth an uninterrupted tide of emotion, cannot exist when one order of mind stammers to another order of mind, yet there are compensating circumstances. Learning does not necessarily enervate the active powers. And in these latter we find a common ground of meeting, chords which vibrate sympathetically. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Then the clergy are the almoners of the rich. These influences, with many kindred ones, might be investigated with advantage; but enough is said to indicate why this class of poor, who at first sight appear so helpless, are not sustained by the poor-rate. But they are sometimes applicants, and as such form a class. It happens that, from the number of her family, her wants are greater than her limited connexions can relieve; or she may be alone. It must be again repeated, that the duty of a board of guardians is not only to relieve destitution, but likewise to check pauperism. This being so, the widow must not be allowed to sink so low as to drive hope away. Her projects, her means, and her actual necessities must be ascertained. *Relief in money is the best mode of relief to this class; and it should be given liberally.* It will not be given in vain. Of course there are many in this class not gifted with an active temperament, or a strong mind. To such the warning from the chairman, that parochial assistance can only be temporary, must be frequently given: and sometimes her views and progress may be scrutinised and commented upon. The relief would be continued from time to time and in descending amounts, until it vanishes altogether. By this method of treatment an increase of expenditure may be occasioned for a time; but the widow will be delivered from her affliction, *and her children's names permanently erased from the black roll of pauperism.*

The fifth class includes those widows who have, throughout their lives, been accustomed to labour. They have not the advantages of the former class, as

regards connexions. They have been "dragged"* up. As an infant, "it was never sung to: no one ever told it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or die, as it happened. It had no young dreams: it broke at once into the iron realities of life. The child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labour. It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator, for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times. It makes the very heart bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery-books, of summer holidays, (fitting that age); of the promised sight, or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear-starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened: it never prattles." Such was the child. The passage from the single to the married state, which generally changes the course of woman's life, has to her been nothing more than a brief interval of pleasure. She soon joins the bands of the busy daughters of care. So the loss of her husband has been to her but a tragedy. The last act is over; the curtain has fallen: she is now in the outer world again; she is oppressed by sadness, vague and undefinable; but the noise and bustle around her, the tumult of her own thoughts, and her continued labour, afford that alleviation which the solitary and the unemployed seek for in vain. Those who would step in and relieve her of her toil, may be well-meaning persons; but they are inter-

* Elia.

fering in matters they do not understand. They would spend their money more beneficially, and with greater regard to the principles of Christian charity, if each would take care that those who do for him any kind of labour, receive an adequate remuneration. It may be a politico-economic law, that we buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest; and, by a sophistical process, the limits of the principle may have been enlarged, so as not only to include raw materials, but manufactured products, and the labour which we ourselves employ. But it is forgotten, that a law which expresses merely what men do, has not the universality or fixity of a law of matter, but is liable to variation from the action of moral causes. The law may be partially true, as eliminated from a study of the present age. It is an age of calculators and economists. In a moral age it would be false. It is false in the present day, when moral men have to do directly with their lower and ruder brethren. This is an individual and personal matter, and each one will find that he has enough of his own work to do in his own sphere. This widow is an applicant for parochial relief. Repeated visits, and a succession of reports, at brief intervals, have enabled the officer to present an accurate narration of facts, both with reference to her past life and her present condition. It becomes clear that this widow differs from the other, in respect that she has greater habitude for labour, and that her mind is cramped down to the hard matters of the present hour: she goes to her work in the morning, and she returns home fatigued in the evening. To-morrow's meal is secured, and the scene of to-morrow's labour is known. Within the narrow limits of a week is her soul penned up. It is clear, then, what the duties of the guardians are. If their wish is to check pauperism, they must attend to that which this widow's limited capacities prevent her from doing. In her young day, reading and writing were accomplishments; but the world has jogged on a little since then, without her knowing it. Reading and writing, as one of the mechanical arts, have become indispensable to every boy and girl. The same economic reasons

which lead to the inference, that a girl should be taught to darn her own stockings, or mend her own frock, would also show that a boy and girl should be taught to read and write. The spread of education is something very different from the diffusion of knowledge. So, then, the officer's report would show whether the children are duly sent to school; their progress might also be tested. At a future period, it might appear that the girl is strong enough to enter service, and the boy fit to be apprenticed either to a trade, or to the sea. In either case, the fitness of the master or mistress is ascertained and reported. A premium or outfit is given; and the particulars of the case are duly entered in the appropriate book, according to the existing method, and the master and child visited from time to time. The widow would thus be relieved in that particular respect in which she is least qualified to help herself, and her children are saved. She would soon discover that the time occupied in waiting for relief could be more profitably employed, and she soon ceases to apply.

The sixth class consists also of widows; but they are remarkable for idleness, intemperance, or improvidence. We know of no means of washing the Ethiop white. To this class money-relief is the most objectionable form of relief. An allowance of bread should be given for brief periods, and given in instalments. Sometimes it may be necessary to intimate that work may be required for the value given, and at other times the order may be made. It will, however, be found that the individuals of this class are careless about every thing. If they are dealt with leniently, they take advantage of the supposed imbecility of the guardians: if they are dealt with too severely, they become familiarised with the interior of a prison; and the instant the gloomy portal of the county jail loses its terrors, they place themselves in attitude of defiance. As the inmates of workhouses, they are dangerous spies, and are regarded with awe by master and matron; as recipients of out-door relief, they are insolent and full of threats. Perhaps the best mode of dealing with these cases may be

ascertained, by allowing the attention to become abstracted from the mother, and concentrated upon the children. The mother is like a wild beast, whose nature and habits cannot now be subdued; but her cubs, her little ones, may still be tamed and humanised. At this point, reference may be made to a document which has not emanated from the Poor-law Commissioners, or from any parochial board, but from the magistrates of the county of Middlesex. It appears that a committee was appointed, in April last, to "inquire into the best means of checking the growth of juvenile crime, and promoting the reformation of juvenile offenders." At a meeting of the magistrates of Middlesex, on the 3d of December, the report of the committee was read, and "received amidst repeated cheering." The committee recommend that a bill should be introduced to Parliament, a draught of which is given in the report. The preamble states, "that the fearful extent of juvenile depravity and crime, in the metropolitan districts, and in large and populous towns, requires general and immediate interference on the part of the legislature; that the great causes of juvenile crime and depravity appear to be ignorance, destitution, and the absence of proper parental or friendly care; and that all children above the age of seven and under the age of fifteen years, suffering from these and similar causes, require protection, to prevent their getting into bad company, acquiring idle and dissolute habits, growing up in vice, and becoming an expense and burden on the county as criminals, and that such protection should be afforded by the county." There are fourteen clauses: the first and fifth may be quoted:—"*1st*, That an asylum for unprotected and destitute children be founded in and for the county of Middlesex by legislative enactment, and placed under the direction and management of the justices of the peace for the county." "*5th*, That unprotected and destitute children shall be deemed to include all children above seven, and under fifteen years of age, under the following circumstances:—Children driven from their homes by the bad conduct of their parents; children neglected by

their parents; children who are orphans, and neglected by their friends; children who are bastards; and children who are orphans, and have no one to protect them, or to provide for them, or for whom no one does provide; children who, from their own misconduct, have no protection or provision found them; children who are idle and dissolute, and whose parents or friends cannot control their bad conduct; children who are destitute of proper food, clothing, or education, owing to the poverty of their parents or friends, but whose friends or parents do not apply for, or receive parish relief; children who are destitute of employment; and children of the class which become juvenile offenders generally."

It is probable that a plan of this description might have a great and beneficial effect in diminishing juvenile crime; and it is conceivable that the clauses of the bill may be so framed as to develop all the good, and avoid the evil. It is to be feared, however, that the bill is founded on partial views. The children who agree with the descriptions given in clause number five, are the offspring of those who reside in poor neighbourhoods, where the inhabitants are already paying high rates,—high in proportion to the poverty of the locality. If this be so, then every possible species of opposition, which can be offered legally or illegally, will be directed against the bill, and against its being carried into operation. The authorities of these poor and populous parishes already find it a matter of extreme difficulty to collect the rates, and are overwhelmed by the number of those poor housekeepers who apply to be "excused their rates" on the ground of poverty. All the schemes of the present day have one good point only, or it may be discovered by minute observation that the original idea was a good one. The bill is brought forth with a grand display of benevolent feeling; and it is passed, after suffering further distortion in Parliament. The law is, after all, found to be inoperative, from the omission or misapprehension of a plain obvious matter of detail, or because it originated from partial views, or came directly from the brain of an unprac-

tical theorist. It is, however, admitted, in the case of the magistrates' bill, that the *original idea* is a good one. And if it should be realised, the children of the class of widows now under consideration, might in this "County Juvenile Asylum," find a home, and be saved from destruction.

The seventh class consists of women who have cohabited with men, and have families. The individuals composing it generally resemble those of the two classes last mentioned—*i. e.* they are industrious or idle, intemperate or sober. Generally, this class requires relief more urgently than the several classes of widows; because by their past conduct they are shut out from any participation in many of the charities. It is needless to say that strict investigation into their circumstances and proceedings is necessary.

The eighth and ninth classes consist of single women. The eighth is composed of women who have had two children, and are prostitutes; the ninth of those who have only committed the first offence. The inquiries of the officer, in the ordinary routine, would develop the facts. The utility of this distinction is, that it would afford boards of guardians an opportunity of dealing fairly with the latter class: the fact of the distinction being noted in all the books would attract their attention to the point. To confound these cases together, and to act with equal severity to all, is obviously unjust. In those unions where the prohibitory order has been issued, all the individuals of both these classes are relieved only in the house. In the case of their admission, the cognisance of this distinction, not casually, not specially, because a guardian may have had his attention drawn to a particular case, but as a matter of routine, would necessarily lead to a good result. No board of guardians, when their attention has been regularly and officially directed to the facts of the case, could compel both classes to herd together in one common room.

The medical relief list is composed of poor persons who are suffering from acute disease, and are, in consequence of their illness and extreme poverty, receiving relief in money or

food. Those who are in the receipt of other relief by order of the board, and who belonged to one of the other classes, would be excluded from this list. There are two modes of regulating the medical out-door relief in kind. One mode is to require the medical officers to attend the meetings of the boards of guardians. It is their duty to report upon the state of health of each out-door sick person at specified times, and to state the kind of nutriment adapted to each case. The board is thus furnished with a sanatory report from one officer, and a report upon circumstances from the other. This is a satisfactory system. The other mode is, for the medical officer to report to the relieving officer in a prescribed form, that A B is ill with consumption, and requires — food per diem. The relieving officer has a veto. If, upon visiting the case, he is satisfied that the head of the family can supply the articles recommended, the relief is withheld. The case is reported to the next board, who issue the necessary instructions thereon. The first plan is undoubtedly the preferable one, in all those parishes or unions where the population is large and the area small. But in all large rural unions, where the medical officers are many and their labours great, from bad roads and extent of district, the plan would be inapplicable. As regards the second method, it would be found to prevail as a rule, that, in the majority of cases, the recommendation of the medical officer is regarded by the relieving officer as tantamount to an order. The exception would be in those unions where the board is infested by persons who know of no means of estimating the value of an officer excepting by his supposed power of reducing expenditure; and in those parishes where the inhabitants are poor and embarrassed. And it is to be feared that this evil, against which the press exclaim so loudly, will continue to predominate so long as the existing unequal charge upon parishes continues. The magnates of St. George, Hanover Square, can afford to be magnanimous and humane. In St. Luke, Middlesex, or St. Leonard, Shoreditch, where the rate-payers are poor, it is a different matter altogether.

And yet it is in these poor neighbourhoods that the poor live; and where they live, there they must be relieved.

The administration of the relief given in consequence of poverty and illness requires great care. The list contains the most meritorious of the poor: and as the relief given is of the greatest value, it is the relief most sought after by "cadgers" and impostors. The great abuses which creep into the administration of out-door relief do not arise from the relief of the able-bodied, but from affording relief to persons who allege that they are suffering from bodily ailments without proper investigation. In ordinarily well managed parishes, impostors, cadgers, and mendicants have no chance of obtaining relief in money. Therefore the whole of their practised cunning is brought to bear upon this more valuable form of relief. Now, from the peculiar habits of this class of persons, there is often strong ground for the claim. They will starve three days, and complete the week in revel and debauchery. Those periods, which they consider days of prosperity, are too often occasions for emaciating their bodies by drinking gin and eating unnutritious food. A chilly, foggy, November night is the time when the supposed widow can parade her children on the highway with the best chance of exciting the compassion of the passers-by; and it is the time, too, when, if there is any predisposition to disease, the circumstances are most favourable for its development. It is to this class that the workhouse may be offered—as an infirmary. It is a fact, however, that those of this class who suffer from external diseases, and especially those which may be exposed with impunity, do not desire to enter a workhouse, and will not remain there until they are completely cured.

And then, with reference to children who are exposed at night in the streets, notwithstanding the parents may be warned that they are sowing the seeds of incurable disease in the bodies of these infants, and are offered relief sufficient to constitute the greater part of their support; yet, however they may promise, they will continue to sleep in the day-time, and prow about as homeless outcasts in distant neighbourhoods, at night. It is useless to offer them the workhouse; they will refuse it, and make the offer a ground of appeal to the benevolent. As regards the children, the medical officer declares that his medicines are useless, and even dangerous. They are taken in the morning, the child is exposed in the evening, and in a few months it dies—a *natural death*? Here is lower depth of crime and misery which baffles the benevolent and wise.*

The aged, the infirm, the sufferers from chronic disease, the permanently disabled, the several classes of widows, the single women who have one or more children, and those who are chargeable mainly from temporary illness, have been collected and separated from the dense mass of pauperism. Who are those that remain? There is much error abroad upon this question. They are legion, whether they be regarded in connexion with the causes which have led to their impoverishment, or with reference to their various modes of obtaining a livelihood. Reference has already been made to that portion of the population of England who are in a transition state—*i. e.* those whose ordinary employment has been superseded by more rapid and cheaper methods, and who have thereby lost their ordinary means of livelihood, and been drifted down from stage to stage until they have reached the lowest depth, and have at last been com-

* If the reader will refer again to the form of "Relief List," he will perceive that there are three general divisions, named severally, ordinary, medical, and casual. These terms were preserved, because they are well known in actual practice, rather than because they express a really broad distinction. The ordinary relief list is supposed to contain all those recipients of relief who are likely to continue chargeable for a long period. But the distinction attempted to be drawn between those who may require relief for a long, and those who require it for a short period only, depends upon circumstances too vague and variable to be of any practical utility. These objections are not applicable to the generic term "medical."

pelled to ask for a morsel of bread at the workhouse door. Then it will appear upon inquiry that each separate locality will present its peculiar species of casual poor, who fall into a state of destitution from the action of peculiar causes. It frequently happens that the individuals were never trained to any ordinary species of labour. At an early period of their lives, they were put in the way to learn a trade, but from early habits of idleness, from the criminal neglect of masters or parents, from natural incapacity for the particular trade, or from an unconquerable dislike to it, they have never been able to earn "salt to their porridge," as the saying is. They never received a regular or an average amount of wage. If they are tailors, they compete with old women in making "slopwork" for the lower class of salesmen. Or they convert old coat tails into decent cloth caps, and may be industrious enough to supply a tribe of women with a Saturday night's stock. As cobblers, they ply the craft of "translation"—a trade, even in this lower acceptation of the term, peculiarly liable to abuse. To the unlearned, it may be necessary to state that translation is the act of converting old boots into new ones, and is done with thin strips of varnished leather, and plenty of wax and large nails. There are carpenters, whose ingenuity is confined to the manufacture of money-boxes, cigar-cases, and children's stools. Smiths, male and female, forge garden rakes, small pokers, and gridirons, as the season may suggest. And then their wives and children, or other men's wives and children, hawk them for sale in populous neighbourhoods on market evenings. Tin funnels are sold "at the low price of a halfpenny." Minute and useless candlesticks, wire forks, children's toys, and old umbrellas, are a few specimens of this miscellaneous merchandise, the sale of which brings bread to hundreds of families. They live in fœtid alleys, are not cleanly, and are sometimes intemperate; hence they are peculiarly liable to the attacks of disease. During illness, there are many things which the sick man craves which a parochial officer cannot grant, and which a medical man could neither recommend

nor allow. The desire is gratified by the sale of a useful and indispensable tool; and thus, by degrees, he cuts off his own means of subsistence. Then, like manufacturers of a higher grade, he may mistake the public wants, and the articles he has made may remain unsaleable on his hands, or he may fall into the error of over-production like a Manchester house. Then, in seasons when those commodities which constitute the common diet of the poor are scarce and dear, the persons who deal in them who are unable to buy, or uncertain to sell, are thrown back upon the few shillings which compose their capital. In large cities and towns, and in the neighbourhood of great markets, there are crowds of poor persons who gain their livelihood by the purchase and sale of the articles of daily food, and their combined purchases form a large item in the business of those markets. The costermongers, or costardmongers, consist of various grades. That brisk-looking man, who is riding so proudly in his donkey-cart, with his wife at his elbow, may be a very mean person in the estimation of the passer-by, but, in his world, he is a man of importance. He watches the "turns of the market," and being either in the possession of capital himself, or in a position to command it, he is able to compete with large dealers. He is a money-lender; and, if security be left with him—a poor woman's marriage certificate, or her wedding-ring is sufficient—he will enable her to buy her "little lot." Through him many are able to procure a stock at a trifling expenditure, who otherwise would be unable to buy in sufficient quantities to satisfy the original salesman. This class has its peculiar casualties, and in consequence become chargeable to parishes. Their habits may be irregular and intemperate. Or a poor woman may have expended her last farthing in the purchase of a tempting basket of fish. Her child falls ill, or she herself is unable, from the same cause, or from an accidental injury, to stand the necessary number of hours in the drenching rain; and so her stock is spoiled, and she suffers a greater calamity in her sphere than the brewer whose consignment of ale has turned sour on an India voyage.

In the vicinity of cathedrals and abbeyes, in districts where dowagers and elderly maiden ladies most do congregate, and in

“Those back-streets to peace so dear,”

there is always to be found a great number of kindly-disposed people, who have wherewithal to make life flow smoothly, leisure to listen to tales of woe, and the ability and inclination liberally to relieve. Now wherever these benevolent persons may be located, there will a troop of jackals herd, and run them down. Wherever public or private charities exist, there do these persons thrive. Their organisation, the degree to which they endure occasional privations and exposure, the recklessness with which they endanger the health and lives of those connected with them, is so passing strange, and, if fully expatiated upon, would be a chapter in the history of man and society, so disgusting, as to be unfit and morally unsafe to publish. Among the beings who infest these neighbourhoods, are men and women of keen wit—too keen, in truth—who have been well educated. Clerks who have been discharged for peculation. Women who, from the turbulence of their passions, have descended from the position of governesses, and who possess talent and tact equal to any emergency. They can write petitions in the highest style of excellence, as regards composition and penmanship. And they can also write letters on dirty slips of paper, in such a manner as that the homely phrase and the supposed ignorance of the petitioner shall be correctly sustained. They know all the charitable people of the district. They know the species of distress each person is most likely to relieve, and the days and hours they are most likely to be seen. They are in a position to instruct the several members of the fraternity as to the habits and foibles of the “gentle-folks.” One is open-handed, but apt to exact a large degree of humility, and must be approached with deference. Another, if applied to at the wrong time, may give liberally to rid himself of their importunities. Another is rough and noisy; but if the applicant can endure it—which these

people can, but decent people cannot—a largess is certain. With one, clean linen, a well-starched front, or a neat cap-border, is a desideratum, because it is supposed to indicate that the wearers were once in a better sphere. Another will only relieve those who are clothed in well-patched rags, or “real misery;” and then the appearance must be that of squalid destitution.

It happened the other day that an individual, in the regular exercise of his duty, was engaged in making inquiries in one of these neighbourhoods. The cooped-up dwellings were situated in the centre of a mass of buildings, round which a carriage might roll in five minutes, and yet nothing would appear to excite suspicions that within the area of a few hundred yards, so much real distress, and so much deceit, vice, and crime were in existence. The visitor has left the crowded thoroughfare, and entered a narrow cutting which leads to the heart of the mass of houses. In former days the street was the abode of the wealthy. Many of these aristocratic dwellings are still standing. They are large and high. The rooms were once magnificent. Their great size is still visible, notwithstanding the partitions which now divide them. The elaborate, quaint, and, in some instances, beautiful style of ornament on the ceilings, the massive mouldings, and richly carved chimney-pieces, satisfy the observer that, in former days, they were the abodes of wealth and luxury. They are now tottering with age: the other day, the interior of one of them fell inwards. These houses may be entered, one after another, without intrusion. To the uninitiated, the rooms present the appearance of an unoccupied hospital. All the rooms on the upper floors are entirely filled with beds. If they are entered at the close of a cold winter evening, the aspect is cold and desolate. If you pause on the landing, you may hear sounds of voices. The whole of the occupants of these rooms are congregated at the bottom of the building. You should not enter, for, at the sight of a stranger, they would instantly reassume their several characters. If you look through a chink in the partition, you will see

an assemblage of men, women, and children, in whose aspect and mien—if you can read the biography of a human being by studying the lines on the countenance—you may read many a tale and strange eventful history,—illustrating the adage that “truth is stranger than fiction.” If the hour be midnight, and the season winter, the large hall will be lit up by a blazing fire. Around it are grouped men and women of all ages. Some are dressed as sailors. In a corner, some Malays are eating their mess alone. They pay their threepence, and are not disturbed:—they are supposed, with truth, to be unacquainted with the rules of English boxing, and to carry knives. Their white dresses and turbans, their dark but bright and expressive countenances, their jet-black hair, and strange language, give an air of romance to the scene. There are widows with children, travelling tinkers, and knife-grinders. All these are talking, laughing, shouting, singing, and crying in discordant chorus. There is no lack of good cheer; and it is but justice to add, that the less fortunate, providing they are “no sneaks,” are allowed a share. At the door, or busily employed among the guests, is mine host, and his female companion:—“old cadgers” both, but stalwart, and able to maintain the “respectability” of the house.

The visitor passes on, and turns down a lane. By day or night, it hath an ancient and a fish-like smell. Apparently the dwellings are inhabited by the very poor. In the day time there are no noises, except that of women bawling to their children, who are sitting in the middle of the causeway, making dikes of vegetable mud and soap-suds. There are no sewers;—the commissioners have no power to make them,—and do not ask for it. There is nothing outwardly to indicate that the inhabitants are other than honest. If you open the doors, you may perceive that the staircases are double and barricaded, that rooms communicate with each other, and that, in the rear, there are facilities for hiding or escape. If you stroll about this place at night, you may be surprised by the sight of two policemen patrolling together. You will be an object of scrutiny and suspicion,—

notwithstanding your respectable appearance. And then, as you appear to have no business in the neighbourhood, you will be civilly greeted with, “You are entering a dangerous neighbourhood, sir!” In the newspapers of the following day, you may read of a gang of housebreakers, or coiners, having been secured in this spot. And if it be revisited when a group of felons have just left the wharf, you will find it a scene of drunken lamentation.

In this lane is a *cul-de-sac*. It is inhabited by persons with respect to whose actual condition the shrewdest investigator is at fault. The visitor enters a dwelling, and climbs the narrow staircase. Upon entering the small room, he is almost stifled by the fetid smells. In one corner, on a mattress, lies a man, whose gaunt arms, wasted frame, milky eye-balls, and dry cough, sufficiently indicate the havoc which disease is doing at the seat of life. A fire has been recently kindled by the hand of charity. Near it, and seated upon a tub, is a woman, busily employed in toasting a slice of ham, which is conveyed rapidly out of sight upon hearing the ascending footsteps. Her dress is gay, but soiled, and her face is familiar to the pedestrian. Upon the entrance of the visitor, the Bible is hastily seized, and an attitude of devotion assumed. The question the visitor asks, is, Are you married? “Oh yes, I was married at a village near Bury, in Suffolk; I was travelling as a mountebank at the time.” The tale is not well told. After a few interrogatories, and the utterance of a score of lies, the truth appears,—he was never in the county of Suffolk in his life. In a few days he makes a merit of his confession, and marries,—a week before his death.

Within a few yards, another scene is presented. This is a case of a man, his wife, and his large family. The visitor is shown into a miserable apartment, destitute of furniture; and, upon some loose shavings in a corner, a child has been left to cry itself to sleep. The case is relieved as one of great suffering. Relief flows freely. The wife appears ill; and the medical man is much puzzled by her account of the symptoms. Apparently

she has been intemperate; but, according to the symptoms, it should be something between rheumatism and tic-doloureux. By-and-by a quarrel ensues, about the division of the spoil. An anonymous letter is received, declaring that the party has several residences,—that the room in which such a scene of destitution was presented, was not their ordinary place of habitation,—that they are in the receipt of fixed charities, names being given, and concluding with the allegation, subsequently verified, that their weekly receipts exceeded a mechanic's highest wage. The bubble bursts, and the family migrates.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that this order of applicants require strict attention on the part of the parochial officers. It is of importance to ascertain whether the several applicants really do any work,—whether they cannot get it, or are likely to be disconcerted at the offer of it. If they belong to the orders last described, the fact of visitation from an officer, with a note-book in his hand, would, of itself, be a disagreeable circumstance, not to be endured unless necessity compelled. It is frequently a matter of difficulty to collect the facts; and appearances are very deceitful. Idleness assumes the garb and language of industry. Idleness can take the part of industry, and perform it with technical accuracy; and it will be rendered more interesting than the original. When an industrious man falls into misfortune, he is more disposed to conceal, than to expose it ostentatiously. His language is often abrupt and rude: betraying a conflict with his own feelings of independence and pride. This a judicious and accustomed eye can discern. But it must not be forgotten that the relieving officer's inquiries have no legitimate reference to features, or doubtful signs, but to places and facts. These facts being added together, as they are collected from time to time, in the appropriate page in the report book, the board of guardians would have no difficulty in estimating the real character and circumstances of these applicants.

With the further consideration of the casual poor, the subject of *Out-door employment* may be usefully con-

nected. We may state at once as our opinion, that any scheme which proposes to test destitution by offering the workhouse with its terrors, on the one hand, or which offers out-door employment *indiscriminately* to the able-bodied on the other, is detrimental to the interests of society. It is admitted that the offer of work to the well-disposed independent labourer may scare him away; he will consume his savings, sell his furniture, and break his constitution, rather than accept the relief on the terms offered. And some may be content with this. They may rejoice at the sight of the shillings saved. But it will soon be found, that when work has been offered indiscriminately, and after the lapse of time, that a large and yearly increasing number of labourers of various classes will accept the relief and do the work. This fact indicates with accuracy that the moral feelings of the labouring population are in process of deterioration. Then how unjust it is! Here is a stout, broad-shouldered, hard-handed, weather-tanned railway navigator, who would perform the hardest task with the greatest ease and indifference; but it is a very different matter to the sedentary Lilliputian workman of a manufacturing town. We can understand why the smooth-fingered silk-weavers of Spitalfields complained of being set to break stones. It is still presumed that the great object is to diminish pauperism. It is not a question of this day or this year, or of a parish or union; but of the age and nation. This being so, we have to ascertain which of two modes is the preferable one: should labour be offered to all comers, or should the right to make the performance of labour a condition of receiving relief, be reserved as a right, and used with caution and discrimination? Let us inquire. Among the higher classes of society, the gradations of rank are distinctly marked. Among the middle classes, the gradations and varieties of social position are more numerous, less distinctly marked, and therefore fenced round with a world of form and ceremony. And as we descend, and enter the lower ranks, and approach the lowest, the distinctions and grades multiply. To the common observer,

these distinctions may be unworthy of regard; but to the parties themselves they are of importance. The higher grades among the poor have attained their position by the exercise of tact and talent, and by hard labour. Not that the accident of birth, or the position of the parents, are circumstances destitute of force—the son often follows the employment of the father, and the eldest son in many trades is permitted to do so, without the sacrifice of expense and time involved in an apprenticeship. There is a broad line of demarcation drawn between the skilled and unskilled trades. There are lines, equally as distinct, drawn between skilled trades, which correspond with the ancient guilds of cities. And in the present day, when the several ancient trades are so minutely divided and subdivided, there are grades of workmen corresponding. Reference is not made to those distinctions which are recognised by the masters, but to those especially which obtain among the men themselves; for it is with their feelings we have to do. Now, these distinctions do not involve questions of difference and separation merely, but those also of resemblance and unity. Each “tradesman” * stands by his order; and that not only to preserve its dignity and privileges inviolate, but to render mutual aid. Many vanities may be associated with this, and many mummeries may be enacted, at which many who believe themselves wise may fancy they blush; but the mechanic is only guarding in an imperfect manner an ancient institution. It is when we look at labour from this point of view, that we begin to conceive how it happens that so few regular labourers, in proportion to the mass, become chargeable to parishes; and this, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of their several employments. This inwardly sustaining power, of which the world in general is ignorant, is worthy of study. The intensity varies as we descend. In a populous parish, there are many who, from the action of a thousand disturbing influences, drop from the ranks. Now, is it not obvious, that to offer,

with the eyes of the understanding and judgment firmly closed, to each able-bodied applicant a degrading employment, must drag him to its level? In most cases the feeling of repugnance on the part of the head of the family against applying for relief in person—a rule in all parishes—is so intense, as to require the fact of his family being in a state bordering on starvation, to weaken it. If he is required to do labour for the relief proffered, in a place where he is known, and among an order of workmen who are pauperised and below him, who would welcome him with sneers and derision, the chances are that he will not accept the relief on the terms offered. Is pauperism checked thereby? Wait and see. It is likely he will not remain in a place where all his cherished associations have been so rudely broken up. Home he has none. The four naked walls, the mattress on the floor, the single rug, his sickly and fretful children—and these regarded with a jaundiced eye, are not the objects and associations which make up the idea of home. He hears strange tales from tramps about an abundance of work in other places, and misguidedly he wanders, with or without his wife and children, in search of the imaginary spot. He travels from town to town, and subsists on the pittance which the trades allow, so long as he journeys to the south. His original feeling of independence has become weakened: its main prop has been removed. The apprehension of what the denizens of our little world may say, is frequently a powerful auxiliary to a steady and moral course of action. This houseless man, by leaving his native village, or his usual haunts in the crowded city, has deprived himself of this sustaining power; and he falls, morally and socially. Another, with less strength of body, is subdued by his privations, and receives that relief as a sufferer from low fever or incipient consumption, which was withheld from him while in health. All this is natural, and it is true in point of fact. The inference is, that no able-bodied applicant should be set to work, until

* A tradesman is not a shopkeeper, but a mechanic who is skilled in his particular branch of industry.

it formally and clearly appears from a statement of facts, in the relieving officer's report book, that he is idle or drunken. In the regular order of business, the man would be charged with the fault by the chairman, and should be allowed the benefit of any doubt. The applicant may say, "I worked last for A. B. at —, and I left with others when the job was finished." Let him have relief without labour, until the fact is ascertained. And as a page is opened to each case in the report book, the statement resulting from the inquiry is recorded, and is either for, or against him. If he pleads for another chance, give it him. Let the labour be regarded in all cases as a *dernier resort*.

What work should be given? This is mainly a local question: a few general remarks may, however, be made. Under the old system, the out-door work done by paupers, gradually assimilated with that performed by independent labourers, and at last became undistinguishable. It appears to have been a practice, if a man alleged that he was unable to support his family, to set him to work; and the parishioners were required to employ the labour. Now, the parishioners already employed as much labour as they required, and the individuals they preferred, and the necessity of employing the pauper labour, had the effect of reducing the wages of the independent labourer: he was either employed less, or paid less. Thus the labourer, who by his industry, and the exercise of temperance and frugality, had saved, and was therefore in a position to weather a long and dreary winter, by the influence of this baneful system, was reduced to the level of the idle and intemperate. This evil may be averted. The old abuses were attributable to the fact, that the several parishes and hamlets were so small, and so poor, as to render it impossible to adopt any system of management. The work given should be hard work, and preserved as distinct as possible from that performed by the independent labourer; and, in course of time, a wholesome feeling of aversion would grow up respecting it, similar to that which was entertained against the workhouse, before it became the compulsory residence of the casually un-

fortunate, as well as of those who had sunk morally and socially. The work given should be public work; or work which has a remote reference to a private good, but which no individual under ordinary circumstances would perform. For example, there is stone-breaking, and the general preparation of materials for the repair of the highway: the levelling of hills, and the raising of valleys; the clearing of main ditches; the draining of mosses; the dredging of rivers; the reclaiming of lands from the waste, or the sea; the collecting of certain manures; the raising of embankments to prevent the overflow of rivers; the cleansing of streets and the performance of certain kinds of labour for union-houses and other institutions supported at the public expense; and if the highway trusts should be consolidated, and placed under competent management, it is likely that some of the labour required might be performed by paupers.

The labour done must be tasked and estimated. This is indispensable. To allow an able-bodied man to lie upon his back, and bask in the mid-day sun, while he lazily picks up grass and weeds with his outstretched hands, and throws it in the air, may be considered as employment; but to call it labour is absurd. Pauper labour is proverbially unproductive, *i. e.* it costs nearly its value in superintendence. But, if it is resorted to, it must be watched with care, or its introduction will be injurious. Now, during the last few years, a class of men have arisen from the labouring class, who might be found qualified to superintend this labour. Railway enterprise has developed a certain order of skill which might be rendered available. It is well known that the several miles of railway are divided into a number of contracts, which are again divided, and taken by sub-contractors, and the sub-division proceeds until yards of work are taken by the men who engage or govern the lower class of labourers. A similar class of men is to be found on the banks of rivers, who are known as gangers. Then there are discharged sergeants and corporals, and even privates, who can produce their discharge with a favourable report upon character endorsed

upon it. We know the severity of the army, in this particular. A discharge, with that portion of it cut off on which the endorsement favourable to the soldier's character should have been, ought not to lead necessarily to the inference that his character has been bad in a civil point of view. But, if the endorsement exists, we may rest assured that he has been staid in his deportment, clean in his person, careful in the performance of his duty, and regular as regards time. The classes of sergeants and corporals have the additional advantage of being accustomed to order, as well as to obey. Discharged soldiers generally require an active employment, or they sink morally and socially. Men from this class might be selected with advantage.

But some may exclaim, what an expense! Possibly! It remains, however, to be seen whether the weight is not felt because the pressure is unequal. A guardian of an ancient parish and borough, in an agricultural district, observed the other day, "This new removal act is a serious matter to us,—as the cottages in the out-parishes die off, the cottages are pulled down, and this impoverished borough will have to support the children, because they reside here." Of course, while the inducement to such proceedings exists, and the poor are compelled to support the poor, every attempt at permanent improvement will meet with either active opposition or passive resistance. Then, again, it is said, that as the manufacturing system has created a weak and dangerous population, and one likely to be suddenly impoverished by the vicissitudes of the system, they should be compelled to relieve it when those adverse periods arrive. Does the rating of the manufacturer bear any proportion to his capital, the extent of his business, or his profits? His poor-rate receipt records an inappreciable item of expenditure. The pressure of the rate is not upon him, but upon the householders of the suburbs where the poor reside. It is not just that the manufacturer who owns a mill, or he who merely owns a warehouse, and employs out-door work-people—that the dealer in money, the discounteer, the various large agencies, the merchant

who transacts his business in a single office and sends his ship all over the world, and the great carriers, because their business happens not to be rateable according to the law, should bear no greater burden than the shopkeepers in a great London thoroughfare. It is likely that there would be a *temporary* increase of expenditure; but then justice would be done to the aged, the infirm, and the sick. In this respect the expenditure would increase; but as regards the able-bodied there would be a reduction, and in this way: If a man is thrown out of work, and his habits being known, he is relieved; he is thereby sustained, and when work begins to abound he starts fairly. If he is compelled to sink, the chances are he will never rise. Every guardian in the kingdom knows, from personal observation, how difficult it is to dispose of a family which has been forced into the union-house, and has lost a home. It is confidently expected, if out-door relief, accompanied by labour, be given only to those able-bodied applicants who are known, from the facts of their history as officially reported, to be idle, dissolute, and intemperate;—if the labour required to be done be public work; if it be apportioned and tasked by judiciously chosen task-masters, and given to each individual at a low rate of prices, lower than those of ordinary labour, and paid in food, or even in lodging when specially applied for and deemed necessary,—then, as regards the able-bodied applicants, the nearest approach will have been made to a perfect system. And if the system here sketched, or rather if the hints which have been dropped from time to time in the progress of this article, be collected and arranged, it is believed, that inasmuch as they have reference to the moral principles of our nature, as well as to the physical condition of the pauper, they will operate beneficially upon the poor of England. And if it should appear, from the statistics officially reported by a *minister* in the regular exercise of his duty in parliament, that the number of poor receiving relief who belong to the first three classes have slightly increased, that report should be considered as highly satisfactory, and

not as a disclosure injurious to national honour. It is not a matter of which Englishmen ought to be ashamed, or a subject to be bewailed, that the aged, the infirm, and the sick among the very poor, are not allowed either to perish, or to have their cherished habits and associations destroyed. Then, as regards the class of widows, if it should appear that the numbers do not go on increasing in the ratio of deaths, but continue nearly stationary, the report would be still satisfactory; because the inference from it would be, that, as new cases have been added, old ones must have discontinued. And the report respecting the two great divisions of the able-bodied—those who are not set to do work, and those who are—would be pregnant with information. And lastly, that part of the report which discloses the number of cases which have not been distributed in the several classes, would be of great value, as indicating the quarter where the inspectors under the orders of Government might most advantageously make their inquiries.

The classes and orders of poor that ordinarily become chargeable to parishes have been commented upon; and a few of the peculiar traits have been sketched of that motley group, which cannot be classified in any other way, than as persons who, from their admitted idleness, ought to be set to labour; or as persons to whom the exaction of labour in return for relief would be detrimental,—and not only detrimental to their personal interests, but to those of society. We have also stirred up and exposed the dregs of society: an operation neither pleasant nor useful under ordinary circumstances. But our inquiries have been pathological. And it is the duty of the physician or surgeon to probe the wound, and examine minutely the abscess, and then to institute inquiries equally minute and more general into the habits and constitution of the patient. Then the physician may have occasion to comment, in the lecture-room, upon this class of diseases; and he would then show how many circumstances must be considered and estimated before the true mode of treatment can be known. And as quacks thrive upon

ignorance and credulity, he might gratify the curious student by an exposition upon the facility with which imaginary cures might be effected. He might show that by the employment of quack medicines the diseased part might be made to assume the appearance of health. The abscess can be closed; but the corruption, of which the open wound was only the outlet, will still circulate through the system, deteriorate the blood, and at last seriously derange the vital organs. The reader will apply these remedies in the proper quarter. And then, as in the consideration of the first series of classes we had occasion to dwell mainly upon those characteristics of the poor which attract regard and sympathy, it became necessary, in order that the general idea might be in accordance with the general bearing of the facts, to conduct the reader into strange scenes, and among classes of human beings, which might otherwise have been disregarded or unknown. The reader now sees distinctly that which the clamour and clash of rigourists and universal-benevolence-men might have led him to overlook, viz. — *that pauperism includes in its legions the most virtuous, the most vicious, the most industrious, and the most idle*; and refers to decent, honest poverty as well as to squalid destitution. We may conclude by averring, that the tendency of an extended system of out-door relief, administered in the manner, and according to the principles laid down, would be, to raise one class from the state of pauperism,—to confront distresses which the complexity of civilised society, and the extension of the manufacturing systems, have occasioned, boldly, firmly, and humanely,—to distinguish between the honest industrious poor, and the lazy vagabond—to give one a fair chance of obtaining employment, and to remove inducements from the other to prowl about and live upon the public. And if this can be in any degree attained, it will so far stand out in bold contrast to the doctrines of *The Edinburgh Review*, and the practice of the Poor-Law Commissioners, which have reference only to the health of the animal fibre, and not to the soul which gives it life.

THE POACHER;

OR, JUTLAND A HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS SINCE.

From the Danish.

I.—THE DEER-RIDER.

THE Danish isles have such a pleasant, friendly, peaceful aspect, that, when carried by our imagination back to their origin, the idea of any violent shock of nature never enters into our thoughts. They seem neither to have been cast up by an earthquake, nor to have been formed by a flood, but rather to have gradually appeared from amid the subsiding ocean. Their plains are level and extensive, their hills few, small, and gently rounded. No steep precipices, no deep hollows remind one of the throes at Nature's birth; the woods do not hang in savage grandeur on cloud-capt ridges, but stretch themselves, like living fences, around the fruitful fields. The brooks do not rush down in foaming cataracts, through deep and dark clefts, but glide, still and clear, among sedge and under-wood. When, from the delightful Eyen, we pass over to Jutland, we seem, at first, only to have crossed a river, and can hardly be convinced that we are on the continent, so closely resembling and near akin with the islands is the aspect of the peninsula. But the further we penetrate, the greater is the change in the appearance of the country. The valleys are deeper, the hills steeper; the woods appear older and more decayed; many a rush-grown marsh, many a spot of earth covered with stunted heath, huge stones on the ridgy lands—every thing, in short, bears testimony to inferior culture, and scantier population. Narrow roads with deep wheel-ruts, and a high rising in the middle, indicate less traffic and intercourse among the inhabitants, whose dwellings towards the west appear more and more miserable, lower and lower, as if they crouched before the west wind's violent assault. In proportion as the heaths appear more frequent and more extensive, the churches and villages are fewer and

farther from each other. In the farm-yards, instead of wood, are to be seen stacks of turf; and instead of neat gardens, we find only kale-yards. Vast heath-covered marshes, neglected and turned to no account, tell us in intelligible language that there is a superabundance of them.

No boundaries, no rows of willows, mark the division of one man's land from another's. It appears as if all were still held in common. If, at length, we approach the hilly range of Jutland, vast flat heaths lie spread before us, at first literally strewn with barrows of the dead; but the number of which gradually decreases, so that it may reasonably be supposed that this tract had never, in former times, been cultivated. This high ridge of land, it is thought, and not improbably, was the part of the peninsula that first made its appearance, rising from the ocean and casting it on either side, where the waves, rolling down, washed up the hills and hollowed out the valleys. On the east side of this heath, appear, here and there, some patches of stunted oaks, which may serve as a compass to travellers, the tops of the trees being all bent towards the east. On the large heath-covered hills but little verdure is to be seen,—a solitary grass-plot, or a young asp, of which one asks, with surprise, how it came here? If a brook or river runs through the heath, no meadow, no bush indicates its presence: deep down between hollowed-out hills, it winds its lonely course, and with a speed as if it were hurrying out of the desert.

Across such a stream rode, one beautiful autumn-day, a young well-dressed man, towards a small field of rye, which the distant owner had manured by scraping off the surface, and burning it to ashes. He and his people were just in the act of reaping it, when the horseman approached

them, and inquired the road to the manor-house of Aushjerg. The farmer, having first requited his question with another,—to wit, where did the traveller come from?—told him what he knew already, that he had missed his way; and then calling a boy who was binding the sheaves, ordered him to set the stranger in the right road. Before, however, the boy could begin to put this order in execution, a sight presented itself which, for a moment, drew all the attention both of the traveller and the harvest people. From the nearest heath-covered hill there came directly towards them, at full speed, a deer with a man on his back. The latter, a tall stout figure, clad in brown from head to foot, sat jammed in between the antlers of the crown-deer, which had cast them back, as these animals are wont to do when running. This extraordinary rider had apparently lost his hat in his progress, as his long dark hair flowed back from his head, like the mane of a horse in full gallop. His hand was in incessant motion, from his attempt to plunge a knife it held into the neck of the deer, but which the violent springs of the animal prevented him from hitting. When the deer-rider approached near enough to the astonished spectators, which was almost instantaneously, the farmer, at once recognising him, cried, "Hallo, Mads! where are you going to?"

"That you must ask the deer or the devil!" answered Mads; but before the answer could be completely uttered, he was already so far away, that the last words scarcely reached the ears of the inquirer. In a few seconds both man and deer vanished from the sight of the gazers.

"Who was that?" inquired the stranger, without turning his eyes from the direction in which the centaur had disappeared.

"It is a wild fellow called Mads Hansen, or Black Mads: he has a little hut on the other side of the brook. Times are hard with him: he has many children, I believe, and so he manages as he can. He comes sometimes on this side and takes a deer; but to-day it would seem that the deer had taken him: that is," added he, thoughtfully, "if it really be a deer. God deliver us from all

that is evil! but Mads is certainly a dare-devil fellow, though I know nothing but what is honourable and good of him. He shoots a head of deer now and then; but what matters that? there's enough of them; far too many, indeed. There, you may see yourself how they have cropped the ears of my rye. But here have we Niels the game-keeper. Yes; you are tracking Black Mads. To-day he is better mounted than you are."

While he was saying this, a hunter appeared in sight, coming towards them at a quick trot from the side where they had first seen the deer-rider. "Have you seen Black Mads?" cried he, before he came near them.

"We saw one, sure enough, riding on a deer, but can't say whether he was black or white, or who it was; for he was away in such haste that we could hardly follow him with our eyes," said the farmer.

"The fiend fetch him!" cried the huntsman, stopping his horse to let him take breath; "I saw him yonder in the Haverdal, where he was skulking about, watching after a deer. I placed myself behind a small rising, that I might not interrupt him. He fired, and a deer fell. Mads ran up, leaped across him to give him the death-blow, when the animal, on feeling the knife, rose suddenly up, squeezed Mads between his antlers—and hallo! I have got his gun, but would rather get himself." With these words he put his horse into a trot, and hastened after the deer-stealer, with one gun before him on his saddle-bow, and another slung at his back.

The traveller, who was going in nearly the same direction, now set off with his guide, as fast as the latter could go at a jog-trot, after having thrown off his wooden shoes. They had proceeded little more than a mile, and had reached the summit of a hill, which sloped down towards a small river, when they got sight of the two riders. The first had arrived at the end of his fugitive course: the deer had fallen dead in the rivulet, at a spot where there was much shallow water. Its slayer, who had been standing across it, and struggling to free himself from its antlers, which

had worked themselves into his clothes, had just finished his labour and sprung on land, when the huntsman, who at first had taken a wrong direction, came riding past our traveller with the rein in one hand and the gun in the other. At a few yards' distance from the unlucky deer-rider he stopped his horse, and with the comforting words, "Now, dog! thou shalt die," deliberately took aim at him. "Hold! hold!" cried the delinquent, "don't be too hasty, Niels! you are not hunting now; we can talk matters to rights."

"No more prating," answered the exasperated keeper, "thou shalt perish in thy misdeeds!"

"Niels, Niels!" cried Mads, "here are witnesses; you have now got me safe enough, I cannot go from you; why not take me to the manor-house, and let the owner do as he likes with me, and you will get good drink-money into the bargain."

At this moment the traveller rode up, and cried out to the keeper, "For heaven's sake, friend, do not commit a crime, but hear what the man has to say."

"The man is a great offender," said the keeper, uncocking his gun, and laying it across the pommel of his saddle; "but as the strange gentleman intercedes for him, I will give him his life. But thou art mad, Mads! for now thou wilt come to drive a barrow before thee* for the rest of thy life. If thou hadst let me shoot thee, all would now have been over." Thereupon he put his horse into a trot, and the traveller, who was also going to Ansbjerg, kept them company.

They proceeded a considerable way without uttering a word, except that the keeper, from time to time, broke silence with an abusive term, or an oath. At length the deer-stealer began a new conversation, to which Niels made no answer, but whistled a tune, at the same time taking from his pocket a tobacco-pouch and pipe. Having filled his pipe, he endeavoured to strike a light, but the tinder would not catch.

"Let me help you," said Mads, and without getting or waiting for an answer, struck fire in his own tinder,

blew on it, and handed it to the keeper; but while the latter was in the act of taking it, he grasped the stock of the gun which lay across the pommel, dragged it with a powerful tug out of the strap, and sprang three steps backwards into the heather. All this was done with a rapidity beyond what could have been expected from the broad-shouldered, stout and somewhat elderly deer-stealer.

The poor gamekeeper, pale and trembling, stared with rage at his adversary, without the power of uttering a syllable.

"Light thy pipe," said Mads, "the tinder will else be all burned out; perhaps it is no good exchange thou hast made; this is certainly better," — here he patted the gun, — "but thou shalt have it again when thou givest me my own back."

Niels instantly took the other from behind him, held it out to the deer-stealer with one hand, at the same time stretching forth the other to receive his own piece.

"Wait a moment," said Mads, "thou shalt first promise me — but it is no matter, it is not very likely you'd keep it — though should you now and then hear a pop in the heather, don't be so hasty, but think of to-day and of Mike Foxtail." Turning then towards the traveller, "Does your horse stand fire?" said he, "Fire away," exclaimed the latter. Mads held out the keeper's gun with one hand, like a pistol, and fired it off; thereupon he took the flint from the cock, and returned the piece to his adversary, saying, "There, take your pop-gun; at any rate it shall do no more harm just yet. Farewell, and thanks for to-day." With these words he slung his own piece over his shoulder, and went towards the spot where he had left the deer.

The keeper, whose tongue had hitherto been bound by a power like magic, now gave vent to his long-repressed indignation, in a volley of oaths and curses.

The traveller, whose sympathy had transferred itself from the escaped deer-stealer to the almost despairing game-keeper, endeavoured to comfort

* In other words, that he will be condemned to slavery, and employed on the public works in wheeling a barrow.

him as far as lay in his power. "You have in reality lost nothing," said he, "except the miserable satisfaction of rendering a man and all his family unhappy."

"Lost nothing!" exclaimed the huntsman, "you don't understand the matter. Lost nothing! The rascal has spoiled my good gun."

"Load it, and put in another flint," said the traveller.

"Pshaw!" answered Niels, "it will never more shoot hart or hare. It is bewitched, that I will swear; and if one remedy does not succeed—aha! there lies one licking the sun-shine in the wheel-rut; he shall eat no young larks to day." Saying this, he stopped his horse, hastily put a flint in his gun, loaded it, and dismounted. The stranger, who was uninitiated in the craft of venery, and equally ignorant of its terminology and magic, also stopped to see what his companion was about to perform; while the latter, leading his horse, walked a few steps forward, and with the barrel of his piece poked about something that lay in his way, which the stranger now perceived to be an adder.

"Will you get in?" said the keeper, all the while thrusting with his gun at the serpent. At length, having got its head into the barrel, he held his piece up, and shook it until the adder was completely in. He then fired it off with its extraordinary loading, of which not an atom was more to be seen, and said, "If that won't do, there is no one but Mads or Mike Foxtail who can set it to rights."

The traveller smiled a little incredulously, as well at the witchcraft

as at the singular way of dissolving it; but having already become acquainted with one of the sorcerers just named, he felt desirous to know a little about the other, who bore so uncommon and significant a name. In answer to his inquiry, the keeper, at the same time reloading his piece, related what follows:—"Mikkel, or Mike Foxtail, as they call him, because he entices all the foxes to him that are in the country, is a ten times worse character than even Black Mads. He can make himself hard.* Neither lead nor silver buttons make the slightest impression on him. I and master found him one day down in the dell yonder, with a deer he had just shot, and was in the act of flaying. We rode on till within twenty paces of him before he perceived us. Was Mike afraid, think you? He just turned round, and looked at us, and went on flaying the deer. 'Pepper his hide, Niels,' said master, 'I will be answerable.' I aimed a charge of deer-shot point-blank at his broad back, but he no more minded it than if I had shot at him with an alder pop-gun. The fellow only turned his face towards us for a moment, and again went on flaying. Master himself then shot; that had some effect: it just grazed the skin of his head: and then only, having first wrapped something round it, he took up his little rifle that lay on the ground, turned towards us, and said, 'Now, my turn is come, and if you do not see about taking yourselves away, I shall try to make a hole in one of you.' Such for a chap is Mike Foxtail."

II.—ANSBJERG.

The two horsemen having reached Aunsbjerg, entered the yard containing the outhouses, turned—the keeper leading the way—towards the stable, unsaddled their horses, and went thence through an alley of limes,

which led to the court of the mansion. This consisted of three parts. The chief building on the left, two stories high, with a garret, gloried in the name of "tower"—apparently because it seems that no true manor-

* The belief in *hard men*, i. e. of men whose skins were impervious to a musket or pistol ball, was extremely prevalent during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They could be killed only by a silver bullet. Fitzgerald, the notorious duellist and murderer, in the middle of the last century, was said to have been a hard man.—See *Thoms' Anecdotes and Traditions*, printed for the Camden Society, p. 111.

house ought to be without such an appurtenance, and people are, as we all know, very often contented with a name. The central building, which was tiled, and consisted only of one story, was appropriated to the numerous domestics, from the steward down to the lowest stable-boy. The right was the bailiff's dwelling. In a corner between the two stood the wooden horse, in those days as indispensable in a manor-house as the emblazoned shields over the principal entrance.

At the same instant that the game-keeper opened the wicket leading into the court-yard of the mansion, a window was opened in the lowest story of the building occupied by the family, and a half-length figure appeared to view, which I consider it my duty to describe. The noble proprietor—for it was he whose portly person nearly filled the entire width of the large window—was clad in a dark green velvet vest, with a row of buttons reaching close up to the chin, large cuffs, and large buttons on the pockets; a coal-black peruke, with a single curl quite round it, completely concealed his hair. The portion of his dress that was to be seen consisted, therefore, of two simple pieces, but as his whole person will hereafter appear in sight, I will, to avoid repetition, proceed at once to describe the remainder. On the top of the peruke was a close-fitting green velvet cap with a deep projecting shade, nearly resembling those black caps which have been worn by priests even within the memory of man.* His lower man was protected by a pair of long wide boots with spurs; and a pair of black unutterables, of the kind still worn by a few old peasants, even in our own days, completed the visible part of his attire.

"Niels keeper!" cried the master. The party thus addressed, having shown his companion the door by which he was to enter, stepped, holding his little gray three-cornered hat in his hand, under the window, where the honourable and well-born proprie-

tor gave audience to his domestics and the peasants on the estate, both in wet and dry weather. The keeper on these occasions had to conform to the same etiquette as all the others, though a less formal intercourse took place between master and man at the chase.

"Who was that?" began the former, giving a side-nod towards the corner where the stranger had entered.

"The new writing-lad, gracious sir," was the answer.

"Is that all! I thought it had been somebody. What have you got there?" This last inquiry was accompanied by a nod at the game-keeper's pouch.

"An old cock and a pair of chickens, gracious sir!" (This "gracious sir," we shall in future generally omit, begging the reader to suppose it repeated at the end of every answer.)

"That's little for two days' hunting. Is there no deer to come?"

"Not this time," answered Niels sighing. "When poachers use deer to ride on, not one strays our way."

This speech naturally called for an explanation; but as the reader is already in possession of it, we will, while it is being given, turn our attention to what was passing behind this gracious personage's broad back.

Here stood, to wit, the young betrothed pair, Junker Kai and Fröken Mette.† The first, a handsome young man of about twenty-five, elegantly dressed and in the newest fashion of the time. To show with what weapons ladies' hearts were in those days attacked and won, I must attempt to impart some idea of his exterior, beginning with the feet, that I may go on rising in my description: these, then, were protected by very broad-toed short boots, the wide legs of which fell down in many folds about his ankles; under these he wore white silk stockings, which were drawn up about a hand's-breadth above the knees, and the tops of which were garnished with a row of the finest lace; next came a pair of

* It must be borne in mind that the priests here alluded to are Danish.

† Junker (*pronounced Yunker*), the title given to a son of noble family. Fröken (*dimin. of Frue, madam, lady*; *Ger. Fräulein*) is the corresponding title of a young lady of rank.

tight black velvet breeches, a small part only of which appeared in sight, the greater portion being concealed by the spacious flap of a waistcoat also of black velvet. A crimson coat with a row of large covered buttons, short sleeves, scarcely reaching to the wrists, but with cuffs turned back to the elbows, and confined by a hook over the breast, completed his outward decorations. His hair was combed back perfectly smooth, and tied in a long stiff queue close up in his neck. I should merit, and get but few thanks from my fair readers, if I did not with the same accuracy describe the dress of the honourable young lady, which may be considered under three principal divisions: firstly, the sharp-pointed, high-heeled, silver-buckled shoes; secondly, the little red, gold-laced cap, which came down with a sharp peak over the forehead, and concealed all the turned up hair; and thirdly, the long-waisted, sky-blue flowered damask gown, the wide sleeves of which, hardly reaching to the elbows, left the shoulders and neck bare, and—what may seem singular—was not laced; but Fröken Mette's face was so strikingly beautiful, that, in looking at her, her dress might easily be forgotten.

These two comely personages stood there, as we have said, behind the old gentleman, hand in hand, and, as it seemed, engaged in a flirtation. The Junker from time to time protruded his pointed lips as if for a kiss, and the lady as often turned her face away, not exactly with displeasure, but with a roguish smile. The most singular thing was, that every time she bent her head aside, she peeped out into the court, where at the moment nothing was to be seen (for the gamekeeper stood too close under the window to be visible) but the wooden horse and the new writing-lad, who, the instant he entered the office, had placed himself at the open window. That this latter, notwithstanding the predicate "writing-lad," was a remarkably handsome youth, it may seem strange to say, for, in the first place, he had a large scar above his cheek, and, in the second, he was

clad wholly and solely as a writing-lad. It is needless to stay my narrative in portraying the mother of Fröken Mette, the good Fru* Kirsten, who was sitting in another window, and, with a smile of satisfaction, observing the amorous play of the two young people. The good old lady could with the greater reason rejoice at this match, as, from the beginning, it was entirely her own work. She had, as her gracious spouse in his hunting dialect jocosely expressed it, among a whole herd of Junkers scented out the fattest, and stuck a ticket on his foot. As the young gentleman was an only son, the heir to Palstrup, as well as many other lordships, the match was soon settled between the parents, and then announced to their children. The bridegroom, who was just returned from Paris when Fru Kirsten, in her husband's phraseology, took him by the horn, was perfectly well inclined to the match, for which no thanks were due to him, as Fröken Mette was young, beautiful, an only child, and heiress to Ansbjerg, the deer, wild-boars, and pheasants of which were as good as those of Palstrup, while with respect to heath-fowl and ducks it was vastly superior. As to the bride, she was so completely under subjection to the will of her parents, that for the present we may leave it doubtful how far her own inclination was favourable to the Junker. We know, indeed, that the female heart usually prefers choosing for itself, and often rejects a suitor for no other reason than because he was chosen by the parents; though if Junker Kai had been first in the field we should not have been under any apprehension on his account.

When the keeper had recounted all his misfortunes, which he did not venture to conceal, as both the writing-lad and his guide, and probably also the deer-stealer himself, would have made it known, the harsh master, whose anger often bordered on frenzy, broke forth into the most hearty maledictions on the poacher, from which shower of unpropitious wishes a few drops fell on poor Niels,

* *Madam*, applied strictly to ladies of rank only.

who, out of fear of his master, was obliged to swallow his own equally well-meant oaths. As soon as the first fury of the storm had subsided and given place to common sense, a plan was devised for immediate and ample vengeance; the daring culprit should be seized, and, as he could now be easily convicted of deer-stealing, should be transferred to the hands of justice, and thence, after all due formalities, to Bremerholm. The difficulty was to catch him, for if he got but the slightest hint of his danger, he would, it was reasonable to imagine, instantly take to flight, and leave his wife and children in the lurch. The lord of the manor, who had been severely wounded in so tender a part, was for setting forth without a moment's delay, as so much of the day was left, that before the appearance of night they might reach the hut of Black Mads. But the gracious lady,

in whose revenge a surer plan and maturer consideration were always manifest, represented to her impetuous mate, that the darkness would also favour the culprit's flight; or, if this were prevented, a desperate defence; it would therefore be better to march out a little after midnight, so that the whole armed force might invest and take the hut at break of day. This proposition was unanimously approved, and the Junker was invited to share in the peril and glory of the undertaking. The bailiff (who had just entered to announce the arrival of the new writing-lad, and to show a letter of recommendation brought by him from the bailiff at Vestervig) received orders to hold himself in readiness, together with the gardener, the steward, and the stable-boys, and also to order a peasant-cart to follow the march.

III.—THE NISSE.*

Who does not know—at least by name—the Nisse, the being whose waggeries almost all bear the stamp of good-humoured frolic? Who has not heard tell of his little rotund figure and his red Jacobin cap, the symbol of unrestricted liberty? Who knows not that the house he chooses as a dwelling, is perfectly safe from

fire and other calamities? The Nisse is a true blessing to the habitation that he honours with his presence; it is secure against fire, storms, and thieves,—who, then, would take so greatly amiss the little fellow's gambols? If he now and then takes out one of the horses and rides him till he is white with sweat, it is merely

* The Nisse of the Scandinavian nations is, in many respects, the counterpart of the Scottish Brownie, while, in others, he occasionally resembles the Devonian and Cornish Pixie and Portune. He is described as clad in gray, with a pointed red cap. Having once taken up his abode with a family, it is not easy to dislodge him, as is evident from the following anecdote:—A man, whose patience was exhausted by the mischievous pranks of a Nisse that dwelt in his house, resolved on changing his habitation, and leaving his troublesome guest to himself. Having packed his last cart-load of chattels, he chanced to go to the back of his cart, to see whether all was safe, when, to his dismay, the Nisse popped his head out of a tub, and with a loud laugh, said, "See, we flit to-day," (*See, idag flytte vi.*)—*Thiele, Danske Folkesagn*, i. p. 134, and *Athenæum*, No. 991.

There are also ship Nisses, whose functions consist in shadowing out, as it were, by night all the work that is to be performed the following day,—to weigh or cast anchor, to hoist or lower the sails, to furl or reef them—all which operations are forerunners of a storm. For the duty even of a swabber, he does not consider himself too high, but washes the deck most delicately clean. Some well-informed persons maintain that this *spiritus navalis*, or nautical goblin, proves himself of kindred race with the house or land Nisse by his roguish pranks. Sometimes he turns the vane, sometimes extinguishes the light in the binnacle, plagues the ship's dog, and if there chance to be a passenger on board who cannot bear the sea, the rogue will appear before him with heart-rending grimaces retching in the bucket. If the ship is doomed to perish, he jumps overboard in the night, and either enters another vessel or swims to land.

for the sake of improving his action ; if he milks a cow before the milk-maid is up, it is solely to get her into the habit of early rising ; if he occasionally sucks an egg, cries " miau " with puss in the cock-loft, or oversets a utensil, who can be angry with him, or grudge him his little dish of Christmas porridge, which no considerate housewife omits setting for him in a corner of the loft ? It is only when this is neglected that his character assumes a slight dash of vindictiveness : for then the mistress of the house may be tolerably sure of having her porridge burnt, or her soup grouty ; her beer will turn, or her milk will not cream, and she must not be surprised if she churn a whole day without getting butter.

Such a little domestic goblin had from time out of mind (and still has, for aught I know to the contrary,) his abode at Anshjerg ; though it seems probable that this was not his only habitation, as many years sometimes passed without a trace appearing of his existence. But just at the period in which the events recorded in our history took place, he began to resume his old pranks. The gardener from time to time missed some of his choicest flowers, or several of the largest and ripest peaches ; but, what was most wonderful, these were often found in the morning in Fröken Mette's chamber, whence it was reasonably concluded that the lady stood high in the good graces of the before-mentioned Nisse. The grooms, moreover, declared that often during the night there seemed witchery among the horses, and that in the morning one of them would be found so jaded, that it would appear to have just come off a very long and rapid journey. They protested—and who could doubt it—that they had often been heard springing about the stable, but that on entering every thing was perfectly quiet. Once indeed they even got a glimpse of the portentous red cap, and afterwards took great care to meddle no further in the concerns of the Nisse,—a very prudent resolve. Such unquestionable testimony failed not to make a deep impression on all the inmates of the mansion, particularly the womankind ; even the gracious lord of the manor himself

listened to these reports with a silence big with signification.

Such was the state of things when the expedition against Black Mads was undertaken, which formed an epoch in the history of Anshjerg, and was used for many years after as an era in the dating of events, as, " that happened in the year we went in search of Black Mads ; that was two or three years after," &c. &c. In anxious expectation those left behind waited the whole day for the return of the army of execution. Noon came, evening, midnight ; but still not one of the party appeared. They at home comforted themselves with the supposition, that the delinquent, after his capture, might have been conducted to Viborg, in which case the whole day might easily have been spent, and after so wearying a march, it was but right that the troops should get an evening's refreshment, and a night's rest, in the town. On the strength of this extremely reasonable hypothesis, both mistress and domestics went to bed, one servant only remaining up. At length, about an hour after midnight, came Junker Kai and his groom. But before I proceed further, it will be desirable to explain the cause of his late arrival, and of the continued absence of the rest of the party.

The poacher's hut, which he had himself erected in a remarkably simple style, with walls of green turf, and a covering of heather, which rested unconfined on crooked oak branches set together like the timbers of a roof, had, considered as a fortress, an advantageous position. In the centre of a moor, about eight miles in circuit, arose a little eminence, which not even the most rapid thaw ever placed under water, and which, to a horseman at least, was inaccessible, except along a narrow strip of land, which wound among turf-pits and gushing springs. On this spot Black Mads had raised his Arcadian abode, where, with a wife and five children, he lived by hunting. The larger game was eaten fresh, salted, or smoked ; the smaller he sold under the rose, together with the deer and fox-skins, and with the money thus gained bought bread and other eatables. Milk the wife and children begged from the neighbouring peasants.

Just as the day was beginning to peep forth, the Lord of Ansbjerg approached the moor at the head of his troop. Niels gamekeeper, who was well acquainted with the country, now rode forwards, and led the entire united force in safety to the spot where the hut ought to have stood. With consternation he looked in every direction: no hut was to be seen; and yet it was already so light, that, if there, no one could avoid seeing it. The first thing he had recourse to—his usual refuge in all times of affliction and perplexity—was a long and energetic malediction. His gracious lord, who at this moment approached for the purpose of learning the cause of so cordial an outpouring, gave his keeper an equally cordial morning salutation, and maintained that he had mistaken the road and led them all astray. But Niels, who was confident on the point, assured him, and even called a dozen black angels to witness, that the hut stood there, but that Mads had most probably rendered it invisible, no doubt with the assistance of his good friend with the horse's foot;* for it was beyond all doubt that he understood what the common people call "at hyerre syn." His master was just on the point of coinciding in this opinion as the most rational, when the Junker, who had ridden further forwards, cried, "Here is fire!" All now hurried to the spot; and it was soon discovered that the entire hut lay in ashes, the glowing embers of which here and there still glimmered. This discovery led Niels to the conclusion, that the aforesaid long-tailed personage had carried the poacher off, together with his whole brood; while the Junker, on the other hand, was of opinion, that Black Mads himself had set fire to the hut, and then fled. During these debates it had become broad day-light, when a closer examination of the spot was undertaken, though nothing was found but ashes, embers, charcoal, and burnt bones, which the huntsmen pronounced to be those of deer. In accordance with the Junker's hypothesis, it was resolved to search the neighbouring heath, as the fugitive, with his family

and baggage, could not possibly have reached any considerable distance. They, therefore, divided themselves into four bodies. The Junker, with his own and another servant, took an eastern direction, probably that he might be the nearer to Ansbjerg and his beloved; but all his endeavours proved fruitless. It was to no purpose that he hurried to and fro, and exhausted himself, his attendants, and his horses. Sometimes he fancied that he saw something moving in the distance, but which, on a nearer view, appeared to be sheep grazing, or a stack of turf. Once, indeed, he was certain that he perceived people about the spot on which the German church now stands; but, by degrees, the nearer they approached, the forms became more and more indistinct, until they at length wholly disappeared. Amid the preparations for this unlucky expedition, a supply of provisions—that necessary basis of heroism—had, as it sometimes happens in greater wars, been entirely forgotten. A third part of the Junker's division was, therefore, despatched to supply the omission; but as the man, on the approach of evening, had not returned, the half-famished Junker resolved on turning his face homewards. This resolve, however, was more easily adopted than executed. The horses were as exhausted and faint as their riders. Matters, therefore, proceeded but slowly; and they were unable to wend their way out of the heath before darkness came on. The consequence was, that they lost their road, and did not reach Ansbjerg till after midnight.

To avoid retrograding in my narrative, I will just briefly mention, that the other three divisions met with a share of luck equally slender: not one of them found what they sought. In vain did they traverse every turf-moor; in vain descend into every dell, or mount every rising; in vain did they seek through all the neighbouring villages and farms—no one had seen or heard of Black Mads. Day was drawing to a close, and a night's lodging was to be provided. The Lord of Ansbjerg himself landed on

* According to the Germanic nations, the devil has a horse's, not a cloven foot.

Rydhauge, whence, after two days' successful sport in shooting heath-fowl, he returned to his home.

The fatigued Junker had scarcely satisfied the cravings of hunger before he began seriously to think of doing like justice to those of drowsiness, and therefore ordered his servant to light him to his sleeping-room. It happened, however, as the latter was in the act of opening the door, that he snapped the key in two, so that a part remained fixed in the lock. To wrench it off required a crow and hammer; and then the noise caused by this operation would wake the whole house. For to what end had he hitherto been so quiet, but that he might not disturb the ladies' repose? and had even been contented with a morsel of cold meat, which his servant had succeeded in procuring for him. In such dilemmas, the first suggestion generally proves the best; and on this occasion the servant was provided with one.

"The tower-chamber," said he, in a half-suppressed voice, and casting a look of doubt on his master. At the name of this well-known, though ill-famed apartment, a slight shudder passed over the Junker, but he strove to conceal his fear both from the servant and himself, with a forced smile, and with the question, uttered in a tone of indifference, whether the bed there was in order for sleeping?

The answer was in the affirmative, as the gracious lady always had the bed in this chamber held in readiness, although it had never been used within the memory of man. As she kept the keys of all the other spare bed-chambers—a precaution quite needless with the one we speak of, which contained only a bed, two chairs and a table, and was, moreover, by its ghostly visitors, considered as sufficiently secured against depredations—no excuse nor objection could be made. The Junker, therefore, suffered himself to be conducted to the formidable apartment; and the servant having assisted him to undress, left a light on the table, took his departure, and closed the door after him.

It was a darkish autumnal night. The waning moon was approaching her last quarter, her curved half disc stood deep in the heavens, and shone

in at the chamber's one high and narrow bow-window; the wind was up; small clouds drifted in rapid, almost measured time over the moon. Their shadows glided, as it were, like figures in the magic lantern, along the white wall, and vanished in the fire-place. The leaden window frames clattered with each gust, which piped and whistled through the small loose panes; it thundered in the chimney; the chamber door rattled. Junker Kai was no coward, his heart was set pretty near the right place; he dared to meet his man, ride his horse, had it even been a Bucephalus; in short, he feared no living, or, more correctly speaking, no bodily creature; but spirits he held in most awful respect. The time and circumstances, but more particularly the bad reputation of the chamber, set his blood in quicker motion; and all the old ghost-stories presented themselves unbidden before his excited imagination. Phantasus and Morpheus contended for possession of him: the first had the advantage. He did not venture to shut his eyes, but stared unceasingly on the opposite wall, where the shapeless shadows seemed gradually to assume form and meaning. Under such circumstances, it is a comfort to have one's back free, and all one's foes in front. He therefore sat up, dashed aside the curtain at the bed's head, and cast a glance backwards. The bed stood in a corner; at the foot was the window; opposite the side of the bed was the plain wall, the fire-place, and beyond that the door. His eyes glided along to the wall behind him, where hung an ancient portrait of a doughty knight in plate armour, with a face in form and dimensions resembling a large pumpkin, and shadowed with dark thick locks. On this his anxious looks were fixed. It appeared and vanished alternately, as the clouds passed from or covered the face of the moon. In the first case, the countenance seemed to expand itself into a smile, in the latter, to shrink into a gloomy seriousness. It might possibly, thought he, be the spirit of a former possessor of the manor, which now, after the extinction of his race, had taken possession of this remote apartment. Like the shadows on the wall, courage and fear chased each

other in the Junker's soul; at length courage having gained the mastery, he lay down and delivered himself into the power of Morpheus.

He had hardly slumbered more than half-an-hour, when he was waked by a noise like that caused by the opening of a rusty lock. He involuntarily opened his eyes, which fell on the opposite door, where a white figure appeared and vanished almost at the same instant. The door was then shut with a soft creaking. A shivering sensation passed over him. He, nevertheless, continued master of his terror, his cooler reason had not quite succumbed under the powers of imagination. It was probably the servant, thought he, who, although undressed, wished to see if the light were extinguished. Somewhat tranquilised by this supposition, he withdrew his looks from the door, but now perceived before the window the dark upper half of a human figure. The outline of the head and shoulders was perfectly distinguishable. The Junker's courage now forsook him; but what was to be done? flight was not to be thought of, for if he would escape by the door, by which the white figure had disappeared, he might again encounter it; the window was out of the question, and other outlets he had not noticed. His natural courage rose again to a pitch that enabled him to cry out, "Who is there?" At this exclamation, the figure seemed to turn quickly round, but made no answer; and after some moments sank down slowly under the window, and nothing more was afterwards to be seen or heard. No be-nighted wanderer could long more heartily for day-light than our poor Junker: he did not venture to close his eyes again, fearing, when he opened them, he should see something appalling. He looked alternately towards the door, the fire-place, and the window, in painful expectation; he listened with the most intense anxiety, but heard nothing save the howling of the wind, the rattling of the windows, and his own breathing. Day at length broke forth, and as soon as it was sufficiently light to distinguish the several objects in the chamber, he arose and examined every thing with the utmost attention.

In vain, he found not a trace of his nightly visitors. Having thus paid dearly for his experience, he hastened to leave this unquiet lodging, with the sincere resolve of never more passing a night in the haunted chamber.

As soon as the family met at breakfast, and the Junker had given an account of their fruitless expedition, the lady of the house put to him the very natural question, How he had slept after so much fatigue?

"Quite well," was the answer.

The Fröken smiled. "I think you slept in the tower-chamber," said she.

The Junker acknowledged he had; but, being desirous of concealing his fright from his intended, he deemed it advisable flatly to deny his nocturnal acquaintances, while the young lady seemed equally bent on extorting a confession from him. She assured him that she could see by his eyes he had not slept, and that he looked uncommonly pale; but he declared the ill-famed chamber to have acquired its character unjustly, and added, she might very safely sleep there herself if she only had the courage.

"I think," said she, laughing, "that I shall one night make the trial of it." The subject was now dropt, and the conversation turned to other matters.

After the old gentleman's return, a few days passed before any further mention was made of the tower-chamber; for, in the first place, every one was fully occupied in devising, setting forth, and passing judgment on the several ways by which Black Mads might have been captured, as well as in forming the most plausible conjectures as to his actual whereabouts; and, secondly, much time was consumed in accurately and circumstantially describing the two days' sport at Rydhauge. This copious topic being also exhausted,—that is, when the history of each bird, hit or missed, had been related, satisfactory reasons alleged for each miss, sagacious comparisons made between dogs and guns, &c. &c.,—Fröken Mette began to lead the conversation to the subject of the haunted chamber, by informing her father of the night passed therein by her intended; at the same time playfully directing his attention to the seriousness of the

latter. In this second examination he had two inquisitors to answer, of whom the young lady pressed him so unmercifully by her arch bantering, that he at length found it advisable to recall his former denial, and confess that he was not particularly desirous of sleeping there again.

"Is it becoming a cavalier," said Mette, "to be afraid of a shadow? I am but a woman, and yet I dare undertake the adventure."

"I will stake my Sorrel," answered the Junker, "that you will not try it."

"I will wager my Dun against it," cried Mette.

It was believed that she was in jest; but as she obstinately insisted on adhering to the wager, both her lover and father strove to dissuade her from so hazardous an enterprise. She was inflexible. The Junker now considered it his duty to make a full confession. The old man shook his head; Fröken Mette laughed, and maintained he had dreamed, and, in order to con-

vince him that he had, she felt herself the more bound to fulfil her engagement. The father, whose paternal pride was flattered by the courage of his daughter, now gave his consent; and all that Junker Kai could obtain was, that a bell-rope should be brought close to the bed, and that her waiting-maid should lie in the same chamber. Mette, on the other hand, stipulated, that all persons in the house should continue in their beds, that it might not afterwards be said they had frightened away the spectre; and that no one should have a light after eleven o'clock. Her father and the Junker would take up their quarters for the night in the so-called gilded chamber, which was separated from the tower-chamber only by a long passage. In this room hung the bell with which, in case of need, the young lady was to sound an alarm. The mother, no less heroic than the daughter, readily gave her consent to the adventure, the execution of which was fixed for the following night.

IV. — THE ELOPEMENT.

Throughout this momentous night, which was to fix the future lot of the Isabel, or Dun, and the Sorrel, neither family nor domestics enjoyed much sleep; all lay in anxious expectation of the extraordinary things that were likely to come to pass. Mewing of cats, screeching of owls, barking of dogs, drove the dustman* away every time he came sneaking in. The stable-boys heard the horses pant, snort, and kick; to the bailiff it seemed as if sacks were being dragged about the granary; the dairy-maid declared it was precisely like the noise of churning; and the housekeeper heard, plainly enough, a sort of rummaging in the pantry. Nor did sleep find its way into the gilded chamber. The lord of the manor and the Junker lay silent, from time to time casting a look at the little silver bell that hung between them; but it was mute, and so continued to be. When the tower-clock struck one, the Junker began to regard his wager as half-lost, but

comforted himself with the reflection, that a loss to one's wife is merely a transfer from one hand to the other. In short, the night passed, and — as far as the tower-chamber was concerned — as quietly as if there had never been ghost or goblin in the world. With the first discernible peep of day-light, both the half-undressed gentlemen rose, and hastened, with a morning greeting, to the bold layer of spirits. They tapped at the door, — no "Come in." "They must both still be asleep." Papa opened the door — they entered — the lady's bed was deserted and the bed-clothes cast aside. "Bravo," cried the Junker, "she has taken flight and the Dan is mine." The old man did not utter a syllable, but proceeded to the servant's bed, where no one was to be seen; but, on raising the clothes, she appeared to view, with a face like crimson, and in a state of profuse perspiration. To her master's first eager inquiry she returned no

* In the original, "Ole Luköje," i. e., *Oleare Shut-eye*, a personage as well known by name to the children of Denmark, as the dustman is to those of England.

answer, but stared at them both with a bewildered half-frantic look. Having at length recovered the faculty of speech, she informed them, in broken and unconnected sentences, that, soon after midnight, she had seen a terrific spectre come through the wall. In her fright she had buried herself under the bed-clothes, and had not afterwards ventured to raise them; of what subsequently took place she knew nothing. This, however, did not long continue a mystery, for the window was open, and under it stood a ladder—Fröken Mette had been carried off, but by whom?

What an uproar was now in the mansion! what outcry, screaming, and maledictions without object—questions without answer! “After them!” was the first order, both of father and lover; but in what direction? The mother, the most sagacious of them all, proposed a general muster of the whole household, which the father undertook to carry into effect personally. Having, therefore, summoned each living being by name, he declared that no one was missing. The whole assembled corps were of the same opinion, until Fru Kirsten exclaimed, “Where is the writing lad?” “The writing lad! the writing lad!” now resounded from every mouth. They looked around—looked at each other—no! no writing lad was there. The bailiff, with two or three others, went over to the writing-room, and the master cried to the stable-boys, “Saddle the horses and bring them to the gate like thunder and lightning!” The bailiff soon returned, with a rueful countenance, and almost breathless, with the intelligence, that the missing sheep must actually have decamped, for the bed showed plainly that no one had slept in it that night; nor were his spurs or riding-whip to be found. At the same instant, one of the stable-boys came running with the news, that the Dun was away. All now stood as petrified, speechless and looking at each other, until Fru Kirsten broke the silence. “Our Fröken daughter,” said she, “cannot have been carried off by a writing-boy; he only came sneaking here as a spy. If I greatly err not, the robber is from the west; see, therefore, if you cannot trace them on the

road to Vium, and now away! It is even yet possible to overtake them, for the Dun cannot have gone any great distance with two.” Her surmise was correct; on the road she mentioned, traces of a quick-trotting horse were plainly to be seen; and, as a further proof, not far from the mansion, a bow was found, and, a little further, a glove, both belonging to Fröken Mette.

Armed with guns, pistols, and swords, master, Junker, bailiff, and gamekeeper, with four other well equipped men, hastened away in chase of the fugitives, while Fru Kirsten exclaimed, “After them! Bring them back dead or alive!” We will now accompany the lord of Ansbjerg a little way on his second expedition. As far as Vium, the traces were visible enough; but here they would have been lost, if a peasant, of whom they made inquiry, had not informed them, that about two hours before daybreak he had heard the tramp of a horse leaving the town in a westward direction. Profiting by this intelligence, they soon recovered the track, which continued in the same direction by the inn at Hvam. Here they learned that, about two hours before, the dogs had made a great disturbance. The speed of the fugitives, therefore, it was now evident, had begun to slacken, as might also be seen by the traces. The pursuers had reached Sjörup, where a man, standing before the mansion, had heard a horse pass by, and thought he could discern two persons on it. Now the track was at an end; here were many roads, all with deep narrow wheel-ruts; which was the one to follow? The fugitives had followed none of them, probably from fear that the horse might fall, but had ridden among the heath. The pursuers now halted to hold a consultation. Of three high roads, one followed a north-west, one a south-west direction, the third lay between them. While these, one after another, were under consideration, the conversation turned on the great event of the night, and particularly on the suspicious writing-lad. One of the men remarked, that it occurred to him that he had seen the youth before, though he could not

just then recollect where. Another had seen a stranger a few days previously speaking with him privately in the wood, and he thought the stranger addressed him twice by the title of Cornet. Now a sudden light burst in upon the old gentleman. "Ha!" exclaimed he, "then let us take the middle road leading to Vestervig. I dare swear that the writing-lad is no other than the Major's third son, who is a Cornet in the cuirassiers. I remember that Fru Kirsten once cautioned me against him, and said that he came prowling after Fröken Mette. And you," cried he to the bailiff, "yourself saw the handwriting of the bailiff at Vestervig. Either he has made fools of us all, or the letter was forged. And all the while he was so still, orderly, and diligent, so courteous, and so humble, that I could never have imagined he was of noble race." Then putting his horse into a trot, "He who first gets sight of the runaways," said he, "shall have three crowns." The troop had about six miles to ride before they could reach the ford through the rivulet at Karup; in the meanwhile, therefore, with our reader's leave, I will hasten forward to our fugitives, who have just reached the opposite side. The poor Dun, exhausted under her double burden, and with the first four or five miles' hurried flight, walked slowly and tottering up the heath-covered bank. The Cornet—for it really was he—from time to time cast an anxious look backwards, and at each time gained a kiss from his dear Mette, who sat behind him, holding him fast round the waist. "Do you yet see nothing?" she asked, in a tone of anxiety, for she herself did not dare to look round. "Nothing yet," answered he; "but I fear—the sun is already a little above the horizon—they must be on the road in pursuit of us. If the mare could but hold out." "But where is your brother's carriage?" asked she, after a pause.

"It ought to have met us by the rivulet at day-break; nor can I imagine what detains it, for my brother promised to send his young Hungarian servant with it, whose life I saved five years ago in the war with the Turks, when I received this sabre cut in the face. That he is not here is

perfectly inexplicable. We have still eight miles before we get out of the heath."

While he was thus speaking, they had reached the top of the bank, and the great west heath lay spread out before them like a vast sea; but no carriage, no living being was to be seen. The Cornet stopped to let the mare take breath, at the same time making a half turn, the more easily to survey that part of the heath that lay behind them. This was also naked and desolate; nothing was there to be seen save a few scattered turf stacks, nothing to be heard but the cry of the heathcock, the rushing of the rivulet, the panting of the mare, and their own sighs. Awhile they thus remained, until the Fröken broke silence with the question, "Is there not something moving yonder?" She uttered this in a suppressed voice, as if she feared it would be heard on the other side of the waste.

"There is no time for staying longer," answered he; "I am fearful it is your father who is coming yonder." With these words, he turned again towards the west.

"Oh! my father," exclaimed Mette sighing, and at the same time clasping her lover still more closely.

He again looked round. "They seem to draw nearer," said he; "if I urge on the mare, I fear she will fall." They rode onwards a short distance, he with an oppressed, she with an anxiously throbbing heart.

"I must walk," cried he, and dismounted, "that will so far help; do not look back, dearest girl."

"Ah heaven! can it be our pursuers?"

"There are seven or eight of them, as far as I can discern."

"How far off may they be?" asked Mette again.

"Scarcely more than two miles," he replied, and notwithstanding his admonition she again looked back.

"I see no one," said she.

"Nor do I at this moment," he answered, "they are most probably down in a valley: one is just now making his appearance, and now another. Come, come, poor Bel," cried he, drawing the mare after him, "you are accustomed at other times to carry an arched neck, and to lift your feet

high enough; now you drag them along the ground, and stretch out your neck like a fish when it is being hauled out of the water."

After a pause, the Fröken asked, "Can they see us?"

"They ride point blank after us," answered the Cornet, "and gain more and more upon us."

"Heavens! if they overtake us, I fear my father will kill you, dearest Holger! but I will shield you with my weak body, for I cannot outlive you."

During these painful, interrupted conversations, they had travelled about two miles from the rivulet, across the western heath. Their pursuers were already close to the east bank, and might be both distinguished and counted. The apprehension of the fugitives was rapidly passing into despair; there seemed not a gleam of hope. The Cornet vied with the mare in panting, the Fröken wept. At this moment, a tall man clad in brown, with a gun in one hand, and a low-crowned hat in the other, started up before them out of the high heather. The fugitives made a stand. "Who is there? Where are you from?" cried the Cornet, in a military tone.

"From there," answered the man, "where the houses stand out of doors, and the geese go barefoot. And where are you from? and where are you going? But stop, have not we two seen each other before? Are you not the person who lately begged for me, when Niels keeper would have laid me sprawling?"

"Black Mads!" exclaimed the Cornet.

"So they call me," answered the poacher; "but how happens it that I meet you here so early with such a pretty companion? You have also apparently been out poaching. If I can help you in any way, let me know." "In time of need," said the Cornet, "the first friend is the best. I am the Major's son at Vestervig, and have been fetching a bride from Ansbjerg. Her father and a whole troop of horse are after us. If you can save or conceal us, I will be grateful while I live; but it must be instantly, for they are on the other side of the rivulet."

Holding his hat before his eyes on

account of the sun, Mads exclaimed, "Faith! here we have him sure enough, with all his people. Kinsmen are hardest towards kinsmen, as the fox said, when the red dogs were after him. If you will promise never to make known the place to which I take you, I will try to hit upon some plan."

The Fröken promised, and the Cornet swore.

"Hear then, children," continued he, "they are just now riding along the bank on the opposite side of the rivulet; before they can arrive on this side, a good time must pass; and they cannot see what we are about. In the mean while we will set up a hedge for them that they will not so easily jump over." Saying these words, he laid down his gun, drew forth his tinder-box and struck fire. He then rubbed two or three handfuls of dry moss together, placed the tinder-box among it, blew till he caused it to blaze, then cast it down into the midst of the heather, where, after crackling and smoking for a few seconds, the fire spread itself in all directions. While engaged in this occupation, the object of which was not immediately manifest to the fugitives, Black Mads did not cease giving vent to his thoughts in the following broken sentences:—"The wind is with us, the heather's dry; now Niels keeper can soon get a light for his pipe—it is the second time he has had the benefit of my tinder-box; the man will, no doubt, curse and swagger about the heath-fowl, because I roast them without basting; but need knows no law, and a brave fellow takes care of himself. See now! it's beginning to smoulder." With these words he rose, and said to the Cornet, "Do now as you see I do, pull up a head of heather, set fire to it, run ten paces towards the north, and fire the heath; then pull up another, run, and again set fire, all towards the north, till you approach that little heath-hill yonder two or three gunshots distant. I will do the same towards the south, and then we will run as quickly back. The Fröken can in the mean time stay here with the horse. It will soon be done: now let us begin! Light before and dark behind." With this formula the poacher commenced

his operations. The Cornet followed his instructions, and soon a tract of heath, two miles in breadth, stood in a blaze, and both incendiaries immediately rejoined the trembling Fröken.

"We have now earned our breakfast!" cried Mads, "be so good as follow me, and put up with very humble accommodation — but what can we do with this?" he gave the mare a slap with his open hand, "Can you find your way home alone?"

"O," said the Fröken, "she follows me wherever I go."

"No, that she certainly must not, for she would betray us: the door of my house is too narrow for her to enter, and we dare not let her stand without. You are too good to suffer harm," said he to the mare, while taking off the saddle and pillion, "but every one is nearest to himself."

The Cornet, who saw his design, took his mistress by the hand and led her some steps aside, as if to place her beyond the range of the conflagration. The poacher took his piece, cocked it, went up to the side of the mare, held it behind her ear, and fired. The Fröken turned round with a shriek of horror, just in time to see her poor Dun sinking down among the heather. Tears of pity flowed down the pale cheeks of the sorrowful girl.

"The jade is as dead as a herring," cried Mads, by way of comforting her; "she did not even hear the report."

He then took off the bridle, laid saddle and pillion on one shoulder, his gun on the other, and began to move onwards, at the same time encouraging the lovers to follow as fast as they could, with the grateful intelligence that his castle lay at no great distance.

"Only don't look behind you," added he, at the same time quickening his pace, "but think of Lot's wife."

The Fröken, though in a riding habit,* was unable to go so fast through the tall heather. She frequently stumbled and entangled herself in the branches. The Cornet, therefore, without waiting for permission, took her in his arms, and, not-

withstanding her reluctance, bore her away.

"Now we are at home," at length cried their conductor, at the same time flinging saddle and package at the foot of a little heath-grown hill.

"Where," cried the Cornet, also relieving himself of his burden. He looked around without discovering any thing bearing the remotest resemblance to a human habitation. A suspicion darted rapidly into his mind; but for a moment only. Had the man been a murderous robber, he could long ago have executed his villainous purpose without any risk of resistance, as long as he himself had literally both hands full.

"Here," answered the poacher; at the same time raising a very broad piece of turf and laying it aside, he said, "Some days since I lived above ground, there I might not remain; but it is a poor mouse that has but one hole." While saying this, he lifted and laid aside four or five stones, each as large as a strong man could carry, and now an opening was disclosed to view sufficiently wide for a person to creep into it.

"It looks as if they had been digging out foxes here," said the Cornet.

"So it should look," answered Mads; "but before we go in, we will just see around us, not on account of the Ansbjerg folks, who cannot yet have passed by the fire, but there might possibly be others in the neighbourhood. They looked on every side: to the south, west, and north, not a living being was to be seen, and all the eastern quarter was hidden in clouds of smoke so dense that the beams of the morning sun were unable to penetrate them.

"Have the kindness to stoop," said Mads, while he himself crept in on all fours, "and just follow me. The door is low, but the place will very well hold us; I will bring your baggage in instantly."

With some difficulty they followed their conductor, and soon found themselves in the subterranean dwelling, a spacious apartment, the walls of which were composed of huge unhewn

* She was no doubt habited *en Amazone*, as was the fashion in Denmark about the date to which our story refers. At a much later period, Matilda (sister of our George III.) Queen of Christian VII. rode in a garb nearly resembling a man's.

stones, and the roof of beams laid close to each other, from which hung a lamp, whose faint light but imperfectly illuminated the objects present. On the one side were two beds, a larger and a smaller; on the other a bench, a table, two or three chairs, a chest, and two hanging presses. In the smaller bed lay three naked children, who, on the entrance of the strangers, dived, like so many young wild ducks, under the covering. On the side of the large bed sat Lisbeth, *alias* Madame Mads, knitting a stocking, which in her astonishment she let fall with both hands into her lap. At the end of the table stood a little red-haired man, clad in skin from his chin to his knees, whom the host introduced to his guest as his good friend Mikkel Foxtail. "We were once digging here," added he, smiling, and pointing to Mikkel, "after his half-brother,* and so found this nook. Mike thinks it has been a robber's cave in former times; but it may also have been some old warrior's burial-place, for there stood there two or three black pots with bones and ashes in them." At the name of "robber's cave," a shudder passed over all the Fröken's frame: her lover observing it, said in French, "Fear not, my dearest, here we are secure; but it pains me that the first habitation into which I conduct you, should inspire you with horror and disgust."

"I will show you all my conveniences and luxuries," continued the poacher, at the same time opening a door in the background. "There is my kitchen, where we dare have fire only in the night; here is also my dining-room," added he, pointing to a salting trough and some legs of venison that were hung to smoke over the fire-place. "Bread and meat I have also got, and I bought a drop of mead in Viborg with the last deer-skin." With these words, he set a stone bottle and a wooden dish, with the aforesaid provisions on the table. "Eat and drink as much as you desire, and of whatever the house affords; and when you wish to depart, you shall have a trustworthy guide."

The Cornet pressed the hand of the honest Troglodyte, and said, "At

the present moment I have nothing to offer you but my thanks——"

"I require nothing," said Black Mads, interrupting him; "but promise me only that you will never betray me or my cave."

With the most solemn assurances, this promise was given; and the lovers now partook of a breakfast, to which hunger and joy at their safety imparted a double relish.

At the suggestion of their host, they resolved on waiting till evening, before they again entered on their interrupted journey. In the meantime, Mikkel offered to go out and reconnoitre; both to watch the pursuers, and make inquiry after the carriage from Vestervig. The first time he went no further than the opening of the cavern, from whence he informed them, that the party had ridden round the burnt space, and, in two divisions, proceeded westwards. Some hours after, he ventured out a short distance on the heath, and returned with the intelligence, that they had now taken a north-west direction, and that the heath would most probably be quite safe, as they could not suspect that the fugitives were still on it, and had no doubt been led out of the right track by false information. A little past noon Mads and Mikkel went out together, the latter to order a conveyance in one of the villages lying to the west. After an hour had passed, Mads returned with the intelligence that he had met with a young fellow who appeared to him somewhat suspicious, and who from his accent seemed to be a German. He inquired the way to the inn at Hvam, and whether some travellers had not passed by in the course of the day. From the description of the young man's person and dress, the Cornet felt convinced that it was his brother's Hungarian servant. They therefore both went out, and were so fortunate as to overtake him about a mile from the cave. We will not detain the reader with the Hungarian's account relative to the non-appearance of the carriage, but merely mention, that both he and the coachman had mistaken for Karup rivulet that which runs some miles to the west, and

* Viz. a fox, in allusion to Mikkel's surname of Foxtail.

where the carriage was then waiting. With equal brevity, we will further remark, that a little before noon he had been stopped and interrogated by the pursuers, and that he had not only skilfully extricated himself out of this examination, but had sent them in a direction which he rightly judged would not lead them into the track of the fugitives, of whose fate, however, he was in a state of the most painful uncertainty.

The next morning, the Cornet and his fair companion arrived safe at

Vestervig, where they became man and wife, and obtained from his elder brother, the owner of the estate, a small country house at Thyé for their habitation. Junker Kai got at first a galling disappointment, and secondly, after the lapse of a twelve-month, a still richer Froken from the Isle of Eyen. The lord of Anshjerg and his lady washed their hands clean of their daughter, and, notwithstanding the humble and penitent letters of her and her husband, were not to be reconciled.

THE HORSE-GARDEN.

Near the west end of Anshjerg wood there is an open space, consisting of an extensive green, entirely surrounded by old venerable beeches. Annually, on the first afternoon of Whitsuntide, the greater part of the inhabitants of the neighbouring parishes are accustomed to assemble at this spot. On that day many houses stand empty, and in many are left only the blind and the bed-ridden; for the halt and crippled, provided they lack not the sense of seeing, must once a-year enjoy themselves amid the new fresh verdure, and—like Noah's dove—bring home a bright green beechen bough to their dusky dwellings.

What joy! what shoals! The Horse-Garden—so is this trysting-place named—at this time resembles a bee-hive; incessant bustle, endless pressing backwards and forwards, in and out: every soul bent only on sucking in the honey of joyousness, and imbibing the exhilarating summer air. How they hasten, how they flutter from flower to flower! greet, meet, separate, familiarly, gaily and hastily! How many a young swain brings or finds here the lady of his heart! At a considerable distance from the hive may be heard its ceaseless hum and tumult.

The nearer you approach, the more varied is the joyous uproar. The monotonous hum resolves itself into shout, song, and laughter, rattling of leaves, sound of fiddles and flutes.

Swarms pour in and out on every side of the green wood. The lower orders in their Sunday garments, the higher classes in elegant summer attire, cavaliers in black, ladies in white.

“Is there dancing here?”

“Oh, yes, here is a forest ball, a dance on the elastic greensward.”

“Do you see that village fiddler by the large beech yonder, towering high above the surrounding multitude? Do you see how rapidly his bow dances up and down amid hats adorned with flowers? And there is a regular country dance, a real Scottish!”

“Am I in the Deer-park, in Charlottenlund?”* you will ask. “See what a number of carriages, elegant equipages, coachmen in livery, horses with plated harness, tents with cold meat and confectionery, coffee-pots on the fire, families reclining on the grass around a basket of eatables!”

You are in the Horse-Garden. This is Whitsuntide's evening in Lysgaard district—the beauteous Nature's homage-day. Thus is this holiday celebrated till the sun goes down; but formerly it was only the common people of two or three neighbouring parishes that assembled here, though this innocent merry-making is, without doubt, an ancient custom, as old as the wood itself.

Ten years after the events related in the foregoing chapters had taken place, the summer festival was, as usual, held in the Horse-Garden. A

* Two places of public resort and great beauty in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen. On St. John's (Hans') eve, the former place is thronged with the inhabitants of the capital and vicinity, for the purpose of drinking the waters of a well held in great esteem.

man from whose grandson I in my young days heard the story, gave the following account of it:—

“It was during my first year’s service as bailiff at Kjærsholm, I had my sweetheart at Vium; she was distantly related to the clergyman there. On the first day of Whitsuntide she agreed to meet me in the Horse-Garden, where we arrived so early that we found ourselves the only persons in the place. We wandered for an hour or two in the wood, until the sound of a violin announced to us that the people were assembled. We went to the spot as lookers on, sat down and observed the dancers. Shortly after, I noticed that two gentlemen, with a lady and two children, were approaching along the path leading from Ansbjerg. Being a stranger in the neighbourhood, I inquired of my companion who they were. ‘Hush,’ answered she, ‘it is the family. The tall stout man is the old gentleman, who became a widower about five years since. The young one, with a scar on his cheek, is his son-in-law, the lady his daughter, and the two Junkers their children. Ten years ago she eloped by night with the young gentleman. While the old lady was living, a reconciliation was not to be thought of; but after her death, the old gentleman allowed himself to be persuaded, and he received them into his house. At his decease they will inherit both house and land.’ The party continued standing for some time, amusing themselves with looking at the country folks, and then gave them something for drink. On a tree that had been levelled by the wind, sat two elderly men, with a jug of beer between them, and each with his pipe. On the family approaching them they rose and took the pipes from their mouths.

“‘Sit still,’ I heard the young man say; and turning to the elder, ‘you are now better friends than when you struck a light for Niels’ pipe by Karup rivulet?’

“‘Yes, gracious sir,’ answered the person addressed with a smile; ‘there is no animal however small that will not fight for its life. It was a bad business, yet has turned out well.’ The party laughed.

“‘Be careful,’ said the old gentle-

man in going away, ‘that you do not get jammed between the branches of the deer you are riding on there.’ At this they all laughed heartily, and I could, from time to time, hear the old man’s jolly roar, that resounded far in the wood.

“‘What does that allude to?’ said I to my companion, ‘and who are these two old men?’

“‘The one,’ answered she, ‘in the green frock, with the gray hat, is the gamekeeper. The other, in the brown habit, is Mads the under-ranger, who lives close by, and whom the young gentleman brought with him. The story of the deer I will tell you.’

“While she was relating this and the whole history of the elopement, my notice was attracted by a pair, who were having a dance to themselves, while all the others stood watching them.

“‘Who are they?’ inquired I; ‘they look a little remarkable, particularly the youth in the long yellow skin ineffables, in that blue jacket, and that extraordinary cap on his head?’

“‘He is no youth,’ answered she, ‘but a married man; it is his wife he is dancing with; he comes from Turkey, and accompanied his young master home from the wars. He is secretary and gardener, and is both pot and pan in the house. His wife has been long in the young lady’s service, and, they say, helped her away when she eloped from her parent’s house.’”

And now my story is ended. Many ages of man lie between then and now. There has been ringing and singing over several generations since the persons therein commemorated passed to eternal rest. Both the old and the young lords of Ansbjerg have long been forgotten in the neighbourhood, and no one now knows aught to tell of Black Mads. The manor-house has often changed its proprietors, the lands have been sold and divided.

Of the robber’s cave alone, an obscure and confused tradition has been preserved. On the great heath, about two miles west of Karup stream, are some heath-covered hills, which yet bear, and ever will bear that sinister name; but no one now thinks that there was once an asylum for tender and steadfast love, a paradise under ground.

A RIDE TO MAGNESIA.

THE sun was already below the horizon, when we entered on the plain of Magnesia. Our poor brutes were sadly jaded; for the latter part of the journey had been very severe. For some time it had been over a rocky path, strewn with loose stones; and the last stage is by a pretty abrupt, and very rough descent. My poor animal had cast a shoe, and the only relief that could be afforded in his calamity, was to dismount and lead him. We, too, were somewhat tired; but the glorious sight that burst upon us, bathed our spirits afresh in the waters of invigoration. The road had, for some time, kept us dodging among crags and corners, which allowed no prospect, and where, indeed, we were well employed picking out our way. But when we emerged, what a sight did we behold! One of the noble Asiatic plains stretched before us. Far as the eye could reach, to right and left, the green expanse extended; and immediately before us, it was only in the far distance that the boundary of hills was seen. Here and there clumps of trees variegated the turf; and a fair river wound itself amid all, looking like some huge and silvery serpent disporting itself in this apt solitude. Think how beautiful such a scene must have looked at evening, when the tops of the hills, and a few fleecy clouds were rosy in the sunbeams. Its expression was Paradiseal, the rather because the empire of Peace was invaded by no sight nor sound. The air was absolutely still, except for the sound of our own footsteps: as for our voices, after the first expression of delight, they were hushed. We seemed to be gazing on some primeval solitude,—on the spot where Astræa might have last lingered, and whence the impress of her footstep had not been yet obliterated by the violence of man. It was a perfect presentation of the still and calm, and touched the same associations that are made to thrill by Flaxman or Retsch.

On the verge of this plain, snugly ensconced under the lee of the hills we had been descending, lies the city of

Magnesia. It is of reverend aspect, and quite worthy of its incomparable situation. It is placed so closely under the hills, that its details are very gradually unfolded to one advancing. First appears a minaret, that most graceful of architectural conceptions; then comes a burying ground, and at last peep out the domes of the baths and mosques, and particular houses. The place has quite the air of having come to hide itself in this quiet nook; and its inhabitants seemed to be of the same mind, for not one of them could we see. At such an hour, poetic justice demanded that there should have been, scattered over the ways, groups of peasants returning from their toil, and citizens refreshing themselves with an evening walk. But here seemed to be no fields to cultivate. All looked as if it were common land; and one could but feel what a first-rate exercising ground Oglû Pascha had for his cavalry. As for the citizens, walking does not come within their idea of enjoyment; to which exertion is so essentially opposed, that probably half of them would forego their very pipes, if smoking were attainable only on condition of filling and lighting for one's self.

Now, let me say, that a wayfarer's trouble is not always over when he has arrived at the city of his destination. I should like to put any one who thinks it is, outside of one or two places that I know, and tell him to find his way in. *Le grand capitain* thanked the garrison of Malta for having had the kindness not only to capitulate, but to open the gates for him, as otherwise he did not see how he should ever have got in. And so, I opine, there be places where a capitulation would be incomplete without the attendance of one of the indigenous to act as pilot. I am afraid that I might have taken this journey in vain, and sighed in exclusion, had I been left to my own devices for the effecting of an entry. The river surrounds, in great part, the walls; and one might make pretty well the entire circuit before hitting the right point of ingress. But one of us was gifted with topographical

instinct in high degree, and at once nosed the course that was to lead us to the bridge. Our poor brutes seemed to sympathise in the refreshment of our spirits; and even my unfortunate Rosinante consented to his burden, and put his best foot foremost. One of his feet, alas! was what maritime gentlemen would call a regular *corser*—the foot which lacked a shoe, and which, defenceless, had to sustain such rude battering. The hoof of this foot was cracked, and I was in much tribulation, both on the poor horse's account and on my own. But I made the best of the circumstances; encouraging the animal with all that I could remember and imitate of the dialect in which man converses with the horse; and comforting myself with thinking how soon the poor fellow would be stabled and shod.

The bridge, over which we passed, was very pretty and not very shaky, nor by any means so broken-backed as are the greater number of Turkish specimens. At the moment of our passing, it was lined with venerable old fellows, who had turned out to enjoy their evening pipe. They were dressed in the most approved and unreformed style, and many of them had long beards, descending to the girdle. They sat in perfect stillness, no man speaking to, or seeming to care for his neighbour. Indeed, from experiences among them, we might almost argue that though man is by nature gregarious, he is conversational only by acquirement. At any rate, they show how few words may answer all the purposes of business, and how little all of us would talk, if wives and domestic matters were proscribed subjects. As we passed through the midst of them, not a soul looked at us, not a nudge did one of them give to his neighbour, not a puff less of smoke was emitted. One might have concluded it to be with them an every day occurrence to see three Europeans ride in such style into their town. Yet you might be bold to say, that they had never seen such an entry before. The mode of travelling is so strictly regulated by necessity, that, in all probability, of all the few Franks who have entered this place, none have ever done so in the independent style we affected. At least if, by chance, some couple

may have done so, it has certainly been where there has existed a knowledge of the people and language. If our appearance did not at first enlighten them as to our greenness and ignorance, we soon stood confessed by our attempts at inquiry. Our first object was, of course, to discover the habitation of the Seraph, whose name we had written down in our own character; as the hieroglyphics which stood for direction to the letter would have been no guide to us. Now, our stock of words did not go the length of any direct inquiry; for *Katch Sahet*, our old stand-by, was now used up.

"Seraph, — Seraph," — we sang out, with as strong an expression of inquiry as we could throw into our looks and gestures. At this some of them certainly did look up, but with the least excitement conceivable. One of the more benevolent vouchsafed to us a few words, but soon stopped with the most unmistakeable look of pity when he saw that we did not understand him. Evidently he pitied our ignorance and despised us. No farther attempt was made to enlighten us; nor were the peaceful seniors in the least discomposed at the unsuccessful result of the inquiries that possibly were uttered in the speech of the old man. We had nothing for it but to go a-head, and trust to the chance of falling in with some one better skilled in the language of signs. Oh, thought we, had it been any where near Naples that this escapade had conducted us, we might have done well. Among those pantomimic people the language of the lips becomes an unimaginative and lazy expedient, by no means necessary to the uses of communication. Nature, whose voice is one to all, has given to them such force of gesture, that it must be a very long and difficult story that they could not tell or understand without words. But poor old John Turk is a different animal, and can be dealt with only by dialectic precision. Never had we seen such an exemplification of their incurious, impassible diathesis as they now presented to our cost. We turned back a long and admiring gaze at the group as we passed onwards, for truly it was a most picturesque position. But we

had to revert to the present necessity of finding some lodging, more perhaps on account of the horses than of ourselves. For us it would have been no great hardship to pass the night, should need be, on the dry soft turf, beneath the clear sky, which shone so purely above us that we absolved the neighbourhood from all suspicion of marshes, which are the only objection to sleeping in the open air in this country. All looked dry, and clear, and pure. But our poor horses, who had been beguiled into an effort by the sight of the town, began now again to droop, and evidently considered us chargeable with a breach of promise in thus prolonging their labours. Whither to go we could not tell. A labyrinth of streets lay before us, and amongst them it was our object to pick out the way to the Armenian quarter. Turks keep early hours, and but few people were astir in the streets when we entered, and after our wanderings had continued but a short time scarcely a soul was to be seen. Now I am prepared to say, that no desolation is like the desolation of strangeness in a large city. St. Jerome in the wilderness, or Stylites on his pillar, were not more lonely than many a poor recluse in our city of two million inhabitants. And we ourselves would have been infinitely more at ease had we been called upon to bivouac beyond the sight of human habitation.

Up one street and down another we passed, till we were wearied almost beyond endurance, and really uneasy for our cattle. We met no one; or if we did, no one that noticed us. The muffled figure of some woman would pass by, who, when she saw the gaors, would draw her veil yet more closely over her, and hurry on her way. One or two children stopped to stare at us; but we knew experimentally that their untutored fanaticism was more likely to have a shy at our heads, than to attempt to understand or direct us. We kept a sharp look-out for some Greek or Armenian house wherein, for lucre's sake, we might be received in the first instance: reserving to ourselves the introduction to the Seraph as a *bonne bouche*. But still we wearied on, and saw no hospice. All was shut up, and closed.

They were evidently not of the social temperament that distinguished our Smyrna friends,—no doors were open, no family parties visible, no suppers spread out. Some two hours passed away—night fairly descended; and then the place might have passed for a city of the dead.

The fix was becoming unquestionably awkward, and our mirth, which had thriven wonderfully on the absurdity of our position, was passing over to what old ladies call the wrong side of our mouths. Such an incurious, apathetic set we had never before met. If our expectation had not been exactly that some bustling Boniface would have come rushing out to welcome us to his best parlour, we had at least reckoned on finding some person who knew the value of money, and the requirements of strangers. But we were completely nonplused at the actual complexion of affairs, and I am afraid began to be out of humour with this particular part of the Sultan's dominions. Still, however, we retained that facetious satisfaction that every wise man finds at the bottom of a really good embroglio,—viz., the sense of having concocted an adventure, and the curiosity of seeing what will come of it. Thus, though appearances were as if we should have to remain riding about those streets *in infinitum*, we knew that something or other must turn up; and were only a little impatient for the denouement.

At last we stumbled on the benevolent stranger who was to help us out of our difficulty. A man in Christian costume was seen hastening towards us with the air of one who had heard that his friends were in trouble, and needed his assistance.

"Bona sera, signori."

How musical did the words sound!

"Oh man," said we, "*per carità*, tell us what good soul of a Greek will take us into his house this night."

"Padroni miei, you are too late to get into any house this night. They are all gone to bed, and their houses are shut up. You must go to the Khan."

"Do you know where the Seraph—lives?"

"Surely I know—it is not far from this spot."

"Then, if you would be very kind, you will take us to his house: for we have a letter for him, and we hope to put up at his house."

"*Andiam*, — come along; it is late, but the Seraph will not have gone to bed, for he is rich, and has much business. Only, my masters, you must make haste, so that if he cannot receive you, I may have time to lead you to the Khan before that be also shut."

This last was a very disagreeable suggestion; but we would not admit in our own minds the probability of our needing the resources of public entertainment. We had made up our conclusions that the Seraph was a very good fellow; and that no good fellow would turn us adrift under the circumstances, even though the entertainment of us might cost him a little inconvenience.

For something like another quarter of an hour we followed our benevolent guide, who led us into a quarter of comfortable and respectable appearance. It was not inferior to the Armenian quarter of Smyrna, except in respect to pictorial effect as a whole. The houses were particularly good, and built in a more seclusive spirit; the better ones being almost all detached. Before one of the very best of these our guide stopped.

"Here lives the Seraph —."

It was a domicile of most promising appearance, surrounded by a garden, and in every respect snug and unexceptionable. We had so lived in hopes of finding this house, and so thoroughly made up our minds to stop therein, that we were nearly riding at once into the enclosure as if we had been invited and expected. We were discreet enough, though, to consider that the worthy Armenian might possibly be a little startled at the unexpected apparition of such a party, so detached K—— as a deputation, to present our compliments, and accept the invitation which we doubted not would follow.

J—— and myself remained without the gate to take care of the steeds, and to expect the result of our embassy. We exchanged congratulations on the good fortune of having brought up in such snug quarters, and agreed that we were all right now. If the Seraph could not receive us himself,

he would be sure to know some family of the place which would, on his recommendation, receive us. But after some few minutes we began to think our messenger was a long time away, and I determined to have a peep at what was going on. I entered the garden, and saw at once that the work was in no prosperous condition—the letter was not even yet read. The worthy merchant had evidently been disturbed in the prosecution of culinary duties, for a vessel of water was before him, and a lettuce in his hand. He had taken a good look at K——, who was not quite unabashed at this cold reception, and was now minutely inspecting the letter before opening it. Like most moneyed men, he was very silent and very deliberate. At last he got the length of opening the letter, and slowly read it through. This being achieved, it did not seem to occur to him that it was necessary to say any thing to us. The scene was much such as might take place at the reception of some poor relative by a rich London merchant.

"Signore Seraph," said K——, "our friend John gave us this letter to you, because he thought you might like to be of some service to us during our short visit."

"What can I do for you?"

"You can tell us of some house where we can put up for the night."

"I do not know any such house. There is none such in Magnesia."

"You cannot mean to say that none will receive the friends of your countryman, John."

"Gentlemen, you must go to the Khan. I know of no place but the Khan. In the Khan you will find excellent accommodation." And having said thus much, he recommenced scuttling about among his cookery, and fairly turned the cold shoulder on the whole party of strangers.

Now this gentleman was a bad specimen of his kind, thus to dishonour the recommendation of his very respectable friend at Smyrna. Or perhaps something had gone wrong with him that day on 'Change. Certain it is that such a reception we had never before experienced. In every place to which we had come, we had always found some one who, for love

or money, was glad to receive us. In more than one case, it had been for the former consideration; and indeed in some villages it is the recognised privilege of the greatest man to receive the wayfarer. It is to them a rare occasion of playing the entertainer, and, besides, gives them an opportunity of hearing all sorts of travellers' tales. Besides, it is a good office, which they themselves may require at any time; and it is, even on sordid grounds, good policy for them to establish relations of hospitality throughout the country. One case is in my recollection, where a large party of us, with I know not how many followers and horses, were received most cheerfully, though arriving at a late hour, and in such formidable numbers. The most hospitable attention was paid to us, and abundant provision of all kinds made; and at our departing our entertainers would receive no penny of recompense. And other such can I remember, though none perhaps where the demand was so strong.

Rejected from the gate of the Seraph, whom we voted a barbarian and a curmudgeon, our ambition resolved itself into the anxiety to reach the Khan before they shut up for the night. Our new acquaintance, who had guided us to this inhospitable threshold, was waiting for us outside, as though in distrust of our being received. He stuck by us like a good man and true, till he had conducted us far away to the upper part of the town, where lies the Khan.

We saw a large building, with a frontage something like Newgate. On a rude sort of divan, in the doorway, sat the Khandgi smoking, who gave not the least sign of noticing our approach. Through the doorway we had a perspective view of an inner court of considerable extent, in different parts of which glimmered the cheerful blaze of fire and lamp. Several people were passing to and fro, and altogether the place looked far more life-like than the dull streets through which we had been passing.

Our friend approached and saluted the Khandgi, who returned the compliment with all grave civility. A colloquy then followed on the subject of ourselves, during which the Turk

read our personal presentments with some apparent interest. It probably required some scrutiny to convince him that men travelling thus unattended were not vagabonds. Perhaps the same idea had something to do with the shortcomings of our friend the Seraph. In the present case the result was of a more satisfactory kind, for the Khandgi uttered a courteous welcome, and motioned to us to dismount. Our friend, to whom we had previously explained our necessities, told us that, in consideration of his request, the Khandgi would take the trouble of supplying our wants in the way of eating, though, as the bazaar was long since closed, we should have to wait some time for our supper. We were only too glad to hear that there was any prospect of a refectory, and, thanking him heartily for his good offices, we entered the caravanseraï.

Immediately at the entrance of this hostelry was an uncommonly snug little apartment, wherein many of the more sociable of the guests were taking their baccy. Our will was very good to have made a temporary lodgement here while the more substantial repast was in course of preparation. But we followed the respectable gentleman to whose care we had been consigned. Our luggage was not very cumbersome, consisting only of our saddles and holsters, which we were able to remove at once, as the two hours' patrolling had quite cooled the horses. Poor things! they had still to wait for their provender, for though we signified that we wished them to be fed directly, the authorities gave us to understand that they must wait. They have a great objection in these parts to feed any particular horse, or horses, except at the same time with all the others, believing that those of the animals who have nothing to eat, hearing the others chumping their corn, are made envious. It is but fair to them to say, that they are very kind to the brute creation. To their care we left our quadrupeds awhile, and ascended to what was to be our chamber. We passed along an extensive gallery with a great many doors, at one of which our conductor stopped and produced a large key. We were introduced to a moderately

capacious cell, entirely bare of furniture, but quite clean. Of this room and key we were put into possession, and, throwing down our traps, made ourselves comfortable. It was exactly like the cell of a prison; massy stone walls, with one little aperture by way of window, which, however, was not barred, neither was it glazed; at which we were not astonished, for glass is hereaway an expensive, or at least an unusual luxury. The character of the Khan is consistently observed throughout, as we learnt subsequently more particularly—viz., that of a place which affords necessities, but no superfluities—nothing portable. House and home you cannot easily carry about with you, and these the public institution provides; but all things edible, or wearable, or convenient, you must provide for yourself.

Our good friend brought a lamp, which he set upon the floor; and, as the evening was coolish, and the cell had the air of not having been tenanted for a long time, we signified to him that a fire would be agreeable. Having made the exception in our favour, in virtue of which he had undertaken to supply our various necessities, he set about fulfilling his contract with a good will, and seemed only anxious to know what he could do for us. We pointed to the bare floor, and insinuated an appeal to him, as a man of honour and a gentleman, whether such a couch did not admit of improvement. It is very probable that he uttered in his sleeve some objurgation on Frankish luxury, that could not be contented to sleep as other people did; or, at any rate, to provide capotes like other people. But he signified to us his intelligence of our meaning, and his ready acquiescence; and soon entered a satellite laden with rugs, on which a prince might have reposed, to say nothing of a weary traveller.

Behold us, then, stretched on our couches around the fire, soothing our spirits with that best of smoking inventions, the nargillé. The providing of these, and of coffee, *without sugar*, came within the legitimate province of the Khandgi, who keeps a café in the establishment; every thing else that he may give you, is of pure

grace. Should any body, in these travelling days, be ignorant of the constitution of a nargillé, let him understand that it is a smoking device on the same principle as a hookah, but marvellously superior in effect. The smoke is drawn through water by means of a long snake-like tube. Herein lieth its agreement with the Indian vanity; but the difference is this, that instead of the sickly composition, half rose-leaves, half guava jelly, that composes the chillum of the hookah, the nargillé is fed with pure tobacco; of a particular kind, indeed, and passing by a particular name, but still a veritable specimen of the genus *nicotiana*. It is called *timbooké*, and professes to come only from Persia.

We were not left long in undisturbed possession of our apartment. The key had been made over to us with much formality; but we soon found that our tenancy was understood to imply no right of seclusion. The news of our arrival had spread, and sundry of the other inhabitants of the Khan were smitten with the desire of seeing what sort of animals these were who travelled in such fashion. Our door opened, and first one man, and then another, entered in the most unconcerned style. It was highly amusing to see how coolly they walked in: some saluted us, and some did not. Some brought their pipes or nargillés, with which they squatted on the floor, and watched us. As we could not talk to them, they talked to one another about us; staring, at the same time, with all their eyes, and pointing unconstrainedly to the individual or object that happened, for the time being, to engage their curiosity. Many addressed inquiries to us, and shrugged their shoulders at our ignorance of a language with which, probably, they had never before met any one unacquainted. These gentlemen, be it remembered, were not of the sober inhabitants, but chance occupants of the inn—merchants and vagabonds of all kinds. Merchants, among them, always are vagabonds; men who travel with their wares from one place to another, according to the complexion of markets.

We were at least as much amused at marking them, as they were with

us, and not much more constrained in our personal observations. Many an equivocal compliment fell harmless on their ears, which, had it been understood, would have ruffled their smiles. At last an individual entered, who evidently came on business. He made a short announcement to us, and waited for a reply. Of course no reply was forthcoming, except some general invitation to sit down and make himself happy. This he was by no means disposed to do. He repeated his words with an emphasis that seemed to imply that he was not to be trifled with, and that it was no use pretending not to understand him. He exemplified what I suppose to be a general fallacy of our nature,—for I have often encountered the same anomaly,—that is to say, he repeated his words slowly and emphatically, as if one, though ignorant of the language, could not fail to comprehend his meaning, if expressed clearly and deliberately. We were brought no whit nearer to a sense of the emergency.

As in despair he continued to repeat one word, “*Aiván, aiván*,” in a tone that appealed to our every sympathy as reasonable beings, we felt the full indecorum of our continued unintelligence, and would gladly have compounded, by appearing to understand, and allowing the event to work itself out. But this would not satisfy our friend: there was evidently something to be done by us.

“*Aiván, aiván!*” shouted the assistants, in chorus.

It was useless. The word was not in our vocabulary. He now began to gesticulate vehemently, passing his hand several times over his face, and performing other evolutions. These to me, I confess, conveyed no meaning; but K——, being of quicker apprehension, somehow extracted from the pantomime an idea of the fact.

“Depend upon it, he means something about the horses.”

S—— improved upon this suggestion, turning to account the extra knowledge that he possessed of the ways of these people. “I have it. He means where are the halters for our horses. These are never provided in the Khan stables, and all travellers take them for themselves.”

Here we were at fault: none of us

had been provident of this article, and we wanted words to beg the stableman to provide, if he could, the halters, and put them in the bill. In the midst of our perplexity a man entered, whom we hailed as a friend in need. He was a Greek, unmistakeable by physiognomy, even had he not been so by dress. How delightful it was to find a channel of communication re-opened, those only can judge who, like us, have been deprived of the uses of speech. Our words became, indeed, *ἑτα ἑτα*. In a trice he explained to us the whole matter, which was as we had supposed. He appeared to be quite proud of the distinction of being the only person who could communicate with us, and assumed the office of interpreter with great gusto. Through him we explained that we should like to pay a visit to the stables, and the groom summoned us at once to follow him. The company all cleared out as we rose; partly from civility, and partly because they wanted to see a little more of us. We did not, in the least, doubt the honesty of these gentry; but, seeing that so little ceremony existed as to right of entry into our apartment, we did not know but that some unscrupulous person might take advantage of our absence to overhaul our effects. We therefore judged it prudent to remove those of our effects which might most strongly provoke their cupidity. Our saddles were heavy, and could not easily be pocketed, but our pistols might have been stowed away under their voluminous dresses, and carried off without the observation of the Khandgi. These, therefore, we carried with us, and with such garniture I personally cut a pretty figure. My weapons were so prodigiously long, that their but-ends considerably overtopped the boundary of my pockets, and gave me thoroughly the air of a highwayman. The exhibition amazed us, but did not appear to strike the natives as extraordinary, who doubtless thought that such was the ordinary walking attire of our nation.

The unintelligible groom walked foremost with a lantern, and led us across the great quadrangle of the Khan, to his particular domain. It was a right good stable, comfortable

and clean, and in which a horse might rejoice himself. It was full of horses, and asses, and camels—for which last species of animal a stable is only an occasional luxury. Generally, the track of these hardy brutes lies where there is no stable to be found, and they are wont to travel in such numbers as to defy any ordinary bounds of habitation. Here they seemed to be quiet neighbours, and not at all offensive to the smaller quadrupeds. Once on the spot, we managed to get over the difficulty of the halters, and as the time of feeding was approaching, we led our steeds out to water. The poor shoeless one was sensibly the worse for his journey, and stuck out his off fore-leg in a manner that boded ill for the morrow. However, they all took their corn well, so we bade them good-night, and hoped for the best. As we were out, we pursued our peregrinations awhile, and inspected the domestic economy of the establishment. The building occupied a large square, with the court open in the middle. The stables and other offices occupied most of the ground floor, though some little room was left for public apartments. The gallery, on one side of which we were lodged, extended round the court, and was throughout divided into separate guest chambers. These were all, like ours, solid, square cells, affording the accommodation of four walls, and a pan for fire. Besides this, each room contained a water pitcher, and this was the sum of furniture. We promenaded for some time up and down the gallery, and peeped into many open doors, so that we saw several samples. In one or two of these we saw parties of travellers, on whom we gazed with as little ceremony as had been used towards ourselves, and with as little offence. They certainly were worth looking at, for they were wild fellows, collected from no one knows where, and looked uncommonly picturesque. At last our host brought in the supper, for which we were particularly well disposed. We were at no time fastidious, and at that precise moment of most indulgent mood toward all cooks. But the mess that appeared almost baffled appetite. Turkish cookery, as practised by the

great, is first-rate in its kind. But if this supper was a fair sample of their homely fare, I should not be ambitious of again proving the cookery of a Khan. It was presented in a tub of vile aspect, which one would have scrupled to admit to the office of a pediluvium, and which certainly any respectable scullion would have rejected from the service of washing dishes. Its contents were of the most suspicious character. In a greasy soup floated fragments of animal substance, corresponding in texture and form to the parts of no edible creature within our knowledge. This was garnished with anchovies, and a goodly loaf of bread, which last article was beyond reproach. Of course we had no spoons, nor forks; so we tucked up our sleeves, and dived into the soup. That which had offended the sight proved yet more vile in the tasting; yet, since it pretty well quenched all desire to eat, it in some sort, after all, did the duty of a supper.

All was quiet in the Khan at an early hour, and nothing disturbed our slumbers. Early the next morning we rose and wandered forth into the town. It is a happy custom for the traveller, that the Mussulmans are careful to place a fountain near all places of public resort, for thus has he always means of performing in some sort his ablutions. What with the fountain, and a Turkish bath, we contrived to put ourselves into condition for the emergencies of the day. The first thing was to sally forth into the bazaar in search of a breakfast. Here we made it out on kabobs, and a sort of cake like a large crumpet; the cake doing the office of a plate. Kabobs are things better in a story than in manducation, being excessively greasy compositions of odd pieces of meat stuck on skewers, a poor imitation of the sausage. We found the town rising in our estimation as we viewed it by daylight. The bazaar does not, of course, afford such a display of rich merchandise as is to be found in that of Smyrna. There is no show of costly carpets, and silks from Brousa and Damascus. But the town, *quoad* town, is decidedly superior to the Asiatic metropolis. The streets are

wider, the buildings more substantial, the vagabonds not so many. All looks clean and respectable. Here is no bustle of commerce, no appearance of social fermentation. All has the quiet and settled air of a place where the inhabitants have made their fortunes, and retire to enjoy themselves. Seclusion and blissful ignorance have preserved them from the crotchets of reformers, and continued to them the benefits of a wholesome despotism.

But a sound burst upon our ears which made us start. A gush of music as from a full military band was borne upon the air: and in good tune and measure, moreover, did it sound. We knew that we were in a country accustomed to raise any given number of soldiers at short notice; but irregulars, wont to be disbanded on the termination of their special service. But the case turned out to be that Magnesia was a grand cavalry depot. We followed the sound and came up with the regiment, returning to their barracks. A noble appearance they presented. The horses were first-rate, and the men fine strapping fellows, who looked as if they could do the state some service. We stood at the corner of a street past which they were marching, and had a good view of them. It was a very strong regiment, with a full complement of a thousand men. Their uniform was of the new school, that is to say, after the European model. The specimens of the regular infantry that are to be seen at Smyrna and Constantinople, give but an unfavourable idea of the Turkish troops of the line. It becomes them little to be cross-belted after our fashion, and they seem to be sulky under the constraint of their accoutrements. But these horsemen rode by in gallant style, showing, as occasion arose, excellent horsemanship, and gathering perhaps some vivacity from the noble animals whose curvetings demanded a vigilant eye, and firm seat. After all, cavalry seems to be their natural strength, as it has been ever since the days when they rode wild in the plains of the Selinga. The natural genius of the people may be sufficiently understood, by a comparison of the gallant-looking, serviceable dragoons,

with the sluggish fellows who carry the musket. They seem to be no more the stuff whereof infantry is to be composed, than they are the stuff of which sailors are to be composed. At this latter transmutation many efforts have recently been made, and a good deal certainly effected, so far as regards the mechanical duties of the sailor. All who were in presence with the Capitan Pasha, lately, on the coast of Syria, were surprised at the improved state of their powers of nautical evolution. But this is merely an effort, whose effects cannot last, for the stuff is not in them of which a sailor is made. Their look and bearing is enough to condemn them immediately, and, moreover, enough to show that the training is by no means agreeable to them. Now all these dragoons looked as if their occupation was exactly to their taste, and as if they were proud of their horses and themselves. The only absurdity on the parade (for there was an absurdity, or it would have been contrary to all Turkish precedent) was, that after the colonel, as gallant-looking a fellow as one would wish to see, came his pipe-bearer, with the tools of his craft strapped to his back. This certainly did come at the tail of the procession with something of the air of an anticlimax.

We followed closely after them to see the fun, and arrived at the parade ground before the barracks, just as they had dismounted, and were walking about their horses to cool. We had some little hesitation about venturing among them; for they have curious notions on the subject of the evil eye; and it had happened to one of our friends to get a particularly good pummeling from some soldiers, merely for looking attentively at their horses. But these men were very civil, and even invited our approach. One or two of the officers spoke to us. Presently came a man who beckoned us to follow him, which we did without the least idea of whither it was that we were bound. He led us right across the parade ground, and into the grand entrance of the barracks. Here we were received by a gentleman, who addressed us in Italian, and informed us that he was the

head physician to the regiment, and the particular friend of the colonel, who was waiting up stairs to receive us. Up stairs we went, the doctor preceding us, and volunteering to interpret. The room was a most delightful retreat from the glaring heat of the day. The floor was coolly matted, the walls were nearly bare, the sun was excluded, and nothing hot met the eye. The colonel was sitting on the divan at the upper end of the room. He rose as we entered, and received us most politely. I call him *colonel* to express the fact of his being at the head of a regiment. But in truth he was a much greater man than such a title is wont to describe. Not only was his regiment so strong in numbers, but he was the military governor of the town; his correct style in their own language is *Miralāhi*.

We could see plainly enough that he was a person of some consequence; but the Italian doctor was determined to leave us, if possible, no chance of a mistake in this matter. He interlarded his internunciatary discourse, with a continual annotation of asides, which became monstrously amusing, seeing that they were spoken in full audience of the individual who was their unsuspecting subject. He impressed on our serious consideration that the colonel was a very great man indeed; able to do pretty well what he liked in Magnesia; and we were to take note that he, the doctor, could do what he liked with the colonel. I do not know whether he handed over our speeches to the colonel in a more genuine state, than we were quite sure he did those of the colonel to us, from the quantity of alloy that we were able to detect. It is probable that at least he polished our compliments, and somewhat exaggerated our conditions. At any rate we were a very pleasant party, and seemed mutually satisfied with our conversation. After a considerable interval, during which we had partaken of his hospitable cheer, we arose to depart. But he would not allow us to go, saying, that English officers visiting that strange place must be his guests. He would first show us the barracks, and then we must go home with him, and dine. This proposal delighted us much, and we bowed a willing assent. We had

the curiosity to inquire how he had been made aware of our arrival, as he evidently must have been, by the token of his having recognised us on the parade ground, and having sent to us the invitation. He told us that in the routine of his daily reports, our descriptions had been presented to him as having arrived at the Khan: so that when he saw us, he knew who we must be.

Presently we proceeded to inspect the barracks. Nothing could be nicer or better kept than they were in all respects. No English barracks could be cleaner or better ventilated. We saw also some of the officers' quarters, which spoke well for the taste of the occupiers. The band, we found, was composed entirely of natives. We had supposed that the master of the band at least would have been a foreigner; but were assured that Turkish skill, unassisted, had the training of the musicians, and even the composition of much of the music. We went into the kitchen, and tasted the men's dinner, which was ready prepared. It was a most excellent soup or hodge-podge, that Meg Dods herself might have owned. Thence we went to the stables, and here all was admirable. One might be bold to say that no European regiment is better mounted. The colonel's special stud was a noble collection, in whose exhibition he had evidently much pride. We wound up our inspection with a visit to the hospital, which we found the most admirable part of their menage. This was the doctor's own province, and he minutely exhibited particulars. I have seen a great many hospitals in my day, and am able to judge that this was excellent. The building was of no pretence, but substantial convenience was consulted. It was quite spacious enough for ventilation; and the beds were all clean and comfortable, and disposed at sufficiently wide intervals. This establishment is governed in chief by the Italian doctor; but the second in direction, the surgeon as they term him, and all the other functionaries, are native Turks. The dispensary is excellently well kept, and among its duties is the keeping of a regular sick-register. This details in form the malady and treatment of each patient:

so that satisfactory information concerning any particular inmate may as readily be obtained here as in any London hospital; and medical precedents as certainly established.

This register our friend had the complaisance to submit to our inspection, and we were astonished at the exactitude of its detail. He told us that among his duties, is that of making a regular nosological return to government periodically, and a report of the number of deaths with their respective causes. Few people would have been prepared to find the exhibition of so much solicitude for the life and well-being of the private soldier, on the part of the Turkish government. Such humanised policy is at least wonderfully in contrast with all that we hear of the domestic economy of these people but a few years back, and with what, by all accounts, is the method pursued, even at this day, in the armies of Mehemet Ali. In a very recent number of a French periodical are given some details concerning the military usages of that potentate, that, with every allowance for possible exaggeration, leave the impression of a terrible reality. Indeed, without precise data, it is easy to conceive that disease and death must riot among such subjects, unless checked by vigilant supervision. Their habits are very dirty, in spite of the ablutions to which they are constrained by their religion, which affect only their arms and legs. Of the benefits of clean linen they are in mere ignorance, and their fatalism is the spring of all kinds of indiscretion. Think of seven or eight hundred such fellows congregated in a barrack, with more than the probability that some one of the number may have brought with him, from his dirty home, the contagion of fever, perhaps of plague; and it will be easy to conceive how great and constant must be the care that can maintain them in tolerable health and comfort—a care that must subsist not only in the hospital, but be extended over all arrangements affecting them.

The healthy and active appearance of the men was the best presumptive evidence of the excellence of their régime. Had we even left Magnesia without positive witness of their bar-

rack economy, we should have felt sure that these men must be ably officered and well looked after. It is, with regiments as with ships, a standing truth, that efficiency of condition is compatible only with efficiency and sympathy on the part of the officers. The grand secret of our naval discipline is the recognition of this truth; and no where does it find a more full exemplification than on board our ships. There every officer (every *good* officer) feels for, and with, his men. Nothing, save the positive requirement of the service, is allowed to interfere with their comfort. The care of their health is as much the ambition and duty of the captain as is the care of his ship. Few things in the strange world afloat would strike a landsman more, than the minute attention habitually paid to men who are hourly liable to the most perilous risks. At the need of the service, limb and life are freely ventured; but not a wet jacket is inflicted, nor a meal prorogued wantonly. Jack, who is burdened with no care for himself, becomes devoted to his officers who care for him; ready at their bidding to jump overboard, or to turn to and get the mainmast out all standing. A well-ordered man-of-war, where this feeling prevails from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle, affords perhaps the finest exhibition of harmony of purpose of which our nature is capable. The inspection of a single regiment is insufficient ground whereon to found general observations; but so far as this one specimen is concerned, we can speak of the Turks as having made some slight approach to this most desirable condition. We were surprised to find an Osmanli in the position of surgeon to the establishment; because the religious principles of such a one are understood to be invincibly opposed to the prosecution of the studies that must qualify for such a post. Without dissection what can they know of anatomy? and unskilled in anatomy, how can they guide the knife healingly among the intricacies of the human frame? Yet all the operative surgery in this hospital is the care of the native surgeon, by whom the most formidable operations are successfully performed. The best proof that these medicos are

up to their work, is found in the fact, that the sick-list was very small. It was quite surprising to see how few beds were occupied. Indeed, the men are so well clothed, well fed, and lodged so airily, that their tenure of health must be far more secure when on service than when in their own homes.

Our inspection had occupied some time, and brought the day well on to the hour of dinner. The hospitable colonel having right courteously satisfied all our inquiries, led the way to his domicile. Among the notable experiences of this day, it was not the least that he himself by his presence afforded us, enabling us to mark the tone of feeling subsisting between himself and his men. I will defy any harsh taskmaster to take me among his men, and prevent my reading in their demeanour the fact of his ungentleness. Aversion and constrained fear, are motives too powerful for the possibility of suppression in the presence of their object. The eye is too faithful an index of the soul to give no spark when the fire of hatred rages within. But as we passed through the different buildings, every eye expressed cheerfulness and satisfaction. They seemed pleased at our curiosity, and gratified with his visit. He himself seemed delighted to play the part of exhibitor. He walked through the different compartments, not exactly with the air of an English dragoon, but still with a good deal of the soldier about him. Take him all in all, he was one of the two best specimens of Turkish great men that I have seen. The first place I reserve for my excellent friend the Pasha of Rhodes. With all his slouching, happy-go-lucky air, it was astonishing to see how much grace he managed to preserve; and how the sense of authority was kept up, notwithstanding the simplicity of his good humour.

When a man asks you to dinner, unless, indeed, he be a gipsy living under a hedge, it is usual to suppose that you must enter his house. We had reckoned on being introduced to the particular establishment of the Miralâhi, and rejoiced in the prospect of so befitting a conclusion to our morning's researches. But our friend marshalled us onward through stables and gardens, to the prettiest little

kiosk you would wish to see, snugly ensconced beneath vines and creepers, at one end of his dwelling. Here-away nature assumes a regularity in her moods of which we Englishmen know little in our own land. Here it really does rain in the rainy season, and really is hot in summer. Thus knowing, almost to a degree, the heat or cold they are at any time to expect, the happy indigenes are in condition to suit their manner of life to the humour of the season. This kiosk was the usual summer sitting-room; contrived to a nicety in all respects so as to woo all cooling influences, and exclude the sun. The sides were open towards that quarter whence the breeze was wont to come; and a beautiful fountain threw up its abundant stream so near to us that we almost received its splashing. We were raised somewhat above the level of the garden, which lent to our enjoyment the blended odours of lemon and citron. No carpet was there, nor woollen substance, nor aught that looked hot. Cool mats covered the tessellated floor within; and without, the eye was refreshed by gushing water, and by the deep green of the orange and lemon trees. Truly, one might be in a worse billet on a hot day!

But nothing edible appeared, nor any table, nor other appliance whose presence we are wont to associate with the idea of dinner. One might almost have supposed the kiosk to be the drawing-room, reserved for the collecting together of the guests before their proceeding to the banquet. Our host had picked up another friend in the course of the morning, so that, with ourselves and the doctor, he had a very respectable party.

We had been but a short time sitting in that state of palpable waiting for dinner, which from St. James' to Otaheité is one and the same recognised misery, when our host propounded to us, through the doctor, the following thesis.

"There are different modes of dining, according to different nations." The proposition was axiomatic: we looked assent, and waited for what was to come next.

"The English have their way, the French theirs, and the Turks theirs. How will you dine to-day?"

"Like true Osmanlis," we cried, emphatically and enthusiastically. "Truly, mine host, we have capital appetites, and, moreover, an old proverb on our side."

Now, it is not to be supposed that this worthy gentleman could really have given us an entertainment in the style he offered. No doubt it was but a conventional phrase, and meant no more than the speech of the Mexican does, who tells you to consider his house and all he possesses as your own:—still it was civil. A sign was made to one of the domestics, and significant preparations were forthwith commenced. Each of us was furnished with anapkin, which we spread out upon our knees. We further followed lead so far as to tuck up our sleeves: then came a pause. Presently arrived an attendant, bringing an apparatus much like a camp-stool, which was planted in the midst of us; and, on the top of this, was anon deposited a large and bright brass tray. On this, in a twinkling, appeared a basin filled with a savoury composition of kind unknown. Into this all hands began to dig. It was uncommonly good indeed, and disposed one for another taste. But almost before a second taste could be had, the dish had vanished and was succeeded by another. And so it was throughout the repast: the first momentary pause in the attack was the signal for removal of the reigning basin, and the production of another. There could not have been less than eighteen or twenty dishes in all; most of them quite capital, and deserving of more serious attention than the bird-like pecking for which alone space was allowed. On the whole, it was a style of thing which would hardly suit men seriously hungry: but it suits these fellows well enough, who, as they never take more exercise than they can help, may be supposed never to know what downright hunger is. Among their *plats* was one of pancakes, made right artistically, and as though in regard of Shrovetide. We wound up with a bowl of sherbet, or some variety of that genus, for the consumption of which we were allowed the use of spoons. It would be pleasant enough to dine with them, were it not for the barbarity of eating with one's fingers: an evil which their no-

tions of hospitality tend still further to aggravate. On occasions when they wish to do particular honour to a guest, it is their custom to pick tit-bits out of the dish, perhaps to roll up such morsels in a ball, and pop them into the stranger's mouth. Sometimes the attentive host will dig his fingers into the mass, and pile up the nicest pieces on the side of the dish, ready for your consumption, and this by way of saving you the trouble of selection. Happy were we that our friendly entertainer was content with this milder exhibition of benevolence; for it did not require any great ingenuity to pretend a mistake as to the identity of *moreaux*. The malicious doctor seemed bent on making us undergo this trial, and did his best, with winks and whispers, to rob us of our ignorance. Very kind was this good *Miralāhi* to us. We sat long, and talked much with him, and he was urgent in invitations to us to prolong our stay in the city. The inducement that he held out was certainly tempting—nothing less than the promise that he would have, on our especial behoof, a grand review of all his troops. Had we been free to follow our will, we should most assuredly have accepted his invitation, as well for the sake of its kindness, as because the chance of such a review is not to be met with every day. He did give us a military spectacle in a small way. In the course of conversation he fell upon some inquiries concerning the cutlass exercise, and requested illustrations. He then called one of his dragoons, and put him through the cavalry sword exercise, after their manner: and a particularly ferocious-looking exercise it was.

But the time was now come when we must bid farewell to the good colonel; and we did so with a cordial sense of his hospitality, and a great increase of respect for him as an officer. He pursued us with his good offices: sending the doctor to the Khan with us, to assist us in a settlement there, and giving us good counsel for our progress. He tried very seriously, at first, to dissuade us from attempting a start so late in the day, as he conceived it would be impossible for us to reach *Manimen*, whither we were bound, that night. It is a

fact, that travelling after dark is not safe in Turkey: indeed, you would hardly be allowed, after nightfall, to pass a guard-house. But we were determined to take our chance of doing the distance within the time, as we knew well that the number of hours allowed by authority were very much beyond the mark of what we should take. Like a truly hospitable man, when he found us bent on departing, he set himself to speed our departure. His friend the doctor was at the trouble of repeating to us several times, till we had pretty well learned them by rote, some of the most necessary inquiries for food and provender, in the vernacular. When we had written these down in the characters, and after the orthography of our mother-tongue, we felt fully prepared for all contingencies.

How different was the spirit of our departure from that of our entry! Not four-and-twenty hours since, we

had ridden into the town, unnoticed and unsheltered: we were now almost pained to say farewell. So short a time had sufficed to work the difference between desolation and good-fellowship. And though this instance be but of a feebly marked, and almost ludicrous difference; you have but to multiply the degrees, and you arrive at a picture of what is every day happening in the course of the long journey on which we are all engaged. A man is stricken and mourning to-day, because he is desolate; to-morrow he is radiant with joy, because he has found a soul with which he can hold fellowship. The spirit makes music only as the spheres do, in harmony. When I have thought of these things, and felt that they tend to the cultivation of human sympathies, it has seemed to me that I might draw a moral lesson even from the recollection of my "Ride to Magnesia."

JAVA.

THE wealthy owner of a vast estate takes little heed of the peasant gardens fringing its circumference. Absorbed in the consideration of his forest glades and fertile corn-fields, his rich pastures and countless kine, he forgets the existence of the paddocks and cabbage-plots that nestle in the patronising shadow of his park paling. Occasionally he may vouchsafe a friendly glance to the trim borders of the one, or the solitary milch cow grazing in the other: he must be a very Ahab to view them with a covetous eye; for the most part he thinks not of them. In the broad domains that call him master, he finds ample employment for his energies, abundant subject of contemplation. Thus it is with Englishmen and colonies. Holding, in right and virtue of their adventurous spirit and peculiar genius for colonisation, immense territories in every quarter of the globe—territories linked by a

chain of smaller possessions and fortified posts encircling the world—they slightly concern themselves about the scanty nooks of Asia, America, and Africa, over which wave the banners of their European rivals and allies. They visit them little—write about them less. In some cases this indifference has been compulsory. When the second title of the Sovereign of Spain and the Indies was something more than an empty sound, and half America crouched beneath the Spanish yoke, every discouragement was shown to travellers in those distant regions; lest some French democrat or English Protestant should disseminate the tenets of Jacobinism and heresy, and awaken the oppressed multitude to a sense of their wrongs. Thus was it with Mexico, of whose condition, until she rebelled against the mother country, scarce any thing was known save what could be gathered from the lying writings of

Spanish monks. Again, remote position and pestilential climate have daunted curiosity and repelled research. To the Dutch possessions in the island of Java this especially applies. Seized by the English in 1811—to prevent their falling into the hands of the French—upon their restoration to Holland at the peace, their ex-governor, Sir Stamford Raffles, wrote his voluminous and erudite “History of Java.” Three years later, further accounts were given of the island in Crawford’s “History of the Indian Archipelago.” In 1824, Marchal’s book was published at Brussels, but proved a mere compilation from those above named. And since then, several works upon the same subject, some possessing merit, have been produced in Holland and Germany, out of which countries they are little known. At the present day, a periodical, appropriated to the affairs of the Dutch East Indies, appears regularly at Amsterdam. But Englishmen take little interest in Dutch colonies and colonists; and although now and then some Eastern traveller has devoted to them a casual chapter, for a quarter of a century nothing worth the naming has been written in our language with reference to the island of Java.

Most men have a pet country which, above all others, they desire to visit. Some long to roam amidst the classic relics of Italian grandeur, or to explore the immortal sites and renowned battle-fields of Greece; some set their affections upon Spain, and languish after Andalusia and the Alhambra; whilst others, to whose imagination the hardy North appeals more strongly than the soft and enervating South, meditate on Scandinavia, thirst after the Maelstrom, and dream of Thor and Odin, of glaciers and elk-hunts. We have a friend for whom the West Indies had a peculiar and irresistible fascination, to which neither length of voyage nor dread of Yellow Jack prevented his yielding; we have another—who has never yet lost sight of Britain’s cliffs—whose first period of absence from his native land is to be devoted to a pleasure trip to Hindostan. Such fancies and predilections may often be traced to early reading and association, but not un-

frequently they are capricious and unaccountable, and we shall not investigate why the Eastern Archipelago, of all the regions he had read and heard of, had the greatest attractions for Dr. Edward Selberg, a young German physician of much intelligence but little fortune, strongly imbued with a love of adventure and the picturesque, and with a desire to increase his stores of medical and scientific knowledge. The motives of his preference he himself is puzzled to explain. Many difficulties opposed themselves to the realisation of his darling project—a visit to the Sunda Islands. His means were inadequate to the cost of so expensive an expedition; and although the advantage of science was one of his objects, he had no hope that his expenses would be defrayed by the government of his own or of any other country. At last, through friends in Amsterdam, he obtained the appointment of surgeon to a transport, on board of which, in September 1837, he sailed from the Helder for the island of Java. Besides the ship’s company, he had for companions of his voyage a hundred soldiers and two officers. The Dutch East Indies hold out small temptation either to civil or military adventurers. Few visions of speedy fortune, fewer still of rank and glory, dazzle the young and ardent, and lure them from their native land to the fever-breeding swamps of Batavia. Thus the Dutch government cannot afford to be very squeamish as to the character and quality of the men it sends thither. Dr. Selberg’s account of his fellow-passengers is evidence of this. “Amongst the soldiers,” he says, “were natives of various countries, Dutch, Belgians, French, Swiss; nearly half of them consisted of the refuse of the different German states. Most villanous was the physiognomy of many of these; the traces of every vice, and the ravages of the various climates they had lived in, were visible upon their countenances. They were men who had served in Algiers, Spain, or the West Indies, who had been driven back to Germany by a craving after their native land, and who, after a short residence there, weary of inactivity, or urged by necessity, had enlisted in

the Dutch East India service. The Dutchmen consisted of convicts, whose imprisonment had been remitted or abridged, on condition of their entering a colonial regiment. These were the worst of the whole lot; they feared no punishment, being fully persuaded that death awaited them in the terrible climate of Java, and it was scarcely possible to check their insubordination and excesses. Another very small section of the detachment was composed of adventurers, whom wild dreams of fortune, never to be realised, had induced to enlist for the sake of a free passage."

Idleness would render such motley herds of evil-doers doubly difficult to restrain, and the Dutch government provides, as far as is possible on board ship, for their occupation and amusement. On the Betsey and Sara, the name of Dr. Selberg's transport, guards were regularly mounted; pipes, tobacco, dominos, nine-pins, and even musical instruments, were abundantly supplied to the restless and discontented soldiery. But it was the season of the equinox, and, for some time, sea-sickness caused such toys to be neglected. Only when they had passed Madeira, the weather became fine, and Dr. Selberg was able to enjoy his voyage and make his observations. The latter were at first confined to the dolphins, sharks, and shoals of flying-fish which surrounded the vessel; and as to the enjoyment, it was of very short duration. After the first month, the cool trade-wind left them, and they suffered from intolerable heat. The soldiers had a comical appearance, standing on sentry with musket and side-arms, but with a night-cap, shirt, linen shoes, and trousers for their sole garments. To add to the irksomeness of life at sea, there was little cordiality amongst the officers, who lived apart as much as their narrow quarters would allow. One of them, a young lieutenant, who, in hopes of advancement, had abandoned his country, family, and mistress, was unable to bear up against the regrets that assailed him, and shot himself early in the voyage. For fear of quarrels between soldiers and sailors, the Line was passed without the usual burlesque ceremonies. At last,

on New-Year's-day, the ship dropped her anchor in Batavia roads, at about a league and a half from shore. The mud banks at the entrance of the two rivers which there enter the sea, prohibit the nearer approach of large vessels; and many ships observe a still greater distance to avoid the malaria blown over to them by the land-wind.

The heat of those latitudes rendering rowing too violent an exertion for European sailors, four Malays were taken on board the Betsey and Sara, to maintain the communication with shore. It was with a joyful heart that Dr. Selberg, weary of his protracted voyage, sprang into a boat, and was landed in the port of Batavia. He found few traces of the grandeur which once gave to that city the title of the Pearl of the East. The gem has lost its sparkle; scarce a vestige of former brilliancy remains. Choked canals, falling houses, lifeless streets, on all sides meet and offend the eye; only here and there a stately edifice tells of better days. The most remarkable is the Stadt-Huis, or town-house, a gigantic building of a simple but appropriate style of architecture, with handsome wings enclosing a large paved court. Formerly, this structure included the tribunals, bank, and foundling-hospital, but the unhealthiness of the city has caused the removal of those institutions to the elevated suburb of Weltevreden. The wings are still used as prisons. None of the other public buildings claim especial notice. Built after the plan of Amsterdam, the close streets, and the canals that intersect them, have contributed no little to the insalubrity of Batavia. Only in the day-time does the city show signs of life; towards evening, all Europeans fly the poisonous atmosphere that has destroyed so many of their countrymen, and seek the purer air of the suburbs and adjacent villages. There they have their dwelling-houses, and pass the night. At nine in the morning, the roads leading to Batavia are covered with carriages,—as necessary in Java as boots and shoes are in Europe, walking being out of the question in that climate,—and life returns to the deserted city. Chinese, Arabs, and Armenians busy them-

selves in their shops, where the products of three-quarters of the globe are displayed; the European merchant, clad in a loose cotton dress, repairs to his counting-house, the public offices are thrown open, and the bazaar is crowded with the numerous races of men whom commerce has here assembled.

Including the neighbouring villages and country-houses properly belonging to it, the city of Batavia contains about 3000 European inhabitants, exclusive of the garrison, 23,000 Javans and Malays, 14,700 Chinese, 600 Arabs, and 9000 slaves. A grievous falling off from the time when the population was of 160,000 souls. The Arabs, Chinese, and Javans, have each their allotted quarter, or camp, as it is termed. That of the Arabs is in the Rua Malacca—a remnant of the old Portuguese nomenclature—and consists of a medley of low, Dutch-built houses, and of light bamboo huts. The Arabs are greatly looked up to by the aborigines, who attribute to them an especial holiness on account of their strict observance of the Mahomedan law; and to such an extent is this reverence carried that vessels known to belong to them are respected by the pirates of the Archipelago. Remarkable for their quiet, orderly lives, crime is said to be unknown amongst them. They are under the orders of a chief upon whom the Dutch government confers the title of Major, and who is answerable for the good behaviour of his countrymen. Whilst traversing their quarter, Dr. Selberg observed, in front of many of the doors, triumphal arches of green boughs, decorated with coloured paper—an indication that the occupants of those dwellings had recently returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca, and thence had a peculiar claim on the respect of all true believers.

The way to the Chinese district is through a labyrinth of deserted streets and crumbling houses, abandoned on account of their unhealthiness. The contrast is striking on emerging from this scene of solitude and desolation into the bustling Chinese Kampong, where that active and ingenious people carry on their innumerable trades and handicrafts.

Here mechanics, with the simplest and seemingly most inadequate tools, give a perfect finish to their manufactures; here are shops full of toys, clothes, food, of every thing in short that can minister to the wants and tastes of Chinese, Javans, or Europeans. "On the roofs of several Chinese houses, I saw jars, some with the mouth, others with the bottom turned towards the street. They are so placed in conformity with a singular custom. The jar whose bottom is turned to the street indicates that there is in the house a daughter not yet grown up. When the damsel becomes marriageable, the position of the jar is reversed; and when she marries, it is taken down altogether."

Both numerically and by reason of their energy and industry the Chinese form a very important part of the population of Java, and but for the precautions of the Dutch government they would soon entirely overrun the island. The number allowed to settle there annually, is limited by law, and during Dr. Selberg's stay at Surubaya, he saw a large junk, containing four hundred of them, compelled to put back without landing a passenger. Thus their numbers are kept stationary, or may even be said to decrease; for in 1817, Raffles estimated the Chinese in Java at nearly a hundred thousand, whilst Dr. Selberg, twenty years later, calculates them at eighty-five thousand. Although in China emigration is forbidden by law, from the over-populated districts, and when the harvest fails, thousands of Chinese make their escape, and repair to various of the East Indian islands. The majority of those in Java have been born there of Javan women married to Chinese men, who compel their wives to adopt their national usages. The children of these unions are called *pernakans* by the Dutch, and in their turn are married to Chinese. The result has been a race which cannot be distinguished from the pure Chinese. New comers from the mainland generally arrive with little besides the clothes upon their backs, and obtain employment and support from their more prosperous countrymen until they know the customs and language sufficiently to make their way unassisted.

sisted. Proud and conceited as they are in their own land, in Java they are humble and submissive, and seek their ends by craft and cunning. Laborious and clever, they would be of great benefit to their adopted country, but for their greediness and want of principle. In that oppressive and relaxing climate, the European workman has no chance with them, and moreover they accomplish the same results with half the number of tools. On the other hand, they are sensual and debauched, and desperate gamblers. Their favourite game is *Toplo*, a bastard Rouge et Noir, at which they swindle the simple Javans in the most unscrupulous and barefaced manner.

The unhealthiness of Batavia, arising from stagnant canals, bad drinking-water, and adjacent swamps, has often been erroneously considered to extend to the entire island. The whole has been condemned for the fault of a fraction. Intermittent and remittent fevers, and dysentery, are the diseases most common, but they are generally confined to small districts. "Java," says Mr. Currie, surgeon of the 78th Regiment, which was quartered in Batavia during the whole period of the British occupation, from 1811 to 1815, "need no longer be held up as the grave of Europeans, for, except in the immediate neighbourhood of salt-marshes and forests, as in the city of Batavia, and two or three other places on the north coast, it may be safely affirmed that no tropical climate is superior to it in salubrity." The author of a hastily written and desultory volume of oriental travel,* founded, however, on personal experience, goes much further than this, and maintains, that "with common prudence, eschewing *in toto* the vile habit of drinking gin and water whenever one feels thirsty, living generously but carefully, avoiding the sun's rays by always using a close or hooded carriage, and taking common precautions against wet feet and damp clothing, a man may live, and enjoy life too, in Batavia, as long as he would in any other part of the world." Mr. Davidson here refers not to the city of Batavia—which he ad-

mits to be a fatal residence, especially in the rainy season—but to the suburbs, where he resided some years. These, however, only come in the second class, as regards salubrity, and are much too near the swamps, forests, and slimy sea-shore, to be a desirable abode, except for those whom business compels to live within a drive of the city. Waitz, the Dutch writer, in his *Levensregeln voor Oost Indie*, divides the European settlements in Java into three classes; the healthy, or mountain districts, where the air is dry, and the temperature moderate; the less healthy, which are warm and damp; and finally, the positively pestiferous, where, besides tremendous heat and great moisture, the atmosphere is laden with marsh miasmata. Weltevrede, Ryswyk, and the other villages, or rather *faubourgs*, south of Batavia, belong to the second class; Batavia itself, Bantam, Cheribon, Tubang, and Banjowangie, to the third, or worst division. And Dr. Selberg informs us, that the only two upas-trees whose existence he could ascertain, grow at Cheribon and Banjowangie, which of course was likely to confirm the popular superstition concerning the baneful influence of that tree. The coincidence, which at first appears remarkable, is of easy explanation, the upas preferring a swampy soil.

With respect to the possible longevity of Europeans in Java, Dr. Selberg's account materially differs from Mr. Davidson's estimate. The Dutch *employés* have to serve sixteen years in the colony to be entitled to a furlough and free passage home, and twenty years for a pension. Very few, according to the doctor, live long enough to enjoy the one or the other. And those who do, buy the privilege at a dear rate. Their emaciated bodies, enfeebled minds, thin hair, and dim eyes, show them to be blighted in their prime. True it is that, with few exceptions, they utterly neglect the primary conditions of health in a hot country. They enervate themselves by sensual indulgences, and consume spirits and spices by wholesale. There is an absurd belief

* *Trade and Travel in the Far East.* London: 1846.

amongst them, that drink keeps off disease and preserves life, a case of *aut bibendum aut moriendum*; whereas the truth is precisely the contrary, for in that climate spirits are poison. The fact probably is, that they drink to dispel ennui, and to banish, at least for a while, the regret they feel at having exchanged Europe for Java. Dr. Selberg states, that every European he spoke to in the colony, longed to leave it. But the voyage home is costly, and so they linger on until death or their furlough relieves them. Some lucky ones succeed in making rapid fortunes, but these are the very few, whose example, however, suffices to seduce others of their countrymen from their Dutch comforts, to brave fevers, tigers, mosquitoes, and the other great and little perils of Java, in pursuit of wealth which they rarely acquire, and which, when obtained, their impaired health renders it difficult for them to enjoy. Another class of the colonists consists of men who, having committed crimes in their own country, have fled from the vengeance of the law. These are thought little the worse of in Java, where the transition from one quarter of the globe to the other seems admitted as a species of moral whitewashing. And indeed, bad characters so abound amongst the scanty European population, that if the respectable portion kept themselves aloof, they would probably be found the minority. Many of the reprobates have realised considerable property. The rich host of the principal hotel at Surabaya, is a branded galley-slave. Dr. Selberg often found himself in the society of hard drinkers, and these, when wine had loosened their tongues, would let out details of their past lives, which at first greatly shocked his simplicity. "I was once," he says, "invited to a dinner, which ended, as usual, with a drinking bout. My neighbour at the table, was a German from the Rhine provinces, who had been twelve years in Java. He got very drunk, and spoke of his beloved country, which he should never see again. He was a man of property, well looked upon in the island, and I asked him what had first induced him to settle there. He replied very

quietly, that it was on account of a theft he had committed. I started from my chair as if an adder had bitten me, and begged the master of the house to let me sit elsewhere than beside that man. He complied with my request, at the same time remarking, with a smile, that I should hear similar things of many, but that they were Europeans, and jolly fellows, and their conduct had been blameless since their residence in Java." In such a state of society, the best plan was to abstain from inquiries and intimacies. So the doctor found, and after a while, was able to eat the excellent Javan dinners, and sip his Medoc and Hochheimer, without asking or caring whether his fellow-feeders would not have been more in their places in an Amsterdam Zuchthaus, than in an honest man's company.

Dr. Selberg was at Batavia during the wet season, when torrents of rain, of whose abundance and volume Europeans can form no idea, alternate with a sun-heat that cracks the earth and pumps up pestilence from the low marshy ground upon which this fever-nest is built. He had abundant opportunity to investigate the causes and symptoms of the fevers and other prevalent maladies. His zeal in the cause of science led him into serious peril, by inducing him to pass a night in the city, at a time when that unlucky portion of the inhabitants whom poverty or other causes prevent from leaving it, were dying like flies from the effects of the noxious exhalations. The quality of the air was so bad as sensibly to affect the lungs and olfactories, and impede respiration; and, though exposed to it but a very few hours, he experienced various unpleasant symptoms, only to be dissipated by recourse to his medicine chest. Hence some idea may be formed of the terrible effect of that corrupt atmosphere upon those who continually breathe it. The plague of mosquitoes, who find their natural element in the marsh-vapour, also contributes to render Batavia an intolerable sleeping-place. One very singular phenomenon observed by Dr. Selberg, but for which he does not attempt to account, is the strong odour of musk constantly perceptible in the city and its environs.

As less interesting to the general than to the medical reader, we pass over the doctor's febrile researches, and accompany him to the town of Surabaya, to which he proceeded after a few days' stay at Batavia. "It was four in the afternoon when we came to an anchor: in an instant the ship was surrounded by a swarm of the small native boats—*tambangans*, as they are called; and we were assailed by all manner of noisy greetings and offers of service. Some of the applicants wished to row us to the town; others insisted upon selling us fruit and eatables, pine-apples, shaddocks, arrack, dried fish, boiled crabs, &c. &c., contained in tubs and jars of very dubious cleanliness. Chinese pressed upon our notice their various wares;—large straw hats, beautifully plaited; cigars, parasols, Indian ink, fans, and the like trifles. Here was a Javan proa, full of boots and shoes, of all colours; yonder, a floating menagerie of parrots, macaws, apes, and cockatoos, equally variegated, and to be sold for a song. There were jewellers, and diamond merchants, and dealers in carved horn and ivory; washerwomen petitioning for custom, and exhibiting certificates of honesty in a dozen different languages, not one of which they understood; canoes full of young Javan girls,—these last also for sale. I at once saw that I had come into a neighbourhood where European civilisation had made considerable progress. Without exception, I found the morals of the aborigines at the lowest pitch in the vicinity of the large European establishments.

"It was a cheerful bustling scene. 'Here, sir, food!' 'Sir, you are welcome!' 'Gold from Padang!' 'Shoes for a silver florin!' 'Capital arrack!' and fifty other cries, mingled with the screams and chatter of the birds; whilst a great orang-outang from Borneo, and a number of monkeys, in different boats, insulted one another by the most diabolical grimaces. Many of the canoes were mere hollow trees, enclosed, to prevent their capsizing, in a frame-work of large bamboo stems, two of these being fixed transversely to bow and stern of the boat, and having their extremities connected by others running parallel to it. The

lightness and buoyancy of the bamboos obviate all risk of the boats swamping. I have seen them out in a rough sea, tossed upon the waves, and showing nearly the whole of their keel, but I never knew one to upset."

The town of Surabaya, or Sorabaya, (*Crocodile Resort*,) is situated towards the eastern extremity of the north coast of Java, opposite the island of Madura, and at five hundred English miles from Batavia. It stands in a large plain near the mouth of the Kalimas, or Gold River; and, at the present day, is the most flourishing of the Dutch establishments in Java. The climate is damp and hot, the thermometer often standing at eighty-five in the night; but it is less unhealthy than that of Batavia. The river is not drained and frittered away by canals; the town is well planned and open; and the handsome houses are interspersed with beautiful gardens. As at Batavia, however, the harbour is more or less impeded by mud-banks, which prevent the entrance of large ships. Favoured and encouraged by the Dutch governor, General Daendels, and by his successor, Baron Van der Capellen, the place grew rapidly in size and prosperity. It possesses a mint, an arsenal, docks for ship-building, anchor-foundries, and other similar establishments. Notwithstanding these advantages, the European population amounts, in the town and entire province, which latter is of considerable extent, to no more than six hundred and fifty persons, exclusive of the troops. The whole population, of all nations and colours, reaches a quarter of a million. The mode of living is far gay and more agreeable than at Batavia, which, whatever it may have been in former days, is now a mere place of business, a collection of offices, shops, and warehouses. At Surabaya life is more secure and its enjoyment greater. Every evening, during the fine season, the large square in the Chinese quarter—composed of massive comfortable buildings, contrasting favourably with the fragile huts of the Javans—is converted into a kind of fair, where the whole city assembles. "The place is illumined with a thousand torches, which increase, to a stranger's eyes, the curious

exotic character of the scene. Javans, Chinese, Europeans, Liplaps, (the Batavian term for the children of Europeans and Javan women,) and various other races, crowd thither to gaze at the shows and performances. There jugglers and rope-dancers display their dexterity, far surpassing that of their European brethren; Chinese comedies are acted, and Chinese orchestras jar upon the ear of the newly arrived foreigner; the Ron-gengs (dancing girls) go through their series of voluptuous attitudes; gongs are beaten, trumpets blown; Chinese gamblers lie upon the ground and rob the Javans at the much-loved games of tzo and topho." The people of Java are very musical, after their fashion, and have all manner of queer instruments, many of a barbarous description, some borrowed from the Chinese. They are much addicted to dramatic exhibitions and puppet shows, and claim to be the original inventors of the *ombres chinoises*, figures moved behind a transparent curtain. Crawford, in his "History of the Indian Archipelago," gives them the credit of this triumph of inventive genius, which has found its way from the far East to the streets of London, and to Monsieur Seraphin's saloon in the Palais Royal.

Javan diversions are not all of the same human and gentle character as those just cited. Although mild and peaceable in disposition, the Javans are passionately fond of fights between animals. Whilst beholding these encounters, their usual calm gravity and mysterious reserve disappear, and are replaced by the noisy, vehement eagerness of an excited boy. Cock-fights are in great vogue, and in many an old Javan poem the exploits of the crested combatants are related in a strain of laughable magniloquence. But other and more serious contests frequently take place. Before speaking of them, we turn to Dr. Selberg's spirited account of a tiger-hunt, which occurred during his stay at Surabaya. Tigers of various species abound in Java. The commonest are the royal tiger and the leopard, of which latter animal the black tiger is a bastard variety. Cubs of both kinds are frequently found in the same lair; and when the black tiger is very

young, leopard-like spots are discernible on its skin. As it grows older, they disappear, and the hair becomes of a uniform black. In the interior of Java much mischief is done by these cowardly but bloodthirsty and cunning beasts. In the neighbourhood of the large European settlements, accidents are less frequent, the tiger shunning populous districts, and retreating into the forest on the approach of man. When one makes its appearance, the authorities generally order a battue. Very few, however, are killed, though a price is set upon their heads, and they continue to destroy about three hundred Javans per annum, on a moderate average. This is, in great measure, the fault of the natives themselves, who, instead of doing their utmost to exterminate the breed, entertain a sort of superstitious respect for their devourers, and carry it so far as to place food in the places to which they are known to resort, thinking thereby to propitiate the foe, and keep his claws off their wives and children. They themselves, when compelled to oppose the tiger, or when led against him by their European allies, show vast coolness and courage, the more remarkable, as, in ordinary circumstances of danger, they are by no means a brave people. Raffles quotes several anecdotes of their fearlessness before wild beasts, and Dr. Selberg furnishes one of a similar kind. "A Javan criminal was condemned by the sultan to fight a large royal tiger, whose ferocity was raised to the highest point by want of food, and artificial irritation. The only weapon allowed to the human combatant was a krees with the point broken off. After wrapping a cloth round his left fist and arm, the man entered the arena with an air of undaunted calmness, and fixed a steady menacing gaze upon the brute. The tiger sprang furiously upon his intended victim, who with extraordinary boldness and rapidity thrust his left fist into the gaping jaws, and at the same moment, with his keen though pointless dagger, ripped up the beast to the very heart. In less than a minute, the tiger lay dead at his conqueror's feet. The criminal was not only forgiven but ennobled by his sovereign."

A tiger having attacked and torn a Javan woman, a hunt was ordered, and Dr. Selberg was invited to share in it. He got on horseback before daybreak, but the sun was up and hot when he reached the place of rendezvous, where he found a strong muster of Europeans and Javans. "In front of us was a small wood, choked and tangled with bushes: this was the tiger's lair. At about twenty paces from the trees, we Europeans posted ourselves, with our rifles, twelve paces from each other, and in the form of a semicircle. Behind us was a close chain of several hundred Javans, armed with long lances, kreeses, and short swords. If the tiger broke through our ranks, they were to kill him after their fashion. The natives—those, at least, who have not served as soldiers—being unskilled in the use of fire-arms, are not trusted with them, for fear of accidents. From the opposite side of the wood a crowd of musicians now advanced, beating drums, triangles, and gongs, and making an infernal din, intended to scare the tiger from his lurking place, and drive him towards us. We were all on the alert, guns cocked, eyes riveted on the wood. The instruments came nearer and nearer, and I expected each moment to see the monster spring forth. There were no signs of him, however, and presently the beaters stood before us. Heartily disappointed at this fruitless chase and unexpected result, I was about to join the hunter stationed to my left, when the one on my other hand called a Javan, and bade him thrust his lance into a bush on my right front, between our line and the little wood. Impossible, thought I, that the beast should be there; and I turned to speak to my friend. I had uttered but a word or two, when a rustle and rush made me look round. The Javan stood before the bush, clutching a tiger by the throat with both hands. The brute was already pierced with bullets, lances, and daggers: a broad stream of blood flowed over the face of the Javan, who continued firmly to grasp his enemy, until we released the lifeless carcase from his hands. His wound was not so serious as we had at first feared: a bit of the scalp was torn off,

and the nose slightly injured. He stood silent, and apparently stupified, and revived only when an official informed him that he should receive the reward of ten dollars, set upon the head of every tiger."

Although these field-days occasionally take place, the Javans have another and easier way of tiger catching, by means of a magnified rat-trap, baited with a goat, and of which the door closes as the tiger rushes in. The captive is then killed with bamboo spears, or, more frequently, transferred to a strong wooden cage, and taken to a town, where he contributes to the amusement of his conquerors by fighting the buffalo. The Java buffalo is of the largest species, is covered with short thick hair, and has sharp horns, more than two feet long, growing in a nearly horizontal direction. His colour is of a dirty blue-black, and altogether he is a very ugly customer, as the unfortunate tiger usually finds. For these duellos between the forest grandee and the lord of the plain, a regular arena is erected, surrounded by strong palisades, behind which stand Javans armed with lances. After the buffalo has been brought into the ring, a native, generally a chief, approaches the tiger's cage with a dancing step, accompanied by music, opens it, and retires in the same manner, keeping his eyes fixed upon the tiger. The tiger, who well knows his formidable opponent, comes unwillingly forth, and creeps round the arena, avoiding his foe, and watching an opportunity to spring upon his head or neck. Presently the buffalo, who is almost always the assailant, rushes, with a tremendous bellow, at his sneaking antagonist. The tiger seizes a favourable moment, and fixes his long claws in the buffalo's neck; but the furious bull dashes him against the palisades, and, yelling fearfully, he relinquishes his hold. He now shirks the combat more than ever; but the buffalo follows him up till he pierces him with his horns, or crushes him to death against the barrier. Sometimes friend Tiger proves dunghill from the very first, and then the Javans goad him with pointed sticks, scald him with boiling water, singe him with blazing straw, and resort to

other humane devices to spur his courage. If the buffalo fights shy, which does not often happen, he is subjected to similar persecutions. But the poor tiger has no chance allowed him; for if he does, through pluck and luck, prove the better beast, the Javans, who evidently have not the slightest notion of fair play, or any sympathy with bravery, subject him to an unpleasant operation called the *rampoh*. They make a ring round him, and torment him till he hazards a desperate spring, and finds his death upon their lance points.

It is a remarkable fact, that the Java tigers seldom or never attack Europeans. They consume the natives by dozens; but Dr. Selberg could get no account of an onslaught on a Dutchman or any other white man. The Javans are well aware of this, and assert, that if a number of Europeans, amongst whom there is only one native, are exposed to the attack of a tiger, the native is invariably the victim. This assertion is confirmed by many examples. Dr. Selberg conjectures various reasons for this eccentricity or epicurism, whichever it may be termed, on the part of the tiger, and amongst other hypotheses, suggests that the animal may be partial to the hogoo of the Javans, who anoint their yellow carcases with cocoa-nut oil. The Javans themselves explain it differently, and maintain that the souls of Europeans pass, after death, into the bodies of tigers — a bitter satire upon those whose mission it was to civilise and improve, and who, but too often, have preferred to persecute and deprave. Such a superstition demonstrates more than whole volumes of history, after what manner the first acquaintance was made between this artless, peaceful people, and their European conquerors. The early administration of the Dutch in Java was marked by many acts of cruelty. “Their leading traits,” says Raffles, “were a haughty assumption of superiority, for the purpose of overawing the credulous simplicity of the natives, and a most extraordinary timidity, which led them to suspect treachery and danger in quarters where they were least to be apprehended.” Thus we find them, in the sixteenth century, murdering the

Prince of Madura, his wives, children, and followers, merely because, when he came to visit them on board their ships, with friendly intentions and by previous agreement, his numerous retinue inspired them with alarm. The massacre of the Chinese in the streets of Batavia, in the year 1731, when nine thousand were slain in cold blood in the course of one morning, is another crime on record against the Dutch. Step by step, their path marked with blood, the people who had at first thankfully received permission to establish a single factory, obtained possession of the whole island. On its southern side there are still two nominally independent princes, in reality vassals of the Dutch, and existing but at their good pleasure. The present character of the Dutch administration is mild; the slaves, especially, now few and decreasing in number, are humanely treated, and in fact are better off than the lower orders of the free Javans, being employed as household servants, whilst the natives drag out a painful and laborious existence in the rice and coffee-fields. But, however good the intentions of the Dutch government, however meritorious the endeavours of certain governors-general, especially of the excellent Van der Capellen, to civilise and improve the Javans, little progress has as yet been made towards that desirable end. In the interior of the island, where Europeans are scarce, the character of the natives is far better than on the coast, where they have contracted all the vices of which the example is so plentifully afforded them by their conquerors. Dwelling in wretched huts, the cost of whose materials and erection varied, in the time of Raffles, from five to ten shillings, they till, for a wretched pittance, the soil that their forefathers possessed. Brutalised, however, as they are, living from hand to mouth, and suffering from the diseases incident to poverty and the climate, and from others introduced from Europe, they appear tolerably contented. In the midst of their misfortunes, they have one great solace, one consoling and engrossing vice; they live to gamble. For a game of chance, they abandon every thing, forget their duties and families, spend

their own money and that of other people, and even set their liberty on a cast of the die. It is a national malady, extending from the prince to the boor, and including the Liplaps or half-breeds, who generally unite the vices of their European fathers and Indian mothers. The beast-fights are popular, chiefly because they afford such glorious opportunity for betting. Besides cocks and quails, tigers and buffaloes, other animals, the least pugnacious possible, are stimulated to a contest. Locusts are made to enter the lists, and are tickled on the head with a straw until they reach the fighting pitch. Wild pigs are caught in snares and opposed to goats, who generally punish them severely, the Javan pigs being small, and possessing little strength and courage. Then there are races between paper kites, whose strings are coated with lime and pounded glass, so that, on coming in contact, they cut each other, and the falling kite proclaims its owner's bet lost. And by day and night, Dr. Selberg informs us, on the high roads, and near the villages, groups are to be seen stretched upon the earth, playing games of chance. Nor are these by any means the lowest of the people. The doctor cites several instances of the extraordinary addiction both of men and women to this vice. He had ordered a quantity of cigars of a Javan, who undertook to make and deliver a hundred daily, for which he was to be paid a florin. Fortwo days the man kept to his contract, and then did not show his face for a week. On inquiry, it appeared that, although wretchedly poor, and having a large family to support, he had been unable to resist the dice-box, and had gone to gamble away his brace of florins. To get rid even of this small sum might take him some time, thanks to the infinite subdivisions of Javan coinage, which descend to a Pichi, or small bit of tin with a hole through it, whereof 5,600 make a dollar. When Dr. Selberg left Java, a Dutch pilot steered the ship as far as Passaruang. The man appeared very melancholy, and, on being asked the cause of his sadness, said that, during his previous trip, his wife had gambled all his savings. He had forgotten the key in his money-box, and, on going

home, the last doît had disappeared. Dr. Selberg asked him if he could not cure his better-half of so dangerous a propensity. "She is a Liplap, sir," replied the man, with a shrug, meaning that correction was useless, and a good lock the only remedy. The merchants who ship specie and other valuable merchandise on vessels manned by Javans, supply the crew with money to gamble, as the only means to rouse them from their habitual indolent lethargy, and ensure their vigilance.

Whilst rowing up the Kalimas, Dr. Selberg was greatly dazzled by the bright eyes and other perfections of a young half-breed lady, as she took her airing in a *tumbangan*, richly dressed in European style, and attended by two female slaves. A few days afterwards, when driving out to visit his friend Dr. F., the German chief of the Surabaya hospital, he again caught sight of this brown beauty, reclining in an elegant carriage-and-four, beneath the shadow of large Chinese parasols, held by servants in rich liveries. Our adventurous Esculapius forthwith galloped after her. Unfortunately, his team took it into their heads to stop short in full career—no uncommon trick with the stubborn little Javan horses—and before they could be prevailed upon to proceed, all trace of the incognita was lost. Subsequently the doctor was introduced to her husband, a German of good family, who had left his country on account of an unfortunate duel, and who, after a short residence in Java, where he held a government situation, had been glad to pay his debts and supply his expensive habits by a marriage with a wealthy half-caste heiress. The history of the lady is illustrative of a curious state of society. She was the daughter of a Javan slave and a Dutch gentleman, the administrator of one of the richest provinces of the island. As is there the case with almost all half-breed children, and even with many of pure European blood, she grew up under the care of her mother—that is to say, under no care at all—in the society of Javans of the very lowest class, her father's domestics. The Dutchman died when she was about ten years old, having pre-

viously acknowledged her as his daughter, and left her the whole of his property. The child, who, till then, had been allowed to run about wild and almost naked, was now taken in hand by her guardians, and converted, by means of European clothes, into an exceedingly fine lady. Education she of course had none, but remained in her original state of barbarous ignorance. Four years afterwards she became acquainted with the German gentleman above-mentioned, and soon afterwards they were married. Dr. Selberg gives a characteristic account of his first visit at their house. "I went with Dr. F. to call upon Mr. Von N., but that gentleman was out. 'Let us wait his return,' said my friend, 'and in the meantime we will see what his lady is about, and you can pay your respects to her. N. likes his wife to be treated with all the ceremony used to a lady of condition in our own country.' We passed through several apartments, filled with European and Asiatic furniture and luxuries, and paused at the entrance of a large open room. With a slight but significant gesture, F. pointed to a group which there offered itself to our view. On a costly carpet lay several of Mr. Von N.'s black servants, both male and female, and in the midst of them was Mevrouw Von N., only to be distinguished from her companions by the richer materials of her dress. A silken *sarong* (a kind of plaid petticoat,) and a *kabaya* of the same material composed her costume; a pair of Chinese slippers, of red velvet, embroidered with gold, lay near her naked feet. She rattled a dice-box, and the servants anxiously awaited the throw, watching with intense eagerness each movement of their mistress. Down came the dice, and with an inarticulate cry the winners threw themselves on the stakes. So preoccupied were the whole party, that for some moments we were unobserved. At last an exclamation of surprise warned the lady of our unwelcome presence. The slaves ran away helter-skelter. Mevrouw Von N. snatched up her slippers, and with a confused bow to Dr. F., disappeared. I was confounded at this strange scene. My companion laughed, led me into another room,

and desired me to say nothing of what I had seen to N., who presently came in, and received us with the unaffected frankness and hospitality universal in Java." The *Vrouw* was now summoned, and, after a while, made her appearance in full European fig. Conversation with her was difficult, for she could not speak Dutch, and through a feeling of shame at her ignorance, would not speak Malay. Neglected by her husband, and placed by her birth in an uncertain position between Javan and European women, the poor girl had neither the education of the latter, nor the domestic qualities inherent in the former. Subsequently Dr. Selberg passed some time in Von N.'s house, and his account of what there occurred is not very creditable to the tone and morals of Javan society. Driving out one morning with his host, the latter quietly asked him if he was not carrying on an intrigue with his wife. "You may speak candidly," said he, with great unconcern, and to the infinite horror of the innocent doctor. It appeared that Von N. had allowed his lady to discover a conjugal dereliction on his part, and he suspected her of using reprisals. "She is a Liplap," he said, "and though you are only an *orang bar* (a new comer,) you know what that means." Shocked by this cynical proceeding on the part of his entertainer, Dr. Selberg left the house the next day, after presenting Von N. with a double-barrelled gun in payment of his hospitality. Throughout Java, and even where hotels exist, private houses are invariably open to the stranger, and his reception is most cordial. But on his departure, it is incumbent on him, according to the custom of the island, to make his host a present, sufficiently valuable to show that he has not accepted hospitality from niggardly motives.

The credulity and superstition of the Javans exceed belief. Dreams, omens, lucky and unlucky days, astrology, amulets, witchcraft, are with them matters of faith and reverence. They believe each bush and rock, even the air itself, to be inhabited by *Dhevo* or spirits. Not satisfied with the numerous varieties of supernatural

beings with which their own traditions supply them, they have borrowed others from the Indians, Persians, and Arabs. The Dhewos are good spirits, and great respect is shown to them. They regulate the growth of trees, ripen the fruit, murmur in the running streams, and abide in the still shades of the forest. But their favourite dwelling is the Warinzie tree (*ficus Indica*.) which droops its long branches to the earth to form them a palace. The Javans mingle their superstitions with the commonest events of every-day life. Thieves, for instance, will throw a little earth, taken from a new-made grave, into the house they intend to rob, persuaded that the inmates will thereby be plunged into a deep sleep. When they have done this, and especially if they have managed to place the earth under the bed, they set to work with full conviction of impunity. Bamboo boxes of soil are frequently found in the possession of captured thieves, who usually confess the purpose to which they were to be applied. During the English occupation, it was casually discovered that a buffalo's skull was constantly carried backwards and forwards from one end of the island to the other. The Javans had got a notion that a frightful curse had been pronounced upon the man who should allow it to remain stationary. After the skull had travelled many hundred miles, it was brought to Samarang, and there the English resident had it thrown into the sea. The Javans looked on quietly, and held the curse to be neutralised by the white men's intervention. Dr. Selberg gives various other examples, observed by himself, of the ridiculous superstitions of these simple islanders. A very remarkable one is given in the works of Raffles and Crawford. In 1814, it was found out that a road had been made up to the lofty summit of the mountain of Sumbing. The road was twenty feet broad, and about sixty English miles in length, and a condition of its construction being that it should cross no water-course, it straggled in countless zig-zags up the mountain side. This gigantic work, the result of the labours of a whole province, and of a people habitually and constitutionally

averse to violent exertion, was finished before the government became aware of its commencement. Its origin was most absurd and trifling. An old woman gave out that she had dreamed a dream, and that a deity was about to alight upon the mountain top. A curse was to fall upon all who did not work at a road for his descent into the plain. Such boundless credulity as this, is of course easily turned to account by mischievous persons, and has often been worked upon to incite the Javans to revolt. The history of the island, even in modern times, abounds in insurrections, got up, for the most part, by men of little talent, but possessing sufficient cunning to turn the imbecility of their countrymen to their own advantage.

The weakness of the Javans' intellects is only to be equalled by their strange want of memory. A few weeks after the occurrence of an event in which they themselves bore a share, they have totally forgotten both its time and circumstances. None of them have any idea of their own age. Dr. Selberg had a servant, apparently about sixteen years old. He frequently asked him how old he was, and never got the same answer twice. Marsden remarked this same peculiarity in the Sumatra Malays, and Humboldt in the Chaymas Indians. The latter people, however, do not know how to count beyond five or six, which is not the case with the Javans. Their want of memory renders their historical records of questionable value, producing an awful confusion of dates, in addition to the childish tales and extraordinary misrepresentations which they mingle with narratives of real events.

Although, as already observed, the corruption and immorality of the natives in and near European establishments is as great as their virtue and simplicity in the interior, it cannot be said that crime abounds in any part of Java. Within the present century prayers were read for the Governor-general's safety when he went on a journey, and thanksgivings offered up on his return; now the whole island may be travelled over almost as safely as any part of

Europe. The Javans are neither quarrelsome nor covetous, and even when they turn robbers they seldom kill or ill-treat those they plunder. On the other hand they are terribly sensitive of any injury to their honour, and an insult is apt to produce the terrible *Amok*, freely rendered in English as "running a muck." It is a Malay word, signifying to attack some one furiously and desperately with intent to murder him. It is also used to express the rush of a wild beast on his prey, or the charge of a body of troops, especially with the bayonet. This outbreak of revengeful fury is frequent with Malays; and by no means uncommon amongst Javans. In the latter, whose usual character is so gentle, these sudden and frantic outbursts strike the beholder with astonishment, the greater that there is no previous indication of the coming storm. A Javan has received an outrage, perhaps a blow, but he preserves his usual calm, grave demeanour, until on a sudden, and with a terrible shriek, he draws his keese, and attacks not only those who have offended him, but unoffending bystanders, and often the persons he best loves. It is a temporary insanity, which usually lasts till he sinks from exhaustion, or is himself struck down. The paroxysm over, remorse assails him, and he bewails the sad results of his *matta glab* or blinded eye, by which term the Javans frequently designate the *amok*. Apprehension of danger often brings on this species of delirium. "Two Javans," says Dr. Selberg, "married men, and intimate friends, went one day to Tjandjur, to sell bamboo baskets. One got rid of all his stock, went to a Chinese shop, bought a handkerchief and umbrella for his wife, and set out on his return home with his companion, who had been unfortunate, and had sold nothing. The lucky seller was in high spirits, childishly delighted at his success, and with the presents he took to his wife; his friend walked by his side, grave and silent. Suddenly the former also became mute; he fancied his comrade envied and intended to stab him. Drawing his keese, he fell upon the unoffending man, and laid him dead

upon the ground. Sudden repentance succeeded the groundless suspicion and cruel deed, and some Javans, who soon afterwards came up, found him raving over the body of his friend, and imploring to be delivered to justice." Seldom, however, does an *amok* make only one victim. The Javan women are not subject to these fury-fits, but are not on that account the less dangerous. Of an extremely jealous disposition, they have quiet and subtle means of revenging themselves upon their rivals. They are skilled in the preparation of poisons—of one especially, which kills slowly, occasioning symptoms similar to those of consumption. When a Javan perceives these, she resigns herself to her fate, knowing well what is the matter with her, and rejecting antidotes as useless. And European physicians have as yet done little against the effects of this poison, whose ingredients they cannot discover with sufficient accuracy to counteract them. A medical man told Dr. Selberg that copper dust and human hair were amongst them, combined with other substances entirely unknown to him. The dose is usually administered in rice, the chief food of the Javans. Arsenic, another poison in common use, is sold in all the bazaars. This poisoning practice is not unusual amongst Liplap women married to Europeans, and who, although nominally Christians, possess, for the most part, all the vices and superstitions of their Mahometan sisters. The latter can hardly be said to have any religion, for they know little of the faith of Mahomed beyond a few of its outward forms. It has been remarked, that since Java has been more mildly governed, and that the natives have been better treated by the Dutch, *amoks* have been far less frequent. By kindness, it is evident that much may be done with the Javans, whose gratitude and fidelity to those who show it them are admitted by all Europeans who have lived any time in the island. Another excellent quality is their love of truth. The tribunals have little trouble in ascertaining a criminal's guilt. He at once confesses it, and seeks no other extenuation than is to be found in the usual plea of moral and momentary blindness.

Passaruang was the last Javan town visited by Dr. Selberg. He had promised himself much pleasure in exploring the province of the same name, and in examining the various objects of interest it contains. He intended to ascend the volcano of Pelian Bromo, whose fiery crater, seen from a distance at sea, had excited his lively curiosity; he wished to visit the ruins of old temples, vestiges of Javan civilisation a thousand years ago, and to gaze at the cataracts which dash, from a height of three hundred feet, down the rocky sides of Mount Arjuna. But he was doomed to disappointment. Up to this time his health had been excellent; neither heat nor malaria had succeeded in converting his wholesome German complexion into the bilious tint that stains the cheeks of most Europeans in Java. The climate, however, would not forego its customary tribute, and, on his passage from Surabaya to Passaruang, he fell seriously ill. After suffering for a week on board ship, he felt somewhat better, and went on shore, but experienced a relapse, and was carried senseless into the house of a rich Javan. He was gradually getting acquainted with the comforts of the country he had so much desired to visit. Already he had been nearly choked by the marsh vapour at Batavia, half devoured by mosquitoes, and all but drowned in a squall. In the island of Madura, whilst traversing a swamp, on the shoulders of a native, his bearer had attempted to rob him of his watch, and, on his resenting this liberty, he and his boat's crew were attacked, and narrowly escaped massacre. And now came disease, aggravated by the minor nuisances incidental to that land of vermin and venom. Confined to bed by sudden and violent fever, he received every kindness and attention from his friendly host, who, on

leaving him at night, placed an open cocoa nut by his bed-side, a simple but delightful fever-draught. Awakening with a parched tongue and burning thirst, he sought the nut, but it was empty. The next night the same thing occurred, and he could not imagine who stole his milk. He ordered two nuts and a light to be left near him: towards midnight a slight noise attracted his attention, and he saw two small beasts steadily and cautiously approach, stare at him with their protruding eyes, and then dip their ugly snouts into his cocoa nuts. These free-and-easy vermin were *geckos*, a species of lizard, about a foot long, of a pale grayish-green colour, spotted with red, having a large mouth full of sharp teeth, a long tail, marked with white rings, and sharp claws upon their feet. Between these claws, by which they cling to whatever they touch, is a venomous secretion that distils into the wounds they make. Dr. Selberg was well acquainted with these comely creatures, and had even bottled a couple, which now grace the shelves of a German museum; but, in his then feeble and half delirious state, their presence intimidated him; and, fancying that if he disturbed their repast, they might transfer their attentions to himself, he allowed them to swill at leisure, until an accidental noise scared them away. Their visit was, perhaps, a good omen, for, on the following day, the doctor found himself sufficiently recovered to return on board his transport. After some buffeting by storms, and a passing ramble in St. Helena, he reached Europe, his cravings after Eastern travel tolerably assuaged, to give his countrymen the benefit of his notes and observations upon the fair but feverish shores of the Indian Archipelago.

THE CAVE OF THE REGICIDES ;

AND HOW THREE OF THEM FARED IN NEW ENGLAND.

"OLIVER NEWMAN" is a poem which I opened with trembling; for the last new poem that ever shall be read from such an one as Southey, is not a thing that can be looked upon lightly. Then it came to us from his grave, "like the gleaming grapes when the vintage is done;" and the last fruit of such a teeming mind must be relished, though far from being the best; as we are glad to eat apples out of season, which, in the time of them, we should hardly have gathered. But this is not to the purpose. I was surprised to find the new poem built on a history which novelists and story-tellers have been nibbling at these twenty years, and which seems to be a peculiarly relishable bit of *news* on an old subject, if we may judge by the way in which literary epicures have snatched it up piecemeal. In the first place, Sir Walter Scott, who read every thing, got hold of a "North American publication,"* from which he learned, with surprise, that Whalley the regicide, "who was never heard of after the Restoration," fled to Massachusetts, and there lived concealed, and died, and was laid in an obscure grave, which had lately been ascertained. Giving Mr. Cooper due credit for a prior use of the story, he made it over, in his own inimitable way, and puts it into the mouth of Major Bridgenorth, relating his adventures in America. Southey seems next to have got wind of it, reviewing "Holmes' American Annals,"† in the *Quarterly*, when he confesses he first thought of King Philip's war as the subject for an epic—a thought which afterwards became a flame, and determined him to make Goffe (another regicide) the hero of his poem. A few details of the story got out of romance and gossip into genuine history, in a volume of "Murray's Family Library;"‡ and the great "Elucidator" of Oliver Crom-

well's mystifications condenses them again into a single sentence, observing, with his usual buffoonery, that "two of Oliver's *cousins* fled to New England, lived in caves there, and had a sore time of it." And now comes the poem from Southey, full of allusions to the same story, and, after all, giving only part of it; for I do not see that any one has yet mentioned the fact, that *three* regicides lived and died in America after the Restoration, and that their sepulchres are there to this day.

In truth, the new poem led me to think there might be some value in a certain MS. of my own,—mere notes of a traveller, indeed, but results of a tour which I made in New England in the summer of 18—, during which, besides visiting one of the haunts of the fugitives, I took the pains to investigate all that is extant of their story. I found there a queer little account of them, badly written, and worse arranged; the work of one Dr. Stiles, who seems to have been something of a pious Jacobin, and whose reverence for the murderers of King Charles amounts almost to idolatry. He was president of Yale College, at Newhaven, and thoroughly possessed of all the hate and cant about Malignants, which the first settlers of New England brought over with them as an heir-loom for their sons. A member of his college told me, that Stiles used to tell the undergraduates that silly story about the king's being hanged by mistake for Oliver, after the Restoration; and that he only left it off when a dry fellow laughed out at the narration, and on being asked what there was to laugh at, replied, "hanging a man that had lost his neck." After reading the doctor's book on the Regicides, I cannot doubt the anecdote, for he carries his love of Oliver into rapture; talks of "entertaining angels" in the persons of Goffe and

* Notes to "Peveril of the Peak."

+ Notes to "Oliver Newman."

‡ Trial of Charles I. and the Regicides, which I see referred to in "Oliver Newman," but I have not the book myself.

Whalley, and applies to them the beautiful language in which St. Paul commemorates the saints, — “they wandered about, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth—*of whom the world was not worthy.*” The book itself is the most confused mass of repetition and contradiction I ever saw, and yet proved to me vastly entertaining. In connexion with it, I got hold of several others that helped to “elucidate” it; and thus, with much verbal information, I believe I came to a pretty clear view of the case. I can only give what I have gathered, in the off-hand way of a tourist, but perhaps I may serve some one with facts, which they will arrange much better, in performing the more serious task of a historian.

After spending several weeks in the vicinity of New York, I left that city in a steamer for a visit to the “Eastern States;” our passage lying through the East River and Long Island Sound, and requiring about five hours’ sail to complete the trip to Newhaven. I found the excursion by no means an agreeable one. The Sound itself is wide, and our way lay at equal distances between its shores, which, being quite low, are not easily descried by a passenger. Then there came up a squall, which occasioned a great swell in the sea, and sickness was the consequence among not a few of the company on board. Altogether, the steamer being greatly inferior to those on the Hudson, and crowded with a very uninteresting set of passengers, I was glad to retreat from the cabin, going forward, and looking out impatiently for the end of our voyage.

Here it was that I first caught sight of two bold headlands, looming up, a little retired from the shore, and giving a dignity to the coast at this particular spot, by which it is not generally distinguished. We soon entered the bay of Newhaven, and the town itself began to appear, embosomed very snugly between the two mountains, and deriving no little beauty from their prominent share in its surrounding scenery. I judged them not more than four or five hundred feet high, but they are marked with elegant peaks, and present a

bold perpendicular front of trap-rock, which, with the bay and harbour in the foreground, and a fine outline of hills sloping away towards the horizon, conveys a most agreeable impression to the approaching stranger of the region he is about to visit. A person who stood looking out very near me, gave me the information that the twin mountains were called, from their geographical relations to the meridian of Newhaven, East and West Rocks, and added the remark, for which I was hardly prepared, that West Rock was celebrated as having afforded a refuge to the regicides Goffe and Whalley.

My fellow-passenger, observing my interest in this statement, went on to tell me, in substance, as follows. A cleft in its rugged rocks was once actually inhabited by those scape-goats, and still goes by the name of “The Regicides’ Cave.” Newhaven, moreover, contains the graves of these men, and regards them with such remarkable veneration, that even the railroad speed of progress and improvement has been checked to keep them inviolate;—a tribute which, in America, must be regarded as very marked, since no ordinary obstacle ever is allowed to interfere with their perpetual “go-ahead.” It seems the ancient grave-yard, where the regicides repose, was found very desirable for a public square; and as a mimic Père-la-Chaise had just been created in the outskirts of the town, away went coffins and bones, grave-stones and sepulchral effigies, and monumental urns, to plant the new city of the dead, and make way for living dogs, as better than defunct lions. Such a resurrection the towns-folk gave to their respectable grandfathers and grandmothers; but not to the relics of the regicides. At these shrines of murder and rebellion, the spade and the mattock stood still; and their once restless tenants, after shifting between so many disturbances while living, were suffered to sleep on, in a kind of sepulchral limbo, between the marble in Westminster Abbey, to which they once aspired, and the ditch at Tyburn, which they so narrowly escaped.

I was cautioned by my communicative friend not to speak too freely of ‘the Regicides.’ I must call

them "the Judges," he said; for, in Newhaven, where Puritanism perpetuates some of its principles, and all of its prejudices, it appears that such is the prevailing euphuism which is employed, as more in harmony with their notions of Charles as a sinful Malignant, and of the Rebellion as a glorious foretaste of the kingdom of the saints. "The Judges' Cave" is therefore the expression by which they speak of that den of thieves on West Rock; and they always use an equally guarded phrase when they mention those graves in the square.—graves, he it remembered, that enclose the ashes of men, who should have been left to the tender mercies of the public executioner, had they only received in retribution what they meted out to their betters.

Newhaven, in addition to these treasures, boasts another Puritan relic, of a different kind. The early settlers founded here a Calvinistic college, which has become a very popular sectarian university, and my visit at this time was partly occasioned by the recurrence of the annual commemoration of its foundation. I suspect the person who leaned over the bulwarks of the steamer, and gave me the facts—which I have related in a very different vein from that in which I received them—was a dissenting minister going up to be at his college at this important anniversary. There was a *tone in his voice*, as was said of Prince Albert's, when he visited the *savans* at Southampton, which sufficiently indicated his sympathies.* The regicides were evidently the calendared saints of his religion, and their adventures his *Acta Sanctorum*. He was nevertheless very civil and entertaining, and I was glad, on arriving at the quay, to find no worse companion forced upon me in the carriage which I had engaged (as I supposed for myself alone) to take me into the city. There was so great a rush for cabs and coaches, however, that there was no going single; and I accordingly found myself again in close communication with my narrative fellow-traveller, who soon made room for two others; grave personages with

rigid features and polemical address, which convinced me that I was in presence of the dons and doctors of a Puritan university.

"Go-ahead!" sung out somebody, as soon as our luggage was strapped behind; and away we drove, in full chase, with drays and cabs, towards the central parts of the city. The newer streets are built, I observed, with snug little cottages, and intersect at right angles. The suburban Gothic, so justly reprobated by the critics of Maga, is not quite as unusual as it ought to be; but a succession of neat little shrubbery-plots around the doors, and a trim air about things in general, suits very well the environs of such a miniature city as Newhaven. I never saw such a place for shade-trees. They are planted every where; little slender twigs, boxed carefully from wheels and schoolboys, and struggling apparently against the curse, "bastard slips shall not thrive;" and venerable overarching trees, in long avenues, so remarkable and so numerous that the town is familiarly called, by its poets, the "City of Elms."

The Funereal Square, of which I had already learned the history, was soon reached, and we were set down at a hotel in its neighbourhood. Its "rugged elms" are not the only trace of the fact, that the rude forefathers of the city once reposed in their shadow; for, in the middle of the square, a church of tolerable Gothic still remains; in amiable proximity to which appear two meeting-houses, of a style of architectue truly original, and exhibiting as natural a development of Puritanism, as the cathedrals display of Catholic religion. Behind one of these meeting-houses protrudes, in profile, the classic pediment of a brick and plaster temple, of which the divinity is the Connecticut Themis, and in which the Solons of the commonwealth biennially enact legislative games in her honour. Still farther in the back-ground are seen spire and cupola, peering over a thickset grove, in the friendly shade of whose academic foliage a long line of barrack-looking buildings were pointed out to me as the colleges.

These shabby homes of the Muses

* London Times of that date.

were my only token that I had entered a university town. The streets, it is true, were alive with bearded and mustached youth, who gave some evidences of being yet *in statu pupilari*; but they wore hats, and flaunted not a rag of surplice or gown. In the old and truly respectable college at New York, such things are not altogether discarded; but, at Newhaven, where they are devoutly eschewed as savouring too much of Popery, not a member of its faculties, nor master, doctor, or scholar, appears with the time-honoured decency which, to my antiquated notion, is quite inseparable from the true regimen of a university. The only distinction which I remarked between Town and Gown, is one in lack of which Town makes the more respectable appearance of the twain; for the college badges seem to be nothing more than odd-looking medals of gold, which are set in unmeaning display on the man's shirt ruffles, or dangle with tawdry effect from their watch ribbons. I have no doubt that the smart shopmen who flourish canes and smoke cigars in the same walks with the collegians, very much envy them these poor decorations; but in my opinion, they have far less of the Titmouse in their appearance without them, and would sooner be taken for their betters by lacking them. My first impressions were, on the whole, far from favourable, therefore; as from such things in the young men, I was forced to judge of their *alma mater*. And I must own, moreover, that my subsequent acquaintance with the university did little to diminish the disappointment which I unwillingly felt in this visit to one of the most popular seats of learning in America. I certainly came prepared to be pleased; for I had met in New York several persons of refined education, who had taken their degrees at this place; but, to dismiss this digression from my main purpose, I must say that the Commencement was any thing but a creditable affair. After carefully observing all that I could unobtrusively hear and see, I cannot speak flatteringly of the performances, whether the matter or the manner be considered. I can scarcely account for it that so many educated men as took

part in the exercises should make no better exhibition of themselves. One oration delivered by a bachelor of arts, was vociferated with insolence so consummate, that I marvelled how the solemn-looking divines, whom it occasionally seemed to hit, were able to endure it. In all that I heard, with very few exceptions, there was a deficiency of good English style, of elevated sentiment, and even of sound morality. Many of the professors and fellows of the University are confessedly men of cultivated minds, and even of distinguished learning: yet this great celebration was no better than I say. I can account for it only by the sectarian influences which imbue every thing in Newhaven, and by the want of a thoroughly academic atmosphere, which sectarianism never can create. It was really farcical to see the good old president confer degrees with an attempt at ceremony, which seemed to have no rubric but extemporary convenience, and no purpose but the despatch of business. All this may seem to have nothing to do with my subject; yet I felt myself that the regicides had a good deal to do with it. In this college, one sees the best that Puritanism could produce; and I thought what Oxford and Cambridge might have become under the invading reforms of the usurpation, had the Protectorate been less impotent to reproduce itself, and carry out its natural results on those venerable foundations.

On the day following that of the Commencement, I took a drive to West Rock. I was so happy as to have the company of a very intelligent person from the Southern States, and of a young lady, his relative, who was very ambitious to make the excursion. It was a pleasant drive of about three miles to the foot of the mountain, where we alighted, the driver leaving the horses in charge of themselves, and undertaking the office of guide. It was somewhat tedious climbing for our fair friend; but up we went, over rough stones, creeping vines and brushwood, that showed no signs of being very frequently disturbed; our guide keeping the bright buttons of his coat-skirts before us, and in some other respects reminding

me of Mephistopheles on the Hartz. It certainly was very accommodating in Nature, to provide the lofty chambers of the regicides with such a staircase; for in their day it must have defied any ordinary search, and when found must have presented as many barriers of briar and thicket, as grew up around the *Sleeping Beauty* in the fairy tale.

As we reached what seemed to be the top of the rock, we came suddenly into an open place, but so surrounded by trees and shrubs, as effectually to shut in the view. Here was the cave; and very different it was from what we had expected to find it! We had prepared ourselves to explore a small Antiparos, and were quite chagrined to find our grotto diminished to a mere den or covert, between two immense stones of a truly Stenchengian appearance and juxtaposition. I doubted for a moment whether their singular situation, on the top of this mountain, were matter for the geologist or the antiquary; and would like to refer the question to the learned Dean of Westminster, who hammers stones as eloquently as some of his predecessors have hammered pulpits. The stones are well-nigh equal in height, of about twenty feet perpendicular, one of them nearly conical, and the other almost a true parallelopiped. Betwixt them another large stone appears to have fallen, till it became wedged; and the very small aperture between this stone and the ground beneath, is all that justifies the name of a cave, though there are several fissures about the stones, in which possibly beasts might be sheltered, but hardly human beings. To render the cave itself large enough for the pair that once inhabited it, the earth must have been dug from under the stone, so as to make a covered pit; and even then, it was hardly so good a place as is said to have been made for "a refuge to the conies," being much fitter for wild-cats or tigers. I could scarcely persuade myself, that English law could ever have driven a man three thousand miles over the sea, and then into such a burrow as this! But so it was; and it was retribution and justice too.

Bad as it was, it looked more agreeable to Goile and Whalley, than a

cross-beam and two halters, or even than apartments in the Tower of London. They had it fitted up with a bed, and other "creature-comforts" of a truly Crusoe-like description. The mouth of the cave was screened by a thick growth of bushes, and the place was in several other respects well suited to their purposes. The parallelopiped, of which I have spoken, was easily climbed, being furnished with something like stairs, and its top commands a fine view of the town, the bay, and the country for miles around. It served them, therefore, as a watch-tower, and must have been very useful as a means of protection, and as an observatory for amusement. I mounted the stone myself, and tried to fancy how different was the scene two hundred years ago. There the exile would sit hour after hour, not as one may sit there now, to see sails and steamers entering and leaving the harbour, and post-coaches and railroad cars passing and re-passing continually; but to gaze in astonishment and fear, if one lone ship might be descried coming up the bay, or if a solitary horseman was to be seen or heard pursuing his journey in the valley below.

While the fugitives lived in this den, they were regularly supplied with daily bread and other necessities of life, by a woodman, who lived at the foot of the rock. A child came up the mountain daily with a supply of provisions, which he left on a certain stone, and returned without seeing any body, or asking any questions of Echo. In this way he always brought a full basket and took back an empty one, without the least suspicion that he was becoming an accessory in high treason, and, as it is said, without ever knowing to whom, or for what, he was ministering. As a Brahmin sets rice before an idol, so the little one fed the stone, or left the basket to "the unseen spirit of the wood;" and well it was that the little Red-riding-hood escaped the usual fate of all lonely little foresters, for it seems there were mouths and maws in the mountain which cheesecakes would not have satisfied. The dwellers in the rock had a terrible fright one night from the visit of some indescribable beast—a panther, or some-

thing worse—that blazed its horrid eyes into their dark hole, and growled so frightfully, that if all the bailiffs of London had surrounded their den, they would have been less alarmed. It seemed some motherly tigress in search of her cubs, and when she discovered the intruders, she set up such an ululation of maternal grief as made every aisle of the forest ring again, and so scared the inmates of her den, that, as soon as they dared, they took to their heels down the mountain, ready to hear any hue and cry on their track, rather than hers. This story was told us by our guide, who gave it as the reason for their final desertion of the place.

On the stone which I climbed, I found engraven a great number of names and initials, with dates of different years. Apparently they had been left there by visitors from the university. In more than one place, some ardent youth, in his first love with democracy, had taken pains to renew the inscription, which tradition says Goffe and Whalley placed over their retreat. "Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God." I suppose there will always be fresh men to do Old Mortality's office for this inscription, for the maxim is one which has long been popular in America among patriotic declaimers. How long it will continue generally popular, may indeed be doubted, since the abolitionists have lately adopted it, and in their mouths it becomes an incendiary watchword, which the supporters of slavery have no little reason to dread. I myself saw this motto on an anti-slavery placard set up in the streets of New York.

I inferred from this inscription, and the names on the rock, that the spot is visited by some with very different feelings from those which it excited in me and my companions. Our valuable conductor, it is true, spoke of "the Judges" with as much reverence as so sturdy a republican would be likely to show to any dignity whatever; and really the honest fellow seemed to give us credit for more tenderness than we felt, and tried to express himself in such a manner, when telling of the misery of the

exiles, as not to wound our sensibilities. But I fear his consideration was all lost; for, sad as it is to think of any fellow-man reduced to such extremity as to take up a lodging like this, we could only think how many of the noble and the lovely, and how many of the true and loyal poor, had been brought by Goffe and Whalley to greater miseries than theirs. I could not force myself, therefore, to the melting mood; it was enough that I thought of January 30, 1648, and said to myself, "Doubtless there is a God that judgeth in the earth." The lady recalled some facts from Lord Clarendon's History, and said that her interest in the spot was far from having any thing to do with sympathy for the regicides. Her patronising protector expressed his surprise, and jokingly assured me that she regarded it as a Mecca, or he would not have given himself the trouble of waiting on her to a place he so little respected. She owned that she was hardly consistent with herself in feeling any interest at all in the memorial of regicides; but I reminded her that Lord Capel kissed the axe which completed the work of rebellion, and deprived his royal master of life;* and we agreed that even the intelligent instruments of that martyrdom acquired a sort of reliquary value from the blood with which they were crimsoned.

The troglodytes, then, were but two; but there was a third fugitive regicide who came to Newhaven, and now lies there in his grave. This was none other than John Dixwell, whose name, with those of Goffe and Whalley, may be found on that infamous death-warrant, which some have not scrupled to call the Major Charta. Dixwell's is set among the *οἱ πολλοί*, who, in the day of reckoning, were judged hardly worth a hanging; but Whalley's occupies the bad eminence of being fourth on the list, and next to the hard-fisted autograph of Oliver himself; while William Goffe's is signed just before the signature of Pride, whose miserable penmanship that day, it will be remembered, cost his poor body an airing on the gibbet, in the year 1660. Scott, by the way,

* State Trials, ii. 389.

gives Whalley the *prænomen* Richard; but there it is on the parchment, too legible for his soul's good—Edward Whalley. Shall I recur to the rest of their history in England before I come to my American narrative? Perhaps in these days of "elucidations," when it is said that every thing about two hundred years since is, for the first time, undergoing a calm but earnest review, I may be indulged in recapitulating what, if every body knows, they know only in a great confusion with other events, which impair the individual interest.

Of Dixwell, comparatively little is known, save that his first act of patriotism seems to have consisted in leaving his country. Enough that he served in the parliamentary army; sat as judge, and stood up as regicide in that High Court of Treason in Westminster Hall; was one of Oliver's colonels during the Protectorate; became sheriff of Kent, and no doubt hanged many a rogue that had a better right to live than himself; and finally sat in parliament for the same county in 1656.* His experiences after the Restoration are not known, till he emerged in America almost ten years after the last-mentioned date.

Whalley was among the more notorious of the rebels. He was cousin to Oliver, and one of the few for whom Oliver sometimes exhibited a savage sort of affection. He proved himself a good soldier in a bad cause, at Naseby; and a furious one at Banbury. When the rogues fell out among themselves, he was the officer that met Cornet Joyce as he was conveying the king's majesty from Holmby,† and offered to relieve the royal prisoner of his protector; an offer which Charles with great dignity refused, preferring to let them have all the responsibility in the matter, and not caring a straw which of the two villains should be his jailor. At Hampton Court, however, fortune decided in favour of Whalley, and put the king, for a time, into his power; till like fortune put it into the king's power to get rid of his brutality by flight, an accident for which our hero

got a hint of displeasure from parliament. Just at this point Cromwell addressed a letter to his "dear cousin Whalley,"‡ begging him *not to let* any thing happen to his majesty; in which his sincerity was doubtless as genuine as that of certain patriots in the Pickwick history, who, out of regard to certain voters coming down to the election, with money in their hands and tears in their eyes, besought the senior Weller *not to upset* the whole cargo of them into the canal at Islington. After getting out of this scrape, and doing the damning deed that got him into a worse one, he fleshed his sword against the king's Scottish kinsmen, at Dunbar, where he lost a horse under him, and received a cut in his wrist,§ though not severe enough to prevent his writing a saucy letter to the governor of Edinburgh castle. He was the man that took away the mace, when Cromwell broke up his Barebones' parliament. Then he rode through Lincoln, and five other counties, dealing with recusant Anabaptists,|| as one of the "Major Generals;" demurred a little, at first, at the king-manufacturing conference, but finally came into the project; and, from a sense of duty, so far overcame his republican scruples as to allow himself to take a seat in the House of Lords, as one of the Oliverian peerage.¶ If titles were to be had with estates, like the Lordship of Linne, he was surely entitled to his peerage, for he was growing fat on the Duke of Newcastle's patrimony, with part of the jointure of poor Henrietta Maria, when, God be praised, the day of reckoning arrived; and my Lord Whalley, surmising that, should any one come to the rope, he was likely to swing if he remained in England, made off beyond seas.

Goffe, too, was of the Cromwellian conspiracy, having married a daughter of Whalley.** He was a soldier, but could do a little exposition besides, when there was any call for such an exercise; as, for instance, at that celebrated groaning and wrestling which was performed at Windsor, and ended in resolving on the murder of

* Somers' Tracts, vi. 339.

§ Carlyle.

• Percy's Reliques, 121.

+ Carlyle and Clarendon.

|| Clarendon, iii. 590.

** Fasti Oxon. ii. 79.

‡ Carlyle.

the king,* after extraordinary supplication and holding forth. When father Whalley removed the mace, son-in-law Goffe led in the musqueteers, and bolted out the Anabaptists, against whom he rode circuit through Sussex and Berks, growing rich, and indulging dreams of disjoining the nose of Richard, and thrusting himself into the old shoes of the Protector, as soon as they should be empty.† He, too, sacrificed his feelings so far as to become a lord; and, perhaps, thinking that royal shoes would fit him as well as republican ones, he at last consented to making Oliver a king.‡ Nor were his honours wholly of a civil character, for he was made an M.A. at Oxford, and so secured himself a notice in Anthony Wood's biographies, where his story concludes with a set of mistakes, so relishably served up, that I must give it in the very words of the *Fasti*, as follows:—"In 1660, a little before the restoration of King Charles II., he betook himself to his heels to save his neck, without any regard had to his majesty's proclamation; wandered about fearing every one that he met should slay him; and was living at Lausanna in 1664, with Edmund Ludlow, Edward Whalley, and other regicides, when John l'Isle, another of that number, was there, by certain generous royalists, despatched. He afterwards lived several years in vagabondship; but when he died, or where his carcass was lodged, is as yet unknown to me."||

On Christmas day, 1657, good John Evelyn went to London, in spite of many severe penalties incurred thereby, to receive the holy sacrament from a priest of the Church of England.¶ Mr. Gunning, afterwards Bishop of Ely, was the officiating clergyman, and preached a sermon appropriate to the festival. As he was proceeding with the Eucharist, the place where they were worshipping was beset by Oliver's ruffians, who, pointing their muskets at the communicants, through the doors and windows, threatened to shoot them as they knelt before the altar. Evelyn

surmises that they were not authorised to go so far as that, and consequently they did not put their threat into execution; but both priest and people were taken prisoners, and brought under guard before the magistrates to answer for the serious misdemeanour of which they had been guilty. Before whom should the gentle friend of Jeremy Taylor find himself standing as a culprit, but these worshipful Justices, Whalley and Goffe! It was, doubtless, by their orders that the solemnities of the day had been profaned.

Evelyn seems to have got off with only a severe catechizing; but many of his fellow-worshippers were imprisoned, and otherwise severely punished. The examination was probably conducted by the theologically exercised Goffe, for the specimen preserved by Evelyn is worthy of his genius in every way. The amiable confessor was asked how he dared to keep "the superstitious time of the Nativity;" and was admonished that in praying for kings, he had been praying for Charles Stuart, and even for the king of Spain, who was a Papist! Moreover, he was told that the Prayer-book was nothing but the Mass in English, and more to the like effect; "and so," says Evelyn, "they dismissed me, pitying much my ignorance."

This anecdote, accidentally preserved by Evelyn, shows what kind of characters they were. They seem to have been as sincere as any of their fanatical comrades, though it is always hard to say of the Puritan leaders which were the cunning hypocrites, and which the deluded zealots. Whatever they may have been, their time was short, so far as England is concerned with them; and in three years after this event, they suddenly disappeared. So perfectly did they bury themselves from the world, that from the year 1660, till the romance of Scott** again brought the name of Whalley before the world, it may be doubted whether anything was known in England of lives, which in another hemisphere were protracted almost

* Letters and Speeches, &c. by Carlyle.

† Carlyle.

¶ Evelyn's Memoirs, i. 308.

† *Fasti Oxon.* ii. 79.

|| *Fasti Oxon.* ii. p. 79. Anno 1649.

** Notes to Peveril of the Peak.

into another generation. Nobody dreamed there was yet an American chapter in the history of the regicides.

Yet, considering the known disposition of the colonies, and their inaccessible fastnesses, it is remarkable that only three of the fugitives found their way across the Atlantic. Another, indeed, there was, a mysterious person, of whom it is only known, that though concerned in the regicide, he was not probably one of "the judges." He lived in Rhode Island till he was more than a hundred years old, begetting sons and daughters, to whom he bequeathed the surname of Whale. Whoever he was, he seems to have been a sincere penitent, whose conscience would not let him rest. He slept on a deal board instead of a bed, and practised many austerities, accusing himself as a man of blood, and deprecating the justice of God. The particulars of his guilt he never disclosed; and as his name was probably an assumed one, it is difficult to surmise what share he had in the murder of his king. There was in Hacker's regiment one Whalley, a lieutenant; and Stiles, the American writer, thinks this Whale may have been the same man. But then, what did this Whalley perpetrate to account for such horrible remorse? Considering Hacker's active part in the bloodiest scene of the great tragedy, and the conflicting testimony in Hulet's trial,* as to the man that struck the blow; and coupling this with the fact, that an effort was made to procure one of several lieutenants to do the work,† I confess I once thought there was some reason to suspect that this fellow's accusing conscience was terribly earned, and that he at least had been one of the masks that figured on the scaffold. This surmise, though shaken by nothing that came out on the state trials, I have since discharged, in deference to the opinion of Miss Strickland,‡ who is satisfied that the greybeard was Hulet, and the actual regicide, Gregory Brandon.

The American history of the regicides begins with the 27th of July fol-

lowing the Restoration, when Whalley and Goffe landed at Boston, bringing the first news that the king had been proclaimed, of which it seems they had tidings before they were clear of the Channel. Proscribed as they were, they were heroes among the colonists, and even Endicott, the governor, ventured to give them a welcome. The inhabitants of Boston and its environs paid them many attentions, and they appeared at large with no attempt at concealing their names and character. The Bostonians were not all Republicans, however; and several zealously affected Royalists having been noticed among their visitors, they suddenly conceived the air of Cambridge more salubrious than that of Boston, and took up their abode in that village, now a mere suburb of the city. There they freely mingled with other men, and were admitted as communicants in the Calvinistic meetings of the place; and sometimes, it appears, they even ventured, like the celebrated party at the Peak, "to exhibit their gifts in extemporaneous prayer and exposition." On visiting the city, they once received some insult, for which the assailant was bound over to keep the peace; though, if he had but known it, he was so far from having done any wrong in the eye of law, that he was entitled to a hundred pounds reward, for bringing before a magistrate either of the worthies who appeared against him. The authorities, however, had received no official notice of the Restoration, and chose to go on as if still living under the golden sway of the second Protector.

A story is told of one of the regicides, while living at Cambridge, which deserves preservation, as it not only illustrates the open manner in which they went to and fro, but also shows how well exercised were the soldiers of Cromwell in military accomplishments. A fencing-master had appeared at Boston, challenging any man in the colonies to play at swords with him; and this bravado he repeated for several days, from a stage of Thespian simplicity, erected in a

* Sir Thomas Herbert's *Two Last Years*, p. 189.

† *State Trials*, ii. 386.

‡ *Lives of the Queens*, vol. viii.

public part of the town. One day, as the mountebank was proclaiming his defiance, to the terror and admiration of a crowd of bystanders, a country-bred fellow, as it seemed, made his appearance in the assembly, accepting the challenge, and pressing to the encounter with no other weaponry than a cheese done up in a napkin for a shield, and a broom-stick, well charged with puddle water, which he flourished with Quixotic effect as a sword. The shouts of the rabble, and the confusion of the challenger, may well be imagined; but the countryman, throwing himself into position, lustily defied the man of foils to come on. A sharp command to be gone with his nonsense, was all the notice which the other would vouchsafe; but the rustic insisted on having satisfaction, and so stubbornly did he persist in brandishing his broomstick, and opposing his cheese, that the gladiator, in a towering fury, at last drove at him desperately enough. The thrust was very coolly received in the soft and savoury shield of the countryman, who instantly repaid it by a dexterous daub with his broom, soaking the beard and whiskers of the swordsman with its odorous contents. A second and more furious pass at the rustic was parried with masterly skill and activity, and rewarded by another salute from the broomstick, which ludicrously besmeared the sword-player's eyes; the crowd setting up a roar of merriment at his crest-fallen appearance. A third lunge was again spent upon the cheese, amid shouts of laughter; while the broomsman calmly mopped nose, eyes, and beard, of his antagonist's puffing and blowing physiognomy. Entirely transported with rage and chagrin, the champion now dropped his rapier, and came at his ridiculous adversary with the broadsword. "Hold, hold, my good fellow," cried Broomstick, "so far all's fair play! but if that's the game, have a care, for I shall certainly take your life." At this, the confounded gladiator stood aghast, and staring at the absurd apparition before him, cried out, amid the jeers of the mob, "Who is

it? there were but two in England that could match me! It must be Goffe, Whalley, or the Devil!" And so it proved, for it was Goffe.

In November, came out the Act of Indemnity, by which it appeared that Goffe and Whalley were not included in the amnesty which covered a multitude of sins. It was nevertheless far in February before the governor had entered upon even a formal inquiry of his council, as to what he should do with the fugitives; a formality which, empty as it was, must have occasioned their abrupt departure from Massachusetts. At Newhaven, a concentrated Puritanism seems to have offered them a much safer asylum;* and as a brother-in-law of Whalley's had lately held a kind of pastoral dignity in that place, it is not improbable that they received pledges of protection, should they choose it for their city of refuge. One now goes from Boston to Newhaven, by railroad and steamer, in less than a day; but in those times it was very good travelling which brought them to their Alsatia in less than a fortnight. There they were received as saints and confessors; and Davenport, the strait-laced pastor of the colony, seems to have taken them under his especial patronage. He seems to have been a kind of provincial Hugh Peters, though he was not without his virtues: and there was far more fear of him before the eyes of the local authorities, than there was of King Charles and his Council. His Majesty was in fact completely browbeaten and discomfited, when his warrant was afterwards brought into collision with the will of this doughty little Pope: and to him the regicides owed it, that they finally died in America.

The government at home seems really to have been in earnest in the matter, and a royal command was not long in reaching Endicott, requiring him to do all in his power for the arrest of the runaways. He seems to have been scared into something like obedience, and two zealous young royalists offering their services as pursuers, he was obliged to despatch them to Newhaven. So vigorously

* Holmes' American Annals.

did these young men prosecute their errand, that but for the bustling fanaticism of Davenport, they would certainly have redeemed the honour of the colonies, and given their lordships at Westminster Hall the trouble of two more state trials. For its own sake, no one, indeed, can be sorry that such was not the result. But when one thinks how many curious details of history would have transpired on the trials of such prominent rebels, it seems a pity that they could not have been made serviceable in this way, and then set, with Prynne, to do penance among the old parchments in the Tower.

The governor of the Newhaven colony, one Leete, lived a few miles out of the town, but not far enough off to be out of the control of Davenport, whose spiritual drill had got him in good order for the expected encounter. That painstaking pastor had, moreover, felt it his duty to give no uncertain blast of preparation on his Sabbath-day trumpet, and had sounded forth his deep concern for the souls committed to his care, should they, by any temptation of the devil, be led to think it scriptural to obey the king and magistrate, instead of him, their conscience-keeper and dogmatist. With a skill in the application of holy writ, peculiar to the Hugh Peters' school of divinity, he had laboriously pounded his cushion, in some thirty or forty illustrations of the following text from the prophet Isaiah: "Hide the outcasts, bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab! be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler."^{*} After this exposition, there was of course no dispute as to duty. The Pope is a deceiver, and Catholic Councils are lies; but when was a Puritan preacher ever doubted, by his followers, to be an oracle from heaven?

It was in vain that the loyal pursuers came to Newhaven, after the little general had thus got his forces prepared for the contest. Wellington, with the forest of Soignies behind him, at Waterloo, was not half so confident of wearing out Napoleon,

as Davenport was of beating back King Charles the Second, in his presumptuous attempt to govern his Puritan colonies. Accordingly, when the pursuers waited on Governor Leete, they found his conscience peculiarly tender to the fact, that they were not provided with the original of his Majesty's command, which he felt it his duty to see, before he could move in the business. He finally yielded so far, however, as to direct a warrant to certain catchpoles, requiring them to take the runaways, accompanying it, as it would seem, with assurances of affectionate condolence, should they happen to let the criminals, when captured, effect a violent escape. A preconcerted farce was enacted, to satisfy the forms of law, the bailiffs seizing the regicides, a mile or two from town, as they were making for East Rock; and they very sturdily defending themselves, till the officers had received bruises enough, to excuse their return without them. But after this pleasant little exercise, the regicides had an escape of a more really fortunate character, and quite in the style of King Charles Second's Boscobel adventures. For while cooling themselves under a bridge, they discovered the young Bostonians galloping that way, and had only time to lie close, when a smart quadrupedal hexameter was thundered over their heads, as they lay peering up through the chinks of the bridge at their furious pursuers. No doubt the classic ear of Goffe, the Oxford Master of Arts, was singularly refreshed with the delightful prosody, which the retiring horse-hoofs still drummed on the dusty plain; but they seem to have been so seriously alarmed by their escape, that if they ever smiled again, they certainly had little cause for their good-humour; for that very day they took to the woods, and entered upon a long and wretched life of perpetual apprehension, from which death, in any shape, would have been, to better men, a comfortable relief. They immediately directed their course towards West Rock, where, with an old hatchet which they found in the forest, they built themselves a booth

* Isaiah xvi. 3.

in a spot which is still called, from the circumstance, "Hatchet-Harbour." Here they became acquainted with one Sperry, the woodman who finally fitted up the cave, and introduced them to their life in the rock.

It seems that on stormy days, and sometimes for mere change of air, the poor Troglodytes would come down the mountain, and stay a while with the woodman at his house. They had lived about a month in their cave, when such an excursion to the woodman's had nearly cost them their liberty. The pursuers, meantime, had accomplished a wild-geese chase to New York, and had returned, after more perils and troubles than the regicides were worth. Somehow or other, they got scent of their game this time, and actually came upon them at Sperry's before they had any notice of their approach. Fortune favouring them, however, they escaped by a back-door, and got up to their nest, without giving a glimpse of themselves to the pursuers, or even leaving any trace of their visit to favour a suspicion that they had recently been in Sperry's protection. But Leete, who had received at last the original warrant, and thus was relieved of his scruples, seems to have been so alarmed about this time, that he sent word to the fugitives that they must hold themselves ready to surrender, if it should prove requisite for his own safety and that of the town. To the credit of the poor men, on receiving this notice, they came out of their cave like brave fellows, and went over to their cowardly protector, offering to give themselves up immediately.

Here the redoubtable Davenport again interfered, and though all the colony began to be of another opinion, he fairly drubbed the prudent Leete into a postponement of the time of surrender; and Goffe and Whalley were accordingly respited for a week, during which they lived in painful suspense, in the cellar of a neighbouring warehouse, supplied with food from the governor's table, but never admitted to his presence. Meantime, the bustling pastor preached and exhorted, and stirred up all the important settlers to take his part against the timorous counsels of the governor,

and finally succeeded in preventing the surrender altogether; and the fugitives went back to their cave, never again to show themselves openly before men, though their days were prolonged through half another lifetime.

It seems incredible that there was any real call for such singular caution, under the loose reign of Charles the Second: yet it is remarkable how timid they had become, and how long they supported their patient mousing in the dark. Nothing seems to have inspired them with confidence after this. The pursuers returned to Boston, and made an indignant report of the contempt with which his Majesty's authority had been treated at Newhaven; all which had no other effect than to give colour to a formal declaration of the united colonies of New England, that an ineffectual though thorough search had been made. On this the hue-and-cry was suffered to stop; but the regicides still kept close, and shunned the light of day. Who would have believed that the lusty Goffe and Whalley, whose fierce files of musqueteers seemed once their very shadow, could have subsided into such decorous subjects, as to live for three lustres in the heart of a village, so quietly, that, save their feeder, not a soul ever saw or heard of them. Yet so it proved; for so much do circumstances make the difference between the anchorite and the revolutionist, and so possible is it for the same character to be very noisy and very still.

After two months more in the cave, they probably found it time to go into winter quarters, and accordingly shifted to a village a little westward of Newhaven, where one Tompkins received them into his cellar. There they managed to survive two years, during which their only recreation seems to have been, the sorry one of hearing a maid abuse them, as she sung an old royalist ballad over their heads. Even this was some relief to the monotony of their life in the cellar, and they would often get their attendant to set it agoing. The girl, delighted to find her voice in request, and little dreaming what an audience she had in the pit, would accordingly strike up with great effect, and fugue

away on the names of Goffe and Whalley, and their fellow Roundheads, like another Wildrake. Perhaps the worthies in the cellar consoled themselves with recalling the palmy days, when the same song, trolled out on the night air from some royalist pot-house, had been their excuse for displaying their vigilant police, and putting under arrest any number of drunken malignants.

If they had any additional consolation, it seems to have been derived from an enthusiastic interpretation of Holy Writ, in which, after the manner of their religion, they saw their own peculiar history very minutely foreshadowed. They had heard of the sad end of Hugh Peters, and his confederates, which they were persuaded was the slaying of the two witnesses, predicted in the Apocalypse;* and they now looked in sure and certain hope for the year 1666, which they presumed would be marked by some great revolution, probably on account of its containing "the number of the Beast."† But after two years in this cellar, there arrived in Boston certain royal commissioners, in fear of whom they again retreated to their cave, and stayed there two months, till the wild beast drove them away. About the same time, an Indian getting sight of their tracks, and finding their cave, with a bed in it, made such an ado about his discovery, that they were obliged to abandon Newhaven for ever. It is probable that Davenport now counselled their removal, and provided their retreat; for one Russell, the pastor of Hadley, a backwood settlement in Massachusetts, engaged to receive and lodge them; and thither they went by star-light marches, a distance of an hundred miles, through forests, where, if "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods," they probably found it the only one in their journey. Rogues as they were, who can help pitying them, thus skulking along by night through an American wilderness, in terror of a king, three thousand miles away, who all the while was revelling with his harlots, and showing as little regard for the memory of his father as any regicide could desire.

At Hadley, pastor Russell received them into his kitchen, and then into a closet, from which, by a trap-door, they were let down into the cellar—there to live long years, and there to die, and there ~~one of them~~ to be buried, for a time. While dwelling in this cellar, poor Goffe kept a record of his daily life; and it is much to be regretted that this curious journal perished, at Boston, in the succeeding century, during the riots about the Stamp Act, in which several houses were burned. Scraps of it still exist, however, in copies; and enough is known of it, to prove that the exiles were kept in constant information of the progress of events in England; that Goffe corresponded with his wife, addressing her as his mother, and signing himself Walter Goldsmith; and that pastor Russell was supplied with remittances for their support. One leaf of the diary which, fortunately, was copied, is a mournful catalogue of the regicides, and their accomplices, all classed according to their fate, with some touching evidences of the melancholy humour in which the records had been set down. It is a table of sixty-nine as great rogues, or as deluded fanatics, as have left their names on the page of English history; but there they stand on Goffe's list, a doleful registry indeed,

"Some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they had
deposed;"

but all noted by the wanderer as his friends, "faithful and just to him." Twenty-six are marked as certainly dead; others, as condemned and in the Tower; some as fugitives, and some, as quietly surviving their ruin and disgrace. How dark must have been the past and the future alike, to men whose histories were told in such chronicles; but thus timorously from their "loop-hole of retreat," did they look out on the Great Babel; and saw their cherished year of the Beast go by, and still no change; and then consoled themselves with hoping there was some slight error in the vulgar computation; and so, hoped on against hope, and kept in secret their awful

* Rev. xi. 8.

† Rev. xiii. 18.

memories, and perchance with occasional misgivings of judgment to come, pondered them in their hearts.

At Hadley they had one remarkable visiter, from whom they probably learned much gloomy gossip about things at home. In 1665, John Dixwell joined them, having made his escape to the colonies with astonishing secrecy. He seems to have been a venturesome fellow, who was far from willing to spend his days in a cellar, and accordingly he soon left them to their own company, and went, nobody knows where; but it is certain that in 1672 he appeared in Newhaven as Mr. James Davids, took a wife, and settled down with every sign of a determination to die in his bed. The first Mrs. Davids dying without issue, we find him, a few years after, married again, begetting children, and supporting the reputation of a grave citizen, who kept rather shy of his neighbours, and was fond of long prosy talks with his minister—the successor of Davenport, who seems to have rested from his labours. I wonder if those talks were so prosy! The good wife of the house, no doubt, supposed Mr. Davids and her husband engaged in edifying conclave upon the five points of Calvinism: but who does not envy that drowsy New England pastor the stories he heard of the great events of the Rebellion, from the lips of one who had himself been an actor therein! How often he filled his pipe, and puffed his pleasure, or laid it down at a more earnest moment, to hear the stirring anecdotes of Oliver; how he looked; how he spoke and commanded! What unwritten histories the pastor must have learned of Strafford,—of Laud,—of Pym pounding on his quarry,—of how the narrator felt, when he sat as a regicide judge,—and of that right royal face which he had confronted without relenting, with all its combined expressions, of resignation and resolution, of kingly dignity and Christian submission.

Time went on, and the Hadley regicides wasted away in their cellar, while Dixwell thus flourished like a bay-tree in green old age. A letter

from Goffe, to his “mother Goldsmith,” written in August, 1674, of which a copy is preserved, shows that years had been doing their work on the once bold and stalwart Whalley. “Your old friend Mr. R.,” he says, using the feigned initial, “is yet living, but continues in that weak condition. He is scarce capable of any rational discourse (his understanding, memory, and speech, doth so much fail him,) and seems not to take much notice of any thing . . . and it’s a great mercy to him, that he hath a friend that takes pleasure in being helpful to him . . . for though my help be but poor and weak, yet that ancient servant of Christ could not well subsist without it. The Lord help us to profit by all, and to wait with patience upon him, till we shall see what end he will make with us.”

Boys grew to be men, and little girls marriageable women, while they thus dwelt in the cellar; and the people of Hadley passed in and out of their pastor’s door, and doubled and trebled in number around his house, and not a soul dreamed that such inhabitants lived amongst them. This remarkable privacy accounts for the historical fact, given as a story in “Peveril of the Peak.”* It occurred during the war of King Philip, in 1675, the year following the date of Goffe’s letter, and when Whalley must have been far gone in his decline, so that he could not have been the hero, as is so dramatically asserted by Bridgworth to Julian Peveril. It was a fast day among the settlers, who were imploring God for deliverance from an expected attack of the savages; and they were all assembled in their rude little meeting-house, around which sentinels were kept on patrol. The house of the pastor was only a few rods distant; and probably, through the miserable panes that let in all the sun-light of their cellar, Goffe watched the invasion of the Indians, and all the horrors of the fight, till the fires of Dunbar began to burn again in his old veins, and, overcoming his usual caution, sent him forth to his last achievement in this

* Holmes’ *American Annals*, in *Ann.* Also, Notes to “Oliver Newman.”

world, and perhaps his best. On a sudden, as the settlers were giving up all for lost, and about to submit to a general massacre, a strange apparition was seen among them exhorting them to rally in the name of God. An old man, with long white locks, and of unusual attire, led the last assault with the most daring bravery. Not doubting that it was an angel of God, they followed up his blows, and in a short time repulsed the savages; but their deliverer was gone. No clue or trace could be found of his coming or going. He was to them as Melchiselek, "without beginning of life, or end of days;" and their confirmed superstition that the Lord had sent his angel in answer to their prayers, though quite in accordance with their enthusiasm, was doubtless not a little encouraged by the wily pastor himself, as an innocent means of preventing troublesome inquiries. In many parts of New England it was long regarded as a miracle, and the final disclosure of the secret has spoiled the mystery of a genuine old wives' tale.

About three years after this, Whalley gave his soul to God, and was temporarily buried in the cellar, where he had lived a death-in-life of fourteen years. Russell was now in a great fright, and with good reason, for a new crown officer was at work in New England, with a zealous determination to bring all offenders to justice, and if not the offenders themselves, then somebody instead of them. Edward Randolph, who has left a judge Jeffreys' reputation in America to this day, was a Jehu for the government, and his feelings towards the regicides are well touched off by Southey, in the words put into his mouth in "*Oliver Newman*:"—

"Fifteen years,

They have hid among them the two regicides,

Shifting from den to cover, as we found
Where the scent lay. But, earth them
as they will,

I shall unkenne! them, and from their
holes

Drag them to light and justice."

Alarmed by the energetic measures of such a man, Goffe, who was now released from his personal attentions to his friend, appears to have departed

from Hadley for a time; while Russell gave currency to a report, that when last seen, he was on his way towards Virginia. It was soon added, that he had been actually recognised in New York, in a farmer's attire, selling cabbages; but he probably went no further than Newhaven, where he would naturally visit Dixwell, and so returned to Hadley, whence his last letter bears date, 1679, and where he undoubtedly died the following year.

How the two bodies ever got to Newhaven has long been the puzzle. It seems that Russell buried Goffe at first in a grave, dug partly on his own premises, and partly on those adjoining, intending by this stratagem to justify himself, should he ever be forced to deny that the bones were in his garden. But, in the years 1680 and 1684, Randolph's fury being at its height, he probably dug up the remains of both the regicides, and sent them to Newhaven, where they were interred secretly by Dixwell and the common gravedigger of the place. Some suppose, indeed, that they were not removed till the sad results of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion had put the colonists in terror of the inexorable Jeffreys. The fate of Lady Alicia Lisle,—herself the widow of a regicide,—who had suffered for concealing two of the Duke's followers, may very naturally have alarmed the prudent Russell, and led him to remove all traces of his share in harbouring Goffe and Whalley. His friendship for two "unjust judges" seems to have led him to dread the acquaintance of a third. As for Dixwell, he lived on in Newhaven, maintaining the character of Mr. James Davids with great respectability, and so quietly, that Randolph seems never to have suspected that a third regicide was hiding in America. * He had one narrow escape, nevertheless, from another zealous partisan of the crown, quite as lynx-eyed, and even more notorious in American history. In 1680, Sir Edmund Andross paid a visit to Newhaven, and was present at the public worship of the inhabitants, when James Davids did not fail to be in his usual place, nor by his dignity of person and demeanour to attract the special notice of Sir Edmund, who probably began to think

he had got scent of Goffe himself. After the solemnities were over, he made very particular inquiries as to the remarkable-looking worshipper, but suffered himself to be diverted from more searching measures, by the natural and unstudied description which he received of Mr. Davids and his interesting family. It was well that they could answer so unaffectedly, for Andross was ready to pick a quarrel with them, conceiving himself to have received a great affront at the religious exercise which he had honoured with his presence. It seems the clerk had felt it his duty to select a psalm not incapable of a double application, and which accordingly had hit Sir Edmund in a tender part, by singing "to the praise and glory of God" the somewhat insinuating stave—

"Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
Thy wicked works to praise."

After this, though for forty years the righteous blood of a murdered king had been crying against him, Dixwell's hoar hairs were suffered to come to the grave in a peace he had denied to others, in 1688. Meantime, that king had lain in his cerements at Windsor, "taken away from the evil to come," and undisturbed alike by the malice that pursued his name, and the far more grievous contempt that fell on his martyr-memory from the conduct of his two sons, false as they were to his honour, recreant to his pure example, and apostate to the holy faith for which he died. Such sons had at last accomplished for the house of Stuart that ruin which other enemies had, in vain, endeavoured; and two weeks after James Davids was laid in his grave, came news which was almost enough to wake him from the dead. "The glorious Revolution," as it is called, was a "crowning mercy" to the colonies; and the friends of the late regicide now boldly produced his will, and submitted it to Probate. It devised to his heirs a considerable estate in England, and described his own style and title as "John Dixwell, *alias* James Davids, of the Priory of Folkestone, in the county of Kent, Esquire."

After my visit to West Rock, I went in the early twilight to the graves of the three regicides. I found them

in the rear of one of the meeting-houses, in the square, very near together, and scarcely noticeable in the grass. They are each marked by rough blocks of stone, having one face a little smoothed, and rudely lettered. Dixwell's tomb-stone is far better than the others, and bears the fullest and most legible inscription. It is possibly a little more than two feet high, of a red sand-stone, quite thick and heavy, and reads thus:—"I. D. Esq., deceased March y^e 18th, in y^e 82^d year of his age, 1688-9." To make any thing of Whalley's memorial, I was obliged to stoop down to it, and examine it very closely. I copied it, head and foot, into my tablets, nor did I notice, at the time, any peculiarity, but took down the inscription, as I supposed correctly, "1658, E. W." While I was busy about this, there came along one of the students, escorting a young lady, who bending down to the headstone of Goffe's grave, examined it a few minutes attentively, and then started up, and went away with her happy protector, exclaiming, "I must leave it to Old Mortality, for I can see nothing at all." I found it as she had said, and left it without any better satisfaction; but, during the evening, happening to mention these facts, I was shown a drawing of both Goffe's and Whalley's memorials; by help of which, on repeating my visit early next morning, I observed the very curious marks which give them additional interest. Looking more carefully at Whalley's headstone, one observes a 7 strongly blended with the 5, in the date which I had copied; so that it may be read as I had taken it, or it may be read 1678, the true date of Whalley's demise. This same cipher is repeated on the footstone, and is evidently intentional. Nor is the grave of Goffe less curious. The stone is at first read, "M. G. 80;" but, looking closer, you discover a superfluous line cut under the M, to hint that it must not be taken for what it seems. It is in fact a W reversed, and the whole means, "W. G. 1680;" the true initials, and date of death of William Goffe. If Dixwell was not himself the engraver of these rude devices, he doubtless contrived them; and they have well accomplished their purpose, of avoiding detection in their

own day, and attracting notice in ours.

There was something that touched me, in spite of myself, in thus standing by these rude graves, and surveying the last reliets of men born far away in happy English homes, who once made a figure among the great men, and were numbered with the lawful senators of a free and prosperous state! I own that, for a moment, I checked my impulses of pity, and thought whether it would not be virtuous to imitate the Jews in Palestine, who, to this day, throw a pebble at Absalom's pillar, as they pass it in the King's Dale, to show their horror of the rebel's unnatural crime. But I finally concluded that it was better to be a Christian in my hate, as well as in my love, and to take no worse revenge than to recite, over the ashes of the regicides, that sweet prayer for the 30th of January, which magnifies God, for the grace given to the royal martyr, "by which he was enabled, in a constant meek suffering of all barbarous indignities, to resist unto blood, and then, according to the Saviour's pattern, to pray for his murderers."

Two hundred years have gone, well-nigh, and those mean graves continue in their dishonour, while the monarchy which their occupants once supposed they had destroyed, is as unshaken as ever. Nor must it be unnoticed, that the church which they thought to pluck up, root and branch, has borne

a healthful daughter, that chaunts her venerable service in another hemisphere, and so near these very graves that the bones of Goffe and Whalley must fairly shake at Christmas, when the organ swells, hard-by, with the voices of thronging worshippers, who still keep "the superstitious time of the Nativity," even in the Puritans' own land and city. What a conclusion to so much crime and bloodshed! Such a sepulture — thought I, — instead of a green little barrow, in some quiet churchyard of England, "fast by their fathers' graves!" Had these poor men been contented with peace and loyalty, such graves they might have found, under the eaves of the same parish church that registered their christening; the very bells tolling for their funeral, that pealed when they took their brides. How much better the "village Hampden," than the wide-world's Whalley; and how enviable the uncouth rhyme, and the yeoman's honest name, on the stone that loving hands have set, compared with these coward initials, and memorials that skulk in the grass!

Sta, viator, *judicem* cæcis!

A judge, before whose unblenching face the sacred majesty of England once stood upon deliverance, and awaited the stern issues of life and death; an *unjust judge*, who, for daring to sit in judgment, must yet come forth from this obscure grave, and give answer unto Him who is judge of quick and dead.

LATEST FROM THE PENINSULA.

WE have lately been surfeited with the affairs of that portion of Europe south of the Pyrenees, and did intend not again to refer, at least for some time, to any thing connected with it. We are sick of Spanish revolutions, disgusted with causeless *pronunciamientos*, and corrupt intrigues, weary of Madame Muñoz and "the innocent Isabel," of palace plots and mock elections, base ministers and imbecile Infantas. We care not the value of a flake of *bacallao*, if Das Antas the Bearded, Schwalbach the German, Saldanha the Duke, or any other leader of Lusitania's hosts, wins a fight or takes to his heels. Profoundly indifferent is it to us whether her corpulent majesty of Portugal, (eighteen stone by the scale, so she is certified,) holds on at the Necessidades, or is necessitated to cut and run on board a British frigate. Portugal we leave to the care of Colonel Wylde, homœopathic physician-in-ordinary to all trans-Pyrenean insurrections and civil wars; and Spain we consign to the tender mercies of Camarillas, propped by bayonets and inspired by the genial influences of the Tuileries. We have been pestered with these two countries, and with their annual revolutions, reminding us of a whirlwind in a wash-tub, until, in impatience of their restless, turbulent population, we have come to dislike their very names. Nevertheless, here are a brace of books about the Peninsula, concerning which we have a word to say, although we shall not avail ourselves of the opportunity they offer to discuss Portuguese rebellions and Spanish politics.

Writers on Spain, long resident in the country, acquire a *borracha* twang, a smack of the pig-skin, a propensity to quaint and proverb-like phrases, characteristic of the land they write about. The peculiarity is perceptible in the books before us; in both of them the racy Castilian flavour reeks through the pages. And first—to

begin with the most worthy—as regards Mr. Ford's "Gatherings." There be cooks so cunning in their craft, that out of the mangled remains of yesterday's feast, they concoct a second banquet, less in volume, but more savoury, than its predecessor. This to do, needs both skill and judgment. Spice must be added, sauces devised, heavy and cumbrous portions rejected, great ingenuity exercised, fitly to furnish forth to-day's delicate collation from the fragments of yesterday's baked meats. Mr. Ford has shown himself an adept in the art of literary *rechauffage*. His masterly and learned "Handbook of Spain," having been found by some, who love to run and read, too small in type, too grave in substance, he has skimmed its cream, thrown in many well-flavoured and agreeable condiments, and presented the result in one compact and delightful volume. He has at once lightened and condensed his work. Mr. Hughes, the Lisbon pilgrim, has gone quite upon another tack. He makes no pretensions to brevity or close-packing, but starts with a renunciation of method, and an avowed determination to be loquacious. Dashing off in fine desultory style, with a fluent pen, and a flux of words, he proclaims that his sole ambition is to amuse, and with that view he proposes to be discursive and parlous. Amusing he certainly is; his irrepressible tendency to exaggeration is exceedingly diverting, whilst the excellent terms he is upon with himself, frequently compel a smile. His proximity we can overlook, but we have difficulty in pardoning the questionable taste of certain portions of his book. In commenting on its defects, however, allowances must be made for the bad health of the writer. Doubtless he intends that they should be, for he repeatedly informs us that he is troubled with a pulmonary complaint of many years' standing, to which he anticipates a fatal termination. "I

strive," he says, "to escape, by observation of the outer world, and of mankind, from the natural tendency to brood over misfortune, and seek to discover in occupation that cheerfulness which would be inevitably lost in an unemployed existence, and in dwelling on the phases of my illness." What can we say after such an appeal to our feelings? how criticise with severity a book written under these circumstances? If we hint incredulity as to the gravity of the author's malady, we shall be classed with those unfeeling persons, "whose levity and heartlessness not only refuse to sympathise, but often even doubt if my sickness be real." Truly, when we learn that between the months of September and December last, the sick man travelled fifteen hundred miles—the latter portion of the distance through districts where he was compelled to rough it—exposed to frequent vicissitudes of temperature, and to the unhealthy climate of Madrid—sudden death to consumptive patients—eating, according to his own record, with the appetite of a muleteer, "rushing into ventas, and roaring lustily for dinner," (vide vol. i. p. 206,)—holding furious discussions in coffee-houses, and winding them up, after utterly extinguishing his opponents, with Propagandist harangues eight pages long, (ibid. p. 334.)—and, finally, writing—in the intervals of his journey, we presume,—the two bulky and closely printed volumes now upon our table, we must say that many persons in perfect health would rejoice to vie with so sturdy an invalid. We do hope, therefore, and incline to believe, that the yellow flag thus despondingly hung out is a false signal; that Mr. Hughes, if not to be ranked altogether under the head of imaginary valetudinarians, is at any rate in a far less desperate state than he imagines; and that he will live long, long enough to amend his style, refine his tone, and write a book as commendable in all respects as this one often is for its fun and originality.

It is very unfavourable to the "Overland Journey," that its coincidence of publication and similarity of subject with the "Gatherings from Spain," render a comparison between

them scarcely avoidable. A comparison with so elegant and scholarly a book as Mr. Ford's, very few works on the Peninsula that have come under our notice could advantageously sustain. But, after dismissing all idea of establishing a contrast, we still find much to quarrel with in Mr. Hughes's recent production. It is careless, often flippant, sometimes even coarse, and as we read, we regret that a shrewd observer and intelligent man should thus run into caricature, and neglect the proprieties expected from all who present themselves in print before the public. Against these he offends at the very outset. Scarcely has he put foot in France, when he begins his comments on the fair sex, in which, whilst aiming at acuteness and wit, he displays very little delicacy. Neither are his inferences the most charitable. The young ladies at Havre, who, to preserve their drapery from mud and dust, display, according to the universal French custom, some inches of their very handsome legs, are assumed to do so at mamma's instigation, and to ensnare husbands. "She is not more than seventeen, and appears to have no consciousness—her face all seeming simplicity and serenity, as are those of most French unmarried misses, (after marriage it is a little t'other.) How ridiculous to suppose that she is not conscious of *her exquisite shapes!*" Mr. Hughes has a shocking opinion of the maidens of Gaul, whose conduct towards him seems to have been somewhat indecorous. "Very young girls abroad appear to have attained to consciousness, and often laugh out if you only give them a casual glance." We know not whether there is any thing especially mirth-provoking in the glances of our lively invalid, but this is the first time we have heard tell of such very unbecoming behaviour on the part of respectable young French women. The next insinuation we stumble upon is of a different nature, although it would scarcely be more relished by its objects. Mr. Hughes is at Paris, indulging in a *flânerie* on the Boulevards, and taking notes of the latest fashions. "The dresses are now worn extravagantly high, stuck up

into the throat, and suggesting a suspicion that there may be *something blotchy underneath*." To say nothing of the suggestive and unsavoury nature of this remark, we are quite puzzled to know what would satisfy so captious a critic. One lady shows her ankle, and is set down as an immodest schemer; another covers her neck, and is suspected of a cutaneous affection. On a par with such an inference, is the gross account of an alabaster group in a shop window, and the wit of the conjecture whether Dr. Toothache, who attends to the "teeth, gums, tongue, throat, &c., has any cure for a long tongue, or if he *patches the gums with gum elastic!*" Such stuff as this would hardly pass muster in familiar conversation, or in a gossiping letter to an intimate friend; but in a printed book, intended, doubtless, for the perusal of thousands, it is sadly out of place. It is a relief to revert from it to the strong good sense and graceful raillery of Mr. Ford's pages.

Sure, where all is good, to fall in a pleasant place, we open the "Gatherings" at random. Upon what have we stumbled? Railroads. Interesting to Threadneedle Street. True that the mania days are past, when an English capitalist caught at any new line puffed by a plausible prospect, however impossible the gradients and desolate the district. Nevertheless, and in case of relapse, a word or two about the practicability of Spanish railroads will not be out of place. Mr. Ford is a man who knows Spain thoroughly: that none can doubt. Neither can there be any question of his veracity and impartiality. Whatever interest he might have to cry up such projects, he can have none to cry them down. We, therefore, recommend all persons who have not already made up their minds as to the bubble nature of Peninsular railway schemes, to send forthwith to Mr. Murray for a copy of the "Gatherings," and to read thrice, with profound attention, the last six pages of Chapter Five. They may also glance at pages 8 and 13, and learn, what the majority of them are probably ignorant of, that the Peninsula is an agglomeration of mountains, divided by Spanish geographers into seven

distinct chains, all more or less connected with each other, and having innumerable branches and off-shoots. Notwithstanding this very discouraging configuration of the land, "there is," says Mr. Ford, "just now much talk of railroads, and splendid official and other documents are issued, by which 'the whole country is to be intersected (on paper) with a net-work of rapid and bowling-green communications,' which are to create a 'perfect homogeneity amongst Spaniards.'" The absurdity of this last notion is only appreciable by those who know the vast differences that exist, in character, interests, feelings, and even race, between the different provinces of Spain. Time, tranquillity, and a secure and paternal government, may eventually produce the blending deemed so desirable, and railways would of course largely contribute to the same end, could they be made. But to say nothing of the mountains, there are a few other impediments nearly as formidable. Spain is an immense country, thinly peopled, whose inhabitants travel little, and whose commerce is unimportant. And, moreover, projectors of Peninsular rails have reckoned without a certain two-legged animal, indigenous to the soil, and known as the MULETEER. To this gentleman is at present committed the whole inland carrying trade of Spain. What will he say when he finds his occupation gone? how will he get his chick peas and sausage when he has been run off the road by steam? Mr. Ford opines that he, as well as the smuggler, who also will be seriously damaged by the introduction of locomotives, will turn robber or patriot,—the two most troublesome classes in all Spain. As to prevailing on him to act as guard to a railway carriage, to trim lamps, ticket portmanteaus, or stand with outstretched arm by the road-side, the idea will only be entertained by persons who know nothing either of Spain or Spanish muleteers. By the side of the line he doubtless would often be found; but not as a telegraph to warn of danger. In his new capacity of brigand, his look-out would be for the purses of the passengers. He could hardly stop an express train in the old Finchley style of presenting

himself and his pistol at the carriage window, but a few stones and tree-trunks would answer the purpose as well. "A handful of opponents," says Mr. Ford, "in any cistus-grown waste, may at any time, in five minutes, break up the road, stop the train, stick the stoker, and burn the engines in their own fire, particularly smashing the luggage-train." To English ears this may sound like absurd exaggeration. We have difficulty in imagining a gang of stage-coachmen, even though they have been puffed off their boxes by the mighty blast of steam, combining, under the orders of Captain Brown or Jones, the gentleman driver of some Cambridge, Rockingham, or Brighton bang-up, to build barricades across railways and pick off engineers from behind a quickset hedge. Here there would be no impunity for such malefactors; their campaign against innovation would speedily conduct them to Newgate and the hulks. Not so in the Peninsula, where roads are few, police defective, and where, at the present time, smugglers and other notorious law-breakers strut upon the crown of the causeway, appear boldly in towns, and hold themselves in every respect for as honest men as their neighbours. But it is not to be supposed that popular opposition, probable, almost certain, as it is, to be met with in such a half African, semi-civilized country, would be held worth a moment's consideration by the dashing schemers who propose to cover the Peninsula with iron arteries. The audacity of those persons is only to be equalled by their consummate geographical ignorance, several instances of which are shown up with much humour and irony by the author of the "Gatherings." Some of the most notoriously absurd of the schemes set afloat, have had their origin with Englishmen, of whom, since the close of the civil war, and especially within the last year or two, a vast number have betaken themselves to Spain, to follow up ventures more or less hopeful or hopeless. Owing to a long peace, to a rapid growth of population, and to the daily-increasing difficulty of fortune-making, the class ADVENTURER has of late years, both in this country and the sister king-

dom, greatly augmented its numbers. This is evident from the throng of unemployed and aspiring gentlemen ever ready to engage in any undertaking, however desperate and doubtful of success. Let a clandestine expedition be contemplated to some hole-and-corner state or antipodean republic, and up start a host of mettlesome cavaliers, from all ranks and classes, including Irish lords and English baronets and squires of low degree, having all fought in three or four services, more or less piratical or illegitimate, all bearded like the pard, and be-ribboned like maypoles, and all eager once more to rush to the fray, and signalise themselves under a foreign banner. These are specimens of the adventurer bellicose, the Mike Lambournes and Dugald Dalgettys of the nineteenth century. Of a more calculating and ambitious class is the adventurer speculative, who possesses a Dousterswivel aptitude for discovering mines, devising railways, projecting canals, and the like undertakings. Spain has of late been favoured with the attentions of many of these gentlemen, flying at every thing, from a common sewer to a coal mine, an omnibus company to a hundred leagues of railway. With geniuses of this stamp have originated some of the impracticable projects so eagerly caught at by English capitalists, whose unemployed cash had mounted, as Mr. Ford expresses it, from their pockets to their heads. We know not who was the projector of that most magnificent scheme to connect Madrid with the Atlantic, in defiance of such trifling impediments as the Guadarama range and the Asturian Alps, but we learn from the "Gatherings" that he was "to receive £40,000 for the cession of his plan to the company, and actually did receive £25,000, which, considering the difficulties, natural and otherwise, must be considered an inadequate remuneration." Unfortunately, when he sold his plan, he did not show the buyers how to surmount the difficulties; and indeed he would have been puzzled to do so, since they subsequently proved insurmountable. But the whole of the facts relating to Spanish railroads lie in a nutshell, and may be set forth in ten lines. Neither by the nature of

its surface, nor by amount of population and importance of trade, is Spain adapted to receive this greatest invention of the present century. As to a regular system of railways, diverging from Madrid to the frontiers and principal seaport towns, on the plan laid down for France, it is not to be thought of, and can never be accomplished. And with respect to those lines which *might* be made along the valleys, and by following the course of rivers, the country is not yet ripe for them. Spain has not yet been able to get canals; her highroads, worthy of the name, are few and far between, leading only from the capital to coast or frontier, whilst cross roads and communications between towns are for the most part mere *caminos de herradura*, horse-shoe or bridle roads of a wretched description. A few short lines of cheap construction over level tracts, and favoured by peculiar circumstances, such as a populous district, the proximity of large towns, or of a country unusually rich in natural productions, are the only railways that can as yet be undertaken in Spain without certainty of heavy loss. The line between Madrid and Aranjuez is the only one, Mr. Ford thinks, at all likely to be at present carried out.

We have been greatly delighted with the pictures scattered through Mr. Ford's book, pictures that owe nothing to pencil or graver, half pages of letter-press placing before our eyes, with the brilliant minuteness of a richly-coloured and highly-finished painting, men, things, and scenes characteristic of Spain. Amongst these, the sketch of the muleteer, that errant descendant of the old Morisco carriers, is full of life; and we defy the brush of the most cunning artist to bring the man, in all his peculiarities, more vividly before us than is done by Mr. Ford's vigorous and graceful pen and ink touches. We see the long line of tall mules, with dusty flanks and well-poised burdens, winding their way over some rugged sierra, or across a weary *despoblado*, their gay worsted head-gear nodding in the sunbeams, the tinkle of their innumerable bells mingling with the mournful song of their conductor, to which, when the latter, weary of striding

beside his beasts, mounts aloft upon the bales for a temporary rest, is added the monotonous thrum of a guitar. The song is as unceasing as the bells, unless when interrupted by a pull at the wine *bota*, or by the narration of some wild story of bandit cruelty or contrabandist daring. "The Spanish muleteer is a fine fellow; he is intelligent, active, and enduring; he braves hunger and thirst, heat and cold, mud and dust; he works as hard as his cattle, never robs or is robbed; and whilst his betters in this land put off every thing till to-morrow, except bankruptcy, *he* is punctual and honest." Mr. Ford's book will hardly find much favour in the country of which it treats. It tells too many home truths. We have heard his "Hand-book" found fault with by Spaniards, although it was evident they were puzzled where to attack him, and equally so that their hypercritical censure of certain trifling inaccuracies, real or imaginary, was merely a mode of venting their vexation at the shrewdness, wit, and delicious impertinence with which he shows up the national vices and foibles. He dives into the most secret recesses of the Spanish character, and whilst admitting its good points, probes its weakness with an unsparing hand. No people in the world entertain such an arrogant overstrained good opinion of themselves and their country as Spaniards. To hear them refer to Spain, one would imagine it to be the first kingdom in the world, combining the advantages of all the most civilized and flourishing countries in Europe. We here speak of the masses; of course there is an enlightened and clear-sighted minority, that sees and deplores its fallen condition. But the popular notion is the other way. "Who says Spain, says every thing;" so runs the proverb. And yet whilst they mouth about *España*, and exalt it, not in the way of an empty boast, which the utterer believeth not, but in full conviction of the good foundation of their vaunts, above all the kingdoms of the earth, they are, in fact, the least homogeneous nation in existence,—the least patriotic, in the comprehensive sense of the word. Nowhere

are distinctions of provinces so strongly marked, in no country are so many antipathies to be found between inhabitants of different districts. "Like the German, they may sing and spout about Fatherland; in both cases the theory is splendid, but in practice each Spaniard thinks his own province or town the best in the Peninsula, and himself the finest fellow in it." The *patriotisme du clocher*, with which French provincials have been reproached, but which, in France, the system of centralisation has done so much to eradicate, the prejudice which narrows a man's sympathies to his own country or department, is extraordinarily conspicuous in Spaniards. It is traceable to various causes: to the former divisions of the country, when it consisted of several kingdoms, independent and jealous of each other; to want of convenient communications and to the stay-at-home habits of the people; and also to the unimportance of the capital, which title has been so frequently transferred from city to city. When one Spaniard talks of another as his countryman, he does not refer to their being both Spaniards, but means that both are from the same province. "The much used phrase, 'Españolismo,'" says Mr. Ford, who is very hard upon the poor Dons on this head, "expresses rather a dislike of foreign dictation, and the self-estimation of Spaniards, '*Españoles sobre todos*,' than any real patriotic love of country, however highly they rate its excellencies and superiority to every other one under heaven."

So much for a go off. We find this in the first chapter, and few of the subsequent ones conclude without some similar rap on the knuckles for the countrymen of Don Quixote; raps always dexterously applied, and in most instances well deserved. On Spanish securities, (to use a misnomer,) whether loan, land, or rail, and on the *unremitting* punctuality of Spanish finance ministers, Mr. Ford is particularly severe, and not without good cause. The *Hispanica fides* of the present day may well rival the *Punica fides* of the ancients. It has become as proverbial. Painful is it to behold a people, possessing so many noble qualities, held up to the scorn of surrounding nations for re-

peated acts of dishonesty, which, under a good government, and with a proper administration of their immense resources, they would never have been tempted to perpetrate. Under the present plan, however, with their absurd tariff, the parent of the admirably organised system of smuggling that supplies the whole country with foreign commodities, and reduces the customs revenue to a tithe of what it might be made, we see no possible exit for Spain from the labyrinth of financial embarrassment in which dishonesty and corruption have plunged her. She resembles a reckless spendthrift, who, having exhausted his credit and ruined his character amongst honest money-lenders, has been compelled to resort to Jews and usurers, and who now, when the days of his hot youth and uncalculating dissipation are past, and he wishes to redeem his character and compound with his creditors, lacks resolution to economise, and judgment to avail himself of the resources of his encumbered but fertile estates. The debts of Spain are stated by Mr. Ford at about two hundred and eighty millions sterling, this estimate being based on reports laid before parliament in 1844 by Mr. Macgregor. The statement, however, whose possible exaggeration, owing to the difficulty of getting at correct information, is admitted in the "Gatherings," is fiercely contradicted by an anonymous correspondent, whose letter Mr. Ford prints at the end of his volume. Some of the assertions of this "Friend of Truth" (so he signs himself) are so astonishing, as utterly to disprove his right to the title. According to him, the whole Spanish debt is less than a fourth of the sum above set down, the country is very rich, quite able to meet her trifling engagements, and Spanish stock is a fortune to whomsoever is lucky enough to possess it! After this, it was supererogatory on the part of the unknown letter-writer to inform us that he is a large holder of the valuable bonds he so highly esteems, and whose rise to their *proper* price, about 60 or 70, he confidently predicts. Crumbs of comfort these, for the creditors of insolvent Spain. Nevertheless, Mr. Ford

persists in his incredulity as to the sunny prospects of Peninsular bondholders; and whilst hoping that the bright visions of his anonymous friend may be fully and promptly realised, declares his extreme distaste for any thing in the shape of Spanish stock, whether active, passive, or deferred. "Beware," he says, in his pithy and convincing style, "of Spanish stock, for, in spite of official records, *documentos*, and arithmetical mazes, which, intricate as an Arabesque pattern, look well on paper without being intelligible; in spite of ingenious conversions, fundings of interest, &c. &c. the thimblery is always the same. And this is the question:—Since national credit depends on national good faith, and surplus income, how can a country pay interest on debts, whose revenues have long been, and now are, miserably insufficient for the ordinary expenses of government? You cannot get blood from a stone; *ex nihilo nihil fit*." After which warning, coming from such a quarter, sane persons on the look-out for an investment will, we imagine, as soon think of making it in Glenmuckhkin railway shares, as in the dishonoured paper of all-promising, non-performing Spain.

The popular notion prevalent in England, and still more so in France, that Spain is an unsafe country to travel in, is energetically combated by Mr. Ford. It, of course, would be highly impolitic in the author of a hand-book to admit that, in the country he described, the chances were about equal whether a man got to his journey's end with a whole throat or a cut one. But this consideration, we are sure, has had no weight with Mr. Ford, both of whose books are equally adapted to amuse by an English fireside or to be useful on a Spanish highway. His contempt for the exaggerated statements and causeless terrors of tourists leads him, however, rather into the opposite extreme. Believe him, and there is scarcely a robber in the Peninsula, although he admits that thieves abound, chiefly to be found in confessional boxes, lawyers' chambers, and government offices. The *naïveté* of the following is amusing:—He speaks of travellers who, by scraping together and

recording every idle tale, gleaned from the gossip of muleteers and chatter of coffee-houses, "keep up the notion entertained in many counties of England, that the whole Peninsula is peopled with banditti. If such were the case society could not exist." The assertion is undeniable. Equally so is it that in a country where civil war so lately raged, and where, until a very recent date, revolutions were still rife, where a large portion of the population lives by the lawless and demoralising profession of smuggling, where the police is bad, where roads are long and solitary and mountains many, highwaymen must abound and travelling be unsafe. That it is so, may be ascertained by a glance at any file of Spanish newspapers. And the peculiar state of Spain, its liability to the petty insurrections and desperate attempts of exiled parties and pretenders, encourages the growth of robber bands, who cloak their villanous calling with a political banner. These insurgents, Carlists, Progresista, or whatsoever they may style themselves, act upon the broad principle that those who are not with them are against them, and consequently are just as dangerous and disagreeable to meet as mere vulgar marauders of the "stand and deliver" sort, who fight upon their own account, without pretending to defend the cause either of King or Kaiser, liberty or absolutism. At the same time to believe, as many do, that of travellers in Spain the unrobbed are the exceptions or even the minority, is a gross absurdity, and the delusion arises from the romancing vein in which scribbling tourists are apt to indulge. It is certain that nearly all travellers, especially French ones, who take a run of a month or two in the Peninsula, and subsequently print the eventful history of their ramble, think it indispensable to introduce at least one robber adventure, as having occurred to themselves or come within their immediate cognisance. And if they cannot manage to get actually robbed, positively put down with their noses in the mud, whilst their carpet bags are rummaged, and their Chub-locks smashed by gloomy ruffians with triple-charged blunderbusses, and knives like scythe-blades,

they at least get up a narrow escape. They encounter a troop of thoroughbred bandits, unmistakable purse-takers, fellows with slouched hats, truculent mustaches and rifle at saddle-bow, who lower at them from beneath bushy brows, and are on the point of commencing hostilities, when the well-timed appearance of a picket of dragoons, or perhaps the bold countenance of the travellers themselves, makes them change their purpose and ride surlily by. Mr. Ford shows how utterly groundless these alarms usually are. Most Spaniards, when they mount their horses for a journey, discard long-tailed coats and Paris hats, and revert in great measure to the national costume as it is still to be found in country places. A broad-brimmed, pointed hat, with velvet band and trimmings—the genuine melodramatic castor—protects head and face from the sun; a jacket, frequently of sheepskin, overalls, often of a half-military cut and colour, and a red sash round the waist, compose the habitual attire of Spanish wayfarers. Such a dress is not usual out of Spain, and to French and English imaginations does not suggest the idea of domestic habits and regular tax-paying. And when the cavaliers thus accoutred possess olive or chocolate complexions, with dark flashing eyes and a considerable amount of beard, and are elevated upon demi-pique saddles, whose holsters may or may not contain “pistols as long as my arm,” whilst some of their number have perhaps fowling-pieces slung on their shoulder, it is scarcely surprising if the English Cockney or Parisian *badaud* mistakes them for the banditti whom he has dreamed about ever since he crossed the Bidassoa or landed at Cadiz. And upon encounters of this kind, and incidents of very little more gravity, repeated, distorted, and hugely exaggerated, are founded five-sixths of the robber stories to which poor Spain is indebted for its popular reputation of a country of cut-throats and highwaymen.

Amongst the measures adopted for the extirpation of banditti, was the establishment of the *guardias civiles*, a species of gendarmerie, dressed upon the French model, and who, from

their stations in towns, patrol the roads and wander about the country in the same prying and important style observable amongst their brethren of the cocked hat north of the Pyrenees. Spaniards have a sneaking regard for bold robbers, whom they look upon as half-brothers of the contrabandist—that popular hero of the Peninsula: they have also an innate dislike of policemen, and a still stronger one for every thing French. They have bestowed upon the Frenchified *guardias* the appellations of *polizontes*,—a word borrowed from their neighbours,—and of *hijos de Luis Felipe*, sons of Louis Philippe. “Spaniards,” saith Richard Ford, “are full of dry humour;” he might have added, and of sharp wit. Nothing escapes them: they are ever ready with a sarcasm on public men and passing events, and when offended, especially when their pride is hurt, they become savage in their satire. When it was attempted to force Count Trapani upon Spain as a husband for the Queen, the indignation of the people burst out in innumerable jokes and current allusions, any thing but flattering to the Neapolitan prince. Every thing filthy and disgusting received his name. In the Madrid coffee-houses, when a dirty table was to be wiped, the cry was invariably for a *Trapani*, instead of a *trapo*, the Spanish word for a dishcloth or rag used for the most unclean purposes. Since then, the Duke of Montpensier has come in for his share of insulting jests. The Madrileños got an unfounded notion that he was shortsighted, and made the most of it. Mr. Hughes was at a bull-fight where one of the bulls showed the white feather, and ran from the *picador*. “The crowd instantly exclaimed, ‘*Fuera el toro Montpensier! Fuera Montpensier!* Turn him out!’ They used to call every lame dog and donkey a *Trapani*; and now every blind animal is sure to be christened a *Montpensier*.”

If the danger to which peaceable travellers are exposed, in Spain, from the knives of robbers, be considerably less than is generally believed, great peril is often incurred at the hands of men who wield cutting weapons professedly for the good of their species.

The ignorance and inefficiency of Spanish surgeons and physicians is notorious, and admitted even by their countrymen, who, it has already been shown, are not prone to expose the nakedness of the land. "The base, bloody, and brutal *Sangrados* of Spain," says Mr. Ford, "have long been the butts of foreign and domestic novelists, who spoke many a true word in their jests." The eagerness with which Spaniards have recourse to French and English medical men whom chance throws in their way, proves how low they estimate the skill and science of their professional countrymen. Many a naval surgeon whose ship has been stationed on the Spanish coast, could tell strange tales of the fatal ignorance he has had opportunity to observe amongst the native faculty. It will be remembered how Zumalacarregui, whose wound would have offered little difficulty to an English village practitioner, was hurried out of the world by the butchering manœuvres of his conclave of Spanish quacks and *medicos*, terms too often synonymous. And it may be remarked, that in Spain, where there has been so much fighting during the last fifteen years, amputated persons are more rarely met with than in countries that have enjoyed comparative peace during the same period. The natural inference is, that the unlucky soldier whose leg or arm has been shattered by the enemy's fire, usually dies under the hands of unskilful operators. "All Spaniards," Mr. Ford remarks, "are very dangerous with the knife, and more particularly if surgeons. At no period were Spaniards careful even of their own lives, and much less of those of others, being a people of untender bowels." If the Peninsula surgeon is reckless and destructive with his steel, the physician, on the other hand, is usually overcautious with his drugs. Almond-milk and vegetable decoctions, impotent to cure or aggravate disease, are prominent remedies in the Spanish pharmacopœia; minerals are looked upon with awe, and the timid *tisane* practice of the French school is exaggerated to absurdity. Upon the principle of keeping edged tools out of the hands of children, it is perhaps just as well

that Spanish doctors do not venture to meddle with the strong drugs commonly used in England. Left to nature, with whose operation asses'-milk and herb-broth can in few cases interfere, the invalid has at least a chance of cure.

Unassailed by either variety of Spanish bloodletters, the doctor or the bandit, Mr. Hughes pursued, in high spirits and great good humour, his long and leisurely journey from Irun to Lisbon, *via* Madrid. We left him at Paris, strolling in the passages, dining with his friends of the *Chari-vari*, frequenting the *foyer de l'opera*, leading, in short, rather a gay life for a man in such delicate health; we take him up again upon his own favourite battle-ground of the Peninsula, where we like him far better than in the French metropolis. At Burgos he is in great feather, winning hearts by the dozen, frightening the garrison by sketching the fortress, waging a victorious warfare of words at the *table-d'hôte*, and playing pranks which will doubtless cause him to be long remembered in the ancient capital of Castile. There the maid of the inn, a certain black-eyed Francisca, fell desperately in love with him, and so far forgot maidenly reserve as to confess her flame. "She had large and expressive eyes," says the fortunate man, "and had tried their power on me repeatedly, and the like, I am bound to say, (in narrating this truthful history,) did sundry Burgalese dames and damsels of more pretensions and loftier state." These were far from being the sole triumphs achieved at Burgos by this lover of truth, and loved-one of the ladies. He managed to excite the suspicions of the whole population, especially of the police, who set spies to dog him. He was taken for a political agent, a propagandist, and at last for a diplomatist of the first water, and secretary of legation at Madrid. The origin of these suspicions was traceable to his disregard of a ridiculous and barbarous prejudice, a relic of orientalism worthy of the Sandwich islanders, still in force amongst Spaniards. "Nothing throughout the length and breadth of the land" — we quote from Mr. Ford — "creates greater suspicion or jealousy than a stranger's

making drawings, or writing down notes in a book; whoever is observed 'taking plans,' or 'mapping the country,'—for such are the expressions of the simplest pencil sketch,—is thought to be an engineer, a spy, or, at all events, to be about no good." Mr. Hughes was caught taking notes; forthwith Burgos was up in arms, whilst he, on discovering the sensation made by his sketch-book, and by his free expression of political opinions, did his utmost to increase the mysterious interest attached to him. He galloped about the castle, book and pencil in hand, making imaginary sketches of bastions and ravelins; he talked liberalism by the bushel, and raved against the Montpensier alliance. The results of the triumphant logic with which he electrified a brigadier-general, a colonel, and the whole company at his hotel, are recorded by him in a note. It will be seen that they were not unimportant. "I have the satisfaction to state that the words which I said that day bore good fruit subsequently, for the Ayuntamiento of Burgos declined to vote any taxation for extraordinary expenses to commemorate the Duke of Montpensier's marriage." A dangerous man is the overland traveller to Lisbon, and we are no way surprised that, at Madrid, Señor Chico, chief of police, vouchsafed him his special attention, and even called upon him to inquire whether he did not intend to get up a commotion on the entrance of the Infanta's bridegroom. Mr. Bulwer also, aware that a book was in embryo, and anxious for a patronising word in its pages, paid his court to the author by civilities, "all of which I carefully abstained from accepting, except one formal dinner, to which I first declined going; but, on receiving a renewal of the invitation, could not well refrain from appearing. . . . I have had six years' experience of foreign diplomatists, and know that the dinner was pressed on me a second time for the very purpose of committing me to a particular line of observation." After this, let any one tell us that Mr. Hughes has not fulfilled his promise of being amusing. Unfettered by obligations, he runs full tilt at poor Mr. Bulwer, the fatal error of whose career is, he says,

an excessive opinion of himself. This fault must be especially odious to the author of the "Journey to Lisbon." The British ambassador at Madrid, we are told, by his vanity and lack of energy, left full scope for the active and tortuous intrigues of M. Bresson, who fairly juggled and outmanœuvred him. "The marriages were arranged in his absence. He was not consulted on the question, nor was its decision submitted to him; and when the news, on the following day, reached the British legation, after having become previously known to the metropolis, our minister was at Carabanchal! (one of his country-houses.) Then, indeed, he became very active, and displayed much *ex post facto* energy, writing a series of diplomatic notes and protests, in one of which he went the length of saying, 'Had he known this result, he would have voted for Don Carlos instead of Queen Isabel.'—for even the ambassador cannot lose sight of the individual,—'when he (Mr. Bulwer) was member of Parliament!'" Did Mr. Hughes see this note or protest? Unless he did, we decline believing that a man of Mr. Bulwer's talents and reputation would expose himself to certain ridicule by so childish and undiplomatic a declaration. Such loose and improbable statements need confirmation.

Very graphic and interesting is Mr. Hughes' narrative of his journey from Madrid to Portugal, especially that of the three days from Elvas to Aldea Gallega, which were passed in a jolting springless cart, drawn by mules, and driven by Senhor Manoel Alberto, a Portuguese carrier and cavalheiro, poor in pocket, but proud as a grandee. Manoel was a good study, an excellent specimen of his class and country, and as such his employer exhibits him. At Arroyolos Mr. Hughes ordered a stewed fowl for dinner, and made his charioteer sit down and partake. "I soon had occasion to repent my politeness, for Manoel, without hesitation, plunged his fork into the dish, and drank out of my glass; and great was his surprise when I called for another tumbler, and, extricating as much of the fowl as I chose to consume, left him in undisturbed possession of the remainder."

His next meal Mr. Hughes thought proper to eat alone, but sent out half his chicken to the muleteer. "He refused to touch it, saying that he had ordered a chicken for himself! This was a falsehood, for he supped, as I afterwards ascertained, on a miserable *sopa*, but his pride would not permit him to touch what was given in a way that indicated inferiority." In his rambles through Alemtejo, a province little visited and not often described by Englishmen, Mr. Hughes exposes some of the blunders of Friend Borrow, of Bible and gipsy celebrity, whose singularly attractive style has procured for his writings a popularity of which their mistatements and inaccuracies render them scarcely worthy. He refers especially to the absurd notion of the English *caloro*, that the Portuguese will probably some day adopt the Spanish language; a most preposterous idea, when we remember the shyness, not to say the antipathy, existing between the two nations, and the immense opinion each entertains of itself and all belonging to it. He regrets "that one who has so stirring a style should take refuge in bounce and exaggeration from the honourable task of candid and searching observation, and prefer the fame of a Fernão Mendez Pinto to that of an honest and truthful writer." With respect to exaggeration, Mr. Borrow might, if so disposed, retaliate on his censor, who, whilst wandering in the olive groves of Venda do Duque, encounters "black ants as large almost as *figs*, unmolested in the vivid sunbeam." Before such monsters as these, the terrible *termes fatalis* of the Indies, which undermines houses and breakfasts upon quarto volumes, must hide its diminished head. A misprint can scarcely be supposed, unless indeed an *f* has been substituted for a *p*, which would not mend the matter. Apropos of Mr. Borrow: it appears

that the ill success of his tract and Testament crusade did not entirely check missionary zeal for the spiritual amelioration of the Peninsula. His followers, however, met with small encouragement. One of their clever ideas was to bottle tracts, throw them into the sea, and allow them to be washed ashore! This ingenious plan, adopted before Cadiz, did not answer, "first," says Mr. Hughes, who, we must do him the justice to say, is a staunch foe to humbug, "because the bottling gave a ludicrous colour to the transaction; and, secondly, for the conclusive reason, that Cadiz, being surrounded by fortified sea walls, mounted with frowning guns and sentries, the bottles never reached the inhabitants."

Whilst touching on Portuguese literature, Mr. Hughes refers to what he considers the depreciating spirit of English critics. "There is a ludicrous difference," he says, "in the criticism of London and Lisbon. Every thing is condemned in the former place, and every thing hailed with rapture in the latter. There are faults on both sides." We have been informed that previous literary efforts of the author of the "Overland Journey" met, at the hands of certain reviewers, with rougher handling than they deserved. His present book is certainly not so cautiously written as to guarantee it against censure. The good that is in it, which is considerable, is defaced by triviality and bad taste. We shall not again dilate on faults to which we have already adverted, but merely advise Mr. Hughes, when next he sits down to record his rambles, to eschew flimsy and unpalatable gossip, and, bearing in mind Lord Bacon's admonition to travellers, to be "rather advised in his discourse than forward to tell stories."

TO THE STETHOSCOPE

"Tuba mirum spargens sonum."

Dies Ixæ.

[THE Stethoscope, as most, probably, of our readers are aware, is a short, straight, wooden tube, shaped like a small post-horn. By means of it, the medical man can listen to the sounds which accompany the movements of the lungs and heart; and as certain murmurs accompany the healthy action of these organs, and certain others mark their diseased condition, an experienced physician can readily discover not only the extent, but also the nature of the distemper which afflicts his patient, and foretell more or less accurately the fate of the latter.

The Stethoscope has long ceased to excite merely professional interest. There are few families to whom it has not proved an object of horror and the saddest remembrance, as connected with the loss of dear relatives, though it is but a revealer, not a producer of physical suffering.

As an instrument on which the hopes and fears, and one may also say the destinies of mankind, so largely hang, it appears to present a fit subject for poetic treatment. How far the present attempt to carry out this idea is successful, the reader must determine.]

STETHOSCOPE! thou simple tube,
Clarion of the yawning tomb,
Unto me thou seem'st to be
A very trump of doom.

Wielding thee, the grave physician
By the trembling patient stands,
Like some deftly skilled musician;
Strange! the trumpet in his hands.
Whilst the sufferer's eyeball glistens
Full of hope and full of fear,
Quietly he bends and listens
With his quick, accustomed ear—
Waiteth until thou shalt tell
Tidings of the war within:
In the battle and the strife,
Is it death, or is it life,
That the fought-for prize shall win?

Then thou whisperest in his ear
Words which only he can hear—
Words of wo and words of cheer.
Jubilatés thou hast sounded,
Wild exulting songs of gladness;
Misererés have abounded
Of unutterable sadness.
Sometimes may thy tones impart,
Comfort to the sad at heart;
Oftener when thy lips have spoken,
Eyes have wept, and hearts have broken.

Calm and grave physician, thou
Art like a crowned KING;
Though there is not round thy brow
A bauble golden ring,
As a Czar of many lands,
Life and Death are in thy hands.

Sceptre-like, that Stethoscope
 Seemeth in thy hands to wave :
 As it points, thy subject goeth
 Downwards to the silent grave ;
 Or thy kingly power to save
 Lifts him from a bed of pain,
 Breaks his weary bondage-chain,
 And bids him be a man again.

Like a PRIEST beside the altar
 Bleeding victims sacrificing,
 Thou dost stand, and dost not falter
 Whatsoe'er their agonising :
 Death lifts up his dooming finger,
 And the Flamen may not linger !

PROPHET art thou, wise physician,
 Down the future calmly gazing,
 Heeding not the strange amazing
 Features of the ghastly vision.
 Float around thee shadowy crowds,
 Living shapes in coming shrouds ;—
 Brides with babes, in dark graves sleeping
 That still sleep which knows no waking ;
 Eyes all bright, grown dim with weeping ;
 Hearts all joy, with anguish breaking ;
 Stalwart men to dust degraded ;
 Maiden charms by worms invaded ;
 Cradle songs as funeral hymns ;
 Mould'ring bones for living limbs ;
 Stately looks, and angel faces,
 Loving smiles, and winning graces,
 Turned to skulls with dead grimaces.
 All the future, like a scroll,
 Opening out, that it may show,
 Like the ancient Prophet's roll,
 Mourning, lamentation, anguish,
 Grief, and every form of wo.

On a couch with kind gifts laden,
 Flowers around her, books beside her,
 Knowing not what shall betide her,
 Languishes a gentle maiden.
 Cold and glassy is her bright eye,
 Hectic red her hollow cheek,
 Tangled the neglected ringlets,
 Wan the body, thin and weak ;
 Like thick cords, the swelling blue veins
 Shine through the transparent skin ;
 Day by day some fiercer new pains
 Vex without, or war within :
 Yet she counts it but a passing,
 Transient, accidental thing ;
 Were the summer only here,
 It would healing bring !
 And with many a fond deceit
 Tries she thus her fears to cheat :
 " When the cowslip's early bloom
 Quite hath lost its rich perfume ;
 When the violet's fragrant breath
 Tasted have the lips of death ;

When the snowdrop long hath died,
 And the primrose at its side
 In its grave is sleeping ;
 When the lilies all are over,
 And amongst the scented clover
 Merry lambs are leaping ;
 When the swallow's voice is ringing
 Through the echoing azure dome,
 Saying, ' From my far-off home
 I have come, my wild way winging
 O'er the waves, that I might tell,
 As of old, I love ye well.
 Hark ! I sound my silver bell ;
 All the happy birds are singing
 From each throat
 A merry note,
 Welcome to my coming bringing.'
 When that happy time shall be,
 From all pain and anguish free,
 I shall join you, full of life and full of glee."

Then, thou fearful Stethoscope !
 Thou dost seem thy lips to ope,
 Saying, " Bid farewell to hope :
 I foretell thee days of gloom,
 I pronounce thy note of doom—
 Make thee ready for the tomb !
 Cease thy weeping, tears avail not,
 Pray to God thy courage fail not.
 He who knoweth no repenting,
 Sympathy or sad relenting,
 Will not heed thy sore lamenting—
 Death, who soon will be thy guide
 To his couch, will hold thee fast ;
 As a lover at thy side
 Will be with thee to the last,
 Longing for thy latest gasp,
 When within his iron grasp
 As his bride he will thee clasp."

Shifts the scene. The Earth is sleeping,
 With her weary eyelids closed,
 Hushed by darkness into slumber ;
 Whilst in burning ranks disposed,
 High above, in countless number,
 All the heavens in radiance steeping,
 Watch and ward
 And loving guard
 O'er her rest the stars are keeping.

Often has the turret-chime
 Of the hasty flight of time
 Warning utterance given ;
 And the stars are growing dim
 On the gray horizon's rim,
 In the dawning light of heaven.
 But there sits, the Bear out-tiring,
 As if no repose requiring,
 One pale youth, all unattending
 To the hour : with bright eye bending

O'er the loved and honoured pages,
Where are writ the words of sages,
And the heroic deeds and thoughts of far distant ages.

Closed the book,
With gladsome look
Still he sits and visions weaveth.
Fancy with her wiles deceiveth ;
Days to come with glory gildeth ;
And though all is bleak and bare,
With perversest labour buildeth
Wondrous castles in the air.
He who shall possess each palace,
Fortune has for him no malice,
Only countless joys in store :
Over rim,
And mantling brim,
His full cup of life shall pour.
Whilst he dreams,
The future seems
Like the present spread before him :
Nought to fear him,
All to cheer him,
Coming greatness gathers o'er him ;
And into the ear of Night
Thus he tells his visions bright : —

“ I shall be a glorious Poet !
All the wond'ring world shall know it,
Listening to melodious hymning ;
I shall write immortal songs.

“ I shall be a Painter limning
Pictures that shall never fade ;
Round the scenes I have portrayed
Shall be gathered gazing throngs :
Mine shall be a Titian's palette !

“ I shall wield a Phidias' mallet !
Stone shall grow to life before me,
Looks of love shall hover o'er me,
Beauty shall in heart adore me
That I make her charms immortal.
Now my foot is on the portal
Of the house of Fame :
Soon her trumpet shall proclaim
Even this now unhonoured name,
And the doings of this hand
Shall be known in every land.

“ Music ! my bewitching pen
Shall enchant the souls of men.
Aria, fugue, and strange sonata,
Opera, and gay cantata,
Through my brain,
In linked train,
Hark ! I hear them winding go,
Now with half-hushed whisper stealing,
Now in full-voiced accent pealing,
Ringing loud, and murmuring low.

Scarcely can I now refrain,
 Whilst these blessed notes remain,
 From pouring forth one undying angel-strain.

“Eloquence! my lips shall speak
 As no living lips have spoken—
 Advocate the poor and weak,
 Plead the cause of the heart-broken;
 Listening senates shall be still,
 I shall wield them at my will,
 And this little tongue, the earth
 With its burning words shall fill.

“Ye stars which bloom like flowers on high,
 Ye flowers which are the stars of earth,
 Ye rocks that deep in darkness lie,
 Ye seas that with a loving eye
 Gaze upwards on the azure sky,
 Ye waves that leap with mirth;
 Ye elements in constant strife,
 Ye creatures full of bounding life:
 I shall unfold the hidden laws,
 And each unthought-of wondrous cause,
 That waked ye into birth.
 A high-priest I, by Nature taught
 Her mysteries to reveal:
 The secrets that she long hath sought
 In darkness to conceal
 Shall have their mantle rent away,
 And stand uncovered to the light of day.
 O Newton! thou and I shall be
 Twin brothers then!
 Together link'd, our names shall sound
 Upon the lips of men.”

Like the sullen heavy boom
 Of a signal gun at sea,
 When athwart the gathering gloom,
 Awful rocks are seen to loom
 Frowning on the lee;
 Like the muffled kettle-drum,
 With the measured tread,
 And the wailing trumpet's hum,
 Telling that a soldier's dead;
 Like the deep cathedral bell
 Tolling forth its doleful knell,
 Saying, “Now the strife is o'er,
 Death hath won a victim more”—
 So, thou doleful Stethoscope!

Thou dost seem to say,
 “Hope thou on against all hope,
 Dream thy life away:
 Little is there now to spend;
 And that little's near an end.
 Saddest sign of thy condition
 Is thy bounding wild ambition;
 Only dying eyes can gaze on so bright a vision.
 Ere the spring again is here,
 Low shall be thy head,

Vainly shall thy mother dear,
 Strive her breaking heart to cheer,
 Vainly strive to hide the tear
 Oft in silence shed.

Pangs and pains are drawing near,
 To plant with thorns thy bed :

Lo ! they come, a ghastly troop,
 Like fierce vultures from afar ;

Where the bleeding quarry is,
 There the eagles gathered are !

Ague chill, and fever burning,
 Soon away, but swift returning,
 In unceasing alternation ;

Cold and clammy perspiration,
 Heart with sickening palpitation,

Panting, heaving respiration ;
 Aching brow, and wasted limb,

Troubled brain, and vision dim,
 Hollow cough like dooming knell

Saying, ' Bid the world farewell !'
 Parched lips, and quenchless thirst,

Every thing as if accurst ;
 Nothing to the senses grateful ;

All things to the eye grown hateful ;
 Flowers without the least perfume ;

Gone from every thing its bloom ;
 Music but an idle jangling ;

Sweetest tongues but weary wrangling ;
 Books, which were most dearly cherished,

Come to be, each one, disrelished ;
 Clearest plans grown all confusion ;

Kindest friends but an intrusion :

 Weary day, and weary night—

 Weary night, and weary day ;

 Would God it were the morning light !

 Would God the light were pass'd away !

And when all is dark and dreary,
 And thou art all worn and weary,
 When thy heart is sad and cheerless,
 And thine eyes are seldom tearless,
 When thy very soul is weak,
 Satan shall his victim seek.

Day by day he will be by thee,
 Night by night will hover nigh thee,

With accursed wiles will try thee,
 Soul and spirit seek to buy thee.

Faithfully he'll keep his tryst,
 Tell thee that there is no Christ,

No long-suffering gracious Father,
 But an angry tyrant rather ;

No benignant Holy Spirit,
 Nor a heaven to inherit,

Only darkness, desolation,
 Hopelessness of thy salvation,

And at best annihilation.

“ God with his great power defend thee !

Christ with his great love attend thee !

May the blessed Spirit lend thee

Strength to bear, and all needful succour send thee !”

Close we here. My eyes behold,
 As upon a sculpture old,
 Life all warm and Death all cold
 Struggling which alone shall hold—
 Sign of wo, or sign of hope!—
 To his lips the Stethoscope.

But the strife at length is past,
 They have made a truce at last,
 And the settling die is cast.
 Life shall sometimes sound a blast,
 But it shall be but "Tantivy,"
 Like a hurrying war reveillie,
 Or the hasty notes that levy
 Eager horse, and man, and hound,
 On an autumn morn,
 When the sheaves are off the ground,
 And the echoing bugle-horn
 Sends them racing o'er the scanty stubble corn.
 But when I a-hunting go,
 I, King Death,
 I that funeral trump shall blow
 With no bated breath.
 Long drawn out, and deep and slow
 Shall the wailing music go;
 Winding horn shall presage meet
 Be of coming winding-sheet,
 And all living men shall know
 That beyond the gates of gloom,
 In my mansions of the tomb,
 I for every one keep room,
 And shall hold and house them all, till the very
 Day of Doom.

V. V.

EPIGRAMS.

Bait, hook, and hair, are used by angler fine;
 Emma's bright hair alone were bait, hook, line.

Faraday was the first to elicit the electric spark from the magnet; he found that it is visible at the instants of breaking and of renewing the contact of the conducting wires; and *only then*.

Around the magnet, Faraday
 Is sure that Volta's lightnings play:
 But *how* to draw them from the wire?
 He took a lesson from the heart:
 'Tis when we meet, 'tis when we part,
 Breaks forth the electric fire.

M.

LETTERS ON THE TRUTHS CONTAINED IN POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

I.—THE DIVINING ROD.

February, 1847.

DEAR ARCHY, — As a resource against the long ennui of the solitary evenings of commencing winter, I determined to betake me to the neglected lore of the marvellous, the mystical, the supernatural. I remembered the deep awe with which I had listened many a year ago to tales of seers, and ghosts, and vampires, and all the dark brood of night; and I thought it would be infinitely agreeable to thrill again with mysterious terrors, to start in my chair at the closing of a distant door, to raise my eyes with uneasy apprehension towards the mirror opposite, and to feel my skin creep with the sensible "afflatus" of an invisible presence. I entered, accordingly, upon what I thought a very promising course of appalling reading; but, alack and well-a-day! a change has come over me since the good old times, when Fancy, with Fear and Superstition behind her, would creep on tiptoe to catch a shuddering glimpse of Cobbold, Fay, or Incubus. Vain were all my efforts to revive the pleasant horrors of earlier years. It was as if I had planned going to the play to enjoy again the full gusto of scenic illusion, and through some unaccountable absence of mind, was attending a morning rehearsal only; when, instead of what I had expected, great-coats, hats, umbrellas, and ordinary men and women, masks, tinsel, trap-doors, pulleys, and a world of intricate machinery, lit by a partial gleam of sunshine, had met my view. The spell I had anticipated was not there. But yet the daylight scene was worth a few minutes' study. My imagination was not to be gratified; but still it might be entertaining to see how the tricks are done, the effects produced, the illusion realised. I found myself insensibly growing philosophical; what amused me became matter of speculation — speculation turned into serious inquiry — the object of which shaped itself into "the amount of truth contained in popular superstitions."

For what has been believed for ages must have something real at bottom. There can be no prevalent delusion without a corresponding truth. If the dragons, that flew on scaly wings and expectorated flames, were fabulous, there existed nevertheless very respectable reptiles, which it was a credit to a hero or even a saint to destroy. If the Egyptian worship of cats and onions was a mistake, there existed nevertheless an object of worship.

Among the immortal productions of the Scottish Shakspeare,—you smile, but *that* phrase contains the true belief, not a popular delusion; for the spirit of the poet lived not in the form of his productions, but in his creative power and vivid intuition of nature; and the form even is often nearer you than you think: See the works of imaginative prose writers, *passim*.

Well, among the novels of Scott, I was going to say, none perhaps more grows upon our preference than the *Antiquary*. In no one has the great Author more gently and more indulgently, never with happier humour, displayed the mixed web of strength and infirmity of human character, (never, besides, with more facile power evoked pathos and terror, or disported himself in the sublimity and beauty of nature.) Yet gentle as is his mood, he misses not the opportunity, albeit in general he betrays an honest leaning towards old superstitions, mercilessly to crush one of the humblest. Do you remember the Priory of St. Ruth, and the pleasant summer party made to visit it, and the preparation for the subsequent rogueries of Dousterswivel, in the tale of Martin Waldeck, and the discovery of a spring of water by means of the divining rod?

I am disposed, do you know, to rebel against the judgment of the novelist on this occasion,—to take the part of the charlatan against the author of his being, and to question, whether his performance last alluded to might

not have been something more and better than a trick. Yet I know not if it is prudent to brave public opinion, which has stamped this pretension as imposture. But, courage! I will not flinch. I will be desperate, with Sir Arthur, defy the sneeze of the great Phenolphar, and trust to unearth a real treasure in this discredited ground.

Therefore leave off appealing to the shade of Oldbuck, and listen to a plain narrative, and you shall hear how much truth there is in the reputed popular delusion of the divining rod.

I see my tone of confidence has already half-staggered your disbelief; but pray do not, like many other incredulous gentry, run off at once into the opposite extreme. Don't let your imagination suddenly instal you perpetual chairman of the universal fresh-water company, or of the general gold-mine-discovery-proprietary-association. What I have to tell you falls very far short of so splendid a mark.

But perhaps you know nothing at all about the divining rod. Then I will enlighten your primitive ignorance.

You are to understand, that, in mining districts, a superstition prevails among the people, that some are gifted with an occult power of detecting the proximity of veins of metal, and of underground springs of water. In Cornwall, they hold that about one in forty possesses this faculty. The mode of exercising it is very simple. They cut a hazel twig that forks naturally into two equal banches; and having stripped the leaves off, they cut the stump of the twig, to the length of three or four inches, and each branch to the length of a foot or something less: for the end of a branch is meant to be held in each hand, in such a manner that the stump of the twig may project straight forwards. The position is this: the elbows are bent, the forearms and hands advanced, the knuckles turned downwards, the ends of the branches come out between the thumbs and roots of the forefingers, the hands are supinated, the inner side of each is turned towards its fellow, as they are held a few inches apart. The mystic operator, thus armed, walks over the ground he intends exploring, with the full

expectation, that, when he passes over a vein of metal, or underground spring of water, the hazel fork will move spontaneously in his hands, the point or stump rising or falling as the case may be. This hazel fork is the DIVINING ROD. The hazel has the honour of being preferred, because it divides into nearly equal branches at angles the nearest equal.

Then, assuming that there is something in this provincial superstition, four questions present themselves to us for examination.

Does the divining fork really move of itself in the hands of the operator, and not through motion communicated to it by the intentional or unintentional action of the muscles of his hands or arms?

What relation has the person of the operator to the motion observed in the divining rod?

What is the nature of the influence to which the person of the operator serves as a conductor?

Finally, what is the thing divined? the proximity of veins of metal or of running water? what or what not?

Then, let me at once premise, that upon the last point I have no information to offer. The uses to which the divining fork may be turned, are yet to be learned. But I think I shall be able to satisfy you, that the hazel fork in some hands, and in certain localities, held as I have described, actually moves spontaneously, and that the intervention of the human body is necessary to its motion; and that it serves as a conductor to an influence, which is either electricity, or something either combined with electricity, or very much resembling that principle in some of its habitudes.

I should observe, that I was no wiser than you are upon this subject, till the summer of 1843, and held the tales told of the divining rod to be nonsense, the offspring of mere self-delusion, or of direct imposture. And I think the likeliest way of removing *your* disbelief, will be to tell you the steps by which my own conversion took place.

In the summer of 1843, I lived some months under the same roof with a Scottish gentleman, well informed, of a serious turn of mind, endowed with the national allowance of caution,

shrewdness, and intelligence. I saw a good deal of him; and one day by accident the subject of the divining rod was mentioned. He told me that at one time his curiosity having been raised upon the subject, he had taken pains to learn what there was in it. And for that purpose he had obtained an introduction to Mrs. R., sister of Sir G. R., then residing at Southampton, whom he learned to be one of those in whose hands the divining rod was said to move. He visited the lady, who was polite enough to show him what the performance amounted to, and to answer all his questions, and to allow him to try some simple experiment to test the reality of the phenomenon and its nature.

Mrs. R. told my friend, that being at Cheltenham in 1806, she saw for the first time the divining rod used by the late Mrs. Colonel Beaumont, who possessed the power of imparting motion to it in a very remarkable degree. Mrs. R. tried the experiments herself at the time, but without any success. She was, as it happened, very far from well. Afterwards, in the year 1815, being asked by a friend how the divining rod was held, and how it is to be used, on showing it she observed that the hazel fork moved in her hands. Since then, whenever she had repeated the experiment, the power has always manifested itself, though with varying degrees of energy.

Mrs. R. then took my friend to a part of the shrubbery, where she knew, from former trials, the divining rod would move in her hands. It did so, to my friend's extreme astonishment; and even continued to do so, when, availing himself of Mrs. R.'s permission, my friend grasped her hands with such firmness, as to preclude the possibility of any muscular action of her wrist or fingers influencing the result.

On another day my friend took with him pieces of copper and iron wire about a foot and a half long, bent something into the form of the letter V, with length enough in the horizontal limbs of the figure to form a sufficient *handle* for either branch of these new-fashioned divining forks. He found that these instruments moved quite as freely in Mrs. R.'s hands as

the hazel fork had done. Then he coated the two handles of one of them with sealing-wax, leaving, however, the extreme ends free and uncovered. When Mrs. R. used the rod so prepared, grasping it by the parts alone which were coated with sealing-wax, and walked over the same piece of ground as before, the wires exhibited no movement whatever. As often, however, as, with no greater change than touching the free ends of the wire with her thumbs, Mrs. R. established again a direct contact with the instrument, it again moved. The motion again ceased, as often as that direct contact was interrupted.

This simple narrative, made to me by the late Mr. George Fairholm, carried conviction to my mind of the reality of the phenomenon. I asked my friend why he had not pursued the subject further. He said he had often thought of doing so; and had, he believed, been mainly prevented by meeting with a work of the Count de Tristan, entitled, "*Recherches sur quelques Effluves Terrestres*," published at Paris in 1826, in which facts similar to those which he had himself verified were narrated, and a vast body of additional curious experiments detailed.

At my friend's instance, I sent to Paris for the book, which I have, however, only recently read through. I recommend it to your perusal, if the subject should happen to interest your wayward curiosity. Any thing like an elaborate analysis of it is out of the question in a letter of this sort; but I shall borrow from it a few leading facts and observations, which, at all events, will surprise you. I am afraid, after all, I should have treated the Count as a visionary, and not have yielded to his statements the credence they deserve, but for the good British evidence I had already heard in favour of their trustworthiness; and still I suspect that I should have imagined many of the details fanciful had I perused them at an earlier period than the present; for it is but lately that I have read Von Reichenbach's experiments on the action of crystals, and of what not, upon sensitive human bodies; a series of phenomena utterly unlike those explored by the Count de Tristan, but

which have, nevertheless, the most curious analogy and interesting points of contact with them, confirmatory of the truth of both.

But permit me to introduce you to the Count: he shall tell you his own tale in his own way; but as he does not speak English, at least in his book, I must serve as dragoman.

"The history of my researches is simply this:—Some twenty years ago, a gentleman who, from his position in society, could have no object to gain by deception, showed to me, for my amusement, the movements of the divining rod. He attributed the motion to the influence of a current of water, which I thought no unlikely supposition. But my attention was rather engaged with the action produced by the influence, let that be what it might. My informant assured me he had met with many others, through whom similar effects were manifested. When I was returned home, and had opportunities of making trials under favourable circumstances, I found that I possessed the same endowment myself. Since then I have induced many to make the experiment; and I have found a fourth, or at all events a fifth of the number, capable of setting the divining rod in motion at the very first attempt. Since that time, during these twenty years, I have often tried my hand, but for amusement only, and desultorily, and without any idea of making the thing an object of scientific investigation. But at length, in the year 1822, being in the country, and removed from my ordinary pursuits, the subject again came across me, and I then determined to ascertain the cause of these phenomena. Accordingly, I commenced a long series of experiments, from 1500 to 1800 in number, which occupied me nearly fifteen months. The results of above 1200 were noted down at the time of their performance."

The scene of the Count's operations was in the valley of the Loire, five leagues from Vendôme, in the park of the Chateau de Ranac. The surface of ground which gave the desired results, was from 70 to 80 feet in breadth. But there was another spot equally efficient near the Count's ordinary residence at Emerillon, near

Clery, four leagues southwest of Orleans, ten leagues south of the Loire, at the commencement of the plains of Sologne. The surface was from north to south, and was about of the same breadth with the other. These *exciting tracts* form, in general, bands or zones of undetermined, and often very great length. Their breadth is very variable. Some are only three or four feet across, while others are one hundred paces. These tracts are sometimes sinuous and sometimes ramify. To the most susceptible they are broader than to those who are less so.

The Count thus describes what happens when a competent person, armed with a hazel fork, walks over these *exciting* districts.

When two or three steps have been made upon the exciting tract of ground, the fork (which I have already said is to be held horizontally with its central angle forward,) begins gently to ascend; it gradually attains a vertical position—sometimes it passes beyond that, and lowering itself with its point towards the chest of the operator, it becomes again horizontal. If the motion continue, the rod, descending, becomes vertical with the angle downwards. Finally, the rod may again ascend and re-assume its first horizontal position, having thus completed a revolution. When the action is very lively, the rod immediately commences a second revolution; and so it goes on as long as the operator walks over the exciting surface of ground.

It is to be understood that the operator does not grasp the handles of the fork so tightly but that they may turn in his hands. If, indeed, he tries to prevent this, and the fork is only of hazel twig, the rotatory force is so strong as to twist it at the handles and crack the bark, and finally fracture the wood itself.

I can imagine you at this statement endeavouring to hit the proper intonation of the monosyllable "Hugh," frequently resorted to by Uncas, the son of Chingachkook, as well as by his parent, on similar occasions; though I remember to have read of none so trying in their experience. I anticipate the remarks you would subsequently make, which the graver Indian would have politely repressed:—

"By my patience, this bangs Banagher, and exhausts credulity. The assertion of these dry impossibilities is too choking to listen to. The fork cannot go down in this crude and unprotected state. It is as inconvenient a morsel as the 'Amen' inopportunist suggested to the conscience-stricken Macbeth. Cannot you contrive some intellectual cookery to make the process of deglutition easier? Suppose you mix the raw facts with some flowery hypothesis, throw in a handful of familiar ideas to give a congenial flavour, and stir into the mess some leaven of stale opinion to make it rise; so, do try your hand at a philosophical soufflé."

Do manus.

Then you are to imagine that a current of electricity, or of something like it, may use your legs as conductors, as you walk over the soil from which it emanates, the circuit which it seeks being completed through your arms and the divining rod.

Nothing, then, would be more likely, upon analogy,—the extreme part of the current traversing a *curved* and movable conductor,—than that the latter should be attracted or repelled, or both alternately, by or from the soil below, or by your person, or both.

And see, what would render such an explanation plausible? Why, the cessation of the rotatory motion of the divining fork, on the operator simultaneously holding in his hands a *straight* rod of the same substance,—that is, conjointly with the other,—offering a shorter road to the journeying fluid, and so superseding the movable one. Well, the Count de Tristan did this, and the result was conformable to the hypothesis. When he walked over the exciting soil, with two rods held in his two hands, the one a hazel fork, the other a straight hazel twig, no motion whatever manifested itself in the former.

I flatter myself, that if you now continue to disbelieve, the fault is not mine: the fault must lie in your organisation. You must have a very small bump of credulity, and a very large bump of incredulity. You must be, actively and passively, incapable of receiving new ideas. How on earth did you get your old ones?

—They must come by entail. But you are still a disbeliever?

Bless me! how am I to proceed? I catch at the slenderest straw of analogical suggestion. I have heard that the best cure, when you have burned your finger, is to hold it to the fire. Let me try a corresponding proceeding with you. My first statement has sadly irritated and blistered your belief; oblige me by trying the soothing application of the following fact:—

Although, in general, the divining rod behaves with great gravity and consistency, and looks contemplatively upward, when it comes upon grounds that move it, and then twirls respectably round, as you might twirl your thumbs in a tranquil continuity of rotation, yet there are some—a small proportion only—in whose hands it gibs at starting, and with whom it delights to go in the opposite direction. I say "delights" considerably; for it has a voice in the matter. So that a divining rod that has been used for some little time to go the wrong way, requires further time before it will go round right again.

The Count de Tristan found out the key to this anomaly.

He had discovered that a thick cover of silk upon the handles of the divining fork, like Mr. Fairholm's coating of sealing wax, entirely arrested its motion. Then he tried thinner covers, and found they only lowered, as it were, and lessened it. The thin layer of silk was only an imperfect impediment to the transmission of the influence. Then he tried the effect of covering one handle only of the divining rod with a thin layer of silk stuff. He so covered the right handle, and then the enigma above proposed was explained. The divining fork, which hitherto had gone the usual way with him, commencing by ascending, now, when set in motion, descended, and continued to perform an inverse rotation.

I think this is the place for mentioning, that when the Count walked over the exciting soil, rod in hand, but trailing likewise, from each hand, a branch of the same plant, (which therefore touched the ground with one end, and with the other touched, in his hand, the magic fork,) the latter had lost its virtue. There is no mo-

tion when the ends of the divining rod are in direct communication with the soil. The intervention of the human body is necessary for our result.

Then we are at liberty to suppose that the two sides of our frame have some fine difference of quality; that there is in general a sort of preponderance upon the right side; that in general, in reference to the divining rod, there is a superior vigour of transmission in the right side; that *this difference*, whatever it may be, of kind or degree, determines a current, causes motion, in the unknown fluid, which, in a simple arched conductor, with its ends upon the soil, remains in equilibrium. To explain the result of the last experiment I have cited of the Count de Tristan, no difference in quality in the two sides of the body need be assumed. Difference in conducting power alone will do. Then it might be said, that by covering the right handle of the divining rod, he checked the current rushing through the right side of the frame, and so gave predominance to the left current. One cannot help conjecturally anticipating, by the way, that with left-handed diviners, the divining rod will be found habitually to move the wrong way.

But it will not do *now*, to let this indication of a curious physiological element pass slurred over and unheeded,—this evidence so singularly furnished by the Count de Tristan's experiments, of a positive difference between the right and left halves of the frame, as if our bodies were the subjects of a transverse polarity. I expect it is too late to pass over now any such facts, the very genuineness of which derives confirmation, from their pointing to a conclusion so new to, and unexpected by their observer, yet recently made certain through an entirely different order of phenomena, observed by one clearly not cognisant of the Count de Tristan's researches.

I allude to the investigations of the Baron Freyherr von Reichenbach, published in Wöhler and Liebig's "Annals of Chemistry," and already translated for the benefit of the English reader, and familiar to the reading public.

I take it for granted, Archy, that you have read the book I refer to,

and that I have only to bring to your recollection two or three of the facts mentioned in it, bearing upon the present point.

Then you remember that Von Reichenbach has shown, that the two ends of a large crystal, moved along and near the surface of a limb, in certain sensitive subjects, produced decided but different sensations, one that of a draught of cool air, the other of a draught of warm air. That the proximity of the northward pole of a magnet again produces the former, of the southward pole the latter; of the negative wire of a voltaic pile, the former, of the positive wire, the latter; finally, that *the two hands* are equally and similarly efficient, the right acting like the negative influence, the left like the positive, of those above specified. Von Reichenbach came to the conclusion, from these and other experiments, that the two lateral halves of the human body have opposite relations to the influence, the existence of which he has proved, while he has in part developed its laws. And he throws out the very idea of a transverse polarity reigning in the animal frame. Do you remember, in confirmation of it, one of the most curious experiments which he leads Fraulein Maix to execute; valueless it might be thought if it stood alone, but joined with parallel effects produced on others, its weight is irresistible. Miss M. holds a bar magnet by its two ends. In any case it is sensibly inconvenient to her to do so. But when she holds the southward or positive pole of the magnet in her right hand, the northward or negative pole in her left, the thing is bearable. When, on the contrary, she reverses the position of the magnet, she immediately experiences the most distressing uneasiness, and the feeling as of an inward struggle in her arms, chest, and head. This ceases instantly on letting go the magnet.

I will not inflict upon you more of Von Reichenbach, though sorely tempted, so much is there in common between his Od and the influence investigated by the Count de Tristan. If you know the researches of the former already, why *verbum sat*; if not, I had better not attempt further

to explain to you the *ignotum per ignotum*.

And in truth, with reference to the divining rod, I have already given my letter extension and detail enough for the purpose I contemplated, and I will add no more. I had no intention of writing you a scientific analysis of all that I believe to be really ascertained upon this curious subject. My wish was only to satisfy you that there is something in it. I have told you where you may find the principal collection of facts relating to it, should you wish further to study them; most likely you will not. The subject is

yet in its first infancy. And what interest attaches to a new-born babe, except in the eyes of its parents and its nurse? I do not in the present instance affect even the latter relation. I am contented with exercising the office of registrar of the births of this and of two or three other as yet puling truths, the feeble voices of which have hitherto attracted no attention, amidst the din and roar of the bustling world. Hoping that I have not quite exhausted your patience, I remain, Dear Archy, yours faithfully.

MAC DAVUS.

HOPE CATULLIANÆ.

LETTER TO EUSEBIUS.

MY DEAR EUSEBIUS,—I have lately spent a few weeks with our old friend Gratian, at his delightful retreat in Devonshire, which he has planted, fenced, and cultivated, and made as much a part of himself in its every fit and aspect as his own easy coat. You see him in every thing, in the house and out of it. Cheerful, happy, kind, and best of men! Not an animal in his stall, or his homestead, but partakes of his temper. His horses neigh to you, his cows walk up to you, his pigs run to you, rather disappointed, for you have not his stick to rub their backs with. Rise in the early morning, when the dew is sparkling on the lawn, and his spaniel greets you, runs round and round you with a bark of joyous welcome; and even his cat will, as no other cat will, show you round the gravel walks. And thrice happy are all when their expected master appears, somewhat limping in his gait, (and how few, under his continual pain, would preserve his cheerfulness as he does!) Every creature looks up into his face as better than sunshine, and he forgets none. He has a good word for all, and often more than that in his pockets. The alms beggar, the Robin, is remembered and housed. There is his little freehold of wood raised some

feet from the ground opposite the breakfast room window—an entrance both ways—there is he free to come and go, and always find a meal laid for him. Happy bird, he pays neither window-tax nor servant's tax, and yet who enjoys more daylight, or is better served?

Our good old friend still goes on improving this and improving that—has his little farm and his garden all in the highest perfection. Nor is the *least* care bestowed on the greenhouse, and the little aviary adjoining; for here are objects of feminine pleasure, and he loves not himself so well as he does the mistress of all, the mother and the partner. O the terrestrial paradise, in which to wait old age, and still enjoy, and breathe to the last the sunshiny breath of heaven, and feel that all is blessed and blessing; for there is peace, and that is the true name for goodness within! You shall have, my dear Eusebius, no farther description. A drop-scene, however, is not amiss to any little conversational drama. You may shift it, if you like, occasionally to the small snug library—just such a one as you would have for such a retreat. Our excellent friend took less part in our talk than we could have wished; for it began generally at night, and his

infirmity sent him to bed early. But in spite of a little remnant of influenza, I and the Curate often kept it up to a late hour, which you, Eusebius, will construe into an *early* one. Never mind; though, perhaps, it was whispered to his discredit that the Curate kept bad hours. Those, however, who *knew* the fact did not keep better, and so he thought all safe. How sweet and consoling is sometimes ignorance!

Now, the Curate—let me introduce you.—“My dear Eusebius, the Curate, a class man some year or two from Oxford—a true man, in a word, worthy of this introduction to you, Eusebius.” “Mr. Curate, my friend Eusebius; see, don’t trust to his gravity of years; it is quite deceptive, and the only deceit he has about him. He is Truth in sunshine and a fresh healthy breeze. So now you know each other.” I wish, Eusebius, this were not a passage out of an imaginary conversation. Wait but for the swallow, and you shall shake hands; and you, I know, will laugh merrily within ten minutes after; and a laugh from you is as good as a ticket upon your breast, “All is natural here;” and for the rest, let come what will, that is uppermost. There will be no restraint. I cannot forbear, Eusebius, writing to you now, early in this new year, paying you this compliment, that your real conversations resemble in much “Landor’s Imaginary,” which you tell me you so greatly admire. Full, indeed, are they, these last two volumes, his works, of beautiful thoughts set off with exquisitely appropriate eloquence. You are in a garden, and if you do not always recognise the fruit as legitimate, you are quite as well pleased to find it like Aladdin’s, and would willingly store all, as he did, in the bosom of your memory. Precious stones, bigger than plums and peaches, are good for sore eyes, and something more, though they have not the flavour of apricots.

We—that is, the Trio—had been reading one evening; or rather, our friend Gratian read to me and the Curate, the “Conversation with the Abbé Delille and W. L.” We loitered, too, in the reading, as we do when the country is of a pleasant aspect, to

look about us and admire—and we interspersed our own little talk by the way. Our friend could not consent that Catullus should walk with, and even, as it should seem, take the lead of his favourite Horace. “Catullus and Horace,” says Landor, “will be read as long as Homer and Virgil, and more often, and by more readers.”

“H,” said the Curate, “Catullus were not nearly banished from our public schools and our universities.”

“As he deserves,” replied Gratian; “for although there is in him great elegance, yet is there much that should not be read; and his most beautiful and most powerful little poem, his ‘Atys,’ is in its very subject unfit for schoolboys.”

CURATE.—Yes, if in the presence of a master; that makes the only difficulty. The poem itself is essentially chaste, and of a grand tragic action, and grave character—is in fact a serious poem, and as such any youth may read it *to himself*, scarcely to another. The very subject touches on that mystical, though natural sanctity that every uncorrupted man is conscious of in the temple of his own person. To *impart* a thought of it is a deterioration. But a master must not hear it; and even for a very inferior reason. He cannot be a critical instructor.

GRATIAN.—You are right: that was a deep observation of Juvenal; it gave the caution,

“Maxima debetur pueris reverentia.”

I have often thought that good masters have ever shown very great tact in reading the Classics, where there is so much, even in the purest, that it is best not to understand.

AQUILUS. (I choose to give myself that name.)—Or rather to pass lightly over, for you cannot help seeing it; put your foot across it, and not lengthways; as you would over a rut in a bad bit of road, which may nevertheless lead to a most delightful place at the end. I cannot but think the “Atys” to be a borrowed poem. It is quite Greek—unlike any thing Roman. What Roman ever expressed downright mad violent action? How much there is in it that reminds you of the story of Pentheus of Euripides. Both deny a deity, and both are

punished by their own hands. But the resemblance is less in the characters than in the vivid pictures and rapidity of action; and the landscape glows like one fresh from Titian's pencil. Our friend Lander, here, I see, calls the author "graceful." He says of Virgil that he is not so "graceful as Catullus."

CURATE.—Grace, as separate from beauty, I suppose, means something lighter. It admits a feeling not quite in earnest, not so serious but it may be sported with.

GRATIAN.—It is a play, however, at which only genius is expert. It is many years since I read Catullus, — I confess I thought him rather a careless fellow, and that his Lesbia was but a doll to dress out in the tawdry ribbons of his verse.

AQUILIUS.—Whatever his Lesbia was, his verses are chaste; and if I find a Lesbia that is not as his verse, I think it a duty of charity to conclude there were two of the name; and we know that one Lesbia was a feigned name for Clodia.

GRATIAN.—That is not very complimentary to the constancy of Catullus.

CURATE.—I am afraid we are speaking of a virtue that was not Roman. I have been reading Catullus very recently, and was so much pleased with his gracefulness, that I thought it no bad practice to translate one or two of his small pieces: as I translated I became more and more aware of the clear elegance of his diction.

AQUILIUS.—I have always been an admirer of Catullus; and as I think a little employment will dissipate the remaining imaginary symptoms of influenza, when our friend and host is indulging his pigs by rubbing their backs with the end of his stick, and extending his walk to admire his mangel-worzel, or talking to his horses, his dogs, or his cat, and learning their opinions upon things in general, (for he is persuaded they have opinions, and says he knows many of them, and intends one day to catalogue them;) or while he is beyond his own gates, (and whoever catches a sight of his limp and supporting stick, is sure to hasten pace or to slacken it, loving his familiar talk,)

looking out for an object of human sociality, I will steal into his library — take down his Catullus, and try my hand, good master Curate, against you. We will be, or at least believe ourselves to be,

"Et cantare pares et decantare parati."

GRATIAN. — Ay, do; and as the shepherds were rewarded by their umpires of old, will I reward one or both with this stick. Shall I describe its worth and dignity after the manner of Homer, that it may be worthy of you, if you are "baculo digni;" but whatever Aquilius may say in its disparagement, it is not a bit the worse for its familiarity with my pig's back. It is a good pig, and shall make bacon for the winner, which is the best lard he will get for his poetry. But I feel a warning hint, and must to bed — it is no longer with me the

"Cynthiaus aurem

Vellit et admonuit."

The warning comes rather stronger upon bone and muscle. Heaven preserve you both from the pains of rheumatism in your old age. I suppose a troubled conscience, which they say never rests, is but the one turn more of the screw: so good night.

Our friend gone, we took down Catullus, and read with great pleasure many of his short pieces, agreeing with Lander as to the gracefulness of the poet, and resolved, if it be trifling, to trifle away some portion of our time in translating him, and with this resolve we parted for the night.

We did not, Eusebius, meet again for some days, the Curate being fully employed in his rounds of parochial visiting by day, and in preparation by night for his weekly duty. You must imagine you now see us after tea retired to the snug library. Gratian, some years the elder, resting, (if that word may be allowed to his pain,—if not to his pain, however, it shall be due to his patience) resting, I say, his whole person in his easy chair, and tapping pretty smartly with his stick the thigh from his hip to his leg, and then settling himself into the importance of a judge; but do not imagine you see us like two culprits about to be condemned for feloniously breaking into the house of one Catullus, and

stealing therefrom sundry articles of plate, which we had melted down in our own crucibles, and which were no longer, therefore, to be recognised as his, but by evidence against us. All translators show a bold front; for if they come short of the meed of originality, they shift off from them the modesty of responsibility, and unblushingly ascribe all faults to their author. We were therefore easy enough, and ready to make as free with our Rhadamanthus as with our

Catullus. Not to be too long — thus commenced our talk.

AQUILIUS.—The first piece Catullus offers is his dedication—it is to an author to whom I owe a grudge, and perhaps we all of us do. He has caused us some tears, and more visible marks, and I confess something like an aversion to his concise style. It is to Cornelius Nepos. How much more like a modern dedication, than one of Dryden's day, both as to length and matter.

AD CORNELIUM NEPOTEM.

This little-book—and somewhat light—
'Tis polished well, and smoothly bright,
To whom shall I now dedicate?
To you, Cornelius, wont to rate
My trifling wares at highest worth.
E'en then, when boldly you stepped forth,
First of Italians to compose,
In three short books of nervous prose,
All age's annals—work of nice
Research, and studiously concise.
Such as it is receive—and look
With usual favour on my book;
And grant, O queen of wits and sages,
Motherless Virgin, these my pages
May pass from this to future ages.

CURATE.—Queen of wits and sages, —“O Patrima Virgo”—is that translating?

GRATIAN.—That's right—have at him!

AQUILIUS.—To be sure it is. What English reader would know else that Minerva was meant by “Motherless Virgin?” he would have to go back to the story of Jupiter beating her out of his own brains. So as he is not familiar with the creed, as one of it, I let him into the secret of it at once; and thus out comes the book from the “Minerva Press,” “*λαῖε τῷ Βουζιλίον*.”

GRATIAN.—(Reads, “O Patrima

Virgo,” &c.) Well, well—let it pass. The dedication won't pay a long reckoning. We must not look too nicely into the mouth of the book—let it speak for itself. Now, Mr. Curate, what have you?

CURATE.—I didn't trouble myself with such a dedication, but passed on to “Ad Passerem Lesbicæ.”

GRATIAN.—More attractive metal.

CURATE.—Not at all attractive; for there is considerable difficulty, and as I suppose a corrupted text, before we reach six lines. Here I let the bird loose.

Sparrow, minion of my dear,
Little animated toy,
Whom the fair delights to bear
In her bosom lapt in joy.

Whom she teases and displeases,
With her white forefinger's end,
Thus inviting savage biting
From her tiny feather'd friend.

Image burning of my yearning,
When at fondness she would play;

Thus she takes her aught that makes her
Pensive moments glide away.

'Tis a balm for her soft sorrow,
Tranquillising beauty's breast ;
Would I might her plaything borrow,
So to lull my cares to rest.

I would prize it, as the maiden
Prized the golden apple thrown,
Which displacing her in racing,
Loosed at last her virgin zone.

AQUILIUS.—Here lies the difficulty: make sense of it, and we must not be too nice.

"Quum desiderio meo nitenti
Carum nescio quid lubet jocari,
(Ut solatiolum sui doloris
Credunt, quum gravis acquiescet ardor.)"

Another edition has it :

"Credo ut gravis acquiescat ardor."

GRATIAN.—Leave it to Cædipus —

AQUILIUS.—Well, then, it possibly means, that she passes off the pain of the bite with a little coquetry and action, as we move about a limb pretty briskly when it tingles.

GRATIAN.—O, the cunning—argumentum ad hominem.

AQUILIUS.—Thus I venture—

AD PASSEREM LESBLE.

Little sparrow, gentle sparrow,
Whom my Lesbia loveth so ;
Her sweet playmate, whom she petteth,
And she letteth
To her bosom come and go.

Loving there to hold thee ever,
Her forefinger to thy bill,
Oft she pulleth and provoketh ;
And she mocketh,
Till you bite her harder still.

Then new beauty glistening o'er her,
Pain'd and blushing doth she feign,
Some sweet play of love's excesses,
And caresses
More to soothe or hide her pain.

Would thou wert my pretty birdie,
Plaything—playmate unto me,
Knowing when her loss doth grieve me,
To relieve me,
For she seeks relief from thee.

Birdie, thou shouldst be such treasure
As the golden apple thrown,
Was to Atalanta, spying
Which in flying,
Cost the loosening of her zone.

CURATE.—That may be a possible translation of the difficulty, if the text be somewhat amended ; but who ever heard of a hurt from the peck of a sparrow ?

GRATIAN.—I'll take you into our aviary to-morrow, and you shall try on your own rough-work finger the peck of a bullfinch ; and I think you may grant that Lesbia's finger was a

little softer. Who would trust the tenderness of a Curate's forefinger, case-hardened as it is with his weekly steel-pen work, and deadened by the nature of it, against all Lesbians and their sparrows. Lesbia's forefinger was the very pattern of a forefinger, soft to touch as to feel—that did no work. I dare to say Shakspeare was thinking of such a one, when he said,

"The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense."

There's something playfully pretty, and lightly tender in this little piece; but I don't see by what link of thought

poor Atalanta is brought in, and thus stripped to the skin, as she was outstripped in the race. Admitting the text emendable, may not there be supposed such a connexion as this,—that he wishes the bird would be his plaything, that he might lay it as an offering at her feet,—that she might take it, as did Atalanta the golden apple, and become herself the winner's reward? Why should not I come in with an *ad libitum* movement? We, limping rheumaticists, have ever a spiteful desire to trip up the swift-footed. Now, then, for an old man's limp against Atalanta's speed.

Birdie, be my plaything, go—
At her flying feet be thrown;—
Like the golden apple, woo her,
Atalanta's wise pursuer
Cast and won her for his own;—
Pretty birdie aid me so.

Galatea won her lover by the apple.
"Malo me Galatea petit."

CURATE.—A well thrown apple that golden pippin, grown doubtless from a pip dropt on Mount Ida, and hence the name. We shall not run against you, I perceive.

GRATIAN.—Don't talk of golden pippins, or I shall mount my hobby, and go through the genealogy of my whole orchard, and good-bye to Catullus.

CURATE.—If you give way to your imagination, you may invent a thousand meanings to the passage: but taking it as I find it, I would attach only this meaning to it,—that Catullus would say, "Lesbia's favourite sparrow" would be as attractive to me as was the golden apple which was thrown in her way when she was racing, to Atalanta. She was to be married to the first youth who could outrun her, so that literally she was very much run after.

GRATIAN.—Run after, indeed! Her pursuer, Hippomanes, hadn't my rheumatism (tapping his knee and leg with his stick) or she would have had the apple, and not him. You young men of modern days do not throw your golden apples, but look to pick up what you can. These old tales, or old fables, cast a shade of shame upon our unromantic days. There was a king's daughter offered like a

"handy-cap," as if the worthy of mankind were a racing stud.

AQUILIUS.—But the lady was not so easily won after all; for there were three golden apples to be picked up: and a bold man was he that threw them, for if he lost, there was neither love nor mercy for him. The condition was worse than Sinbad's. It is a strange story this of Atalanta and her lover, turned into lions by Cybele. The passage in Catullus being corrupt, there is probably an omission, for, as it is, the transition is very abrupt.

GRATIAN.—I see the golden apples running about in all directions, and am half asleep, and should be quite so but for this rheumatic hint that it is time to retire: so good-night.

Now you will conclude, Eusebius, that I and the Curate made a night and morning of it. On the present occasion, at least, it was not the case; we very soon parted.

The following morning, which for the season was freshly sunny, found us on a seat under a verandah near the breakfast room, and close to the aviary, from which we had a moment before come; and the Curate was then wringing his finger after the bites and pecks the bullfinch had given him, which Gratian told him, jocularly, was having a comment on the text at his finger's end; and immediately asked for Catullus. The book was opened—

and the Curate put his finger upon the which he read as he had thus rendered
 "Death of Lesbia's Sparrow," — it: —

DE PASSERE MORTUO LESBIÆ.

Ye Graces, and ye Cupids, mourn,
 And all that's graceful, woman born,
 My sweet one's sparrow dead!
 Smitten by death's fatal arrow
 Lies my darling's darling sparrow!
 As the eyes in her sweet head
 She did love him, and he knew her
 As my fair one knows her mother;
 He was sweet as honey to her,
 In her lap for ever sitting,
 Hither thither round her flitting,
 To his mistress and no other
 He address'd his twittering tale.
 Now adown death's darksome vale
 He is gone to seek a bourn
 Whence they tell us none return.
 Plague upon you, dark and narrow
 Shades of Orcus, without pity
 Swallowing every thing that's pretty—
 As ye took the pretty sparrow.
 Wo's the day that you lie dead!
 Little wretch, 'tis all your doing
 That my fair one's eyes are red,
 Swoln and red with tearful rueing.

AQUILIUS.—It would be childish to blame the poor bird for the crime of dying, as if he had died out of spite; when, if the truth could be told, perhaps the cat killed him. (At this moment, Gratian's favourite cat rubbed herself against his legs, first her face and head, and then her back, and looked up to him, as if begging him to plead for her race; and he did so, and spoke kindly to her, and said, pussy would not kill any bird though he should trust her in the aviary;

and she, as if she knew what he said, walked off to it, and rubbed her face against the wires, and returned to us again.) Well, I continued, I don't see why the bird should be called wretch for that; and *factum male* means to express misfortune, not fault. So let the *malefactum* be the Curate's, and treat him accordingly.

GRATIAN.—Come, let us see your bird. Perhaps it may be necessary to kill two with one stone. But I forget—the bird is dead already.

AQUILIUS.—

DE PASSERE MORTUO LESBIÆ.

Ye Cupids, every Queen of Love,
 Whate'er hath heart or beauty, shed
 Your floods of tears, now hang the head—
 My darling's sparrow, pet, and dove,
 Is dead: that bird she prized above
 Her own sweet eyes, is dead, is dead.

That little bird, that honey bird,
 As fair child knows her mother, knew
 His own own mistress; and he, too,
 From her sweet bosom never stirred,
 As prompt at every look and word,
 He to that nest of softness flew.

But archly pert and debonnaire,
 Still further in he fondly nestled,
 For her alone piped, chirped, and whistled.
 But he has reached that dismal where,
 Whose dreary path none ever dare
 Retrace, with whom death once hath wrestled.

O Orcus' unrequiting shade,
 Devouring all the good, the dear,
 Couldst thou not spare one birdling here?
 Alas, poor thing! for thou hast made
 Her eyes, how loved, with grief o'erweighed,
 Grow red, and gush with many a tear.

CURATE. — Is that translating?
 Look at the first line of the original—

Lugete, o Venere, Cupidinesque.

You have acted the undertaker to the sorrow, dressed it out, and protracted it, and set it afloat upon a river of wo, with Queens of Love as chief-mourners, hanging out their weepers.

AQUILIUS. — Yes, for the Zephyrs to blow. They are light, airy, graceful. They did not come from the first room of the mourning institution, where the soft-slipped man in black gently, and bowing low as he shows his grief-items, whispers, "Much in vogue for deep affliction." The Queens of Love pass on to "the mitigated wo department," and I hope you will confess they have *put on* their sorrow with grace and taste.

GRATIAN. — That's good — "the mitigated wo department." But there's a department in these establishments farther on still. There is a little glass door, generally left half open, where there is a most delicate show of "orange blossoms." But my good worthy Curate, I don't blame our friend for this little enlargement, because, if it is not in the *words* of the original, it is every bit of it in the tune and melody of the verses. See how it swells out in full flow in "venustiorum," — stays but a moment, and is off again without stop

to "puella," — and that again is repeated ere grief can be said to take any rest. I shall acquit the translator as I would the landscape painter, who, seeing how flowing a line of easy and graceful beauty pervades all nature, and is indeed her great characteristic, rather aims to realise that, than laboriously to dot in every leaf and flower. Characteristic expression is every thing. I am not quite satisfied that either of you have hit the

Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

CURATE. — If we have not, you remember that Juvenal has, and hit those eyes rather hard, considering whose they are. He, however, only meant the hit for Catullus:

nec tibi, ejus

Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos.

GRATIAN. — *Turbavit* is "mitigated wo" again:

Unlike the Lesbians of our modern years,
 Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.

AQUILIUS. — Satire is like a flail, an ugly weapon in a crowd, and hits more than it aims at. I won't allow the blow to be a true hit on Catullus. But let us pass on: there is a vessel waiting for us, though we should be loth to trust to her sheathing, no longer sea-worthy. Our poet now addresses his yacht. Are there many of the "Club" who would write better verses on theirs?

DE PHASELO, QUO IN PATRIAM REVECTUS E. T.

This bark that now, my friends, you see,
 Asserts she once was far more swift
 Than other craft, what'er the tree
 Might ply the oar or sailyard shift,
 She passed them all on every sea.

She asked the Cyclad Isles to say—
 Can they deny—rough Adria's shore,

Proud Rhodes, and every land that lay
Where savage Thracia's tempests roar—
She asked her native Pontic bay—

Where first her leafy crown was stirred
By winds that swept Cytorian rocks.
(Through rustling leaves her voice was heard.)
And you, Cytorus, crowned with box,
And you, Amastris, hear the word.

For all, she says, was known to you,
And still is known. For on your top
She first took root and proudly grew,
Till severed trunk and branches drop,
And keel and oars thy waves embue.

How oft she bore, when winds were light,
Her master over sea and strait,
Stemmed currents strong, and tacked to right
Or left, and bravely held the weight
Of breeze that strained her canvass tight.

Nor was there need for her to make
Or costly vows, or incense burn ;
Or sea-shore gods her guides to take
On her last voyage, last return,
From sea-ward to this limpid lake.

Now all is o'er—grown old, in rest
She waits decay—with homage due,
And grateful thought, and prayer addressed,
She dedicates herself to you,
Twin stars, twin gods, twin brothers blest.

GRATIAN.—Ah! well done, poor old timber-toe—laid up at last—no “mutilè lignum,” that’s clear enough. I hope she had a soft berth, and lay evenly in it. It is quite uncomfortable to see a poor thing, though it be little more than decayed ribs, with hard rock piercing them here and there, and the creature labouring still to keep the life in and weather out of her unsupported sides and bottom, and looking piteously to be moved off those jutting points that pin her down in pain, as boys serve a cockchafer. He is a hard man that does not animate inanimate things. He is out of nature’s kin. All sailors love their ships, and they are glorious: Catullus is more to my humour here than in his love-lines on Lesbia. She could get another lover, and if truth be told, and that by Catullus himself, did; but his poor boat! If captured and taken to the slave-market, she would not find a bidder. Well, well, it is pleasanter to see her laid up high and dry, with now and then her master’s and owner’s affec-

tionate eye upon her, than to look at the broom at her mast head. Catullus knew the wood she came from, and how it grew—it had vitality, and he never can believe it quite gone.

AQUILIUS.—There is a poem by Turner on this subject.

GRATIAN.—By Turner?—what Turner?—You don’t mean, “The Fallacies of Hope” Turner?

AQUILIUS.—The same—but I should be sorry indeed, to see a vessel built after the measure of his verses. She would require too nice an adjustment of ballast. I doubt if she would bear a rough sea. The poem I speak of was written with his palette’s pen. It was the towing in the old Temeraire to be broken up. There she was, on the waters, as her own element, a Leviathan still, a history of “battle and of breeze”—behind her the night coming in, sun setting, and in glory too. Her days are over, and she is towed in to her last anchorage. The feeling of the picture was touching, and there was

a dignity and greatness in it of mighty charm.

GRATIAN.—I remember it well, and it is well remembered now : but here is the Curate with his paper in his hand : let us hear what he has to say.

CURATE.—I have the worse chance with you, for you have poeticised the subject so much more largely than Catullus himself, that you will listen with less pleasure to my translation : but you shall have it.

DEDICATIO PHASELI.

Strangers, the bark you see, doth say
Of ships the fleetest far was she.

AQUILIUS.—Stay for a moment : “the fleetest,” then she was one of a *fleet*, and sailed perhaps under convoy, and ought not to have outsailed the *fleet*—say quickest.

GRATIAN.—No interruption, or by this baculus ! Go on, Mr. Curate.

CURATE.—If you please, I’ll leave anchor again.

Strangers, this bark you see doth say,
Of ships the fleetest far was she :
And that she passed and flew away
From every hull that ploughed the sea,
That fought against, or used the gale
With hand-like oar or wing-like sail.

She cites, as witness to her word,
The frowning Adriatic strand ;
The Cyclades which rocks engird,
And noted Rhodus’ distant land ;
Propontis and unkindly Thrace,
And Savage Pontus’ billowy race.

That which is now a shallop here,
Was once a tract of tressed wood,
Its foliage was Cytorus’ gear,
Upon the topmost ridge it stood,
And when the morning breeze awoke
Its whistling leaves the silence broke.

Pontic Amastris, says the bark,
Box-overgrown Cytorus, you
Know me by each familiar mark,
And testify the tale is true.
She says you saw her earliest birth
Upon your nursing mountain-earth,

She dipped her blades, a maiden launch,
First in your waves, and bent her course
Thence, ever to her master staunch,
Through seas that plied their utmost force.
If right or left the breeze did strike,
Or gentle Jove did strain alike,

Each sheet before the wind. She came
From that remotest ocean-spot
To this clear inlet, still the same,
And yet audaciously forgot
The bribes which, under doubtful skies,
Are vowed to sea-side deities.

Her deeds are done, her tale is told,
For those were feats of bygone strength ;

In secret peace she now grows old,
And dedicates herself at length,
Twin-brother Castor, at thy shrine,
And Castor's brother twin, at thine.

GRATIAN.—Hand me the book. I thought so—that “audaciously forgot” is your audacious interpolation. She does not forget her vows, for she never made any. You bring her back, good Master Curate, not a little in the sulks, like a runaway wife, that had forgotten her vows, and remembered all her audacity. We see her reluctantly taken in tow—looking like a profligate, weary, and voyage worn, buffeted and beaten by more storms than she likes to tell of. You must alter audaciously.

AQUILIUS.—And I object to bribes; it is a satire upon the underwriters.

CURATE.—The underwriters?

AQUILIUS.—Yes, the “Littoralibus Diis;” what were they but an insurance company, with their chief temple, some Roman “Lloyd’s,” and offices in every sea-port?

CURATE.—Or perhaps the “Littoralibus Diis,” referred to a “coast-guard.”

GRATIAN.—Worse and worse, for that would imply that they took bribes, and that she was an old smuggler. Keep to the original, and if you will modernize Catullus, you must merely say, she was so safe a boat that the owner did not think it worth while to insure.

CURATE.—The learned themselves dispute as to the identity of the “Dii Littorales.” In the notes, I find they are said to be Glaucus, Nereus, Melicerta, Neptune, Thetis, and others; but in the notes to Statius, you will find Gevartius bids the aforesaid learned tell that to the marines. He knows better. I remember his words,—“Sed male illi marinos et littorales deos confundunt. Littorales enim potissimum Dii Cælestes erant, Pallas, Apollo, Hercules, &c., unde illi potius apud Catullum sunt intelligendi.”

GRATIAN.—She might have been doubly insured; for besides Glaucus, Neptune, Thetis, and Co., there was the company registered by Gevartius.

CURATE.—I have looked again at the passage, and think I have not quite given the meaning of “novissimo.” I doubt if it does mean remote

—it more likely means the last voyage—so let me substitute this:—

She came,
'Twas her last voyage, from far sea,
To this clear inlet-home, the same
Good bark and true, and proudly free
From vows which under doubtful skies,
Are made to sea-side Deities.

GRATIAN.—*Probatum est.*—We have, however, run the vessel down. Let me see what comes next. Oh, “To Lesbia.” This is the old well-known deliciously elegant little piece that I remember we were wont to try our luck with in our youth; and many a translation of it may yet be found among half-forgotten trifles. We are, some of us, it is true, a little out of this cherry-season of kissing—there is a time for all things, and so there was a time for that. It is pleasant still to trifle with the subject: even the wise Socrates played with it in one of his dialogues, and so may we, innocently enough. Though there be some greybeards, (no, I am wrong, they are not greybeards, but grave-airs, and they, more shame to them, with scarcely a beard at all,) that would open the book here, and shut it again in haste, and look as if they had just come out of the cave of Trophœnus. That is not a healthy and honest purity.

AQUILIUS.—But these do not object to a little professional kissing.

GRATIAN.—More shame to them—that is the worst of all, but pass on; here is nothing but a little harmless play. Yet I don’t see why the young poet, (you know he died at thirty,) should mock his elders in “rumoresque senum severiorum,” these “sayings of severe old men.” Why should old men be severe? O’ my conscience, I believe they are far less severe than the young. Had I been present when the poet indited this to his Lesbia, I might just have ventured to hint to him thus:—“My dear friend, you have had enough, perhaps too much of kissing; my advice is, that you keep it to yourself, and tell it to no one; and don’t

despise the words of us old men, and mine are words of advice, that if not married already, after all this kissing, you take her, your Lesbia, to wife, as soon as you conveniently can."

This was pronounced with an amusingly affected gravity. I and the Curate assumed the submissive. We were, as I told you, Eusebius, sitting under the verandah, and very near the breakfast room; the window of which (down to the ground) was open. While our good old friend and host was thus Socratically lecturing, I saw a ribbon catch the air, and float out towards us a little from the window—then appeared half a bonnet, inclined on one side, and downwards, as of one endeavouring to catch sounds more clearly. Seeing that it continued in this position, as soon as my friend had uttered the last words, I walked hastily towards the room, and saw the no very prepossessing countenance of a lady, whose privilege it is to be called young. She blushed, or rather reddened, and boldly came forward, and addressed our friend,—that she had come to see some of the family on a little business for the "visiting and other societies," and seeing us so enjoying ourselves out of doors, she could not but come forward to pay her respects, adding, with a look at the Curate, whom she evidently thought to be under reproof, that she hoped she had not arrived mal-apropos. Our friend introduced her thus,—Ah, my dear Miss Lydia Prate-apace, is that you?—glad to see you. But (retaining his assumed gravity,) you are not safe here: there has been too much kissing, and too much talk about it, for one of your known rectitude to hear. Dear me, said she, you don't say so: then I shall bid good-day; and with an inquisitive look at me, and an awful one at the Curate, she very nimbly tripped off. You will be sure to hear of that again, said I to the Curate. He laughed incredulous, in his innocence. Not unlikely, upon my word, said Gratian; for I see them there trotting down the church-path, Lydia

Prate-apace, and her friend Clarissa Gadabout; so look to yourself, Mr. Curate. But we have had enough for the present. I must just take a look at my mangel, and my orchard, which you must know is my piggery. Good-bye for the present. In the evening we meet again in the library, and let Catullus be of our company. It was time to change our quarters; for the little spaniel, knowing the hour his master would visit his stock, and intending as usual to accompany him, just then ran in to us, and jumping about and barking, gave us no rest for further discussion.

You must now, my dear Eusebius, behold us in the library as before.—G. reads.—

"Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum."

Ah, that's where we were; I remember we did not like the senum severiorum.

CURATE.—We!!

G.—Yes, we; for the veriest youth that shoots an arrow at old age, is but shooting at himself some ten or a dozen paces off. I remember, when a boy, being pleased with a translation of this by Langhorne; but I only remember two stanzas, and cannot but think he left out the "soles occidere et redire possunt;" if so, he did wrong; and I opine that he vulgarised and removed all grace from it by the word "pleasure." Life and love, Catullus means to say, are commensurate; but "pleasure" is a wilful and wanton intrusion. If I remember, his lines are,—

"Lesbia, live to love and *pleasure*,
Careless what the grave may say;
When each moment is a treasure,
Why should lovers lose a day!

Give me then a thousand kisses—
Twice ten thousand more bestow;
Till the sum of endless blisses,
Neither we nor envy know."

Catullus himself might as well have omitted the "*malus invidere*." Why should he trouble his head about the matter—envied or not? but now, Mr. Curate, let us hear your version.

CURATE.—AD LESBIAM.

Love we, live we, Lesbia, proving
Love in living, life in loving,
For all the saws of sages caring
Not one single penny's paring.

Suns can rise again from setting,
 But our short light,
 Once sunk in night,
 Sleeps a slumber all forgetting :
 Give me then a thousand kisses,
 Still a hundred little blisses—
 Yet a thousand—yet five score,
 Yet a thousand, hundred more.
 Then, when we have made too many
 Thousands, we'll confound them all,
 So as not to know of any
 Number, either great or small ;
 Or lest some caitiff grudge our blisses
 When he knows the tale of kisses——

GRATIAN.—Tale is an ambiguous word, "Kiss and tell" is not fair play — Tale, talley, number. I hope it will be so understood at first reading. — It reminds me of the critical controversy respecting a passage in "L'Allegro,"—

"And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale."

The unsusceptible critic maintained that the shepherd did but count, or take the *tale* of his sheep. Why not

avoid the ambiguity thus—a hasty emendation.

"Knowing our amount of kisses."

AQUILIUS.—In the other sense, it will go sadly against him, if Miss Prate-apace should be a listener — she would like to have all the telling to herself.

GRATIAN.—Doubtless, and matter to tell of too — but, as I suppose that paper in your hand is your translation of this common-property bit of Latin, read it.

AQUILIUS.—Here it is.

AD LESBIAM.

We'll live and love while yet 'tis ours,
 To live and love, my Lesbia, dearest,
 And when old greybeard saws thou hearest,
 (Since joy is but the present hour's,) —
 We'll laugh them down as none the clearest.

For suns will set again to rise,
 But our brief day once closed—we slumber
 Long nights, long days—too long to number ;—
 Perpetual sleep shall close our eyes,
 And one dark night shall both encumber.

A thousand kisses then bestow ;
 Ten thousand more,—ten thousand blisses,—
 And when we've counted million kisses —
 Begin again,—for, Lesbia, know,
 We may have made mistakes and misses.

Then let our lips the full amount
 Commingle so, in one delusion,
 Blending beginning with conclusion,
 Nor we, nor envy's self can count
 How many in the sweet confusion.

CURATE.—I protest against this as a translation. There is addition. Catullus says nothing of "mistakes and misses."

AQUILIUS.—I maintain it is implied in "*conturbabimus illa*:" it shows they had given up all idea of counting correctly.

GRATIAN. — I think it may pass; but you have a word twice, — “day closed,” and “close our eyes.” Why not have it thus:—

“But our brief day once o’er,” or once pass’d, — yet it is not so good as “closed.” I see in the note on “conturbabimus,” great stress is laid on the mischievous spell that envy was supposed to convey, like the “evil eye.” This does not make much for Catullus—for a good kiss in real earnest, not your kiss poetical, might bid defiance to every *charm* but its own.

CURATE. — There is something of the same superstition in the piece but one following, “*malâ fascinare lingua*” alludes evidently to the *ἐὺχρησία* of the Greeks, — the superstition of the evil eye and evil tongue. The very word *invidere* seems to have been adopted in its wider sense, from the particular superstition of the evil eye. The

Neapolitans of the present day inherit, in full possession, both superstitions.

GRATIAN. — Nor are either quite out of England; and I can hardly think that a legacy left us by the Romans. There is something akin to the feeling in the dislike old country gossips show to having their likenesses taken. I have known a sketcher pelted for putting in a passing figure. And I have seen a servant girl, in the house of a friend, who, having never, until she came into his service, seen a portrait, could not be prevailed upon, for a long while, to go alone into a room where there were some family portraits. What comes next after all these kisses?

AQUILIUS. — More kisses.

GRATIAN. — Then you force a bad pun from me, and put my aching bones into an *omni-bus*, and it is as much as I can do to bear the shaking. Give your account of them, Aquilius.

AQUILIUS. — AD LESBIAM.

How many kisses will suffice,
You ask me, Lesbia,—ask a lover!
Go bid him count the sands;—discover,
Even to a very grain precise,
How many lie in heaps, or hover,
When gusty winds the sand hills stir
About the benzoin-bearing plain,
Between Jove’s Cyrenean fane,
And Battus’ sacred sepulchre.

How many stars, in stillest night,
On loving thefts look down approving,—
So many kisses should requite
Catullus, ah too madly loving. —
Ye curious eyes, be closed in slumber,
That would be spies upon our wooing,
That there be none to note the number,
Nor tongue to babble of our doing.

GRATIAN. — Read that last again—for “my eyes,” I confess, were not as “curious” as they should have been, and were just closing as you came to the wooing.

AQUILIUS. —

That there be none to note the number,
Nor tongue to babble of our doing.

GRATIAN. — Well, rubbing his eyes, I am quite awake now; let us have your version, Master Curate.

CURATE. — AD LESBIAM.

Dost bid me, my Lesbia,
A number define,
To fill me, and glut me
With kisses of thine?

When equal thy kisses
The atoms of sand,

By spicy Cyrene
On Lybia's strand,

The sand grains extending
From Ammon's hot shrine,
To the tomb of old Battus,
That land-mark divine.

Or count me the star-lights
That see from above,
In still night, the thievings
Of mortals in love.

Thus canst thou, my Lesbia,
A number assign,
To glut thy mad lover
With kisses of thine.

A number the prying
To reckon may spare;
And gossips, unlucky,
Give up in despair.

GRATIAN.—(After a pause, his eyes half closed,)

"Give up in despair."

Very mu—si—cal—sooth—ing.

AQUILIUS.—See, you have set our host asleep; and, judging from his last words, his dream will not be unpleasant. We must not come to a sudden silence, or it will waken him. The murmur of the brook that invites sleep, is pledged to its continuance. The winds and the pattering rain, says the Roman elegiast, assist the sleeper.

Aut gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit auster
Securum somnos imbre juvante sequi.

We must not, however, proceed with our translations. Take up Landon's Pentameron, and begin where you left off, when we first entered upon this discussion of Catullus. He seemed to give the preference to Catullus over Horace. Here is the page,—read on.

The Curate at once took the volume and read aloud.—The following passage arrested our attention:—

"In return for my suggestion, pray tell me what is the meaning of

Obliquo laborat

Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

"PETRARCHA.—The moment I learn it you shall have it. Laborat trepidare! lympa rivo! fugax, too! Fugacity is not the action for hard work or labour.

"BOCCACCIO.—Since you cannot help me out, I must give up the conjecture,

it seems, while it has cost me only half a century. Perhaps it may be *curiosa felicitas*."

AQUILIUS.—Stay there:—that criticism is new to me. I never even fancied there was a difficulty in the passage. Let us consider it a moment.

CURATE.—Does he then think Horace not very choice in his words? for he seems to be severe upon the "*curiosa felicitas*." Surely the diction of the Latin poets is all in all—For their ideas seem hard stereotyped,—uninterchangeable, the very reverse of the Greek, in whom you always find some unexpected turn, some new thought, thrown out beautifully in the rapidity of their conception—excepting in Sophocles—who, attending more to his diction, deals perhaps a little too much in common-place.

The object of the Latin poets should seem to have been to introduce gracefully, into their own language, what the Greeks had left them; and the nature of this labour quenched the fire of originality, if they had any.—It is hard, however, to deny them the fruits of this labour; and who was more happy in it than Horace?

AQUILIUS.—Surely, and the familiar love that all bear to Horace, confirms your opinion—the general opinion. Now, I cannot but think Horace happy in his choice of words, in this very passage of

obliquo laborat,
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

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CROMWELL.

MR CARLYLE'S services to history in collecting and editing these letters and speeches of Cromwell, all men will readily and gratefully acknowledge. A work more valuable as a guide to the study of the singular and complex character of our pious revolutionist, our religious demagogue, our preaching and praying warrior and usurper, has not been produced. There is another portion of Mr Carlyle's labours which will not meet so unanimous an approbation. As *editor*, Mr Carlyle has given us a valuable work; as *commentator*, the view which he would teach us to take of English Puritanism is, to our thinking, simply the most paradoxical, absurd, unintelligible, mad business we ever encountered in our lives.

Our Hero-worshipper, it must be allowed, has been more fortunate this time in the selection of his object of devotion than when he shouted to the skies his Mirabeaus and Dantons. But he makes an unfortunate species of compensation. In proportion as his hero is more within the bounds of humanity has his worship become more extravagant and outrageous. He out-puritans the Puritans; he is more fanatic than his idol; he has chosen to express himself with such a righteous truculence, such a sanguinary zeal, such a pious contempt for human vir-

tue and human sympathies, as would have startled Old Noll himself. It is a bad religion this hero-worship—at least as practised by Mr Carlyle. Here is our amiable countryman rendered by it, in turn, a terrorist and a fanatic. All his own intellectual culture he throws down and abandons. Such dire transformation ensues as reminds us of a certain hero-worship which Milton has celebrated:

“Horror on him falls,
And horrid sympathy; for what he sees
He feels himself, now changing; down his
arms,
Down falls the spear and shield; down he as
fast;
And the dire hiss renews, and the dire form,
Catched by contagion.”

But to our task—which is no light one; for in our survey of this book we have to keep in view both hero and hero-worshipper, Cromwell and Carlyle, both somewhat slippery personages, abnormal, enigmatical.

The speeches of Oliver Cromwell have a formidable reputation for prolixity, confusion, and excessive tediousness; yet we have not, for our own part, found these volumes to be of the dry and scarce readable description which their title foreboded; and we would caution others not to be deterred by any fears of this nature from their perusal. They will find

an interest grow upon them as they proceed, and the last volume to be more attractive than the first. As the work advances, the letters and speeches of Cromwell become more intimately connected with the great transactions of the period, and the editor himself more frequently favours us with some specimen of his happier manner, where concentration of style, a spirit of humour and reflection, and a power of vivid portraiture, have *not* degenerated into mere quaintness, into a species of slang, into *Carlylisms*, into vague generalities about infinitudes and eternities. At all times the interspersed commentary—written in that peculiar, fantastic, jingling manner which, illegitimate as it is, disorderly and scandalous to all lovers of propriety in style and diction, is at all events the very opposite to dulness—forms perhaps the most fortunate contrast that could have been devised with the Cromwellian period, so arid and colourless, so lengthy and so tortuous, tinged often with such a dismal obscurity, and valuable in fact only as showing *the man*, utterly valueless as an exposition of thought. Perhaps, as models of style, a critic would be as little disposed to applaud the writing of Mr Carlyle as the compositions of Cromwell, but they form here an admirable relief the one to the other; taken together, one can consume a considerable quantity of both. Your dry bread is weary mastication, and your potted anchovies have a somewhat too stinging flavour; but taken together, sandwich-fashion, as they are here, the consumption may go on rapidly enough.

But, whether dry or not, the letters and speeches of Cromwell should be read by every one desirous of obtaining an insight into the character of not the least extraordinary, nor the least misrepresented personage in history. If there is any one who still believes that Cromwell was a thorough hypocrite, that his religion was a systematic feint to cover his ambitious designs, the perusal of these volumes will entirely undeceive him. We look upon this hypothesis, this Machiavelian explanation of Cromwell's character, as henceforth entirely dismissed from all candid and intelli-

gent minds. It was quite natural that such a view should be taken of their terrible enemy by the royalists of the Restoration, hating his memory with a most cordial hatred, and accustomed, in their blinding licentiousness, to look upon *all* religion as little better than cant and hypocrisy. It was quite natural that such a portrait of him should be drawn by the men who unearthed his bones, and vented their rage upon a senseless corpse. We see it was quite inevitable that some such coarse caricature should be thus limned and transmitted to us. But it has lasted long enough. We believe, indeed, that by most persons it has already been dismissed and disowned. It may now be torn into shreds, and cast aside as utterly faithless.

Cromwell was a *genuine Puritan*. There is no doubt of that. He was no youth when the war broke out, nor a man who had yet to seek his religious party or principles. As the farmer of St Ives, we see him, as distinctly as if he still lived upon the earth, the man of fierce sectarian piety, in natural temper not unamiable, somewhat gloomy and hypochondriacal, but, above all, distinguished by whatsoever of good or ill the sort of Calvinistic divinity prevalent at the time could infuse into its professors. Such the war found him, and such he continued to be; throughout his whole career we never for a moment lose sight of "the saint," the title which, then as now, the profane world gave to this class of men.

Was Cromwell, then, always sincere in his utterances? was there no cant, no hypocrisy? Did he never conceal the ambition and domineering spirit of the soldier under the humility of the saint? Another matter quite. Because a man is religious in the main, it follows not that he is incapable of occasionally practising hypocrisy: he may lapse as well into this, as into any crime of the decalogue. Although we might find it difficult to put our finger exactly upon the spot, and say, Here speaks the hypocrite, we are not without suspicion that Cromwell was at times practising dissimulation. But if he dissembled, if he used with artifice the language of religion, it was no new and foreign

disguise that he put on. He had but to draw the folds a little higher over his face of a robe that he had long worn in all times and seasons, and which was verily his own.

In common with almost all men who in times of civil broil have risen from a lowly station to great power, Cromwell had occasion, no doubt, at times for dissimulation. His religion, genuine as it was, would no more prevent him from the practice of this necessary craft than from the sanguinary deeds not more necessary to the triumph of his cause. Nay, it was precisely of that enthusiastic order which, in the most liberal manner, justifies the means for the end. Now, at a period when the saints were in the ascendant, dissimulation would unavoidably take a religious form, and when most deceiving men, or most faithfully addressing them, he would still colour all his language with the same hue of piety. As, in an age of chivalry, the dissembler would have the boast of honour and the parade of knightly courtesy for ever on his lips, so in these times of saintship he would lull the suspicions of men by a gross emblazonry of religion. It might well happen, therefore, that such a man as Cromwell, working his way upward to the highest post of authority, would deal in much insincerity of phrase, and yet have "the root of the matter" in him. Indeed, nothing is more common in the world than this combination of genuine feelings of piety with a great abundance of cant, habitual or designed. It would betray a very slender knowledge of mankind, and none at all of what is called the religious world, to conclude that a man is destitute of sincere piety because he sometimes makes use of the language of religion for ulterior purposes not peculiarly pious.

It is to be observed, moreover, that to readers unfamiliar with the peculiarities of *professing* Christians, whether Puritans or of other denomination, the expressions of humility and self-abasement which Cromwell frequently makes use of have appeared to be plain symptoms of hypocrisy. They are nothing but the habits of the sect. Such expressions are supposed to have been employed to blind men to his ambitious projects, to shelter

him from the jealous scrutiny of rivals and superiors. Such a purpose they may have sometimes answered, and been intended to answer; but in the main they are nothing more nor less than the dialect of the tribe. Because humility is a Christian virtue, certain religious people have thought fit to indulge in a false vituperation of themselves. Striving avariciously after *all* virtues, however incompatible the one with the other, they counterfeit vice and meanness, that, good men as they are, they may have abundance of contrition. How far there can be Christianity or piety in an abuse and degradation of ourselves, when that abuse and degradation must be felt all along to be untrue—if any reflection whatever accompanies such language—we leave such people to settle amongst themselves. Certain it is that the Puritans excelled in this as in every other kindred extravagance. The elect of the Lord were fond of describing themselves as the most contemptible of sinners; the salt of the earth as being rottenness and corruption. It is to this habit of unmeaning self-disparagement that we are to attribute many of those phrases which have been thought in Cromwell to be studied artifices to cloak ambitious designs.

They are rife on all occasions, and their frequency and energy bear no relation to the supposed exigencies of his political career. Take the following instance. No man surely knew better than he, that at the conclusion of the civil war the army had become paramount. He could sometimes speak of this army with the natural pride of a soldier, with the full consciousness of the power it possessed, and had conferred on him; and yet, at other times, he would talk of this terrible force in the pining strain, in more than the drawl and drivel of the conventicle. As Lord High Protector, addressing his first parliament, he says:—"I had the approbation of the officers of the army, in the three nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland. I say of the officers: I had that by their express remonstrances, and under signature. But there went along with that express consent of theirs, an implied consent also of a body of persons who had had some-

what to do in the world; who had been instrumental, by God, to fight down the enemies of God, and his people, in the three nations. And truly, until my hands were bound, and I was limited, (to my own great satisfaction, as many can bear me witness,) while I had in my hands so great a power and arbitrariness—the soldiery were a very considerable part of these nations, especially all government being dissolved. I say, when all government was thus dissolved, and nothing to keep things in order but the sword!" There can be no doubt of it—the soldiery were a very considerable part of the nation. But the Lord High Protector, in a speech he makes to his second parliament, referring to the very same period, narrating the very same events, can talk of this army as "a company of poor men," "your poor army," "those poor contemptible men." To attempt to detect any political motive for this absurd phraseology, would be a very idle speculation, mere waste of ingenuity: he was simply more in the puritanic vein in the one case than the other.

In his letters to the parliament, giving an account of his successes in the war, he generally concludes with some expression of this strained evangelical modesty, and seems very much afraid lest Speaker Lenthall and other honourable members should attribute the victories he announces, in any measure to the army and the general who won them. He might be very sure, however, that, notwithstanding these self-renunciations, the parliament knew very well who was fighting their battles. Such a mode of speech would not endanger his reputation, nor diminish from his claims; might perhaps—though we will not say this was present to his thoughts—induce the parliament to presume that *he* would not insist on any very egregious reward for services he was so anxious to disclaim. We will quote one instance of this self-denying style; and perhaps the following passage contains altogether as much of a certain fanatical mode of reasoning as could be well found in so short a compass. Prince Rupert, then at Worcester, had sent two thousand men across the country, to his majesty at Oxford, to convoy

his majesty's person and the artillery over to him at Worcester. Cromwell attacked and routed this convoy; he also took Bletchington House. After giving an account of the transaction, he continues:—"This was the mercy of God; and nothing is more due than a real acknowledgment. And though I have had greater mercies, yet none clearer: because, in the first place, God brought them to our hands when we looked not for them; and delivered them out of our hands, when we laid a reasonable design to surprise them, and which we carefully endeavoured. His mercy appears in this also, that I did much doubt the storming of the house, it being strong and well manned, and I having few dragoons, and this being not my business; and yet we got it. I hope you will pardon me if I say, God is not enough owned. *We look too much to men and visible helps*: this hath much hindered our success." This from Oliver, who so well knew how "to keep his powder dry!" from Oliver, who, enthusiast himself, could yet shrewdly calculate on the military efficacy of enthusiasm, and set it down amongst the ways and means! Cant or not, it is sad stuff.

But, Puritan as he was, we can admire Cromwell. Every great man, in whatever times, or in whatever part of the world he has made his appearance, has earned his title to fame and distinction, not by qualities peculiar to the sect or religion to which he may have belonged, but qualities which, though connected with his own especial faith or tenets, are recognised as the common property of mankind; he has been great not as Catholic, as Puritan, as Pagan, as Mahometan, but as *man*; he has been great, because he was pious, brave, patriotic, sagacious, resolute, and has achieved great enterprises on the theatre of life. The greatness of Cromwell was indeed allied to Puritanism, inasmuch as his mind grew up under this peculiar form of religion; but what we, and all posterity must admire in Cromwell, is by no means the puritan. His steadiness of purpose, his unshaken resolution, his military prowess, his eminent talent to govern and command, and his religious sense of duty to the Supreme,

might all have existed under other modes of religion. In our admiration we entirely separate these qualities from that least gainly and least wholesome of the forms of Christian piety with which they are here found connected. History gives us examples of every kind of virtue, and every kind of talent, united with every species of fanaticism that has afflicted civilised life. It follows not that we applaud the fanaticism. The early caliphs were several of them distinguished by exalted virtues, temperance, self-denial, justice, patriotism: we praise these virtues, we acknowledge, too, that they are here linked with the profession of the faith of Islam; but for all this we do not admire the religion of Mahomet, nor that fanaticism which writ its texts upon the sword.

We insist upon this obvious distinction, because, whilst agreeing *to a certain extent*—in Mr Carlyle's view of the character of Cromwell, we beg not to be implicated in that esteem and reverence which he professes to entertain for Puritanism, or the Puritans as a body. And this brings us to the extraordinary part of Mr Carlyle's performance—his ardent sympathy, nay his acquiescence with, and adherence to the Puritans, to that point that he adopts their convictions, their feelings, and even some of their most grotesque reasonings. Their violence and ferocity, we were prepared to see Mr Carlyle, in his own sardonic fashion, abet and encourage; his sympathy is always with the party *who strikes*; but that he should identify himself with their mumming thoughts, their "plentiful reasons," their gloomiest superstitions, was what no one could have anticipated. On this subject we must quote his own words; our own would not be credited; they would seem to any one who had not read his work to be scandalous misrepresentations. The extravagance runs through the whole book, but we have it perhaps more concentrated in the Introduction.

This Introduction, which we sat down to with keen expectations, disappointed us extremely, at least in those parts where any general views are taken. We feel, and have elsewhere ungrudgingly expressed, a cer-

tain admiration for the talents of Mr Carlyle. We shall never forget the surprise and pleasure with which we read the "Sartor Resartus," as it one day burst suddenly and accidentally upon us; and no one who has once read his graphic and passionate history of the French Revolution, can ever forget the vivid pictures that were there presented to him. We opened this book, therefore, with a sort of anticipatory relish. But we found very little of his genius, and very much of his extravagance; less of the one, and more of the other, than we thought could possibly have been brought together. Metaphors and allusions, already worn threadbare, are introduced as stock phrases, as if he had inserted them in his dictionary of the English language. All his vices of manner are exaggerated, while the freshness of thought, which half excused them, is departed. These strange metaphors, these glaring colours, which are ready spread out upon his palette, he transfers with hasty profusion to his canvass, till—(as it has been said of Mr Turner's pictures)—the canvass and the palette-plate very nearly resemble. But were it otherwise, were there all and more than the wit, and humour, and sarcasm, and pungent phrase, and graphic power, which may be found scattered through Mr Carlyle's best performances, there is here a substratum of sheer and violent absurdity, which all these together would fail to disguise or compensate. Certainly there are pages of writing in this Introduction which contain such an amount of extravagant assertion, uttered in such fantastic jargon, as we think could nowhere be paralleled. Dulness could never have attained to any thing so extraordinary; and surely genius never before condescended to such workmanship.

"What and how great," thus commences the book, "are the interests which connect themselves with the hope that England may yet attain to some practical belief and understanding of its history during the seventeenth century, need not be insisted on at present, such hope being still very distant, very uncertain. We have wandered far away from the ideas which guided us in that century,

and indeed which had guided us in all preceding centuries, but of which that century was the ultimate manifestation.

We have wandered very far, and must endeavour to return and connect ourselves therewith again! It is with other feelings than those of poor peddling dilettantism, other aims than the writing of successful or unsuccessful publications, that an earnest man occupies himself in those dreary provinces of the dead and buried. The *last glimpse of the godlike* vanishing from this England; conviction and veracity giving place to hollow cant and formalism—antique ‘Reign of God,’ which all true men in their several dialects and modes have always striven for, giving place to the modern reign of the No-God, whom men name devil; this, in its multitudinous meanings and results, is a sight to create reflections in the earnest man! One wishes there were a history of English Puritanism, *the last of all our heroisms*, but sees small prospect of such a thing at present.”

Then beginning to quote himself, as his manner is, changing his voice and adopting another key, as if by this thin disguise to obtain somewhat more license for the wildness and vehemence of his speech—an artifice surely not necessary here—he thus continues:—

“‘Few nobler heroisms,’ says a well-known writer, long occupied on this subject, ‘at bottom, perhaps, *no nobler heroism*, ever transacted itself on this earth; and it lies as good as lost to us, overwhelmed under such an avalanche of human stupidities as no heroism before ever did. Intrinsically and extrinsically it may be considered inaccessible to these generations. Intrinsically, the spiritual purport of it has become inconceivable, incredible to the modern mind. Extrinsically, the documents and records of it, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there printed, written, to the extent of tons of square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion; yielding light to very few; yielding darkness, in several sorts, to very many.’ . . .

“‘This, then,’ continues our impatient friend, ‘is the Elysium we Eng-

lish have provided for our heroes! The Rushworthian Elysium. Dreariest continent of shot-rubbish the eye ever saw. Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon’s edge; obscure in lurid twilight as of the shadow of death; trackless, without index, without finger-post, or mark of any human foregoer; where your human footstep, if you are still human, echoes bodeful through the gaunt solitude, peopled only by somnambulant pedants, dilettants, and doleful creatures, by phantasms, errors, inconceivabilities, by nightmares, pasteboard norroys, griffins, wiverns, and chimeras dire! There, all vanquished, overwhelmed under such waste lumber mountains, the wreck and dead ashes of some six unbelieving generations, does the age of Cromwell and his Puritans lie hidden from us. This is what we, for our share, have been able to accomplish towards keeping *our heroic ones* in memory.’”

After some further diatribe against all preceding historians, collectors, and editors, he drops his ventriloquism, and, resuming a somewhat more natural voice, he proceeds:—

“Nay, in addition to the sad state of our historical books, and what indeed is fundamentally the cause and origin of that, our common spiritual notions, if any notion of ours may still deserve to be called spiritual, are fatal to a right understanding of that seventeenth century. *The Christian doctrines, which then dwelt alive in every heart, have now in a manner died out of all hearts*—very mournful to behold—and are not the guidance of this world any more. Nay, worse still, the cant of them does yet dwell alive with us, little doubting that it is cant, in which fatal intermediate state the eternal sacredness of this universe itself, of this human life itself, has fallen dark to the most of us, and we think that, too, a cant and a creed.”

So!—as our honest German friend would exclaim, puffing from his mouth at the same time a huge volume of symbolic smoke. We have withdrawn it seems, from the path of light ever since the reign of the army and its godly officers established A.D. 1649. We must return and connect ourselves therewith; it is our only salvation;

though, indeed, if Puritanism was the manifestation of the ideas of all preceding centuries—if the same current of thought can be traced from William the Conqueror to Oliver the conqueror—a very little ingenuity would suffice to trace the same ideas, the same current of thought, somewhat further still. But this reign of the puritanical army was really “the last glimpse of the godlike!”—it was “the reign of God!” and we live under the reign of —, psha! Why, he does not even give us a substantial devil, but coins a strange personification of a negative. Such was not the devil, by the way, at the time of “the noblest heroism ever transacted on the earth.” Such a definition of the “roaring lion,” would, in those days of light and happiness, have procured its author, at the very least, a trip to Barbadoes. Even Cromwell himself would have *Barbadoesed* him.

“This last of our heroisms!” God grant it is the last! It is only out of another religious war that another such heroism can arise. If church and dissent should take up arms, and, instead of controversies carried on in pamphlets, upon tradition and white surplices, should blow out each other’s brains with gunpowder, then Mr Carlyle would see his “heroic ones” revive upon the earth.

“The Christian doctrines which then dwelt alive in every heart, have now in a manner died out of all hearts.” Only the cant of them dwells alive with us. The same clear-sighted author, who sees the Christian doctrines so beautifully and pre-eminently developed in the Ironsides of Cromwell, in the troopers of Lambert and Harrison, sacking, pillaging, slaughtering, and in all that tribe of men who ever shed blood the readier after prayer-time — men who had dropped from their memory Christ’s own preaching, to fill their mouths with the curses which the Hebrew prophets had been permitted, under a past dispensation, to denounce against the enemies of Judea, who had constructed their theology out of the darkest parts of the New, and the most fearful portion of the Old Testament: — this same author, opening his eyes and ears upon his own day and generation, finds that Christianity

has died out of all hearts, and its phraseology, as he expresses himself elsewhere, “become mournful to him when spouted as frothy cant from Exeter Hall.” If Mr Carlyle would visit Exeter Hall, and carry there one tithe of the determination to approve, that he exhibits in favour of the Puritan, he would find a Christian piety as sincere, as genuine, and far more humane, than his heroes of Naseby, or Dunbar, or Drogheda were acquainted with. He would see the descendants of his Puritans, relieved, at least we may say, from the necessity of raising their psalm on the battle-field, indulging in none of the ferocities of our nature, assembling in numerous but peaceful meetings, raising annually, by a quiet but no contemptible sacrifice, their millions for the dissemination of Gospel truth. But Mr Carlyle would call this cant; he sees nothing good, or generous, or high-minded in any portion of the world in which he lives; he reserves his sympathies for the past — for the men of buckram and broad-sword, who, on a question of church government, were always ready “to hew Agag to pieces,” let Agag stand for who, or what number it might.

If there is one spectacle more odious than another of all which history presents to us, whether it take place amongst Mahometan or Christian, Catholic or Protestant, it is this: — to see men practising all the terrible brutalities of war, treading down their enemies, doing all that rage and the worst passions prompt, and doing all amidst exclamations of piety, devout acknowledgments of submission to Divine will, and professions of gratitude to God. Other religious factions have committed far greater atrocities than the Puritans, but nowhere in history is this same spectacle exhibited with more distasteful and sickening accompaniments. The Moslem thanked God upon his sword in at least a somewhat soldierly manner; and the Catholic, by the very pomp with which he chants his *Te Deum*, somewhat conceals the meaning of his act, and, keeping God a little out of sight, makes his mass express the natural feeling of a human triumph. But the sleek Puritan, at once grovelling and presumptuous, mingles with his san-

guinary mood all the morbid sickly conceit, all the crawling affected humility of the conventicle. All his bloodsheds are "mercies," and they are granted in answer to his long and miserable prayers—prayers which, to a man of rational piety, sound very much like blasphemies. He carries with him to the battle-field, to the siege, to the massacre, not one even of those generous feelings which war itself permits towards a foe. He chooses to call his enemy the enemy of God, and kneels before he fights, that the inexpressible *mercy* may be granted of cutting his throat!

"That the sense of difference between right and wrong," says Mr Carlyle, "had filled all time and all space for man, and bodied itself forth into a heaven and hell for him,—this constitutes the grand feature of those Puritan, old-Christian ages; this is the element which stamps them as heroic, and has rendered their works great, manlike, fruitful to all generations." Quite on the contrary. The sense of right and wrong was obscured, confused, lost sight of, in the promptings of a presumptuous enthusiasm; and it is exactly *this* which constitutes the perilous characteristic of such men as the Puritans and Cameronians, and similar sectaries. How can the sense of right and wrong keep its footing in an enthusiasm which has brought itself to believe that all its successes are a direct answer to its prayers? Success becomes the very measure of right and wrong. The two extremes of Atheism and Fanaticism have met; they may both dispense with conscience, and make the event the criterion of the deed. Hear how the pious heroes of Mr Carlyle reason on one of the most solemn occasions of the civil war. The army is remonstrating with the Parliament because it appeared slow to shed the blood of their conquered and captured King, and it actually speaks of the death of Charles "as appeasing the wrath of God" against that sovereign! and bids the Parliament "sadly to consider, as men accountable to the Highest," how far an accommodation with the King, "when God hath given him so clearly into your power to do

justice, can be just before God or good men." The *power* to do the act is full authority, is absolute command to do it. What other doctrine could a Cæsar Borgia, or an Eccelino, the tyrant of Padua, desire to be governed, or rather to be manumitted by from all government?

The argument drawn from the success given to their cause, is perpetually in the mouth of Cromwell and of his Puritans. It establishes, without a doubt, that they have used the sword justly, and are still further to use it. Every "mercy" of this kind is in answer to prayer. Basing-House, a private residence, cannot be sacked and plundered, and the inhabitants put to the sword, but the pious historian of the feat, Mr Peters, adds, that it, and the like triumphs, were "answers to the prayers and trophies of the faith of some of God's servants." When Greek meets Greek, when the Scottish Covenanter encounters the English Puritan, and the former, being worsted, finds out "that he had not so learned Christ as to hang the equity of a cause upon events," Cromwell answers, "Did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the Great God, in this mighty and strange appearance of His, instead of slightly calling it an 'event'? Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way He would manifest himself upon our appeals? And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations, and solemn appeals, call these bare 'events'? The Lord pity you."

Men prayed in those days! says Mr Carlyle, "actually prayed! It was a capability old London and its preachers and populations had; to us the incredible." Beyond a doubt the Puritans and the Covenanters prayed, and in such a manner and at such a length, that the strange doctrine on which Southey has founded his "Curse of Kehama," of the essential and irresistible force of prayer, seems to have got mixed up with their Christianity.* But we do not think

* Take the following instance from the early and more moderate times of the

that the voice of prayer has quite died out amongst us. It is curious to observe what a vivid perception this author has for the historical past, and what a voluntary blindness and deafness for the actually present. It is a fact! he frequently exclaims, with all the energy of a discoverer, — a fact! that men in these ages prayed, and had a religious faith. Our churches and chapels are not facts. The control — none the worse for being exercised without pike or musket — which the religious public, meeting in that very Exeter Hall, have over the measures of government, and all political transactions, — is not a fact. Were he writing, some centuries hence, the history of this our age, he would detect these facts. What facts, indeed, might he not detect, and what exaggerated significance might he not give to them! Why, in those days, he might exclaim, in his enthusiasm, the very beggars in the street, in asking charity, poured God's blessing on you! It was a credible thing, in those days, God's blessing! — and men gave their money for it!

A passage in one of Cromwell's letters instances, in rather a touching manner, what school of piety this army of saints must have proved. At the battle of Marston Moor a Colonel Walton had lost his son. "He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious," and Cromwell, giving an account of his death, in his consolatory letter to the father, writes thus, — "A little after, he said, one thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him what that was. He told me it was that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of his enemies!"

But nothing disturbs the equanimity of our editor, or interrupts his

flow of rapture over the fanaticism of these times, especially when expressed in the letters of Cromwell. Over the theological effusions which the general of the Puritan army addresses, from his camp, to the Edinburgh clergy, Mr Carlyle thus expatiates: — "Dryasdust, carrying his learned eye over these, and the like letters, finds them, of course, full of 'hypocrisy,' &c. Unfortunate Dryasdust! they are coruscations terrible as lightning, and beautiful as lightning, from the innermost temple of the human soul; intimations, still credible, of what a human soul does mean when it *believes* in the Highest — a thing poor Dryasdust never did, nor will do. The hapless generation that now reads these words ought to hold its peace when it has read them, and sink into unutterable reflections, not unmingled with tears, and some substitute for 'sackcloth and ashes,' if it liked. In its poor canting, sniffing, flimsy vocabulary, there is no word that can make any response to them. This man has a living God-inspired soul in him, not an enchanted artificial 'substitute for salt,' as our fashion is. They that have human eyes can look at him; they that have only owl-eyes need not."

And then follows something upon *light and lightning*. "As lightning is to light, so is a Cromwell to a Shakspeare. The light is beautifuller. Ah, yes; but, until by lightning and other fierce labour your foul chaos has become a world, you cannot have any light, or the smallest chance for any!"

... The melodious speaker is great, but the melodious worker is greater than he. Our Time cannot speak at all, but only cant and sneer, and argumentatively jargon and recite

Revolution, and wherein the most staid and sober of this class of people is concerned. When Essex left London to march against the king, then at Oxford, he requested the assembly of divines to keep a fast for his success. Baillie informs us how it was celebrated. "We spent from nine to five graciously. After Dr Twisse had begun with a brief prayer, Mr Marshall prayed large two hours, most divinely confessing the sins of the members of the assembly in a wonderful, pathetic, and prudent way. After Mr Arrowsmith preached an hour, then a psalm; thereafter Mr Vines prayed near two hours, and Mr Palmer preached an hour, and Mr Seaman prayed near two hours, then a psalm; after Mr Henderson brought them to a sweet conference of the heat confessed in the assembly, and other seen faults to be remedied, and the conveniency to preach against all sects, especially anabaptists and antinomians. Dr Twisse closed with a short prayer and blessing. God was so evidently in all this exercise that we expect certainly a blessing." — *Baillie*, quoted from *Lingard*.

the multiplication-table: neither, as yet, can it work, except at mere rail-roads and cotton-spinning. It will, apparently, return to chaos soon, and then more lightnings will be needed, lightning enough,—to which Cromwell's was but a mild matter,—to be followed by light, we may hope!"—by another Shakspeare, as the tenor of the passage would imply.

Strange jumble this of Cromwell and Shakspeare, of light and lightning! There is one species of light which we are often reminded of here; a certain fitful, flickering beam, which partakes indeed of a luminous nature, but which chooses its path for ever over bottomless bog.

The sincerity of Oliver Cromwell, in these his letters and speeches, has been questioned and discussed; the sincerity of their present editor may become a question at least as difficult and perplexing. Is there any genuine conviction at the bottom of all this rant and raving? Our extravagant worshipper of the "old heathen" Goëthe, stands forth the champion and admirer of certain harsh, narrow-thoughted, impetuous sectaries, proclaims *them* the only "Reformers" of the world; descends to their lowest prejudices, to their saddest bigotries, to their gloomy puerilities; arguing with them solemnly against the sinfulness of drinking healths, and quite fraternising with them in all their animosity against Popery and Prelacy. What does he mean? Is it a case of conversion? Is it an outpouring merely, by a strange vent, of certain acrid humours? Is he honest, and in earnest? or is he making sport of those hapless Englishmen whom he pronounces "in human stupidity to have no fellow?"

Observers of a curious and speculative turn might, perhaps, explain it thus:—Mr Carlyle is evidently a writer of strong religious feelings. Marry, when he would exhibit them to the world, he is under the necessity of borrowing a creed from some one else. His own philosophy has nothing palpable enough for ordinary vision; nothing, as we remember, but vague infinities and eternities, with an "everlasting *yes*," and an "everlasting *no*." As the choice lay quite open to him, there was no reason why he should

not select the very hottest creed he could any where find lying about in our history. From contemporaries it was not likely that he should borrow: he loves nothing, praises nothing, esteems nothing of this poor visible present; but it was an additional recommendation to the Puritanic piety, that it had left a detestable memory behind it, and was in declared hostility with all contemporaneous ways of thinking. What could he better do, therefore, than borrow this old volcanic crater of Puritanism, and pour out from it his religion and his anger upon a graceless world?

Others, not given to such refinements, would explain the phenomenon upon more ordinary principles, and reduce the enigma to a case merely of literary monomania. Mr Carlyle, they would say, has been striving to understand these Puritans till he has grown, for the time, to resemble them. In the effort to project his mind into their mind, he has overshot the mark; he has not been able yet to get his own mind back again. It is a case, they would say, of mere imagination. Could you bring Mr Carlyle into contact with a live Puritan, the charm would be instantly dispelled. If one of Harrison's troopers would but ask him to step aside with him, under a hedge, to wrestle for a blessing, or would kindly undertake to catechise him on some point of divinity,—on that notion of his, for instance, of "Right and Wrongbodying themselves into Hell and Heaven,"—the alliance would be dissolved, not, perhaps, without violent rupture.

For ourselves, we sometimes think that Mr Carlyle is in earnest. Men should be honest. One who talks so loudly about *faith*, ought to be sincere in his utterances to the public. At other times, the mummery becomes too violent, grows too "fast and furious," to permit us to believe that what we witness is the sane carriage of a sane man. At all events, we can but look on with calm surprise. If our philosopher will tuck his robe high up about his loins, and play the merry-andrew, if he will grimace, and paint thick, and hold dialogue with himself, who shall hinder him?—only we would rather not wear, on such an occasion, the docile

aspect of admiring pupils; we prefer to stand aside, and look on with Mr Dryasdust.

It is worthy of note, that however Mr Carlyle extols his "Heroic Ones" in a body, Cromwell is the only individual that finds a good word throughout the work. Every one else, Hampden not excepted, is spoken of with slight and disparagement. Amongst all the "godlike," there is but one who finds favour in his sight.—him, however, he never deserts,—and the very parties who have before been applauded, in general terms, become the subjects of ridicule or castigation the moment they are seen in opposition to Cromwell.

To Cromwell, then, let us turn our attention. Him we also can admire. We admire his great practical sagacity, his eminent talents for war and for government, the moderation and the conscientiousness which, though a usurper and a zealot, he displayed in the use of power. He was, as we have said, a genuine Puritan. This must be understood, or no intelligible view of his character can be taken. It is not only hostility to his memory which has attributed to him a studied hypocrisy; the love of the marvellous has lent its aid. Such a supposition was thought to magnify his talents and his genius. It was more dramatic to make him the "honest Iago" of the piece. A French writer, M. Villemain, in his History of Cromwell, expresses this feeling very naively, and speaks of an hypocrisy "*que l'histoire atteste, et qu'on ne saurait mettre en doute sans ôter quelque chose à l'idée de son génie; car les hommes verront toujours moins de grandeur dans un fanatique de bonne foi, que dans une ambition qui fait des enthousiastes.*" Cromwell mena les hommes par la prise qu'ils lui donnaient sur eux. *L'ambition seule lui inspira des crimes, qu'il fit exécuter par le fanatisme des autres.*" That he thus employed the spirit of the age without sharing it, is a theory which will not stand the light for a moment. Besides, it is not in this manner that history is transacted: we may all be puppets, if you will, upon the scene, but it is not in this fashion that any one man gets hold of the wires. The supposition, whatever honour it may

do the genius of Cromwell, will do very little honour to the speculative genius of any writer who adopts it. But this is evident, that to whatever extent Cromwell shared the distempered feelings of a sectarian party, nothing ever clouded his penetration upon any affair of conduct, any question of means to an end. The hour never came that found him wanting. At every phase of the revolution he is there to lead, or control, or predominate over it.

Starting from this point of view — understanding him, in the first place, as the conscientious zealous Puritan, and endeavouring to estimate, as the history proceeds, the modifications which the soldier and the general, and finally the Protector, would induce upon this original substratum — the character of Cromwell becomes intelligible, and his conduct, in a measure, consistent. Whilst yet a private man, he had warmly espoused the extreme opinions of that religious party who looked on Popery as antichrist, and the Church of England as little better than Popery in disguise, as the same scarlet lady in a somewhat more modest attire. He was one of a class occasionally met with in the most quiet walks of life, men who torment their spirit on some public question till it becomes a personal grievance, or rather a corroding passion. What were bishops personally to him? He might have prayed, and expounded, and walked meditative in his fields, and left a public question to be decided by the movements, necessarily slow, of public opinion. But no; he was constituted quite otherwise. From a spiritual jurisdiction, claimed though not exercised over him, his soul revolted. And this hatred to prelacy, to any spiritual authority over him or his — this determination to be his own priest — is, if not the strongest, certainly the steadiest and most constant feeling that he manifests. We trace it throughout his whole career. The first thing we hear of him in the House of Commons is a protest, a sort of ominous growl, against the promotion of some Arminian or semi-Popish divine. "If these are the steps to church preferment, what are we to expect!" Almost the first glimpse we catch of him when he has taken arms,

is as the captain of a troop entering some cathedral church, and bidding the surpliced priest, who was reading the liturgy, "to cease his fooling, and come down!" And throughout the letters which he addresses to the Speaker from the seat of war, he rarely omits the opportunity of hinting, that the soldiers are worthy of that religious liberty for which they have fought so well. "We pray you, own His people more and more; for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel." And in one of his latest speeches, he describes it as the great "extremity" of past times, that men were not permitted to preach in public unless they were ordained.

A rooted animosity to prelatical or other spiritual domination, is the keynote of this "melodious worker," as Mr Carlyle calls him. Cromwell entered the civil war provided with no theory or plan of civil government, animated with no republican zeal; it was not patriotism in any ordinary sense of the word, it was his controversy with the church of England that brought him on the field of battle. After fighting against episcopacy, he fought with equal zeal against presbyterianism; but against monarchy, or for the republic, he can hardly be said to have drawn the sword. We all applaud the sagacity which saw at once that the strongest antagonist to the honour and fidelity of the royalist, was to be found in the passion of the zealot. He enlisted his praying regiment. From that time the battle was won. But the cause was lost. What hope could there be for the cause of civil freedom, of constitutional rights, when the champion who won its victories was fanatical zeal, and the rage of theological controversy?

It is the glaring defect in Cromwell — a defect which he had in common with many others of his time — that he threw himself into a revolution having for its first object to remodel the civil government, animated only with the passions of the collateral controversy upon ecclesiastical government. He fought the battle which was to destroy the monarchy, without any fixed idea or desire for the republican government which must be its substitute. This was not the subject that had engaged his

thoughts or inflamed his ardour. When, therefore, the royalists had been conquered, it is not at all surprising that he should have seen nothing but the difficulties in the way of forming a republic. At this point of his history some excuse for him may be drawn from the very defect we are noticing. His mind had dwelt on no theory of civil government — to the cause of the commonwealth his heart had never been pledged — and we can hardly call him, with justice, as Godwin does, a traitor to the republic. But, on the other hand, what a gap, what a void, does this disclose in the mind of our hero? What should we say of one who had plunged heart and soul into the French Revolution, conducted only by his rage against the Roman Catholic hierarchy? Such a one, had he risen to take a leading part in that drama, might have acted with greater wisdom and moderation than ardent and patriotic men; the very absence of any political opinion or passion might have enabled him to see more clearly than others the position which they all occupied; but this would not justify or palliate the original error, the rash, exclusive, self-blinding zeal which had brought him into that position.

To the ecclesiastical controversy, Cromwell clings throughout with an utter recklessness of the fate of civil government. When episcopacy had been vanquished, and presbyterianism threatened to take its place, he was quite as willing to plunge the whole kingdom into confusion and anarchy in his opposition to this new enemy, as to the old. Those who would defend him from the charge of personal ambition — all who excuse his conduct at this period of the history, put this plea upon record, — and without a doubt his hostility to presbyterianism was a very great and leading motive with him in his opposition to the Parliament, and his determination to prevent a reconciliation between the House and the King. When Charles was a prisoner at the Isle of Wight, it is well known that the Parliament were anxious to come to some terms of reconciliation, and the concessions which he then made were voted to be "a sufficient ground for the future settlement of the kingdom." Why

did Cromwell interfere at this juncture between the two parties, in such a way as entirely to destroy both? His best public ground is his hostility to presbyterianism. And what was the presbytery, that to him it should be so distasteful, and an object of so great animosity? Its forms of worship, the doctrines preached by its divines, were exactly those he himself practised and approved. There were no altars here, no surplices, no traditions, no sympathies with Rome, no stealthy approximations to her detested idolatries. But there was a claim put forward to ecclesiastical supremacy, to ordain, and authorise, and control public preachers, which he could not tolerate; and if no other motive had existed, he was ready to oppose every settlement, at every risk, having for its object to establish a claim of this description.

We will open the Letters and Speeches of Cromwell at this period of the history, and present our readers with a specimen of his epistolary style, and one which will go far to show how little his mind was influenced, even at this great crisis, by any thing which we should describe as political reasoning. Cromwell was a great *administrator*, but he had no vocation for speculative politics, and little attachment to forms of government. Framers of constitutions are not in repute at present; they have not covered themselves with applause, rather with confusion; and this defect in Cromwell's mind will probably be looked upon with great indulgence. Nevertheless, people who go to war to demolish an existing government, ought to have taken thought for a substitute; on *them* it is incumbent to have a political creed, and a constitution to set up. At this very moment when the question is no less, than whether the king should be put to death, and monarchy rooted out of the land—ay, and the Parliament coerced, in order to effect these objects—our Puritan general reasons—like a Puritan and nothing better.

The following letter was addressed to Colonel Hammond, then governor of the Isle of Wight. The colonel had been distressed by his scruples at the extreme course the army was disposed to take, and had solicited this

appointment to the Isle of Wight as a retreat from the scene of faction and violence. But it was precisely in this quiet little island that the king took refuge; his perplexities, therefore, were increased and not diminished. Cromwell writes to him to remove his scruples, and makes a characteristic allusion to this circumstance—*improves* it, as we should say.

We must apprise the reader, however, that it would be dangerous to form any opinion upon the religious sincerity or insincerity of Cromwell, upon extracts from his letters and speeches, or even upon any single letter or speech. From the incongruity we feel between the solemnity of the subject of religion, and the manner and occasion in which it is introduced, and from the use of certain expressions long since consecrated to ridicule, it is impossible for a modern reader, on falling upon some isolated passages, not to exclaim, that this is cant and hypocrisy! But when the whole series, or the greater part of it, is read—when the same strain of thought and feeling, in season and out of season, is constantly observed—it is equally impossible not to feel persuaded that these letters and speeches body forth the genuine character of the man, and that the writer was verily a solemn and most serious person, in whom religious zeal was the last quality which needed reinforcement.

“DEAR ROBIN,—No man rejoiceth more to see a line from thee than myself. I know thou hast long been under trial. Thou shalt be no loser by it. All things must work for the best.

“Thou desirest to hear of my experiences. I can tell thee, I am such a one as thou did formerly know, having a body of sin and death; but I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, there is no condemnation though much infirmity; and I wait for the redemption. And in this poor condition I obtain mercy, and sweet consolation through the Spirit. And find abundant cause every day to exalt the Lord and abase flesh—and herein I have some exercise.

“As to outward dispensations, if we may so call them, we have not been without our share of beholding some remarkable providences and appearances of the Lord. His presence hath been amongst us, and by the light of his countenance

we have prevailed (*alludes to the battle of Preston*.) We are sure the goodness of Him who dwelt in the bush has shined upon us; and we can humbly say, we know in whom we have believed; who can and will perfect what remaineth, and us also in doing what is well-pleasing in His eye-sight.

"I find some trouble in your spirit, occasioned first not only by your sad and heavy burden, as you call it, but also by the dissatisfaction you take at the ways of some good men whom you love with your heart, who through the principle, that it is lawful for a lesser part, if in the right, to force a numerical majority, &c. &c.

"To the first: call not your burden sad or heavy. If your Father laid it on you, He intended neither. He is the Father of light, from whom comes every good and perfect gift; who of His own will begot us. . . . Dear Robin, our fleshly reasonings ensnare us. These make us say 'heavy,' 'sad,' 'pleasant,' 'easy.' Was there not a little of this when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction too, desired retirement from the army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight? Did not God find him out there? I believe he will never forget this. And now I perceive he is to seek again; partly through his sad and heavy burden, and partly through his dissatisfaction with friends' actings.

"Dear Robin, thou and I were never worthy to be door-keepers in this service. If thou wilt seek, seek to know the mind of God in all that chain of providence, whereby God brought thee thither, and that person (*the king*) to thee; how, before and since, God hath ordered him, and affairs concerning him; and then tell me, whether there be not some glorious and high meaning in all this, above what thou hast yet attained? And, laying aside thy fleshly reason, seek of the Lord to teach thee what that is; and He will do it. I dare be positive to say, It is not that the wicked should be exalted that God should so appear as indeed He hath done. For there is no peace to them. No; it is set upon the hearts of such as fear the Lord, and we have witness upon witness, that it shall go ill with them and their partakers.

"As to thy dissatisfaction with friends' actings upon that supposed principle — I wonder not at that. If a man take not his own burden well, he shall hardly others'; especially if involved by so near a relation of love and Christian brotherhood as thou art, I shall not take upon me to satisfy; but I hold myself bound to lay my thoughts before so dear a friend. The Lord do His own will.

"You say, 'God hath appointed authorities among the nations, to which active or passive obedience is to be yielded. This resides, in England, in the Parliament. Therefore, active or passive resistance,' &c. &c.

"Authorities and powers are the ordinance of God. This or that species is of human institution, and limited some with larger, others with stricter bands, each one according to its constitution. But I do not therefore think that the authorities may do *any thing*, and yet such obedience be due. All agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. If so, your ground fails, and so likewise the inference. Indeed, dear Robin, not to multiply words, the query is, — Whether ours be such a case? This, ingenuously, is the true question.

"To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart to two or three plain considerations. *First*, Whether *Salus populi* be a sound position? *Secondly*, Whether, in the way in hand (*the parliamentary treaty with the king*), really and before the Lord, before whom conscience has to stand, this be provided for — or if the whole fruit of the war is not likely to be frustrated, and all most like to turn to what it was, and worse? And this contrary to engagements, explicit covenants with those who ventured their lives upon those covenants and engagements, without whom, perhaps in equity, relaxation ought not to be? *Thirdly*, Whether this army be not a lawful power, called by God to oppose and fight against the king upon some stated grounds; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose one name of authority, for those ends, as well as another name — since it was not the outward authority summoning them that by its power made the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself? If so, it may be, acting will be justified *in foro humano*. But truly this kind of reasoning may be but fleshly, either with or against: only it is good to try what truth may be in them. And the Lord teach us.

"My dear friend, let us look into providences; surely they mean somewhat. They hang so together; have been so constant, so clear, unclouded. Malice, swollen malice against God's people, now called 'saints,' to root out their name; — and yet they these poor saints getting arms and therein blessed with defence and more! I desire he that is for a principle of suffering (*passive obedience*) would not too much slight this. I slight not him who is so minded; but let us beware lest fleshly reasoning see more safety in making use of this principle than in acting!

Who acts, if he resolve not through God to be willing to part with all ! Our hearts are very deceitful, on the right and on the left.

"What think you of providence disposing the hearts of so many of God's people this way — especially in this poor army, wherein the great God has vouchsafed to appear ! I know not one officer but is on the increasing side (*come over to this opinion.*)

"Thou mentionest somewhat as if by acting against such opposition as is like to be, there will be a tempting of God. Dear Robin, tempting of God ordinarily is either by acting presumptuously in carnal confidence, or in unbelief through diffidence ; both these ways Israel tempted God in the wilderness, and He was grieved by them. Not the encountering of difficulties, therefore, makes us to tempt God ; but the acting before and without faith. If the Lord have in any measure persuaded His people, as generally He hath, of the lawfulness, nay of the *duty*, — this persuasion prevailing upon the heart is faith ; and acting thereupon is acting in faith ; and the more the difficulties are the more the faith. And it is most sweet that he who is not persuaded have patience towards them that are, and judge not ; and this will free thee from the trouble of others' actings, which thou sayest adds to thy grief. . . .

"Robin, I have done. Ask we our hearts whether we think that after all these dispensations, the like to which many generations cannot afford, should end in so corrupt reasonings of good men, and should so hit the designs of bad ? Thinkest thou in thy heart that the glorious dispensations of God point out to this ? Or to teach his people to trust in Him and wait for better things — when, it may be, better are sealed to many of their spirits (*indubitably sure to many of them.*)

"This trouble I have been at because my soul loves thee, and I would not have thee swerve or lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into thy hand. The Lord be thy counsellor. Dear Robin, I rest thine,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

For ourselves, we cannot read this, and other letters breathing the same spirit, without being convinced that Cromwell fully shared in those fanatical sentiments which prompted the army to insist upon the king's death. A contemporary account, from which Mr Carlyle, some pages before this letter occurs, has quoted largely, represents this chief of the Puritans in exactly the same point of view. The

officers of the army had made certain overtures to the king, certain efforts at a reconciliation, which had been fruitless ; and which had been, moreover, attended with much division and contention amongst themselves. They had turned aside, it seems, from "that path of *simplicity* they had been blessed in, to walk in a *politic* path," and were, accordingly, afflicted, "as the wages of their backsliding hearts," with tumults, and jealousies, and divisions. But the godly officers, says the pious record of Adjutant Allen, met at *Windsor Castle* ! "and there we spent one day together in prayer ; inquiring into the causes of that sad dispensation. And, on the morrow, we met again in the morning ; where many spake from the Word and prayed ; and the then Lieutenant-General Cromwell did press very earnestly on all there present, to a thorough consideration of our actions as an army, and of our ways particularly as private Christians ; to see if any iniquity could be found in them ; and what it was ; that, if possible, he might find it out, and so remove the cause of such sad rebukes as were upon us, (by reason of our iniquities, as we judged,) at that time. And the way, more particularly, the Lord led us to herein was this : to look back and consider what time it was when, with joint satisfaction, we could last say, to the best of our judgments, The presence of the Lord was amongst us, and rebukes and judgments were not, as then, upon us.

By which means we were, by a gracious hand of the Lord, led to find out the very steps, (as were all there jointly convinced,) by which we had departed from the Lord, and provoked Him to depart from us, which we found to be those cursed carnal conferences, our own conceited wisdom, our fears, and want of faith, had prompted us, the year before, to entertain with the king and his party. And at this time, and on this occasion, did the then Major Goffe, (as I remember was his title,) make use of that good word, Proverbs 1st and 23d, *Turn you at my reproof : behold I will pour out my Spira unto you, I will make known my words unto you.*" In fine, their "iniquities," their want of faith, their carnal conferences—that

is to say, all desire for peace, all humanity, all moderation, all care for their country—were cast aside, and they came to the solitary gloomy resolution, “That it is our duty to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for that blood he had shed, and mischief he had done to his utmost, against the Lord’s cause and people in these poor nations.”

Let no one suppose that, because Cromwell, and other officers of the army, had been negotiating with the king, bidding for him, in fact, against the Parliament, and offering terms such as it was mere infatuation upon his part not to accept, that they were, therefore, not sincere in this their fanaticism, which now so clearly told them they should be doing the express will of God in putting him to death. Those who have paid attention to this disease of the mind, know well, that while nothing is more violent at one moment, nothing is more flexible at another. Against the assaults of reason it is rock,—it is adamant; but to self-interest, or a covert passion, it is often surprisingly ductile. The genuine fanatic is gifted with a power which will equally uphold him, whether he walks to the right or to the left, and lets him change his course as often as he will. He has a logic that is always triumphant—which proves him always in the right—whether he would advance or recede. Success—it is God’s own sanction; failure—it is what you please,—God’s disapproval if you would retreat—a trial only of your faith, if you have the heart to advance. In the present case, our pious army, having found it impossible to treat with the king, has but to spend “its day in prayer,” and its fierce zeal resumes its former channel with greater violence than ever. It has been led astray, it finds, by carnal reasonings and sinful weakness; and, rushing back to its old “path of simplicity,” it raises the cry of death!

This account, which Adjutant Allan gives of diseased piety and perilous fanaticism, Mr Carlyle accompanies with interjections of applause, and cheers of encouragement. To him, also, it seems quite fit that the army should return to its path of “simplicity.” The King must die.

How little, up to the very last, did

that unfortunate monarch know of the terrible spirit of those enemies into whose hands he had fallen! He saw himself necessary to the tranquillisation and stable government of a nation still imbued with the love of monarchy, he therefore thought himself and the monarchy were safe; he knew not that he was contending with men who, when they rose to their high “heroic” mood, had a supreme contempt for all considerations touching mere human polity,—the mere peace and government of mankind. He trusted much to the sacredness of royalty, the majesty of the purple, the divinity of a King; he was delivered over to the power of enemies, whose glory it was to tread down the glories of the world; who, so far from finding any sacredness in his royalty, had classed him amongst all the wicked kings of the Old Testament, sentenced to be exterminated with the idolatry they fostered, and with whom the very audacity and fearful temerity of the deed, (if this at all affected them,) would add only to its merit. Unfortunate monarch! The tide of sympathy runs now against him, but we confess still to retain our compassion for the fallen prince,—our compassion, very little, it may be, of admiration. We see him contending against fearful odds, keeping up a high and kingly spirit to the last. So far he braved it nobly, and played a desperate game, if not wisely, yet with unshaken nerves. His character, without a doubt, bears, as Lingard writes, “the taint of duplicity.” But it was a duplicity which, in his father’s court, would have been chuckled over as good practice of state-craft. We are strangely fashioned—kings, and all of us—made up of fragments of virtue, ill-assorted parcels of morality. Charles, when he had given his parole of honour, would not escape from his imprisonment in the Isle of Wight, though the means of escape were offered to him. But the wily and diplomatic monarch thought he was entitling himself to the praise of all men of spirit and intelligence, when, by fallacious promises and protestations, he strove to play off one party of his enemies against the other. He was practising, to the best of his ability, all the traditionary maxims and manœuvres of a subtle policy. Nor was

it ability that he wanted. On an Italian soil, these Italian arts might have availed him. But what were the sleights and contrivances of a traditional state-craft against the rude storm of tumultuous passions which had been conjured up around him! He was fencing with the whirlwind. Perhaps no prince, trained in a court, can be a match for the rude adversaries which revolutionary times raise up against him. What chance is there that he should ever learn the nature of his new and terrible enemy? You have taught him, according to all the laws of woodcraft, to chase the stag and the fox, and now you let loose upon him the wild beast of the forest! How was Charles to learn what manner of being was a Puritan, and how it struck its prey? His courtiers would have taught him to despise and ridicule—his bishops to look askance with solemn aversion,—but who was there to teach him to fear this Puritan?—to teach him that he must forthwith conciliate, if he could not crush?

It is worth while to continue the narrative a little further. We adopt Mr Carlyle's words. "At London, matters are coming rapidly to a crisis. The resumed debate, 'shall the army remonstrance be taken into consideration?' does not come out affirmative; on the contrary, on Thursday the 31st, it comes out negative by a majority of ninety. 'No, we will not take it into consideration.' 'No?' The army at Windsor thereupon spends again 'a day in prayer.' The army at Windsor has decided on the morrow, that it will march to London; marches, arrives accordingly, on Saturday, December 2d; quarters itself in Whitehall, in St James's, and other great vacant houses in the skirts of the city and villages about, no offence being given anywhere.' In the drama of modern history, one knows not any graver, more note-worthy scene; earnest as very death and judgment. They have decided to have justice, these men; to see God's justice done, and his judgments executed on this earth."

Adjutant Allen and Mr Carlyle are both of the same mind,—take the same views of public matters, political and religious. But the Adjutant himself would open great eyes at the sentence which next follows:—

"The abysses where the thunders and splendours are bred—the reader sees them again laid bare and black. Madness lying close to the wisdom which is brightest and highest;—and owls and godless men who hate the lightning and the light, and love the mephitic dusk and darkness, are no judges of the actions of heroes! Shedders of blood? Yes, blood is occasionally shed. The healing surgeon, the sacrificial priest, the august judge, pronouncer of God's oracles to man, these and the atrocious murderer are alike shedders of blood; and it is an owl's eye, that, except for the *dresses* they wear, discerns no difference in these! Let us leave the owl to his hootings; let us get on with our chronology and swift course of events."

By forcibly expelling more than one hundred of the members of Parliament, and thus converting a minority into a majority, these "sacrificial priests" contrived to accomplish their very righteous act. In the face of raving such as this, it would be absurd to enter seriously upon any consideration, moral or political, touching the King's death. We would rather that Mr Carlyle occupied the field alone. We saw him just now dealing with his "abysses," and his "lightning;" we quote his concluding comment on this event, which will present a specimen of his more facetious style of eloquence, and the singular *taste* he is capable of displaying:—

"This action of the English regicides did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of *flunkeyism* universally in this world. Whereof flunkeyism, cant, cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas! not till a new genuine hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a flunkeyism and cloth-worship again! which I take to be a very long date indeed.

"Thus ends the second civil war: in regicide, in a Commonwealth, and keepers of the liberties of England: In punishment of delinquents, in abolition of cobwebs;—if it be possible, in a government of Heroism and

veracity; at lowest of anti-flunkeyism, anti-cant, and the *endeavour* after heroism and veracity."

Flunkeyism! Such is the title which our *many-sided* man thinks fit to bestow on the loyalty of England! But serious indignation would be out of place. A buffoon expression has this advantage, it is unanswerable. Yet will we venture to say, that it is a losing game this which you are playing, Mr Carlyle, this defiance of all common sense and all good taste. There is a respectability other than that which, in the unwearying love of one poor jest, you delight to call "gig respectability," a respectability based on intelligence and not on "Long-Acre springs," whose disesteem it cannot be wise to provoke, nor very pleasant to endure.

The Commonwealth is proclaimed by sound of trumpet. The king and the lords are cashiered and dismissed. A house of representatives and a council of state form the constitution of England. Cromwell is one of the council. But for the present the war in Ireland carries him away from the scene of politics.

On this Irish campaign, Mr Carlyle breaks out, as may be supposed, in a strain of exultation. He always warms at blood and battle. His piety, or his poetry—not admirable whichever it may be—glows here to a red heat. We are as little disposed perhaps as himself, to stand "shrieking out" over the military severities of this campaign, but if we could bring ourselves to believe that Mr Carlyle is really serious in what he writes, we should say that the most impracticable maudlin of peace societies, or "Rousseau-sentimentalism," were wisdom itself compared to his own outrageous and fanatical strain. If the apologist of Cromwell will be content to rest his case on the plain ground open to all generals and captains on whom has devolved the task of subjecting a rebellious and insurrectionary country—on the plain ground that the object is to be more speedily effected, and with less bloodshed and misery to the inhabitants, by carrying on the war at the commencement with the utmost severity, (thus breaking down at once the spirit of insurrection,) than by prolonging the con-

test through an exercise of leniency and forbearance—we are not aware that any decisive answer can be given to him. It is an awful piece of surgery to contemplate—one may be excused, if one shudders both at it and the operator—but, nevertheless, it may have been the wisest course to pursue. As a general rule, every one will admit that—if war there must be—it is better that it should be short and violent, than long and indecisive; for there is nothing so mischievous, so destructive of the industry and moral character of a people, as a war which, so to speak, *domesticates* itself amongst them. Put aside "the saint" entirely,—let us see only the soldier,—and Cromwell's campaign in Ireland may present nothing more terrible than what elsewhere, and in the campaigns of other generals, we are accustomed to regard as the necessary evils of war; nothing more than what a Turenne, a Condé, or a Frederic of Prussia, might have applauded or practised. But this is precisely the last thing our editor would be disposed to do; any so common-place and common-sense view of the matter, would have been utterly distasteful: he *does* bring the saint very prominently upon the field, and we are to recognise in Cromwell—"an armed soldier, terrible as Death, relentless as Doom; *doing God's judgments on the enemies of God!*"

"It is a phenomenon," he continues, "not of joyful nature; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a phenomenon which you are taught to recognise with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight:—thou, art thou worthy to love such a thing; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it? Darest thou wed the Heaven's lightning, then; and say to it, Godlike One? Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendours?"—(Vol. ii. p. 53.)

In the despatch which Cromwell addresses to the Speaker, Lenthall, after the storm of Tredah, otherwise Drogheda, we observe that the Puritan is as strong as ever, but that the Soldier 'and the great Captain speak out with increased boldness. Our

sectarian farmer of St Ives, who brooded, by the dark waters of the Ouse, over the wickedness of surpliced prelacy, whose unemployed spirit sank at times into hypochondria, and was afflicted with "strange fancies about the town-cross," has been moving for some time in the very busiest scene the world could furnish him, and has become the great general of his age. The spirit of the "big wars" has entered, and grown up side by side with his Puritanism. The ardour of the battle fully possesses him; he is the conqueror always in the tremendous charge he makes at the head of his Ironsides; and he lets appear, notwithstanding his self-denying style, a consciousness and a triumph in his own skill as a tactician. He is still the genuine Puritan; but the arduous life, the administrative duties of a soldier and a general, have also been busy in modifying his character, and calling forth and exercising that self-confidence, which he will by and by recognise as "faith" and the leading of Providence, when he assumes the place of dictator of his country.

From one passage in this despatch it would appear that his severity at the storm of Drogheda was not wholly the result of predetermined policy, but rose, in part, from the natural passion which the sword, and the desperate struggle for life, call forth.

"Divers of the enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount, a place very strong and of difficult access. The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. *And, indeed, being in the heat of action*, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town; and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2000 men: divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about 100 of them possessed St Peter's church steeple, some the west gate, and others a strong round tower next the gate called St Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused; whereupon I ordered the steeple of St Peter's church to be fired, when one of them was heard

to say in the midst of the flames, 'God damn me, God confound me! I burn, I burn.'"

In the same despatch there is rather a noticeable passage, which illustrates the manner in which the Puritan general was accustomed to regard the Roman Catholics and their worship. There may be some who have been so far deceived by the frequent use of the terms "religious toleration" in conjunction with the name of Cromwell, as to attribute to him a portion of that liberal spirit which is the greatest boast of cultivated minds in the present century. His religious toleration extended only to the small circle of sects whose Christian doctrine, whose preaching, and whose forms of worship were almost identical; it was just the same toleration that a Baptist dissenter of our day may be supposed to extend towards an Independent dissenter, or a member of the Countess of Huntingdon's connexion. The Independents differed from the Presbyterians in no one definite article of creed, with this exception—that they set no value upon *ordination*, and violently objected to the restraining any good man from public preaching, or any of the ministrations of a pastor, because he wanted this authorisation of a visible church. For this point of "religious freedom" (an expression which in their mouths has little other than this narrow signification) they had to contend with the Presbyterians. The sect which has to resist oppression, or the restraints of power, uses, of course, the language of toleration. The Independents used it in their controversy with the Presbyterians, just as the latter had employed it in their controversy with Episcopacy. But Independents and Presbyterians were alike intolerant of the Episcopalian or the Roman Catholic. All sects of that age preached toleration when a powerful adversary was to be deprecated—preached it then, and then only. The Independents coming last upon the field, preached it last; but they have no title beyond others to the spirit of toleration. Cromwell put down the mass as he would put down a rebellion—as openly, as decidedly, as rigorously.

"It is remarkable," continued the despatch, "that these people, at the first, set up the mass in some places of the town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent, that, the last Lord's day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great church called St Peter's, and they had public mass there; and in this very place near 1000 of them (*the Catholics—a clear judgment*) were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, brother to the Lord Taaff, whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of. The other was taken in the Round Tower, under the repute, (*the disguise*) of a lieutenant, and when he understood that the officers in that tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a friar; but that did not save him."

Ireland was no sooner subjected by this unflinching and terrific severity, than the presence of the great general of the Commonwealth was needed in Scotland. The Scots had no predilection for a republic, no desire whatever for it; they were bent solely on their covenant, their covenant and a Stuart king. It was a combination very difficult to achieve. Nevertheless they took their oath to both, and marched into England to establish them both over the United Kingdom. Here was sufficient enthusiasm at all events; sufficient, and of the proper kind, one would think, to earn the sympathies of our editor. And he does look upon the Scots at this time as an "heroic nation." But, unfortunately, it is precisely the heroic nation that his own great hero is about to combat and subdue. He is compelled, therefore, upon his part, as the faithful bard and minstrel of his chosen champion, to give them up—they, and their covenant, and Stuart king—to merciless sarcasm. Indeed, he tells us, that the great, the sole fault of the Scots, was precisely this—that they did not produce a Cromwell. "With Oliver born Scotch," he says or sings, "one sees not but the whole world might have become Puritan!"

However, he launches his Puritan

hero against the godly and heroic nation with full sound of trumpet, not unmingled with a certain vague and solemn voice of prophecy.

"In such spirit goes Oliver to the wars—a god-intoxicated man, as Novalis elsewhere phrases it. I have asked myself, if any where in modern European history, or even in ancient Asiatic, there was found a man practising this mean world's affairs with a heart more filled by the idea of the Highest? Bathed in the eternal splendours—it is so he walks our dim earth: this man is one of few. He is projected with a terrible force out of the Eternities, and in the Times and their arenas there is nothing that can withstand him. It is great; to us it is tragic; a thing that should strike us dumb! My brave one, thy old noble prophecy is divine; older than Hebrew David; old as the origin of man; and shall, though in wider ways than those supposed, be fulfilled."—(P. 172.)

We feel no disposition to follow Cromwell to the Scottish wars, though "bathed in the eternal splendours." We hardly know of any thing in history to our taste more odious than this war between the Scottish Covenantanter and the English Puritan; the one praying clamorously for victory against "a blaspheming general and a sectarian army;" the other animating his battle with a psalm, and charging with a "Lord, arise! and let thy enemies be scattered," or some such exclamation. Both generals, in the intervals of actual war, sermonise each other, and with much the same spirit that they fight. Their diplomacy is a tangled preachment, and texts are their war-cries. Meanwhile, both are fighting for the gospel of Christ! only one will have it *with*, the other *without* the covenant! Such "eternal splendours" are not inviting to us. We will step on at once to the battle of Worcester, which concluded both the Scottish war, and all hopes for the present of the royalist party.

This last of his battles and his victories dismisses the great Puritan from the wars. It is a striking despatch which he writes from the field of Worcester. He is still the unmitigated Puritan; he still preaches

to Speaker Lenthall, but he preaches somewhat more dogmatically. There is an air of authority in the sermon. We all know that godly exhortation may be made to express almost every shade of human passion; as what son and what wife has not felt who has lived under the dominion and discourse of one of these "rulers in Israel." The Parliament felt, no doubt, the difference between the sermons of their general and those of their chaplain.

Cromwell and the army return to London. It is now that the Commonwealth is to be really put upon its trial. Hitherto the army, that had made and could unmake it, had been occupied first in Ireland, then in Scotland; and the minds of people at home had been equally occupied in watching its achievements. The Commonwealth has lived upon the expectations of men. It has been itself an expectation. It is now to be perfected, its organisation to be completed, its authority established.

But Cromwell was not a Washington. Not only did he want that serene and steady virtue which counselled the champion of American independence to retire into the ranks of the constitution—commander in the field, private soldier in the city—not only did he fail in this civic virtue, and found it hard to resign the sway and authority he had so long exercised; but the inestimable advantages of a constitutional government his mind had not been cultivated to appreciate. His thoughts had hitherto taken another direction. His speculative habits theology had moulded; his active habits had been formed in the camp. He felt that he could administer the government better than any of the men around him: we will give him credit, too, for the full intention to administer it conscientiously, and for the good of the nation; but for those enlarged views of the more enlightened patriot, who is solicitous to provide not alone for the present necessities, but for the future long life of a people—he had them not. He grew afterwards into the statesman, as he had grown into the soldier; but at this time the Puritan general had very little respect for human institutions.

We are far from asserting, that even with the assistance of Cromwell a republic could have been established in England. But he lent no helping hand; his great abilities, his fervent zeal, were never employed in this service. He kept aloof—aloof with the army. He gathered himself to his full height, standing amidst the ruins of the civil war: all men might see that he alone kept his footing there. When the unhappy Parliament, struggling with its cruel embarrassments, not knowing how to dissolve itself with safety, had brought down on it the impatience, the distrust, the contempt of men—when he had allowed its members to reap the full harvest of a people's jealousies and suspicions—when at length they were on the point of extricating themselves by a bill determining the mode of electing a successor—*then* he interfered, and dissolved them!

A question may be raised, how far Cromwell had the power, if such had been his wish, to take over the army to the side of the Parliament, to lead it into due allegiance to the Commonwealth. The officers of the army and the members of the Parliament formed the two rival powers in the kingdom. Cromwell, it may be said, *could* not have united them, could only make his choice between them. It would have been only a fraction of the army that he could have carried over with him. The division between the council of officers and the Parliament was too wide, the alienation too confirmed and inveterate, to have been healed by one man, or yielded to the influence of one man, though it was the Lord General himself. Thus, it may be said that Cromwell, in the part he acted against the Long Parliament, was thrust forward by a revolutionary movement, which, according to the law of such movements, must either have carried him forward in the van, or left him deserted or down-trodden in the rear.

This would be no flattering excuse. But whatever truth there may be in this view of the case, Cromwell never manifested any intention or any desire to quit the cause of the army for that of the Parliament. He was heart and soul with the army; it was there his power lay; it was there he found the

spirits he most sympathised with. He walked at the head of the army here as in the war. It was alone that he entered the House of Parliament—alone “in his gray stockings and black coat,” with no staff of officers about him, no military parade, only a few of his Ironsides in the lobby. Though aware he should have the support of his officers, there is no proof that he had consulted them. The daring deed was *his*. And it is one of the most daring deeds on record. The execution of the King—in that day when kings were something more in the imagination of men than they are now—was indeed an audacious act. But it was shared with others. This dissolution of the Parliament, and assumption of the dictatorship—this facing alone all his old compeers, met in due legislative dignity, and bidding them one and all depart—strikes us as the bolder deed.

The scene has been often described, but nowhere so well, or so fully, as by Mr Carlyle. We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting his spirited account of this notable transaction.

“The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the bill, which it was thought would have been passed that day, ‘the Lord General Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place.’ For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the bill, beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitantly. Whereupon the Lord General sat still for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, ‘This is the time; I must do it!’ and so ‘rose up, put off his hat, and spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the Parliament, for their pains and care of the public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults;’ rising higher and higher into a very aggravated style indeed. An honourable member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, ‘It is a strange language this; unusual within the walls of Parliament this! And from a trusted servant, too; and one whom we have so highly honoured; and one—’

‘Come, come,’ exclaims my Lord General, in a very high key, ‘we have had enough of this!’—and in fact my Lord General, now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, ‘I will put an end to your prating,’ and steps forth into the floor of the House, and ‘clapping on his hat,’ and occasionally ‘stamping the floor with his feet,’ begins a discourse which no man can report! He says—Heavens! he is heard saying: ‘It is not fit that you should sit here any longer!’ You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately, ‘You shall now give place to better men! Call them in!’ adds he, briefly, to Harrison, in way of command; and some ‘twenty or thirty’ grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snaphances; grimly prompt for orders; and stand in some attitude of carry arms there. Veteran men: men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains; not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment!

“‘You call yourselves a Parliament,’ continues my Lord General, in clear blaze of conflagration. ‘You are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards,’ and his eye flashes on poor Mr Chalmer, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; ‘some of you are’—and he glares into Henry Martin and the poor Sir Peter, who rose to order, lewd livers both—‘living in open contempt of God’s commandments. Following your own greedy appetites, and the devil’s commandments. Corrupt, unjust persons,’ and here I think he glanced ‘at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal, giving him and others very sharp language, though he named them not.’ ‘Corrupt, unjust persons, scandalous to the profession of the Gospel!’ how can you be a Parliament for God’s people? Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God—go!

“The House is of course all on its feet—uncertain, almost, whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred mace itself, said, ‘What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!’—and gave it to a musketeer. And now—‘Fetch him down!’ says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than any thing else, declares, He will not come till forced. ‘Sir,’ said Harrison, ‘I will lend you a hand;’ on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all

vanished; flooding gloomily, clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses, and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved! 'It's you that have forced me to this,' exclaims my Lord General, 'I have sought the Lord night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work.' 'At their going out, some say the Lord General said to young Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his name, That he might have prevented this; but that he was a juggler, and had not common honesty.' 'O Sir Harry Vane,' thou, with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hair-splittings, thou art other than a good one, I think! 'The Lord deliver me from thee, Sir Harry Vane!' 'All being gone out, the door of the House was locked, and the key, with the mace, as I heard, was carried away by Colonel Otley,' and it is all over, and the unspeakable catastrophe has come, and remains."—(Vol. ii. p. 361.)

The usurpation of Cromwell is, we believe, generally considered as the most fortunate event which, under the peculiar circumstances of the country, could have occurred. The people, it is said, were not prepared for a republic. The attempt, therefore, to establish one, would have been attended by incessant tumults; its short and precarious existence would have been supported by the scaffold and the prison. It would have terminated indeed, as did the Protectorate, in a Restoration, but the interval between the death of Charles I. and the accession of his son, would have been passed in a very different manner. Under the Protectorate the country rallied its strength, put forth its naval power, obtained peace at home, and respect abroad. Under a republic, it would have probably spent its force, and demoralised itself, in intestine strife and by a succession of revolutionary movements.

But if this view be quite correct, it will not justify Cromwell. It is one thing to be satisfied with the course of events, quite another with the conduct of the several agents in them. Cromwell, in the position in which he stood, as an honest man and a patriot, should have done his best for the establishment of the Commonwealth; and this he did not. We are far, as we have said, from venturing to give a decisive opinion on the probability (with the united efforts of the vic-

torious general and the Parliament) of forming a republic. But we are not disposed to think that the cause was hopeless. Had the Parliament been allowed to recruit its numbers without dissolving itself — the measure which it constantly desired, and which Cromwell would not hear of, though, without a doubt, it was the very line of conduct which his own practical sagacity would have led him to, if his heart had been in the business — the minds of men would have had time to settle and reflect, and a mode of government, which had already existed for some years, might have been adopted by the general consent.

We look upon the Restoration very calmly, very satisfactorily, for whom a second revolution has placed another dynasty upon the throne, governing upon principles quite different from those which were rooted in the Stuarts. We see the Restoration, with the Revolution of 1688 at its back, and almost consider them as one event. But a most loyal and contented subject of Queen Victoria, would have been a Commonwealthsman in those days. How could it then have been foreseen that all the power, and privilege, and splendour of royalty, should exist only to *protect* the law, to secure the equal rights of all — that monarchy, retaining a traditionary awe and majesty derived from remote times, should remain amongst us to supply to a representative government that powerful, constant, and impartial executive which, from the mere elements of a republic, it is so difficult to extract? Who could have imagined that a popular legislature, and the supremacy of the law, could have been so fortunately combined and secured under the shadow of the monarchy? Enlightened minds at that time could not have looked calmly towards a Restoration; they probably thought, or would have been led to think, that, in the position they then were, it was better to take the constitution of Holland, than the government of France, for their model.

But the multitude — with what enthusiasm they welcomed the restoration of the Stuarts! Very true. But the Protectorate was no antagonist to monarchy. Republican pride was never called forth to contend in the

public mind against the feeling of loyalty, and an attachment to kings. The Protectorate was itself a monarchy without its splendour, or the prestige of hereditary greatness. It was a monarchy under the Geneva gown. Was it likely that the populace would accept of this in lieu of the crowned and jewelled royalty which was wont to fill its imagination?

However, the experiment — fortunately for us, as the result has turned out — was never destined to be made. Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament. He now stood alone, he and the army, the sole power in the state. His first measure, that of sending a summons in his own name, to persons of his own choice, and thus, without any popular election whatever, assembling what is called the Little Parliament or Barebones Parliament, shows a singular audacity, and proves how little trammelled he was himself by traditionary or constitutional maxims. He who would not allow the Long Parliament to recruit its numbers, and thus escape the perils of a free election of an altogether new assembly, extricates himself from the same embarrassment by electing the whole Parliament himself. Some historians have represented this measure as having for its very object to create additional confusion, and render himself, and his own dictatorial power, more necessary to the state. It has not appeared to us in this light. We see in it a bold but rude assay at government. In this off-hand manner of constituting a Parliament, we detect the mingled daring of the Puritan and the Soldier. In neither of these characters was he likely to have much respect for legal maxims, or rules of merely human contrivance. Cromwell was educating himself for the Statesman: at this juncture it is the Puritan General that we have before us.

The Little Parliament having blundered on till it had got itself entangled in the Mosaic dispensation, resigned its power into the hands of him who had bestowed it. Thereupon a new *Instrument of Government* is framed, with the advice of the council of officers, appointing Cromwell Pro-

teCTOR, and providing for the election of a Parliament.

This Parliament being elected, falls, of course, on the discussion of this very Instrument of government. Henceforth Cromwell's great difficulty is the management of his Parliaments. The speeches he delivered to them at various times, and which occupy the third volume of the work before us, are of high historical interest. They are in every respect superior to his letters. Neither will their perusal be found to be of that arduous and painful nature which, from the reputation they have had, most persons will be disposed to expect. The *sermon* may weary, but the *speech* is always fraught with meaning; and the mixture of sermon and speech together, portray the man with singular distinctness. We see the Puritan divine, the Puritan soldier, becoming the Puritan statesman. His originally powerful mind is excited to fresh exertion by his onerous and exalted position. But he is still constant to himself. Very interesting is the exhibition presented to us of this powerful intellect, trammelled by its Puritanism, breaking out in flashes of strong sense, and relapsing again into the puerilities of the sect. But as it falls upon the strong sense to *act*, and on the puerilities only to *preach*, the man comes out, upon the whole, as a great and able governor.

The reputation which Oliver's speeches have borne, as being involved, spiritless, tortuous, and even purposely confused, has resulted, we think, from this — that an opinion of the whole has been formed from an examination of a few, and chiefly of those which were delivered on the occasion of his refusing the offered title of king. His conduct on this occasion, it would be necessary for an historian particularly to investigate, and in the discharge of this duty he would have to peruse a series of discourses undoubtedly of a very bewildering character. They are the only speeches of Cromwell of which it can be said that their meaning is not clearly, and even forcibly expressed. And in this case it is quite evident, that he had no distinct meaning to express; he had no definite answer to give the Parlia-

ment who were petitioning him to take the title of king. He was anxious to gain time — he was talking *against time* — an art which we moderns only have thoroughly mastered. How could Cromwell, who was no great rhetorician, be otherwise than palpably confused, and dubious and intricate? Nothing can be clearer than that he himself leant towards the opinion of the Parliament, that it would be good policy to adopt the royal title. It was so connected with the old attachments and associations of Englishmen, it had so long given force to the language of the law, its claims were so much better known, its prerogatives so much better understood than those of the new title of Protector, that the resumption of it must have appeared very advisable. But the army had been all along fighting against *the King*. Whilst to the lawyer and the citizen the title was still the most honourable and ever to be venerated, to the soldier of the Commonwealth it had become a term of reproach, of execration, of unsparing hostility. Oliver Cromwell might well hesitate before assuming a title which might forfeit for him the allegiance of a great portion of the army. He deferred his answer, to have an opportunity for estimating the nature and amount of the resistance he might expect from that quarter; and he came to the conclusion, that the risk of unsettling the affections of the army was not to be incurred for either any personal gratification to himself (which we take to have not weighed much with him) in assuming the title of king, or for the advantages which might accrue from it in the ultimate settlement of the nation. His addresses, therefore, to the Parliament on this occasion not being definite answers to the Parliament, nor intended to be such, but mere postponements of his answer, were necessarily distinguished by indecision, uncertainty, and all sorts of obscurities. But, these excepted, his speeches, however deficient in what pertains to the *art of composition*, in terseness, or method, or elegance of phrase, are never wanting in the great essentials — the expression of his meaning in a very earnest and forcible manner. The mixture of sermon and

speech, we allow, is not inviting; but the sermon is just as clear, perhaps, as any which the chaplain of the House would have preached to them, and it must be remembered, that to explain *his* meaning, *his* political sentiments, the sermon was as necessary as the speech.

By the new instrument of government, the Protector, with his council, was authorised, in the interval before the meeting of Parliament, to issue such ordinances as might be deemed necessary. This interval our Puritan governor very consistently employed, first of all, in establishing a gospel ministry throughout the nation. Thirty-eight chosen men, “the acknowledged flower of English Puritanism,” were nominated a Supreme Commission, for the trial of public preachers. Any person holding a church-living, or pretending to the tithes or clergy-dues, was to be tried and approved of by these men. “A very republican arrangement,” says Mr Carlyle, “such as could be made on the sudden, but was found in practice to work well.”

This and other ordinances having been issued, his first Parliament meets. It cannot be said that our Puritan Protector does not rise to the full level of his position. One might describe him as something of a propagandist, disposed to teach his doctrine of *the rights of Christian men* to the world at large. It is thus he opens his address:—“GENTLEMEN. You are met here on the greatest occasion that, I believe, England ever saw; having upon your shoulders the interests of three great nations, with the territories belonging to them; and truly I believe I may say it without any hyperbole, you have upon your shoulders *the interest of all the Christian people in the world*. And the expectation is, that I should let you know, as far as I have cognisance of it, the occasion of your assembling together at this time.”

But this Parliament fell upon the discussion, as we have said, of the very instrument of government under which they had been called together. Mr Carlyle is as impatient as was Oliver himself at this proceeding of the “Talking apparatus.” But how could it be otherwise? Every thing

that had taken place since the dissolution of the Long Parliament was done by mere arbitrary authority. The present Parliament, however called together, must consider itself the only legitimate, the only constitutional power: it *must* look into this instrument of government. But if it was impossible not to commence the discussion, it was equally impossible ever to conclude it. We all know to what length a debate will run upon a constitutional question; and here there was not one such question, but a whole constitution to be discussed. In vain they debated "from eight in the morning to eight at night, with an hour for refreshment about noon:" there was no probability of their ever coming to a conclusion.

This would never do. Oliver shuts up the Parliament-house, stations his musketeers at the door, calls the members to him, presents them with a parchment, "a little thing," to sign, acknowledging his authority, and tells them he will open the door of the House to such only as shall put their names to it. We will quote some parts of the speech he made to them on this occasion, and our readers shall judge whether such a speech, delivered by the living man Cromwell, was likely to fail in effect, whether it was deficient in meaning or in energy. We shall omit the parenthetical comments of the editor, because, however these may amuse and relieve the reader who is making his way through the whole work, and who becomes familiarised with their style, they would only confuse and distract the attention in a brief extract. The single words or phrases which he has introduced, merely to make the sense clear, are retained whenever they are really necessary for this purpose, and without the inverted commas by which they are properly distinguished in the text. We will premise, that the protestations which Cromwell here makes, that he did not seek the government, but was earnestly petitioned to undertake it, may well, in part, be true. When he had once dissolved the Long Parliament, it was no longer a matter of choice for himself or others whether he would take the reins of government. To whom could he commit them? From that

time, the government rested upon his shoulders. If he had manifested a wish to withdraw from the burden he had thus brought down upon himself, there is no doubt but that he would have been earnestly petitioned to remain at his post. The greatest enemy of Cromwell, if he had been a lover of his country, would have joined in such a petition; would have besought him to remain at the helm, now he had thrown all other steersmen overboard. No; he must not quit it now. He is there for the rest of his life, to do battle with the waves, and navigate amongst rocks and quicksands as best he may.

Let us hear his own statement and defence of the manner in which he became advanced and "captive" to his high and perilous place.

"GENTLEMEN,—It is not long since I met you in this place, upon an occasion which gave me much more content and comfort than this doth. That which I have now to say to you will need no preamble to let me into my discourse; for the occasion of this meeting is plain enough. I could have wished, with all my heart, there had been no cause for it.

"At our former meeting I did acquaint you what was the first rise of this government which hath called you hither, and by the authority of which you have come hither. Among other things which I then told you of, I said you were a Free Parliament; and so you are, whilst you own the government and authority which called you hither. But certainly that word (Free Parliament) implied a reciprocity, or it implied nothing at all. Indeed, there was a reciprocity implied and expressed; and I think your actions and carriages ought to be suitable. But I see it will be necessary for me now a little to magnify my office, which I have not been apt to do. I have been of this mind, I have been always of this mind, since I first entered upon my office. If God will not bear it up, let it sink!—but if a duty be incumbent upon me, to bear my testimony to it, (which in modesty I have hitherto forborne,) I am, in some measure, necessitated thereunto: and therefore that will be the prologue to my discourse.

"I called not myself to this place. I say again, I called not myself to this place! Of that God is witness: and I have many witnesses who, I do believe, could lay down their lives bearing witness to the truth of that, namely, that I called not myself to this place! And,

being in it, I bear not witness to myself or my office; but God and the people of these nations have also borne testimony to it. If my calling be from God, and my testimony from the people, *God and the people shall take it from me, else I will not part with it*. I should be false to the trust that God hath placed in me, and to the interest of the people of these nations if I did.

"I was by birth a gentleman; living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity. I have been called to several employments in the nation—to serve in Parliament and others; and, not to be over-tedious, I did endeavour to discharge the duty of an honest man, in those services, to God and his people's interest, and to the Commonwealth; having, when time was, a competent acceptance in the hearts of men, and some evidences thereof. I resolve not to recite the times, and occasions, and opportunities, which have been appointed me by God to serve him in; nor the presence and blessing of God, therein bearing testimony to me.

"Having had some occasion to see, together with my brethren and countrymen, a happy period put to our sharp wars and contests with the then common enemy, I hoped, in a private capacity, to have reaped the fruit and benefit, together with my brethren, of our hard labours and hazards: the enjoyment, to wit, of peace and liberty, and the privileges of a Christian and a man, in some equality with others, according as it should please the Lord to dispense unto me. And when I say God had put an end to our wars, or at least brought them to a very hopeful issue, very near an end,—after Worcester fight,—I came up to London to pay my service and duty to the Parliament which then sat, hoping that all minds would have been disposed to answer what seemed to be the mind of God, namely, to give peace and rest to his people, and especially to those who had bled more than others in the carrying on of the military affairs,—I was much disappointed of my expectation. For the issue did not prove so. *Whatever may be boasted or misrepresented, it was not so, not so!*

"I can say in the simplicity of my soul, I love not, I love not,—I declined it in my former speech,—I say, I love not to take into sores, or to discover nakednesses! The thing I drive at is this: I say to you, I hoped to have had leave to retire to a private life. I begged to be dismissed of my charge; I begged it again and again; and God be judge between me and all men if I lie in this

matter! That I lie not in matter of fact, is known to very many; but whether I tell a lie in my heart, as labouring to represent to you what was not upon my heart, I say the Lord be judge. Let uncharitable men, who measure others by themselves, judge as they please. As to the matter of fact, I say it is true. As to the ingenuity and integrity of my heart in that desire—I do appeal, as before, upon the truth of that also. But I could not obtain what my soul longed for. And the plain truth is, I did afterwards apprehend some more of opinion, (such the differences of their judgment from mine,) that it could not well be.

"I confess I am in some strait to say what I could say, and what is true, of what then followed. I pressed the Parliament, as a member, to period themselves; once and again, and again, and ten, nay twenty times over. I told them, for I knew it better than any one man in the parliament could know it, because of my manner of life, which had led me every where up and down the nation, thereby giving me to see and know the temper and spirits of all men, and of the best of men—that the nation loathed their sitting. I knew it. And so far as I could discern, when they were dissolved, *there was not so much as the barking of a dog*, or any general or visible repining at it.

"And that there was high cause for their dissolution, is most evident: not only in regard there was a just fear of that parliament's perpetuating themselves, but because it actually was their design. Had not their heels been trod upon by importunities from abroad, even to threats, I believe there never would have been any thoughts of rising, or of going out of that room, to the world's end. I myself was sounded, and by no mean persons tempted; and proposals were made me to that very end: that the parliament might be thus perpetuated; that the vacant places might be supplied by new elections, and so continue from generation to generation."

He proceeds to object to the measure which the Parliament was really about to pass, that it would have established an uninterrupted succession of Parliaments, that there would have been "a legislative power always sitting," which would thereby have encroached upon the executive power. The speech then enlarges on the general assent of the people, of the army, of the judges, of the civic powers, to the instrument of government, to the Protectorate, and on the implied assent

which they themselves had given by accepting their commissions under it.

"And this being so, though I told you in my last speech that you were a free Parliament, yet I thought it was understood withal that I was the Protector, and the authority that called you! That I was in possession of the government by a good right from God and man. And I believe, that if the learnedest men in this nation were called to show a precedent equally clear of a government so many ways approved of, they would not in all their search find it. And if the fact be so, why should we sport with it? With a business so serious! . . . For you to disown or not to own it; for you to act with parliamentary authority especially, in the disowning of it, contrary to the very fundamental things, yea against the very root itself of this establishment, to sit and not own the authority by which you sit—is that which I believe astonisheth more men than myself; and doth as dangerously disappoint and discompose the nation, as any thing that could have been invented by the greatest enemy to our peace and welfare."

After drawing the distinction between fundamentals, which may not be shaken, and circumstantial, which it is in the power of Parliament to alter and modify, he continues:—

"I would it had not been needful for me to call you hither to expostulate these things with you, and in such a manner as this! But necessity hath no law. Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities, are the greatest cozenage which man can put upon the providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by. But it is as legal, as carnal, and as stupid to think that there are *no* necessities which are manifest and real, because necessities may be abused or feigned. I have to say, the wilful throwing away of this government, such as it is, so owned by God, so approved by men, so witnessed to, as was mentioned above, were a thing which—and in reference to the good of these nations and of posterity—I can sooner be willing to be rolled into my grave and buried with infamy, than I can give my consent unto!

"You have been called hither to save a nation—nations. You had the best people, indeed, of the Christian world put into your trust, when you came hither. You had the affairs of these nations delivered over to you in peace and quiet; you were, and we all are, put into an undisturbed possession, nobody making

title to us. Through the blessing of God, our enemies were hopeless and scattered. We had peace at home; peace with almost all our neighbours round about. To have our peace and interest, whereof those were our hopes the other day, thus shaken, and put under such a confusion; and ourselves rendered hereby almost the scorn and contempt of those strangers who are amongst us to negotiate their masters' affairs! . . . Who shall answer for these things to God or to men? To men, to the people who sent you hither? who looked for refreshment from you; who looked for nothing but peace and quietness, and rest and settlement? When we come to give an account to them, we shall have it to say, 'Oh, we quarrelled for the *Liberty of England*; we contested, and went to confusion for that!—*Wherein, I pray you, for the Liberty of England?* I appeal to the Lord, that the desires and endeavours we have had—nay, the things will speak for themselves,—the liberty of England, the liberty of the people, the avoiding of tyrannous impositions either upon men as men, or Christians as Christians,—is made so safe by this act of settlement, that it will speak for itself."

The Protector then tells them that, "seeing the authority which called them is so little valued and so much slighted, he had caused a stop to be put to their entrance into the Parliament-house," until a certain "somewhat," which would be found "in the lobby without the Parliament-door"—an adhesion to the government in its fundamentals—should be signed.

This extract, as will be readily supposed, would lead to a far too favourable opinion of Cromwell's oratory, if understood as a specimen of his usual manner of speaking; but our readers will probably confess, that they did not expect that the speeches of Cromwell would have yielded such an extract.

Oliver has, it will be observed, a singularly modest way of speaking of his political remedies and projects. In referring, on a later occasion, to his major-generals, he says, "Truly when that insurrection was, we did find out a *little poor invention*, which I hear has been much regretted. I say there was a *little thing* invented, which was the erecting of your major-generals, to have a little inspection upon the people thus divided, thus discontented, thus dissatisfied." On the present

occasion, the "somewhat which was to be found at the lobby of the Parliament-door," was, after a little demur, accepted and signed by all but a certain number of declared republicans. The parliament afterwards fell from the discussion of a whole constitution, to debates apparently as warm, and as endless, upon poor Biddle the Quaker, and other kindred subjects. Thus their allotted session of five months passed; at the end of which time Cromwell dissolved them.

"I do not know what you have been doing," he tells them in his speech on this occasion. "I do not know whether you have been alive or dead. I have not once heard from you all this time—I have not—and that you all know."

Cromwell's second parliament manifested a wiser industry, and a more harmonious temper—thanks to one of the Protector's "little inventions." Each member was to be provided with a certificate before entering the house; "but near one hundred honourable gentlemen can get no certificate—none provided for *them*—and without certificate there is no admittance. Soldiers stand ranked at the door; no man enters without his certificate!" The stiff republicans, and known turbulent persons, are excluded. From this Parliament Cromwell accepts again the title of Protector, and is installed with great state; things take a more legal aspect; the major-generals are suppressed; a House of Lords is instituted; and a settlement of the nation seems at last effected.

But the second session of this Parliament relapsed again into a restive and republican humour. The excluded members had been admitted, and debates arose about this "other house," as they were disposed to nominate the Lords. So much confusion resulted in the country from this unsettled state of the representative assembly, and so many insurrectionary designs were fostered by it, that the Protector was compelled abruptly to dissolve the Parliament. He tells them:—

"That which brought me into the capacity I now stand in, was the petition and advice given me by you, who, in reference to the ancient constitution, did draw me to accept the place of Protector.

There is not a man living can say I sought it: no, not a man nor a woman treading upon English ground. But, contemplating the sad condition of these nations, relieved from an intestine war into a six or seven years' peace, I did think the nation happy therein. But to be petitioned thereunto, and to be advised by you to undertake such a government, a burden too heavy for any creature—and this to be done by the House which then had the legislative capacity—certainly I did look that the same men who made the frame, should make it good unto me. I can say, in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth, I would have been glad to have lived under any roadside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than have undertaken such a government as this. But, undertaking it by the advice and petition of you, I did look that you who had offered it unto me, should make it good."

He concludes thus:—

"It hath been not only your endeavour to pervert the army while you have been sitting, and to draw them to state the question about a 'Commonwealth;' but some of you have been listing of persons, by commission of Charles Stuart, to join with any insurrection that may be made. And what is like to come upon this, the enemy being ready to invade us, but even present blood and confusion! And if this be so, I do assign it to this cause—your not assenting to what you did invite me to by your petition and advice, as that which might prove the settlement of the nation. And if this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage, I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I do dissolve this Parliament! And let God be judge between you and me!"

It is at this latter period of his career that the character of Cromwell, to our apprehension, stands out to greatest advantage, becomes more grave, and solemn, and estimable. Other dictators, other men of ambitious aims and fortunes, show themselves, for the most part, less amiable, more tyrannous than ever, more violent and selfish, when they have obtained the last reward of all their striving, and possessed themselves of the seat of power. It was otherwise with Cromwell. He became more moderate, his views more expanded, his temper milder and more pensive. The stormy passions of the civil war

were overblown, the intricate and ambiguous passages of his political course had been left behind; and *now*, whatever may have been the errors of the past, and however his own ambition or rashness may have led him to it, he occupied a position which he might say with truth he held for his country's good. Forsake it he could not. Repose in it he could not. A man of religious breeding, of strong conscientiousness, though tainted with superstition, he could not but feel the great responsibility of that position. A vulgar usurper is found at this era of his career to sink into the voluptuary, or else to vent his dissatisfied humour in acts of cruelty and oppression. Cromwell must govern, and govern to his best. The restless and ardent spirit that had ever prompted him onwards and upwards, and which had carried him to that high place, was now upon the wane. It had borne him to that giddy pinnacle, and threatened to leave him there. Men were now aiming at his life; the assassin was abroad; one-half the world was execrating him; we doubt not that he spoke with sincerity when he said, that "he would gladly live under any woodside, and keep a flock of sheep." He would gladly lay down his burden, but he cannot; can lay it down only in the grave. The sere and yellow leaf is falling on the shelterless head of the royal Puritan. The asperity of his earlier character is gone, the acrimony of many of his prejudices has, in his long and wide intercourse with mankind, abated; his great duties have taught him moderation of many kinds; there remains of the fiery sectarian, who so hastily "turned the buckle of his girdle behind him," little more than his firmness and conscientiousness: his firmness that, as he truly said, "could be bold with men;" his conscientiousness, which made the power he attained by that boldness, a burden and a heavy responsibility.

"We have not been now four years and upwards in this government," says the Protector, in one of his speeches, "to be totally ignorant of what things may be of the greatest concernment to us." No; this man has not been an idle scholar. Since the Lord General took the reins of

civil government, and became Lord Protector, he has thought and learned much of statemanship. But as a statesman, he is still first of all the Puritan. It is worth while to observe how his foreign policy, which has been justly admired, took its turn and direction from his religious feelings. He made alliances with the Protestant powers of the north, and assumed a firm attitude of hostility towards Spain—and reasons of state may have had some sway in determining him to these measures; but his great motive for hostility with Spain was, that she stood "at the head of the antichristian interest"—"was described in the Scriptures to be papal and antichristian."

"Why, truly your great enemy is the Spaniard. He is a natural enemy. He is naturally so throughout, by reason of that enmity that is in him against whatever is of God. . . . Your enemy, as I tell you, naturally, by that antipathy which is in him,—and also providentially, (that is, by special ordering of Providence.) An enmity is put in him by God. 'I will put an enmity between thy seed and her seed,' which goes but for little among statesmen, but is more considerable than all things. And he that considers not such natural enmity, the *providential* enmity as well as the *accidental*, I think he is not well acquainted with the Scripture, and the things of God,"—(*Speech 5*.)

In fine, we see in Cromwell, every where and throughout, the genuine, fervid Puritan—the Puritan general, the Puritan statesman. He was a man, and, therefore, doubtless ambitious; he rose through a scene of civil as well as military contest, and, doubtless, was not unacquainted with dissimulation; but if we would describe him briefly, it is as the GREAT PURITAN that he must ever be remembered in history.

In parting company with the editor of these letters and speeches, we feel that we have not done justice to the editorial industry and research which these volumes display. Our space would not permit it. For the same reason we have been unable to quote several instances of vivid narrative, which we had hoped to transfer to our own pages. And as to our main quarrel

with him—this outrageous adoption of Puritanical bile and superstition,—we have been haunted all along by a suspicion we have occasionally expressed, that the man *cannot* be in earnest. He could not have been so abandoned by his common sense. He has been so accustomed to mingle sport, and buffoonery, and all sorts of wilful extravagance, with his most serious mood, that he perhaps does not know himself when, and how far, he is in earnest. In turning over the leaves of his work, we light, towards the end of the second volume, upon the following passage, which may, *perhaps*, explain the temper of the writer, when he is abetting and encouraging his fanatical heroes. He is uttering some sarcasms upon the poor “art of speech.”

“Is there no sacredness, then, any longer in the miraculous tongue of man? Is his head become a wretched cracked pitcher, on which you jingle to frighten crows, and makes bees hive? He fills me with terror, this two-legged rhetorical phantasm! I could long for an Oliver without rhetoric at all. I could long for a Mahomet, whose persuasive eloquence, with wild-

flashing heart and scimitar, is, ‘Wretched moral, give up that; or by the Eternal, thy maker and mine, I will kill thee! Thou blasphemous scandalous mis-birth of Nature, is not even *that* the kindest thing I can do for thee, if thou repent not, and alter in the name of Allah?’”

To this sort of satirical humour—to “the truth of a song,”—not Dryasdust himself would call upon him to swear. And may not all his rhapsodies upon his “sword-in-hand” Puritans be little more than an amplification of this one passage? And, if we insist upon it, that a reform by the pen, or even by speech-making, is better than one by pike and musket—if we should suggest that matters of civil government are better decided by civil and political reasoning than by metaphorical texts of Scripture, interpreted by prejudice and passion—if we contend for such truisms as these, shall we not be in danger of occupying some such position as the worthy prelate whose sagacity led him to discover that *some facts* in Gulliver’s Travels had surely been overcharged?

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE THAMES.

PART III.

—On passing the little village of Erith, once one of the prettiest rustic spots in Kent, where the parson and the surgeon formed the heads of the community, and its only intelligence of the living world depended on the casual arrival of a boat from the Margate Hoy in search of fresh eggs for the voyage, a small house was pointed out to me, embosomed in a dell, which would have completely suited the solitary tastes of a poet weary of the world:

“Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful, or successful war,
Might never reach me more!”

Fifty years ago, a weekly newspaper was the only remembrancer to either parson or doctor, of the world

which they had left, and that one only sent by the member for the county, when he thought it desirable to awake the general gratitude on the approach of a general election. The Thames certainly might remind the village population that there were merchants and mariners among mankind; but what were those passing phantoms to them? John the son of Thomas lived and died as Thomas the father of John had lived and died from generation to generation. The first news of the American war reached it in the firing of the Woolwich guns for peace; and the original tidings of the French Revolution, in similar rejoicings for the Battle of Waterloo.

“O happy ye, the happiest of your kind,
Who leave alike life’s woes and joys behind!”

says the philosophic Cowley ; and with Cowley I perfectly agree.

But Erith is this scene of philosophy no more. It has now shared the march of mind : it has become almost a watering-place ; it has a library, a promenade, lodgings for gouty gentlemen, a conventicle, several vigorous politicians, three doctors, and, most fatal of all, four steam-boat arrivals every day. Solitude has fled, and meditation is no more.

But, to my story. In that lonely house, lived for several years, in the beginning of the century, a singular character, of whom nothing more was known, than that he had come from some distant place of abode ; that he never received a letter ; and that he never hunted, shot, or fished with the squiredom of the country. He was of large form, loud voice, had a sullen look, and no trust in her Majesty's ministers for the time being. At length, on some occasion of peculiar public excitement, the recluse had gone to Gravesend, where, tempted by the impulse of the moment, he had broken through his reserve, dashed out into a diatribe of singular fierceness, but of remarkable power, accused

England of all kinds of oppression to all kinds of countries, and finished his speech by a recapitulation of all the wishes, wants, woes, and wrongs, as he called them, of Ireland,

“ First flower of the west, and first gem of the ocean.”

Within the next twelve hours, a pair of Bow Street officers were seen galloping into the village in a post-chaise and four. They brought a warrant from the Secretary of State to arrest the Irish orator, as a leader of the late Rebellion returned from transportation, on his own authority. He was captured, and conveyed to the Tower. And this was the last intelligence of the patriot ; except that he appealed to the government against all repetition of his Australian voyage, and swore that he preferred the speedier performance of the law to the operations on the Coal-mine river. A remarkable tempest, which broke all the windows, and threw down half the chimneys of the city, a few weeks after ; was supposed by the imaginative to be connected with his disappearance. At all events, he was heard of no more.

THE VISION.

Thunder pealed and lightning quivered,
Gusts a prison's casements shivered.
From its dungeon rose a scream,
Where, awakened by the gleam,
From his pallet rose and ran,
Wild with fear, a stalwart man.
Saw he in his tortured sleep,
Things that make the heart-veins creep ?
Swept he through the world of flame,
Chased by shapes that none may name ?
Still, as bars and windows clanged,
Still he roared—“ *I will be hanged.*”

Sleep had swept him o'er the seas,
To the drear antipodes ;
There he saw a felon band,
Chains on neck, and spade in hand,
Orators, all sworn to die
In “ Old Ireland's ” cause—or fly !
Now, divorced from pike and pen,
Digging ditch, and draining fen,
Sky their ceiling, sand their bed,
Fed and flogged, and flogged and fed.
“ Operatives ! ” he harangued ;
“ Ere I'm banished—I'll be hanged.”

Now, he strove to strike a light,
 But, a form of giant height
 Through the crashing casement sprang;
 Shattered stanchions round him rang,
 From his eyes a light within
 Showed the blackness of his skin;
 In his lips a huge cigar
 Smouldered, like a dying star;
 Holding to the culprit's eyes,
 Writ in flame, a scroll of lies,
 Champing jaws with iron fanged,
 "Friend," cried he, "you *shall* be hanged."

"Twixt the tempter and the rogue,
 Then began the dialogue :
 —" Master—shall I rob the state ?"
 " Not, unless you'd dine off plate."
 —" Shall I try my hand at law ?"
 " You'll be sure to make a flaw."
 —" Shall I job in Parliament ?"
 " You'll be richer, cent per cent."
 —" Shall I truckle, or talk big ?"
 " You'll but get a judge's wig,
 Blockheads may be conscience-panged,
 Knaves are pensioned, but, *not* hanged !"

—" Master, *must* I then escape ?"
 " No," exclaimed the knowing shape,
 " You shall perish by Lynch-Law."
 Through his skull he struck a claw,
 On the tempest burst a wail,
 Through the bars a serpent-tail,
 Flashing like a lightning spire,
 Seemed to set the cell on fire ;
 Far and wide was heard the clang,
 Through the whirlwind as they sprang.
 Many a year the sulphurous fume
 Stung the nostril in that room.

The river widens, and we sweep along by the rich slopes and deep wooded vales of the Kentish shore. From time to time little pastoral villages emerge, from plantations of willows and poplars, and all water-loving trees. Before coming to Purfleet, we had passed a noble hill, looking over a vast expanse of country, on which stands a princely mansion,—Belvedere, with its battlements glittering above groves as thick as the depths of the Black Forest. This was once the mansion of Lord Eardley, one of the greatest humorists of the age,—the companion of George the Fourth, before he ceased to be a wit and became a king.

How many delightful things are lost to the world, by the world's own laziness. Why have we not a Boswell in every city ? Her majesty

pays a laureate, who writes nothing but the annual receipt for his pension. Why not transfer the office to a Boswell ? why not establish a Cabinet-dinner Boswell ? a Buckingham-palace Boswell ? a Windsor Boswell ? with orders to make their weekly returns of gaiety and gossipry to the Home Department ; to be thence issued by instalments of anecdote, in volumes, like " Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors," or in columns, like the protocols of the Montpensier marriage, for the laughter of mankind ?

But the report of a heavy gun, and all eyes turned to a huge shell, making its curve a mile above our heads, reminded us that the artillery had a field-day as we passed Woolwich, and that there was every possibility that this vagrant messenger of destruction, might plump into our mid-

ships. The consternation on board grew, as it descended, looking bigger and blacker every instant. If it had come on board, it must have torn us up like paper. The catastrophe would have been invaluable to the journals of the empire, at this moment of a dearth of news, enough to make bankrupts of all the coffee-houses in London, and close every club from Charing Cross to Hyde Park Corner. *We* should all have

been immortal in paragraphs without number. Coroners, surgeons, poets, and special juries, would have made their reputation out of *us*; and for a month of hot weather, we should have been a refreshing topic in the mouths of mankind. But it was otherwise decreed: the shell dropped within a foot of the steamer, and we were *quittes pour la peur*.

I fired a poetic shot at Woolwich in return.

THE ROYAL ARSENAL.

Woolwich—Woolwich,
The Thames is thy ditch,
And stout hearts are thy fortification.
Let come who come may,
All is open as day,
Thy gates are as free as thy nation.

Let the King of the French
Build wall, or dig trench,
Though he has no more princes to marry,
Our trench is the sea,
And *our* walls are the free,
And we laugh at thy "*grande enceinte, Paris*."

Deep and dark on their quay,
Like lions at bay,
Stand the guns that set earth at defiance;
With mountains of ball,
Which, wherever they fall,
With their message make speedy compliance.

Along the Parade
Lies the brisk carronade,
With Wellington's joy, the twelve-pounder.
And the long sixty-eight,
Made for matters of weight,
The world has no arguments sounder.

There stands the long rocket,
That shot, from its socket,
Puts armies, pell-mell, to the rout, sir;
At Leipsic, its tail
Made Napoleon turn pale,
And sent all his *braves* right about, sir.

And there gapes the mortar,
That seldom gives quarter,
When speaking to ship or to city;
For, although deaf and dumb,
Its tongue is a bomb—
And so, there's an end of my ditty.

The sun had now overcome the mists of the morning, and was throwing a rich lustre over the long sheets of foliage which screened, but without concealing, a large and classic villa on

the Essex side. The park reached to the water's edge, in broad vistas, green as the emerald; deer were moving in groups over the lawn, or standing still to gaze on the wonder

of our flying ship. A few boats were slowly passing near the shore, along with the tide; the water was without a ripple,—the air was soft and fragrant, as it flowed from grove and garden; and the whole was a scene of sylvan and summer beauty. The thought suddenly shot across my mind, what a capital prize this would be, in a revolution! How handsomely it would repay a patriot for his trouble in uprooting lords and commons! What a philosophic consummation of a life of hustling harangues, and league itinerancy, it would be, to lie on the drawing-room sofa of a mansion so perfectly Greek, railing at the tyranny of thrones, the bigotry of bishops, and the avarice of aristocracies; lamenting the privations of the poor, over a table of three courses, and drinking confusion to all monopolies in *Vin de Comète*!

But, who was the present possessor? I asked the name and heard it. But, from the captain to the cabin-boy, not a soul could give me another syllable of information. Like the gravedigger in Hamlet, they might “cudgel their brains,” but all came to the gravedigger’s confession at last. — “Mass, I cannot tell.”

Such, thought I, are the chances of the world. The owner of this marine palace,—of these gardens, groves, deer, and dove-cotes,—cannot have less than £10,000 a-year; yet his name has never reached the auricular sensibilities of man, beyond the fence of his own park. Was he philosopher, statesman, lawyer, orator, historian? inventor of steam-engine, of spinning-jenny, of gunpowder, or of gun-cotton? No, I searched every cell of memory for some “trivial fond record” which might justify his title to a mansion and grounds fit for Sophocles, Schiller, or Shakspeare, the master of them all. I could not find, in all the rolls of the court of reminiscences, a single scrap of the pen to inform me: not so much as the commemorative smoke of a candle on the ceiling of the alcove of Mnemosyne; not a vestige of the “light fantastic toe,” of those sylphs who treasure the flippancies of noble pens, and live in the fragrance of albums, otto-perfumed. Still I was driven to the confession, “Mass, I cannot tell.”

I had brought a volume of poor Tom Campbell in my pocket, and had been glancing over his *chef-d’œuvre*, “Ye Mariners of England,” when this stately edifice first checked my inspiration. In the wrath of my spirit I tossed the volume overboard. “Psha!” I involuntarily exclaimed, “what is the use of being a genius? What is the gratitude of a country, where a cotton-spinner can purchase the fee-simple of a province, while the man who spreads its fame over the world is left to gather his contemplations over a stove in an attic, watch the visage of his landlady, and shudder at the rise of coals!”

“England, with all thy faults I love thee still.”

But it must be confessed, that thou art the most pitiful, paltry, beggarly, blind——” I shall say no more. Thy whole munificence, thy whole magnanimity, thy whole generosity, to the living lights of thy sullen region of toil, trimming, and tribulation, of the dulness of dukes and the mountainous fortunes of pin-makers—is exactly £1200 a-year! and this to be divided among the whole generation of the witty and the wise, of the sons and daughters of the muse,—the whole “school of the prophets,” the lustres of the poetry and the science of England! £1200 a-year for the only men of their generation who will be remembered for five minutes by the generation to come. £1200 a-year, the salary of an Excise commissioner, of a manipulator of the penny post, of a charity inspector, of a police magistrate, of a register of cabs, of any thing and every body: and this, reduced to decimals, is to be the national prize, the luxurious provision, the brilliant prospect, the illustrious tribute of a treasury of fifty millions sterling a-year, to the whole literature of a land which boasts of its being the intellectual leader of the world!

I have found the poems of our living bards on the shores of Hudson’s Bay, and heard men talking of them round a stove, while the thermometer outside the window was 30° below zero. I have found them in a plantain-thatched hovel on the banks of the Niger, and forgotten while I read them that the thermometer was 110°

in the shade. I have found them in the hands of a learned pundit on the banks of the Ganges, whom they were seducing into dreams of dewy pastures and crystal rills. And one of the pleasantest evenings I ever remember to have spent, was, by the help of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," as I sat at a supper of rice milk, after a day of fire on the eastern branch of the Nile, a thousand miles above Tourists, sheltered under the wagon of a Moorish ambassador from Sultaun Abderahman to the monarch of Gondar. "England!" exclaimed this ebony-visaged worshipper of the Beaux Arts, as he displayed the volume before me. It was the only civilised word in his vocabulary. But I felt the compliment with patriotic fervency, and in spirit thanked the bard for the barbarian's acknowledgment of my poetic and penurious country.

I have not done with the theme yet. On returning from the equator, I saw Campbell's funeral. Westminster Abbey was a mob of dukes, statesmen, privy-councillors, and men of countless acres. Poor Tom's whole life had been thankless toil; wasting in meagre industry the powers which ought to have been cherished by his country for purposes of national honour. Such is always the course of things. The very stones of Burns' pillars would have made the great poet happy for life, if their price had been given to him to cheer his melancholy fireside. Why has the poetic spirit of England folded its wings, and been content to abandon its brilliant region to the butterflies of albums, but that the spirit of England has suffered itself to be fettered by the red tape of a peddling parsimony? Should we have had a Shakspeare without the

smiles of an Elizabeth, and the generosity of a Southampton? No. He would have split his pen after his first tragedy; have thrown his inkstand into the Thames; have taken the carrier's cart to Stratford, and there finished his days in writing epitaphs in the churchyard, laughing at Sir Thomas Lucy, and bequeathing deathless scoffs, to the beggary of mankind.

I was growing into what the dramatists call a "towering passion," and meditating general reforms of Civil Lists, Chancellors of the Exchequer, and Lord Chamberlains, when my attention was turned to a very animated scene going on between a pair who seemed perfectly unconscious of all the external creation. One of the parties was a showy-looking fellow, with the mingled expression of *roué-ism* and half-pay, which is so frequent and so unmistakeable in the neighbourhood of St James's. The lady was a calm and composed personage, whom, on a second glance, I remembered to have seen wherever the world could bow down to the fair possessor of countless "consols." But the passion for a handsome mansion, a handsome stud, and a handsome rental, is indefatigable, and the ex-staff man poured his adorations into her ear with all the glow of a suitor ten thousand pounds worse than nothing.

Poesy! sweetest of all the maids of Parnassus! it is thou that givest thy votary power to read the soul: it is thou that canst translate the glance into a speech, and give eloquence to the clasp of a hand. It is thou alone to whom the world is indebted for this true version of the pleadings of the Guardsman.

TRUE LOVE.

Exquisite Miss Millionaire!
Hear a lover's genuine prayer:
Let the world adore your charms,
Swan-like neck, or snowy arms,
Rosy smile, or dazzling glance,
Making all our bosoms dance;
For your purse alone I care,
Exquisite Miss Millionaire!

Ringlets blackest of the black,
 Ivory shoulders, Grecian back,
 Tresses so divinely twined,
 That we long to be the wind,
 Waiting till the lady's face
 Turns, to give the *coup de grace*.
 All those spells to *me* are air.
 Truth is truth, Miss Millionaire.

Let them talk of finger-tips,
 Pearly teeth, or coral lips,
 Cheeks the morning rose that mock,
Still there is a charm in Stock!
 Solid mortgage, five per cent,
 Freehold with "improving" rent,
 Russia bond, and railroad share,
 Steal *my* soul, Miss Millionaire.

Let your rhymers (all are crackt)
 Rave of cloud or cataract;
 On the Rhine, or Rhone, or Arve,
 Let romancers stroll and starve.
 Cupid loves a gilded cage,
 (Let *me* choose your equipage.)
 Passion pants for Portman Square,
 (Be but mine.) Miss Millionaire.

There you'll lead a London life,
 More a goddess than a wife;
 Fifty thousand pounds a-year
 Making our expenses clear;
 Giving, once a-week, a *fête*,
 Simply to display our plate.
 Never earth saw such a pair,
 Exquisite Miss Millionaire!

But a steeple starts up from its green thickets; not one of the hideous objects which the architects of our district churches perpetrate, to puzzle the passer-by as to the purpose of its being, — whether a brewer's chimney, or a shot-tower, — a perch for city pigeons, or a standing burlesque on the builders of the nineteenth age of the fine arts in England. This steeple is an old grey turret, ivy-mantled, modest, and with that look of venerable age which instinctively makes us feel, that it has witnessed memorable things in its time.

And it *has* witnessed them. On the slope of the hill above this church once waved the banners of a king, and the opposing banners of his nobles: the one receiving the lesson, that kings have duties as well as their subjects; and the others enforcing the lesson by the sight of lines and columns of the stout bowmen and billmen of the Norman chivalry. — On this spot, just this day six hundred and thirty years

ago, was held the grand conference between John and the Barons.

Further inland, but rising on the view, is Swainscomb, the hill on which the Danish armies encamped, in their pirate roving of the British seas, and their invasions of the Thames.

What a contrast between the green landscape of this moment, and the camp of Sweno. All before me was the luxury of cultivation, the yellowing crop, the grazing cattle, the cottage smoke curling slowly upward on the back-ground of noble beech, ash, and sycamore. On the summit, the sun gleamed on a rectory house, half buried in roses, where the most learned of our Orientalists perused the Koran in the peace of a Mahometan paradise, and doubtless saw, on the dancing waters of the mighty river at his feet, perpetual visions of houris.

Yet those pastures once echoed with the barbarian cries of the Cimbric warriors: tents of seal-skin and white bear fur covered the hill: the

smokes of savage feasting and Scandinavian sacrifice clouded the skies ; and on the summit, surrounded by iron guards and spectral-looking priests, stood the magic standard of the north, the image of the Raven, which flapped its wings on the coming of battle, and gave the oracular cry of victory.

But, what sounds of harmony sweep along the water ! I see a range of showy figures on the shore ; it is a whole brass band, seducing us, in the style of the syrens of old, to bring our ship to an anchor, and hazard the enchantments of the most delicious of tea-gardens.—We are within a hundred yards of the pier of Rosherville.

Within five minutes, we might be roaming through this paradise of the Thames, climbing rustic slopes carpeted with flowers, or gazing at a menagerie, where the monkeys bound, chatter, and take apples out of your hand ; or sipping coffee of the most fragrant growth, or dancing the polka under alcoves of painted canvass, large enough to manœuvre a brigade of the Horse-guards. By day the scene is romantic, but by night it is magical. By day the stranger roams through labyrinths of exotic vegetation, but by night he is enchanted with invisible music, dazzled with fireworks, and goes to his pillow to dream of the Arabian Nights. Honour to the name of Jeremiah Rosher, the discoverer of the “ capabilities ” of this Garden of the Hesperides. He found it a lime quarry, and made it a bower of Armida. If, as the great moralist said, “ the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, is a benefactor to mankind,” what honours should be paid to the genius, which substituted human beings for lime-

burners, and made the élite of the east end of the mighty metropolis dance by thousands, where nothing but the top of a thistle ever danced before. There have been more “ first affections ” awakened in the rambles through the shades of Rosherville than in fifty Almacks, and five hundred times more matches in consequence, than ever took refuge in Gretna ; and all this—for a shilling !

As we neared the pier, I observed a small but elegant yacht, lying to ; with several groups of dark-featured and cloak-covered men listening, with all the eagerness of foreign gesture, to the brazen harmony. My Italian *compagnon de voyage*, instantly bounded from his seat, ran to the ship’s side, and held a rapid dialogue with the crew of the little vessel. They were just from Rome, and were bringing over the newly appointed Archbishop from the Vatican ! The novelty of the voyage did not seem to agree with the pleasurable faculties of those sons of “ *Bella Italia*,” for nothing could be conceived more deplorable than their physiognomies.

The scene reminded me of one which I had witnessed at Naples, on the arrival of the first steam-boat from Rome, conveying the Cardinal Legate to the Court of his Majesty of the Two Sicilies.

I disdain all the formalities of poetry. Let others prepare their parchment-bound portfolios, throw their visages into the *penseroso*, fling their curls back from their brows, unbutton their shirt-collars, and, thus Byronised, begin. To me all times and places are the same.—The inspiration rushes on me, and I pour out my “ unpremeditated song ” in the original rapture of Bardism !

THE CARDINAL’S VOYAGE.

I have seen some queer things,
Both in people and kings,
Since first I began as a dreamer ;
But I ne’er thought to hear
Any thing half so queer
As a Cardinal’s trip in a steamer.

I once saw a Rabbi,
The prince of the shabby,
In a gale of wind playing the screamer,

Till we plumped him o'erboard,
 Towed along by a cord,
 For a bath at the tail of the steamer.
 'Tis true, the Chinese
 Looked as black as their tees,
 When battered by brave Sir John Bremer :
 But John Chinaman's slaughter
 Was all milk and water,
 To the havoc on board of the steamer.
 On a coil of the cable,
 Right under the table,
 With the glass at four or Readmur,
 Busy 't making his soul,
 As he felt every roll,
 Lay his Highness, on board of the steamer.
 Around him ten chaplains,
 And none of them sipping,
 Lay pale as a quarantine steamer,
 With six dozen of monks,
 All as helpless as trunks,
 All rolling about in the steamer.
 As she steered down the Tiber,
 It shook every fibre
 Of the conclave from forehead to *femur* :
 But, 'twas when in her glee,
 She cut sight of the sea,
 That she showed them the tricks of the steamer.
 At Civita Vecchia,
 Oh, mie orecchie !
 What howls called the Saints to redeem her.
 But she darted along
 Like a stone from a thong,
 In the style of a true British steamer.
 She now ruled the roast,
 As she sprang from the coast,
 Through such surges no buckets could teem her :
 The Lipari Isles
 Got but very few smiles
 From the brethren on board of the steamer.
 "As sure as we're born,
 We'll ne'er see Leghorn."
 "Pescavi!" cried out every scholar :
 The whole of the friars
 In that court were "er's."
 While thundered the wheels of the steamer.
 I'd not stand in their shoes,
 As they passed Syracuse,
 Where thy frigate lay moored, Captain Seymour :
 At the top of their throats
 Yelling out for thy boats,
 While teeth to the wind went the steamer.
 As they swept by Messina—
 Thy birth-place, Christina !—
 Old Etna was scarce such a beamer :
 In vain they cried "Stop !"
 With a blaze at her top,
 Like a pillar of flame rushed the steamer.

She bounced by Charybdis,
 With limestone which ribb'd is ;
 A touch from a pebble might seam her ;
 Made a curtsey to Scylla,
 As the Turks say, " Bismillah,"
 'Twas a very close shave for the steamer.

But the surges grew brown,
 And the night hurried down,
 And they saw in each flash a death-gleamer ;
 While the peals from the clouds,
 And the wind in the shrouds,
 Made them all very sick of the steamer.

When they made Capri's lights
 It redoubled their frights,
 And the friars all bellowed—" Tenemur !"
 One and all made confessions,
 (E'en popes have transgressions,)
 There was some heavy work in the steamer.

But they soon smelt the apples
 And fish-shops of Naples,
 And the cargo began to esteem her—
 " No witch in a sieve,
 They could ever believe,
 Had sailed half so fast as the steamer."

Could my pen give a sketch
 Of each wo-begone wretch,
 Like Gilray, H. B., or old Damer,
 You should have the whole troop
 That lay stretched on the poop,
 As up by the mole dashed the steamer.

Were I Guizot, or Florian,
 Or " Oxford Historian,"
 Or " Orator " like Dr Cremer,
 In my grand paragraphs,
 You should have all the laughs
 Of the mob as they rushed from the steamer!

LETTERS ON THE TRUTHS CONTAINED IN POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

II. — VAMPIRISM.

DEAR ARCHY,—In acknowledging my former letter, you express an eager desire to learn, as you phrase it, "all about vampyrs, if there ever were such things." I will not delay satisfying your curiosity, wondering only how my friend, your late tutor, Mr H., should have left you in a state of uncertainty upon a point on which, in my time, schoolboys many years your juniors had fully made up their minds.

"Were there ever such things as vampyrs?" *tantamne rem tamnegligen-*

ter? I turn to the learned pages of Horst for a luminous and precise definition of the destructive and mysterious beings, whose existence you have ventured to consider problematical.

"A vampyr is a dead body, which continues to live in the grave, which it leaves, however, by night, for the purpose of sucking the blood of the living, whereby it is nourished, and preserved in good condition, instead of becoming decomposed like other dead bodies."

Upon my word, you really deserve

— since Mr George Combe has clearly shown in his admirable work “On the Constitution of Man, and its adaptation to the world around him,” that ignorance is a statutable crime before Nature, and punishable, and punished by the laws of Providence,—you deserve, I say, unless you contrive to make Mr H. your substitute, which I think would be just, yourself to be the subject of the nocturnal visit of a vampyr. Your scepticism will abate pretty considerably, when you see him stealthily entering your room, yet are powerless under the fascination of his fixed and leaden eye—when you are conscious, as you lie motionless with terror, of his nearer and nearer approach,—when you feel his face, fresh with the smell of the grave, bent over your throat! while his keen teeth make a fine incision in your jugular, preparatively to his commencing his plain, but nutritive repast.

You would look a little paler the next morning, but that would be all for the moment: for Fischer informs us, that the bite of a vampyr leaves in general no mark upon the person. But he fearfully adds, “it (the bite) is nevertheless speedily fatal, unless the bitten person protect himself by eating some of the earth from the grave of the vampyr, and smearing himself with his blood.” Unfortunately, indeed, these measures are only of temporary use. Fischer adds, “if through these precautions the life of the victim be prolonged for a period, sooner or later he ends with becoming a vampyr himself; that is to say, he dies, and is buried, but continues to lead a vampyr life in the grave, nourishing himself by infecting others, and promiscuously propagating vampyrism.”

Now this is no romancer's dream. It is a succinct account of a superstition, which to this day survives in the east of Europe, where little more than a century ago it was frightfully prevalent. At that epoch, vampyrism spread like an epidemic pestilence through Servia and Wallachia, causing innumerable deaths, and disturbing all the land with apprehension of the mysterious visitation, against which no one felt his life secure.

This is something like a good solid

practical popular delusion. Do I believe it?—to be sure I do: the facts are matter of history. The people died like sheep, and the cause and method of their dying was, in their belief, what has just been stated. You suppose, then, they died, frightened out of their lives; as men have died, whose pardon has been proclaimed when their necks were already on the block, of the belief they were going to die? Well, if that were all, the subject would be worth examining; but there is more in it than that, as the following o'er true tale will convince you, the essential parts of which are attested by perfect documentary evidence.

It was in the spring of 1727 that there returned from the Levant to the village of Meduegna, near Belgrade, one Arnod Paole, who, in a few years of military service and varied adventure, had amassed enough to purchase him a cottage, and an acre or two of land in his native place, where he gave out he meant to pass the remainder of his days. He kept his word. Arnod had yet scarcely reached the prime of manhood; and though he must have encountered the rough, as well as the smooth of life, and have mingled with many a wild and reckless companion, yet his natural good disposition, and honest principle, had preserved him unscathed amid the scenes he had passed through. At all events, such were the thoughts expressed by his neighbours, as they discussed his return and settlement among them in the stube of the village Hof. Nor did the frank and open countenance of Arnod, his obliging habits, and steady conduct, argue their judgment incorrect. Nevertheless, there was something occasionally noticeable in his ways, a look and tone that betrayed inward inquietude. Often would he refuse to join his friends, or on some sudden plea abruptly quit their society. And he still more unaccountably, and as it seemed systematically, avoided meeting his pretty neighbour, Nina, whose father occupied the next tenement to his own. At the age of seventeen, Nina was as charming a picture as you could have seen, of youth, cheerfulness, innocence, and confidence in all the world. You could

not look into her limpid eyes, which steadily returned your gaze, without seeing to the bottom of the pure and transparent spring of her thoughts. Then why did Arnod shrink from meeting her? He was young, had a little property, had health and industry, and he had told his friends he had formed no ties in other lands. Why, then, did he avoid the fascination of the pretty Nina, who seemed a being made to chase from any brow the clouds of gathering care? But he did so. Yet less and less resolutely; for he felt the charm of her presence; who could have done otherwise? and how could he at last resist—he didn't—the impulse of his fondness for the innocent girl who often sought to cheer his fits of depression?

And they were to be united; were betrothed; yet still an anxious gloom would fitfully overcast his countenance even in the sunshine of those hours.

"What is it, dear Arnod, that makes you sad? it cannot be on my account, I know; for you were sad before you ever noticed me; and that I think," and you should have seen the deepening rose upon her cheek, as she added, "surely first made me notice you."

"Nina," he answered, "I have done, I fear, a great wrong in trying to gain your affections. Nina, I have a fixed impression that I shall not live; yet, knowing this, I have selfishly made my existence necessary to your happiness."

"How strangely you talk, dear Arnod! Who in the village is stronger and healthier than you? You feared no danger when you were a soldier; what danger do you fear as a villager of Meduegna?"

"It haunts me, Nina."

"But, Arnod, you were sad before you thought of loving me. Did you then fear to die?"

"Ah, Nina, it is something worse than death:" and his vigorous frame shook with agony.

"Arnod, I conjure you, tell me."

"It was in Cossova this fate befel me. Here we have hitherto escaped the terrible scourge. But there they died, and the dead visited the living. I experienced a first frightful visitation, and I fled, but not till I had

sought his grave, and exacted the dread expiation from the vampyr."

Nina uttered a piercing cry, and fell senseless. Afterwards, they found a consolation in the length of time, now months, that had elapsed, since Arnod had left Cossova, during which no fearful visitant had again approached him; and they fondly began to hope *that* gave them security. For the poor girl well knew from many a village tale the danger to which Arnod had been exposed.

It is a strange world. The ills we fear often never befall us: the blows that reach us are for the most part unforeseen ones. One day, about a week after this conversation, Arnod missed his footing and fell from the top of his loaded hay-wagon. He was picked up stunned and insensible. They carried him home; where, after lingering some hours, he died; was buried; but *not* forgotten.

Twenty or thirty days after his decease, says the perfectly authenticated report of these transactions, several in the neighbourhood made complaints that they had been haunted by the deceased Arnod; and four of the number (among whom, there being nothing in the report to the contrary, I am afraid we may include poor Nina) died. To put a term to this fearful evil, the villagers were advised by their Heyduke, who had had before some experience in such matters, to disinter the body of Arnod Paole. This step was accordingly taken *forty days after his burial*.

"The body," says the report, "was found in a perfectly fresh state, with no sign of decomposition. Fresh blood had recently escaped from its mouth, with which its shirt was wet. The skin (the epidermis, no doubt) had separated together with the nails, and there were new skin and nails underneath. As it was perfectly clear from these signs that he was a vampyr, conformably to the use established in such cases, they drove a stake through his heart.

"Whereupon he gave an audible groan, and a quantity of blood flowed from him. The same day his body was burned to ashes, which were returned to the grave."

The authorities further staked and burned the bodies of the four others, who

were supposed to have been infected by Arnod: but no mention is made of the condition in which they were found.

The adoption of this decisive measure did not, however, entirely extinguish the evil, which continued still to hang about the village. About five years afterwards it had again become rife and very prevalent, and many again died of it. Whereupon the authorities determined to make a general clearance of the vampyrs in the churchyard of Meduegna, and for that purpose they had all the graves to which suspicion was directed, opened, and their contents dealt with conformably to the state in which they were found, of which the following is the medical report, here and there *abridged* only:

1. A woman of the name of Stanna, 20 years of age, who had died 3 months before of a 3 days' illness following her confinement. She had before her death avowed that she had anointed herself with the blood of a vampyr, to liberate herself from his persecution. Nevertheless she, as well as her infant, whose body through careless interment had been half-eaten by dogs, both had died. Her body was entirely free from decomposition. On opening it, the chest was found full of recently effused blood. The heart and blood-vessels contained no coagulated blood, and the bowels had exactly the appearances of sound health. The skin and nails of the hands and feet were loose and came off, but underneath lay new skin and nails.

2. A woman of the name of Miliza, who had died at the end of a 3 months' illness. The body had been buried 90 and odd days. In the chest was liquid blood. The viscera were as in the former instance. The body was declared by the Heydukes who recognised it, to be in better condition and fatter than it had been in the woman's legitimate lifetime.

3. The body of a child of 8 years old, that had likewise been buried 90 days; it was in the vampyr condition.

4. The son of a Heyduke, named Milloc, 16 years old. The body had lain in the grave 9 weeks. He had died after 3 days' indisposition, and was in the condition of a vampyr.

5. Joachim, likewise a Heyduke's son, 17 years old. He had died after

a 3 days' illness; had been buried 5 weeks and 4 days; was found in the vampyr state.

6. A woman of the name of Rasha, who had died of an illness of 10 days' duration, and had been buried 6 weeks, in whom likewise fresh blood was found in the chest.

[The reader will understand, that to see blood in the chest it is first necessary to *cut* the chest open.]

7. The body of a girl of 10 years of age, who had died 2 months before. It was likewise in the vampyr state, perfectly undecomposed, with blood in the chest.

8. The body of the wife of one Hadnuck, buried 7 weeks before; and that of her infant, 8 weeks old, buried only 21 days. They were both in a state of decomposition, though buried in the same ground, and closely adjoining the others.

9. A servant of the Heyduke of the place, by name Rhade, 23 years old; he had died after an illness of 3 months' duration, and the body had been buried 5 weeks. It was in a state of decomposition.

11. The body of the Heyduke Stanco, 60 years of age, who had died six weeks before; there was much blood and other fluid in the chest and abdomen, and the body was in the vampyr condition.

12. Milloc, a Heyduke, 25 years old. The body had been in the earth 6 weeks. It was in the perfect vampyr condition.

13. Stanjoika, the wife of a Heyduke, 20 years old; had died after an illness of three days, and had been buried 18 days. The countenance was florid, and of a high colour. There was blood in the chest and in the heart. The viscera were perfectly sound. The skin remarkably fresh.

The document which gives these particulars is signed by three regimental surgeons, and formally countersigned by the lieutenant-colonel and a sub-lieutenant; it bears the date of June 7, 1732, Meduegna, near Belgrade. No doubt can be entertained of its authenticity, nor of its *general* fidelity; the less so, that it does not stand alone, but is supported by heaps of parallel evidence, only less rigorously verifiable. It appears to me to establish beyond a question, that,

where the fear and belief of vampyrism is prevailing, and there occur several deaths after short illnesses, the bodies, when disinterred, weeks after burial, present the appearance of corpses, from which life has only recently departed.

What inference shall we draw from this fact?—that vampyrism is true in the popular sense, and that these fresh-looking and well-conditioned corpses had some mysterious way of preternaturally nourishing themselves? That would be to adopt, not to solve the superstition. Let us content ourselves for the present with a notion less monstrous, but still startling enough: That the bodies, which were found in the so-called vampyr state, instead of being in a new and mystical condition, were simply alive in the common way; that, in short, they were the bodies of persons who had been buried alive; and whose life was only extinguished by the ignorance and barbarity of those who disinterred them. In the following sketch of a similar scene to that above described, the truth of this inference comes out with terrific force and vividness.

Erasmus Francisci, in his remarks upon the description of the Archdukedom of Krain, by Valvasor, speaks of a man of the name of Grando, in the district of Kring, who died, was buried, and became a vampyr, and as such was exhumed for the purpose of having a stake thrust through him.

"When they opened his grave, after he had been long buried, his face was found with a colour, and his features made natural sorts of movements, as if the dead man smiled. He even opened his mouth, as if he would inhale fresh air. They held the crucifix before him, and called in a loud voice, 'See, this is Jesus Christ who redeemed your soul from hell, and died for you.' After the sound had acted on his organs of hearing, and he had connected, perhaps, some ideas with it, tears began to flow from the dead man's eyes. Finally, when, after a short prayer for his poor soul, they proceeded to hack off his head, the corpse uttered a screech, and turned and rolled just as if it had been alive, and the grave was full of blood."

Alive, then, the bodies surely were. And it is from this position, as a starting point, that we must follow and unravel the whole mystery, *if we dare*.

Not that there is any particular virulence in this superstition, but that all superstitions are awkward things to deal with. They have their own laws, and run through definite stages, but always menace those who meddle with them. A superstition waxes and flourishes—that is its first stage; it then wanes in public opinion, is discredited, and is declared obsolete; that is stage the second. Eventually comes more enlightenment; its wonders are again admitted, but explained; the false in it separated from the true; this is its third and last period. And it may be remarked, that society is never safe against the reproduction of a superstition, till it has gone through this third stage (analogous to the disinterment and dissection of a vampyr); till then, it is always capable of "walking" again. But, which is singular, to the end the operation of explaining a superstition is unsafe, that is to say, if you step a quarter of an inch before the sagacious nose of the public. Of course, if any one should attempt to explain away a flourishing superstition, he would encounter, not martyrdom, perhaps, any more, but the persecution of opinion certainly, and the ban of society. But if he ventures upon the same process, even with one that is already put down, he is liable to be viewed and attacked as a credulous person, disposed to revive forgotten rubbish; for he has unwittingly affronted public opinion by asserting that to be worth examining, which society had proclaimed an error. Doubly wo to him if his explanation contain some startling novelty! But, courage! again,—

The bodies disinterred and found in the so-called vampyr state, were then alive.

But how could they, you ask, be alive after an interment of days or weeks? How is it possible they could lie without air, boxed up in a manner which would certainly kill a strong and healthy person in a few minutes or hours, and yet retain their vitality? I will not bring forward as favourable cases in point, the

instances of frogs and toads that have been discovered in rocks, where they must have been encased for years or centuries, alive: first, because, although they are true, you might equally question these; secondly, because a human being cannot compete in vitality with a cold-blooded reptile. I shall content myself with falling back upon the evidence already adduced. The disinterred bodies *proved*, by their appearance, some even by their behaviour, that they were alive; and I shall retort upon you the question, how came you not to know that bodies could live under such circumstances a considerable length of time, and that many cases have transpired in which, totally *apart from rampyrrism*, bodies have been found turned over in the coffin, through efforts made by them, when, after their burial, they had unhappily recovered consciousness?

But what, then, was the pathological condition in which these persons continued to exist, after they had ceased to appear alive?

It is just one of the profitable results of examining the superstition before us, that the above question becomes explicitly propounded, and its solution demanded of physiologists. Its solution cannot fail of being full of interest, but it is yet, unluckily, a desideratum, or, like the principle which gives motion to the divining rod, as yet only indicated and partially outlined.

What is wanted is direct scientific examination, and verification by competent persons, of all the phenomena the body presents in these strange circumstances. In the absence, however, of recorded observation, let us imagine how the thing might come about.

The series of effects surmised would not begin in the heart; analogy leads us to suppose that primary interruption of the heart's action for a very brief period is fatal. Somewhere in the Indian seas, death is inflicted by a backward blow with the elbow on the region of the heart; a sudden angina is produced, which is promptly fatal. Neither, upon similar showing, can it commence in obstructed breathing. Then the commencement of the changes must be sought in the brain.

Now it is analogically by no means very improbable, that the functions of the nervous system admit of being brought to a complete stand-still, the wheels of the machinery locking, as it were, of a sudden, through some influence directly exerted upon *it*, and that this state of interrupted function should continue for a very considerable period, without loss of power of recovery. Nor would it be contrary to analogy that such an arrest of activity in the nervous system should stop, more or less completely, the act of breathing and the action of the heart, without at the same time the consequences following which result from either of these changes, *when they are primary*. The heart, when *not acting by order*, need not be supposed to lose its contractile force and tendency. The blood, though not moving, being in contact with living vessels, need not coagulate. There is no physiological absurdity in supposing such a general arrest of function, originating in the nervous system, and continuing an indefinite period without life being extinguished. If a swimmer be taken with cramp, and sink, he is irretrievably dead in five minutes. But if he sink from a fit of epilepsy, he may remain a longer time under water, yet recover. But epilepsy is a form of loss of consciousness beginning in the nervous system—a kind of fit which may, under certain circumstances, be thus preservative of life. So may we presume, that in the singular cases we are considering, the body is but in another and deeper fit, which suspends the vital phenomena, and reduces its vitality to that of the unincubated egg, to simple life, without change, without waste or renewal. The body does not putrefy, because it is alive: it does not waste or require nourishment, because every action is stilled within it.

But this must be a dull subject of speculation for you, and your mind is perhaps wandering thence to more practical views. It has struck you possibly, not without an uncomfortable misgiving, that this obscure, but unpleasant event may happen to yourself, and what on earth is there to prevent *your* being buried alive?

If you wish individually to be as safe as possible, leave by will to some

eminent surgeon, not your habitual attendant, £50, and his railway expenses, &c., to be paid him for opening your body, when you are certainly dead; £25 if he opens you, finds you alive, and succeeds in sewing you up, and keeping you so; £200, on the contrary, to be expended in indicting him for manslaughter if you die under his hands. I do not venture to affirm that with all these precautions you would be perfectly safe. The eminent Vesalius, surgeon, and a favourite of the Emperor Charles V., with all his experience and knowledge, was unlucky enough to open a Spanish nobleman by mistake, while he was yet alive. The consequences, no doubt, were more serious than they would be now. Vesalius hardly escaped the claws of the Inquisition, and died during his expiatory pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

If, more comprehensively, you should wish to save others, as well as yourself, from this awful risk, and have a friend in the legislature, urge him, or otherwise Mr Wakley, to move for the insertion in any convenient bill a clause to appoint in every district a qualified officer to license burials; he had better not be a practising doctor, but his office might embrace necroscopic inquiries for the coroner, and the registrarship of births and deaths.

In either case, I would recommend you to offer publicly a premium of £500, to be paid at the expiration of three years, for the best treatise upon the signs of death; the same being calculated to form a useful body of instruction, as yet wanting, either for your private surgeon, or the new officials.

In England, indeed, our decent respect for the dead, which leads us to postpone interment as long as possible, is a tolerable security against being buried alive. The coffin is seldom closed upon the remains, before decomposition has already commenced. *That* is death's certain seal; nor, in the present state of our knowledge, special cases of course excepted, is it right to consider life surely extinct, till the impress of that seal is perceptible to the senses.

On the Continent, generally, the interval observed before burial is far too short for safety. They calculate

that in France from twenty to thirty are annually interred alive, computing from the number of those who, after supposed death, come to life before the funeral is completed. I cannot help imagining that this seeming death must be much less frequent in England than in some other countries; (is that owing to the more vigorous practice for which English medical men are celebrated, they either cure or kill?) In Germany, interment is forbidden by law for three days after death. And there is a curious and humane provision in the grave-houses attached to the cemeteries of some of the principal towns: Bodies which are brought too soon, not having performed the three days' quarantine, are received and lodged, being disposed upon tressles, with rings on their toes and fingers which are attached to bell-pulls. The corpse thus, on coming to itself, may have immediate attendance merely by ringing for it; some one is always there on the watch. But the humanity of this arrangement, though perfect as long as it lasts, is finite in duration. As soon as the seventy-two hours prescribed by law are expired, it is another thing. The body is then legally dead, and must comport itself accordingly. At any rate, it is at its own risk if it behaves otherwise than as a corpse, and gives itself any airs of vitality. This is appalling enough, and would certainly justify any body, if it could, in getting out at nights and turning vampyr.

And now, to return again to our inquiry. We have got thus far. The bodies found in the so-called vampyr state are alive. They are in a sort of fit, the possible duration of which is undetermined. The same fit may occur, and does occur continually, with no reference to the superstition of vampyrism. But where the belief in vampyrism is rife, these fits are more prevalent, and spread sometimes like an epidemic.

The question naturally follows, how is this malady, viewing it as one in these cases, propagated?

At such seasons, it is far from improbable that there is some physical cause in operation, some meteorological influence perhaps, electrical or otherwise, disposing the system to be

a readier prey to the seizure. As certain constitutions of the year alter the blood and lead to fever or cholera, why should not others render the nervous system irritable and prone to derangement?

Then it is well known that fright will bring on certain kinds of fits—in women hysteric fits, in the youth of either sex epileptic fits; and certainly no ghastlier terror can there be than the accredited apprehension of vampyrism. And it deserves remark, that impressions upon the mind are known to be capable of shaping particular kinds of fits, and especially of exciting and determining the features of sensorial illusions, that seem adjuncts in vampyrism.

We are able to creep yet a step nearer to the mark. There is great reason to believe that some human beings have had the power of throwing themselves into the state of seeming death, *voluntarily*. In Gooch's surgical works, there is an account of a Colonel Townsend, who asserted this of himself, and challenged Gooch to witness the performance. And you may read in the narrative of Gooch, how he and two or three other competent witnesses saw Colonel Townsend dispose himself to favour the invasion of this fit, and how he gradually fell into a state apparently devoid of animation. A very few years ago there was a story in the papers of a native in India, who undertook for a reward to do the same feat, and to allow himself to be buried for a stipulated period. A gentleman, certainly not of a credulous turn in general, told me he was in India at the time with his regiment; and, though not on the spot, that he knew the parties who brought the conjuror to work; and that he believed they positively buried him, and, at the end of the time agreed upon, disinterred him, and found him alive. But be *this* story true or false, the case of Colonel Townsend remains to show the thing asserted to have been possible—and this remark may be safely added: Whatever change of the kind the will can bring about, can be twice as readily wrought by fear or a disturbed imagination.

You are, I hope, or fear rather, by this time satiated with the marvellous and with the subject. What!

—yet another question? Ay. How came this superstition to arise?

The answer is ready. In those days the belief in ghosts was absolute, and a vampyr was a sort of ghost. When an ignorant person, that is, when any one in those days became the subject of a sensorial illusion representing a human being, to a certainty he identified the creation of his fancy as somebody he had seen or heard of; then he would tell his acquaintances that the ghost of such a person haunted him. If the fright brought on a fit, or seemed to cause his death, the neighbours would remember how he had before been haunted. Then, in any case, what more natural than to disinter the body of a supposed visitant, to know why he is uneasy in the grave? Then, if once a body so disinterred were found in the fresh and undecomposed state, the whole delusion would start into existence. The violence used would force blood from the corpse; and that would be construed into the blood of a victim. The absence of a scar on the throat of the victim, would throw no difficulty in the way to the vampyr theory, because vampyrs enjoyed the ghostly character, and all its privileges. Supposing, again, that at any time chance had brought to light a body interred alive, and lying still in this fit, the whole yarn of superstition might again have been spun from that clue.

Do you want more than this? I shall begin to think you at heart superstitious. I tell you it is contrary to the rules of inductive logic, to look for, or to use more principles than are sufficient for the reasonable explanation of phenomena. Yet you urge, do you, that it is no less unphilosophical, in an obscure and unsettled inquiry, wholly to exclude the consideration of unlikely possibilities?—Well! it is nothing to me. Have it your own way: suppose, if you like, that the man in the grave *had* something to do with spreading the disease, and that his nervous system, in its abnormal state, could put itself in relation with that of another person at a distance. If you like it, have it so. In one sense, it simplifies the matter. But though I cannot deny your supposition to be possible, you will excuse

me if I profess to hold the solution, which I have myself given, to be sufficient.

Well! *there* is an end of the subject, at all events; and I accept your thanks for having told you all I know about vampyrism. I deserve them more than you are aware. At the churchyard in Meduegna, my dear Archy, I had you thoroughly in my power. I saw how your curiosity was raised, and that any picture I had drawn would have been accepted by you with avidity; and I must confess it did at one moment occur to me, to describe to you the exact dress and deportment of the three regimental surgeons, or Feldscherers, (a handsome word signifying field-barbers),

John Flickinger, Isaac Stegel, and John Fredrick Baumgartner, as well as the behaviour and remarks of a drummer boy, who held the instrument case during the *intermortem* examination, an event he witnessed for the first time. But I would not abuse my advantage; so I let you off cheaply with the sole fabrication of Nina, and the personal characteristics of Arnod Paole, of whom unfortunately nothing has come down to posterity, but that he was haunted by a vampyr at Cossova, fell from a hay-cart at Meduegna, and died, and lived a vampyr himself.

I remain, dear Archy,
Yours, &c.

MAC DAVUS.

LETTER III.

SPIRITS, GOBLINS, GHOSTS.

DEAR ARCHY.—On what subject shall I next address you? Elves, goblins, ghosts, real and unreal; dreams, witchcraft, second-sight? Bless me! the field of marvels seems more thronged, as I approach it closer. The spirits I have evoked begin to scare me with their numbers. How on earth shall I ever get them fairly laid? But some, I see, can now only limp along—they are scotched already; I will begin with finishing these. Yet they deserve gentle treatment. They sprang from our nature, which seems expressly made to procreate and rear them. Thick, within and around us, lie the rich veins of illusive suggestion from which they spring.

The thing nearest us is our mental constitution, the world of consciousness. It is of it we first learn, though it be the last we understand. It is that through which we perceive and apprehend all other things; and nothing becomes part of our knowledge but as it has been shaped and coloured by its magic reflexion. Nay, more, it is not only our mirror but our archetype for every thing. So we spiritualise the material universe, and afterwards, by an incongruous consistency, anthropomorphise spirit.

Reason in vain reclaims against this misuse of analogy. Feeling, imagination, instinct are too many for her; and any mood, from fun to earnest, from nonsense to sublimity, may hear a responsive note when this chord is touched.

Address to that ingenuous young American a remark upon the slowness of the legs of her work-table,—she blushes—her lively fancy has given them personality. Were she a wealthier miss, she would give them, besides, neat cambric trowsers with lace borders. With less refinement, and with inexcusable warmth, I take shame to myself for having bestowed a kick upon a similar mahogany limb, which had, however, begun the contest by breaking my shin.

To the poet's eye, nature is instinct with life. Greece may be "living Greece no more"—in the soul of her people; but her immortal plains, and streams, and hills have their own vitality.

"The mountains *look* on Marathon,
And Marathon *looks* on the sea."

You go to visit them; they meet you half-way: "*spectatum veniunt.*"

Amid the Alps—with glacier, torrent, forest around—you still evoke

the fancied spirit of the scene, though it be but

"To gaze upon her beauty—nothing more."

And where, in sublimer grandeur, snowclad, upreared against the nearer sun, are seen the towering Andes; to the poet's eye, the Cordillera lies no huge backbone of earth; but lives, a Rhoetus or Enceladus of the West, and

"over earth, air, wave,
Glares with his Titan eye."

This is but the calm, the dignified, the measured march of poetical conception. No wonder, when superstition steps in to prick on imagination, that all should vividly team with spirit life. Or that on Walpurgis' night, bush and streamlet and hill bustle and hurry, with unequal pace, towards the haunted Brocken: the heavy ones lag, indeed, a little, and are out of breath—

"The giant snorted once, ho! ho!
How they snort and how they blow!"

No wonder that to the dreamer's eye, in tranquil scenes of sylvan solitude, the fawn of yore skipped in the forest dell, the dryad peeped from behind the shadowy oak, the fay tripped lightly over the moonlit sward.

But enough, and too much, of "your philosophy." Yet there are those still who may be the wiser for it. Let me sketch you a surviving believer in the creed it would dispel.

He was a Spanish West-Indian—in his active years had been an extensive planter and slave-owner in Porto Rico. His manners were grave and dignified, as due to himself; courteous, as not denying equal or superior worth in others. He had seen the world, and spoke of it habitually with a fine irony. We had many a walk together. He was nervous about his health. One day, as our path lay along the banks of the Rhine, his conversation took this turn:—

"Do you believe in spirits?" he asked me; and upon my intimating the polite but qualified assent which suited the tone in which the question was put—"It may be supersition," he continued, "but I am often inclined to think that the pucks and goblins, which, as they say, once haunted these scenes, are not entirely visionary beings. You may smile—but this has happened,

may, often happens, to me in my walks. I see a big clod lying before me in the path, and form the intention of avoiding it; when close to it, I step to one side, when pr-r-rt, my toe strikes against it."

I edged slightly away from my companion with the disagreeable impression that he was gone mad.

He went on;—"When I lived in the West Indies, the children of the slaves, about my house, were treated with great kindness and indulgence. They would come about my table at dessert, and often had little presents given them. So they grew into objects of affection. But, out of several, some, of course, took ill and died. I cannot tell you what grief it caused me. Then this has happened several times, after the death of one or other of my little favourites:—a bird has flown into the hall, and into my sitting-room, and has hovered near me, and, after a while, has flown away, For a few days it has regularly returned, and then finally disappeared. I thought it was tenanted by the spirit of my lost favourite, which had come to bid me farewell."

I drew nearer again to my companion: I felt I was at all events safe from violence from him. And I contrasted, with humiliation, his beautiful superstition with the commonplace remembrance of a school-boy conviction of my own, one dark night, upon Blackheath, that a direction-post was a ghost.

My friend had not, indeed, always been a dreamer; and although this is no place to narrate his course of daring and hazardous adventure, on which I am therefore silent, yet I wish to be allowed to re-establish his credit for intelligence, by reporting the answer which he made, on another occasion, to a question, as to what he thought of the emancipation of the Negroes in our colonies. "The principle," answered my friend, "was good, but you were in too great a hurry. Before giving them freedom, you should have made them fit for it. They were not impatient. Slavery is an African institution. Some outlay of public money, and extreme care and prudence in your measures, would have enabled you to secure their humane treatment in the interval. As

fast as they became inoculated with the wants and habits of civilised life, you might have made *freedmen* of the most advanced, and given them official occupation, or allotted them land under proper conditions. One sheep would have followed another. The fag-end you might have emancipated together. Thirty or forty years, and a million of money, would have done the thing. The results would have been, from first to last, beneficial to the colonists. It would have set an example which other nations *could* have followed. It would have been a noble return for having, temporarily, used the race as unmitigated slaves. It would have been an act of enlightened philanthropy. It would have become statesmen. What you did reads and works like the puerile suggestion of a school-boy's theme. What you are further doing, to suppress, by force, the trade in slaves, would have been worthy my distinguished countryman whose biography has immortalised Cervantes. Humanity would smile at it, but that she shudders and sickens."

But, to leave the region of dreams, which are no longer realisable, let us shift the scene.

The churchyard has its nightly terrors. One heard of corpse-lights seen dancing over graves—but over some alone. A few only had witnessed this; but *they* had no doubt on the matter. Things looked "uncanny;" but time did not pause, and the story was forgotten. Even when the tale was fresh, what was it but superstition? Who of those who hugged its sympathetic terrors by the Christmas fireside, thought they could be true on the bright frosty morning of the morrow? It was mere fancy. There was nothing in it. Yet there *was* something. And now and then a striking and mysterious event would occur to bring back the old idea. There was a cottage, (this I heard of a certainty,) in a hamlet I could name, to which a bad report attached. A room in it was haunted. More than one who had slept there had seen, at midnight, the luminous apparition of a little child standing upon the hearthstone. At length suspicion became active. The hearth-stone was raised, and there were found, buried beneath

it, the remains of an infant. A story was now divulged, how the former tenant and a female of the neighbourhood had, a very few years before, abruptly left the village. The apparition here was real and significant enough.

"It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak:

Augurs and understood relations have,
By magot-pyes, and coughts, and rooks,
brought forth

The secret'st man of blood."

But tales like these, though true, gradually lose the sharpness of their evidence for want of an accredited contemporary narrator, and so become valueless. But time brings round every thing.

And at length a marvellous narrative, to the same effect with the above, made its appearance in a trustworthy German work, *P. Kieffer's Archives*, the complete authentication of which caused it to make a deep impression. The narrative was communicated by Herr Ehrman of Strasburg, the son-in-law of the well-known German writer Pfeffel, from whom he received it.

The ghost-seer was a young candidate for orders, eighteen years of age, of the name of Billing. He was known to have very excitable nerves,—had already experienced sensorial illusions, and was particularly sensitive to the presence of human remains, which made him tremble and shudder in all his limbs. Pfeffel, being blind, was accustomed to take the arm of this young man, and they walked thus together in Pfeffel's garden, near Colmar. At one spot in the garden Pfeffel remarked, that his companion's arm gave a sudden start, as if he had received an electric shock. Being asked what was the matter, Billing replied, "nothing." But, on their going over the same spot again, the same effect recurred. The young man being pressed to explain the cause of his disturbance, avowed that it arose from a peculiar sensation which he always experienced when in the vicinity of human remains; that it was his impression a human body must be interred there; but that if Pfeffel would return with him at night, he should be able to speak with more confidence. Accordingly, they went to the garden

together when it was dark, and as they approached the spot, Billing observed a faint light over it. At two paces from it, he stopped and would go no further; for he saw hovering over it, or self-supported in the air, its feet only a few inches from the ground, a luminous female figure, nearly five feet high, with the right arm folded on her breast, the left hanging by her side. When Pfeffel himself stepped forward and placed himself about where the figure was, Billing said it was now on his right hand, now on his left, now behind, now before him. When Pfeffel cut the air with his stick, it seemed as if it went through and divided a light flame, which then united again. The visit, repeated the next night, in company with some of Pfeffel's relatives, gave the same result. *They* did not see any thing. Pfeffel, then, unknown to the ghost-seer, had the ground dug up, when there was found at some depth, beneath a layer of quicklime, a decomposing human body. The remains were removed, and the earth carefully replaced. Three days afterwards, Billing, from whom this whole proceeding had been kept concealed, was again led to the spot by Pfeffel. He walked over it now without experiencing any unusual impression whatever.

This extraordinary phenomenon, it is now generally known, has been completely elucidated through the discoveries of Von Reichenbach, to which, in a former letter, I had occasion to make allusion.

You are probably aware, that the individuals whose nerves Von Reichenbach found to be so sensitive to the proximity of crystals, magnets, &c., would, in the dark, see flames issuing from the same substances. Then, in the progress of his inquiries, Von Reichenbach found that chemical decomposition was a rich source of the new power he had discovered, by its action on the nerves. And being acquainted with the story of the ghost in Pfeffel's garden at Colmar, it occurred to him as not unlikely, that Billing had just been in the same condition with his own sensitive patients, and that graves very likely would present to all of them a luminous *aura*; and that thus the mystery might find a very simple explanation.

Accordingly, Miss Reichel, one of his most sensitive subjects, was taken at night to an extensive burying-ground, near Vienna, where many interments take place daily, and there were some thousand graves. The result did not disappoint Von Reichenbach's expectations. Whithersoever Miss Reichel turned her eyes, she saw masses of flame. This appearance manifested itself most about recent graves. About very old ones it was not visible. She described the appearance as resembling less bright flame than fiery vapour, something between fog and flame. In several instances, the light extended four feet in height above the ground. When Miss Reichel placed her hand in it, it seemed to her involved in a cloud of fire. When she stood in it, it came up to her throat. She expressed no alarm, being accustomed to the appearance.

The mystery has thus been entirely solved. For it is evident that the spectral character of the luminous apparition in the two instances I have narrated had been supplied by the imagination of the seers. So the superstition has vanished, leaving, as is usual, a very respectable truth behind it.

It is indeed a little unlucky for this new truth, which reveals either a new power in nature or an unexpected operation of familiar ones, that the phenomena which attest it are verifiable by a few only who are possessed of highly sensitive temperaments. And it is the use of the world to look upon these few as very suspicious subjects. This is unjust. Their evidence, the parties having otherwise a character for honesty, should be accepted with the same faith and the same distrust with which all evidence is to be viewed; with neither more nor less than in other cases. Nothing should be received in scientific inquiry which it is not compulsory on our understanding to believe. It is not a whit more difficult in these than in other cases to obtain inductive certainty. Nature is not here peculiarly coy or averse from being interrogated.

Philosophers occasionally regret the limited number of their senses, and think a world of knowledge would flow from their possessing but *one*

more. Now, persons of highly-wrought nervous systems have what is equivalent to a new sense, in their augmentation of natural sensibility. But philosophers will not accept this equivalent. They must have the boon from nature their own way, or not at all.

To turn elsewhere.—We may now look into a broader seam of illusive power—one which lies entirely within ourselves, and needs no objective influence to bring its ghost-producing fertility into play. Let me exemplify it in operation.

A young gentleman, who has recently left Oxford, told me, that he was one evening at a supper-party in college, when they were joined by a common friend on his return from hunting. They expected him, but were struck with his appearance. He was pale and agitated. On questioning him, they learned the cause. During the latter part of his ride home, he had been accompanied by a horseman, who kept exact pace with him, the rider and horse being facsimiles of himself and the steed he rode, even to the copy of a newfangled bit he sported that day for the first time. The apparition vanished on his entering the town. He had, in fact, seen his double or fetch, and it had shaken his nerves pretty considerably. His friends advised him to consult the college tutor, who failed not to give him some good advice, and hoped the warning would not be thrown away. My informant, who thought the whole matter very serious, and was disposed to believe the unearthly visit to have been no idle one, added, that it *had* made the ghost-seer, for the time at all events, a wiser and better man.

In more ignorant times, the appearance of one's fetch was held to be of very alarming import; and to menace either death or serious personal harm. Now, it is known to be one of the commonest forms in which *sensorial illusions* shape themselves. And these are matters of every-day occurrence.

It would seem, that when the blood is heated or the nervous system overstrained, we are liable to attach reality to the mere productions of the imagination. There must be few who have not had personal experience of this affection. In the first night of

a febrile attack, and often in the progress of fever, the bed-hangings appear to the patient swarming with human faces, generally of a disagreeable and menacing expression. With some, opium will produce a host of similar visitants. In much illness, I have often myself taken this drug, and always hoped it would provide me a crop of apparitions that I might analyse. But I was disappointed; opium I found to give me only a great tranquillity and clearness of thought. Once or twice only have I had a vision, and that but a transitory landscape. I used in vain to look upon that *black mixture* which lies before one in the dark, and try to make its fragmentary lights arrange themselves into definite shapes. And I have imaged to my mind familiar scenes or faces, (as in the daytime a strong conception will half realise such,) but they were not more distinct than formerly,—ideas only and perfectly transient. But, as I have said, once or twice I have had the satisfaction of seeing a bright and coloured landscape spread before my view; yet unlike reality, and more resembling a diorama, occupying a rectangle on the black mixture before my eyes. It was not a known and familiar scene, but a brilliant sketch, made out of materials I remembered, but could not by a deliberate effort *have combined* so effectively. It was a spontaneous throe of the imagination, which had force to overpersuade the organs of perception.

How well did Shakspeare understand this creative power of the fancy!—the air-drawn dagger of Macbeth, and his test—"come, let me clutch thee!" are physiologically perfect. Nor less perfect or true to nature, is the conception of the ghost of Banquo haunting the kingly murderer. The ghost, it is obvious, however, should not in the play appear bodily. The audience are in the position of the guests at the royal supper-table, who saw it not. I wonder how in Shakspeare's time the stage-directions ran upon this point. Probably as now. Though Shakspeare wrote for all times, he was probably wise enough to act for the present. Or perhaps, with no disrespect to his unequalled genius, he understood not the princi-

ples of which he exactly portrayed the workings, and was, like Shelley's poet,

"Hidden in the light of thought."

So, some say the sun may be dark as another planet; and that the spots on it are its common earth seen through the gaps in its luminous atmosphere.

To the world, the alpha and omega of this piece of philosophy were furnished by the publication of the case of Nicolai, the bookseller of Berlin. Its details were read before the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, in 1799. The *substance* ran thus. Nicolai had had some family troubles which much annoyed him. Then, on the 21st of February 1791, there stood before him, at the distance of ten paces, the ghost of his eldest son. He pointed at it, directing his wife to look. She saw it not, and tried to convince him that it was an illusion. In a quarter of an hour it vanished. In the afternoon, at four o'clock, it came again. Nicolai was alone. He went to his wife's room—the ghost followed him. About six other apparitions joined the first, and they walked about, among, and through each other. After some days, the apparition of his son stayed away; but its place was filled with the figures of a number of persons, some known, some unknown to Nicolai—some of dead, others of living persons. The known ones were distant acquaintances only. The figures of none of Nicolai's habitual friends were there. The appearances were almost always human: exceptionally, a man on horseback, with dogs and birds would present themselves. The apparitions came mostly after dinner, at the commencement of digestion. They were just like real persons; the colouring a thought fainter. The apparitions were equally distinct whether Nicolai was alone or in society, by day as in the dark, in his own house or those of others; but in the latter case they were less frequent, and they very seldom presented themselves in the streets. During the first eight days they seemed to take very little notice of each other, but walked about like people at a fair, only here and there communing with each other. They took no notice of Nicolai, or of his remarks about them to his wife and

physician. No effort of his would dismiss them, or bring an absent one back. When he shut his eyes, they sometimes disappeared, sometimes remained; when he opened his eyes, they were there as before. After a week they became more numerous, and began to converse. They conversed with each other, and then addressed him. Their remarks were short and unconnected, but sensible and civil. His acquaintances inquired after his health, and expressed sympathy for him, and spoke in terms comforting him. The apparitions were most conversible when he was alone; nevertheless they mingled in the conversation when others were by, and their voices had the same sound as those of real persons. This illusion went on thus from the 24th of February to the 20th of April; so that Nicolai, who was in good bodily health, had time to become tranquillised about them, and to observe them at his ease. At last they rather amused him. Then the doctors thought of an efficient plan of treatment. They prescribed leeches: and then followed the *denouement* to this interesting representation. The apparitions became pale and vanished. On the 20th of April, at the time of applying the leeches, Nicolai's room was full of figures moving about among each other. They first began to have a less lively motion; shortly afterwards their colours became paler—in another half hour fainter still, though the forms still remained. About seven o'clock in the evening, the figures had become colourless, and they moved scarcely at all, but their outline was still tolerably perfect. Gradually that became less and less defined. At last they disappeared, breaking into air, fragments only remaining, which at last all vanished. By eight o'clock all were gone, and Nicolai subsequently saw no more of them.

Other cases are on record in which there was still greater facility of ghost-production than Nicolai evinced. One patient could, for instance, by thinking of a person, summon his apparition to join the others. He could not, however, having done this, subsequently banish him. The sight is the sense most easily and frequently tricked; next, the hearing. In some

extraordinary cases the touch, also, has participated in the delusion.

Herr von Baczko, already subject to visual hallucinations, of a diseased nervous system, his right side weak with palsy, his right eye blind, and the vision of the left imperfect, was engaged one evening, shortly after the battle of Jena, as he tells us in his autobiography, in translating a brochure into Polish, when he felt a poke in his loins. He looked round, and found that it proceeded from a Negro or Egyptian boy, seemingly about twelve years of age. Although he was persuaded the whole was an illusion, he thought it best to knock the apparition down, when he felt that it offered a sensible resistance. The Negro then attacked him on the other side, and gave his left arm a particularly disagreeable twist, when Baczko pushed him off again. The Negro continued to visit him constantly during four months, preserving the same appearance, and remaining tangible; then he came seldom; and, after finally appearing as a brown-coloured apparition with an owl's head, he took his leave.

The illusion and its principle having been thus elucidated, it is hardly worth while to look into its operation in tales of vulgar terror. But it is highly interesting to trace its effects on minds of a high order, when its suggestions have been received and interpreted as the visits and communications of superior beings. You have heard, I dare say, my dear Archy, of the mysticism of Schwedenborg. Now that they are explained, the details of his hallucinations are highly gratifying to one's curiosity.

Schwedenborg, the son of a Swedish clergyman of the name of Schwedberg, ennobled as Schwedenborg, was, up to the year 1743, which was the fifty-fourth of his age, an ordinary man of the world, distinguished only in literature, having written many volumes of philosophy and science, and being Professor in the Mineralogical school, where he was much respected. On a sudden, in the year 1743, he believed himself to have got into a commerce with the world of spirits, which so fully took possession of his thoughts, that he not only published their revelations, but was in the habit of detailing, with the greatest equanimity,

his daily chat with them. Thus he says, "I had a conversation the other day on that very point with the Apostle Paul," or with Luther, or some other dead person. Schwedenborg continued in what he believed to be daily communion with spirits till his death, in 1772. He was, without doubt, in the fullest degree convinced of the reality of his spiritual commerce. So in a letter to the Wirttemberg prelate, Oetinger, dated November 11, 1766, he uses the following words:—"If I have spoken with the Apostles? To this I answer, I conversed with St Paul during a whole year, particularly on the text, Romans iii. 28. I have three times conversed with St John, once with Moses, and a hundred times with Luther, who allowed that it was against the warning of an angel that he professed '*fidem solam*,' and that he stood alone upon the separation from the Pope. With angels, finally, have I these twenty-two years conversed, and converse daily.

"Of the angels," he says, "they have human forms, the appearance of men that I have a thousand times seen; for I have spoken with them as a man with other men, often with several together; and have seen nothing in the least to distinguish them from ordinary men." [They had evidently just the appearance of Nicolai's visitors.] "Lest any one should call this an illusion, or imaginary perception, it is to be understood that I am accustomed to see them, when perfectly myself wide awake, and in full exercise of my observation. The speech of an angel or of a spirit sounds like, and as loud as, that of a man, but it is not heard by the bystanders; the reason is, that the speech of an angel or a spirit finds entrance first into a man's thoughts, and reaches his organs of hearing from within outwards." This is indeed *cum ratione insanire*! how just an analysis of the illusion, when he is most deceived by it!

"The angels who converse with men, speak not in their own language, but in the language of men, and likewise in other languages which are inwardly known to man, not in languages which he does not understand." Schwedenborg here took up the angels, and

to explain their own ideas to them observed, that they most likely appeared to speak his mother tongue, *because, in fact,* it was not they who spoke, but himself by their suggestion. The angels held out, however, and went away unconvinced.

"When approaching, the angels often appear like a ball of light; and they travel in companies so grouped together—they are allowed so to unite by the Lord—that they may act as one being, and share each others' ideas and knowledge; and in this form they bound through the universe, from planet to planet."

I will, in conclusion, add another different, but equally interesting sketch.

"It is now seven years ago," so spoke, before her judges, the simple, but high-minded Joan of Arc—the beginning of the year 1431; it was a summer day, towards the middle hour, I was about thirteen years old, and was in my father's garden, that I heard for the first time, on my right hand towards the church, a voice, and there stood a figure in a bright radiance before my eyes. It had the appearance and look of a right good and virtuous man, bore wings, was surrounded with light on all sides, and by the angels of Heaven. It was the Archangel Michael. The voice seemed to me to command respect; but I was yet a child, and was frightened at the figure, and doubted very much whether it was the archangel! I saw him and the angels as distinctly before my eyes as I now see you, my judges." With words of encouragement the archangel answered to her, that God had taken pity upon France, and that she must hasten to the assistance of the king. At the same time he promised her that St Catherine and St Margaret would shortly visit her; he told her that she should do what they commanded her, because they were sent by God to guide and conduct her. "Upon this," continued Joan, "St Catherine and St Margaret appeared to me, as the angel had foretold. They ordered me to get ready to go to Robert de Beaudricourt, the king's captain. He would several times refuse me, but at last would consent, and give me people, who would conduct me to the king. Then should I raise the siege of Orleans. I replied to them that I

was a poor child, who understood nothing about riding on horseback and making war. They said I should carry my banner with courage; God would help me, and win back for my king his entire kingdom. As soon as I knew," continued Joan, "that I was to proceed on this errand, I avoided, as much as I could, afterwards taking part in the sports and amusements of my young companions."—"So have the Saints conducted me during seven years, and have given me support and assistance in all my need and labours; and now at present," said she to her judges, "no day goes by, but they come to me."—"I seldom see the Saints that they are not surrounded with a halo of light; they wear rich and precious crowns, as it is reasonable they should. I see them always under the same forms, and have never found in their discourse any discrepancies. I know how to distinguish one from the other, and distinguish them as well by the sound of their voices as by their salutation. They come often without my calling upon them. But when they do not come, I pray to the Lord that he will send them to me; and never have I needed them but they have visited me."

Such is part of the defence of the high-spirited Joan of Arc, who was taken prisoner by the Duke of Burgundy on the 23d of May 1430—sold by him for a large sum to the English, and by them put on her trial as a heretic, idolatress, and magician—condemned, and finally burned alive, the 30th of May 1431. Ill-fated heroine! I seem to be thinking of writing her epitaph, but I am considering only that there is more to come out of her evidence. For although her heavenly visitants were simply sensorial illusions, there yet remains something unexplained. How came she to foresee the path she was destined to follow? The inquiry would launch us on a broad and wild sea of conjecture, for the navigation of which we have not yet the requisite charts on board, and it grows late—so good-night, dear Archy.

"Sua lentque cade, et si sidera somnum."

"Crassigenis iterabimus asquor."

Yours, &c,

MAC DAVES.

A NEW SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

THE BATHS OF MONT DOR.

THERE is a tremendous valley opening all the way down, from the central summits of the ridge of the Monts Dor, quite into the undulating, and thence into the flat country, lying westward of this mountain chain. Where the valley commences, it is nothing more than a combination of mountain gullies, and is like a wild and precipitous ravine; but by degrees it widens out into spacious amphitheatres, and at times contracts itself again so as barely to allow of a struggling river to make its way betwixt the rocky sides. In some places, the valley makes a straight reach four or five miles in extent, but in others, winds and turns about in abrupt and varied curves; its descent is now gradual, and now rapid, where the stream dashes over ledges of rock or cuts its way through some rough and stubborn pass. Nearly all the ravines and smaller valleys that open into it bring down their contributions of mountain torrents; and the whole collection of waters, thus wending their way to the ocean, form what is called the Dor. This river meets with the Dogne lower down in its course; and, under the joint name of the two waters, the flood rushes broad and strong through Guienne into the Gironde. The high and bare mountain whence the Dor derives its principal source is the Pic de Sancy, the loftiest hill in the middle of France; it is the king of all the volcanoes of this vast igneous chain, and has its sides deeply furrowed and excavated into immense craters or volcanic vents. From it proceed numerous branches or arms, composed of basaltic currents congealed into columnar masses in the early days of the world. These stretch out league after league, away from their parent head, and present on their tops vast plateaux of green and moory pasture-land; while their sides are either abrupt precipices of basaltic columns, or else are clothed with primeval forests, which have sprung up and still flourish on the rich materials of their decomposing slopes. The valley of the Dor is therefore shut in

either by precipitous volcanic walls, or is guarded by sombre woods. Once on the tops of the plateaux, and you may ride a whole day on unbroken turf; or, if you penetrate within the forest lands, you may wander for any time you please, days or weeks, without seeing either their beginning or their end. On the summits of the mountains around, snow is to be found in patches, even in the hottest days of summer; and as the Pic de Sancy is more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea, almost every gradation of climate is to be found amongst these lonely hills. In the dog-days, the valleys are so hot that you gladly escape to the upper lands for air and coolness; but the winter sets in, in October, and the valley of the Dor is then covered deep with snow for many a long month. The Dor itself is a pleasant lively stream: it can boast of some picturesque falls here and there, but it is commonly a "brawling brook," winding about at its pleasure; allowing itself to be forded every now and then; and producing plenty of small trout for those that like to waste their time in fishing.

The urchins of the peasant tribe know how to get these finny creatures more cannily than the professed angler; you may see them on a summer's morning wading up the stream, and hunting under every stone, and in each little pool, for the objects of their search. As soon as they see a trout, they drive it into little convenient nooks that they know of, and there—how they manage it nobody knows, but the result is certain—they catch them with their hands or knock them on the head with their sticks; and will always produce you a respectable dish at a few hours' notice.

About a couple of leagues below the Pic de Sancy, towards the west, one of the plateaux on the northern side of the valley assumes an exceedingly bold and regular appearance; it is called the Plateau de l'Angle—perhaps from its making, by an abrupt termination, the corner of two valleys; and it towers out like a promontory

at sea, soaring some four or five hundred feet above the bed of the river. Not very far from where this plateau is cut off—a mile or so—there is a bold cascade dashing over its side, and carrying off the superfluous waters of a pool and morass higher up in the bosom of the mountains. Here the basaltic precipice is hollowed out into a circling chasm, and over its black face rushes the impetuous stream upon a huge chaos of rocks and debris below, foaming and roaring until it finds its way into the Dor far down in the valley at its foot. A few hundred feet to the westward of this cascade, and at the lowest part of the precipitous columnar cliff, burst forth several copious fountains of hot mineral waters, half-way to boiling heat when they leave their rocky cells, and ever keeping up the same degree both of heat and quantity. These are the springs which give celebrity to the place, and constitute the baths of Mont Dor.

The Romans—those true “*veriani domini*”—knew of the spot, as they did of most other good things within their wide empire; and they frequented these springs so much that they erected over them a magnificent bathing establishment, and adorned the spot with a beautiful temple. In the midst of the present village stand the remains of one and the other of their buildings; and thus the hydropathic system of the ancients is allied with the practice of the modern Académie de Médecine. No records of the destruction, nor indeed of the existence, of this Roman watering-place have been preserved: probably, the buildings fell into natural decay, and during the middle ages were allowed to remain unrepared and unheeded. Only foundations, broken shafts of columns, cornices, capitals, and altars are now discernible; but they are enough to add greatly to the interest of the locality.

At Saint Nectaire, two leagues further down the valley, and indeed at other spots in it, thermal sources not much inferior to those of Mont Dor are to be met with; the whole district bears intimate evidence of its volcanic nature, and the rheumatic or dyspeptic invalid may here get stewed or washed out to his full satisfaction and lasting benefit.

The village of Mont Dor-les-Bains is, however, that which has been selected by the *beau monde* of France as one of their choicest places of resort; and here public money has been added to the efforts of private speculation in order to render the baths at once ample and commodious. Over the best sources is erected a large edifice, the lower story of which is occupied by halls, and bathing-rooms for every variety of medical purpose; while above are assembly-rooms, and the apartments of the Government physician.

The distribution below is most convenient. The water, after issuing from the rock, is conveyed by distinct channels into numerous baths contained in small chambers on either side of a large central hall: while other conduits take it to plunging and swimming baths, to douches, and to other medical contrivances. In the small single baths you receive the water piping hot from the rock, at about one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit; and you may lie there boiling away—for a constant supply of the same natural water keeps running into and through your bath—for hours together, upon payment of a *franc*. The water costs nothing; the building has been erected at the public expense, and the visitor therefore enjoys this luxury at a moderate rate. For the poorer class of patients gratuitous baths are provided; and in fact the gifts of nature are here grudged to no one, but every man's wants may be gratified in a liberal manner.

By four o'clock in the morning of a summer day, you may see a train of ghost-like beings winding along the village street, clad in the simple attire of a chemise, a blanket, and the eternal nightcap—lean, sallow-faced, or crippled mortals, who have had the wise precaution to undress at home, and not being afraid of shocking the wood-nymphs from their propriety, sally forth to court the Goddess of Health. They congregate in a dark cellar-like chamber, round an ample and steaming pool, and then sink into it, to forget for a while all their pains and maladies, and to enjoy that indescribably delightful sensation of having the joints gently unscrewed and fresh oiled. Others, whose shoulders and

backs have known the pangs of lumbago and acute rheumatism, are put under one of the douches; and down comes on them a discharge of the hot fluid as if from the hose of a fire-engine, or as though shot out from some bursting steam-boiler. Away fly the pains and troubles of humanity; the rickety machine is put in order for that day at least, and twenty-four hours of peaceful enjoyment is the almost invariable consequence.

Later on in the morning, the fashionable visitors crawl forth to the baths; but not so late that nine o'clock does not see them all safely housed again after their ablutions, shaving or curling away with might and main to get ready for a grand *déjeuner*. For here, as at Bath, not only is it well to remember the inscription,—

“ἀγιστον μὲν ὕδαρ”

but it would be advisable to add,

“βρωμα δὲ μεγιστον :”

seeing that the appetite which is got up by all this early rising, and steaming, and washing, is doomed to be satisfied in a way fully worthy of the most refined French *cuisine*.

In the village there are numerous hotels and boarding-houses, capable of suiting the pockets and the wishes of all the middling, and even of the lower classes of society:—but there are three or four principal houses,—and especially two, reserved for the aristocracy; and here all the *élite* of the visitors congregate. We wealthy English may laugh at the moderate expense for which this kind of thing can be done in France, but we are not apt to grumble at it when we find it suit our pockets; and, therefore, take with you at once the description of the kind of fare you are likely to meet with here, and the amount of damage it will do to your fortune. In these large hotels, then, which are commodious houses, a vast number of bedrooms are provided for the guests, and two good reception-rooms; besides an immense *salle-à-manger*. Some sixty or a hundred guests can be accommodated in each house, and can sit down at table together. Breakfast is served between nine and ten,—and a glorious breakfast it is! All kinds of good things, which an old *artiste*

from Paris comes down for the season to cook: ending with fruits of many kinds and *café au lait*—that Continental beverage which John Bull can no more imitate than he can the wines of the Rhone or the Rhine:—in short, 'tis as good a breakfast as they could put on the table at Veréy's. Dinner is ready at six, and maintains its proper superiority over the breakfast, both in the number of dishes and in the length of its service. The wines are good, and the fruits delicious, for they all come from Clermont—whence many a wagon-load of comestibles is tugged weekly over the mountains to satisfy the exigencies of the fastidious invalids!

Well: they give you these two glorious spreads, your room, your light, your linen, and your attendance, for *five francs a-day*.

And how is this day passed? Why, 'tis a true castle of indolence, is Mont Dor-les-Bains; “a pleasing land of sleepy-head,” where every one follows the bent of his own fancy, and where the only serious occupation is, to forget all care and to do nothing. After rising from the breakfast table, parties are immediately formed for the promenade or the distant excursion; and, for the latter, some two or three score of boys and girls are stationed on the Grande Place, each in charge of an animal disguised with the name of a horse, which you hire for the whole day, to go where, and how far you please, for the enormous sum of *two francs*. It is true that the animal has neither symmetry nor blood, but it is the indigenous pony of these mountains; it is a slow, sure-footed beast, and it will carry you up and down the steepest hill-side with exemplary patience and sagacity. Do not lose your own patience, however, if you mount one of them. They have no trotting, nor galloping, nor any other pace whatever in them, out of the half-amble half-walk at which they commonly proceed. But then, they know no better food than mountain-grass, or the occasional luxury of some chopped straw, and they will follow you all round the village for a slice of bread held before their noses. Nevertheless they suit the country; they accommodate the visitors; and there is not a spare horse to be got

in the village by half-past ten, for love or money.

The day's ramble ended, and dinner duly dismissed, every body—that is to say, every body who is any body at all—adjourns to the *salle de réunion*, the large assembly-room built over the baths. This is really a handsome well-arranged ball-room, full of mirrors, ottomans, and benches; at one end is a billiard and card room, and behind are rooms for robing. Here, upon the payment of a napoleon, you have the *entrée* for the season; and here the guests meet, more upon the terms of a large family than as though they were strangers. Etiquette is relaxed; every body knows every body. The elder men take to billiards and *carté*;—the graver ladies form into little *côteries*; a younger one goes to the piano, a circle is made, a romance is sung; and then, as the strain becomes lighter, the feet beat

in sympathy, and the gay quadrille is formed. At eight or nine o'clock the room is at its fullest; the village minstrels are called in—some half-dozen violins, a clarionet, and a cornet; the music becomes louder, the mazy waltz is danced, and the enjoyment of the day is at its crowning point.

Happy, happy days! still happier, still more delightful nights! No trouble, no excess—health and cheerfulness going hand-in-hand. The most refined society in France, and yet the most simple and most unaffected; good-humour and politeness ruling all things: all calculated for enjoyment, nought for disquietude and regret!

At eleven o'clock it is understood that every body vacates the room; and, within half an hour after, not a sound is to be heard in the village, save the dash of the cascade, and the murmuring of the silvery Dor.

THE COMPANY.

Well: 'tis a motley assemblage this! The world is checkered here not less than in the noisy and elegant capital; and man's peculiarities, man's excellencies, and man's defects, follow him even into the heart of these wild mountains, showing themselves in these smaller groups, not less strongly than amid the crowded streets of Paris! How should it be otherwise? Does not every one come hither to unbend, to throw off the stiff mask of metropolitan society for the moment, and to become themselves natural while they invoke the aid of nature's healthy influence? The strict etiquette of the Faubourg St Germain may here be safely laid aside awhile; and the inspirations of country life, the happy the delightful inspirations of youth, may be once more resumed. What a comfort to be able to get out of the buckram and taffetas of the court, to put on one's *négligé*, or one's shooting-jacket, and to keep company awhile with no less cheerful companions than the songsters and the rangers of the forest! Why it does one's inmost soul good to fly away from the din and turmoil, even of the pleasure-seeking Parisians, and to revert to the simple, yet grand and expansive ideas which scenery such as this of Mont

Dor brings into the mind in an instant.

True: the mountains increase in magnitude and grandeur as you approach them; once within their lofty and austere recesses, and their sublimity makes itself felt. You are brought into immediate contact with some of the mightiest works of the Creator, and the mind expands of itself, unconsciously and irresistibly, till it becomes capable of imbibing, of comprehending, and of enjoying the full magnificence of nature!

But does the courtier, does the citizen lay aside his pack of habits, as well as his pack of cares, when he becomes a temporary denizen of the country? Would that it were so! He is cast in a mould—his mind has been warped: his body requires moistening with the freshest and the earliest dews of many an "incense-breathing morn," ere it can resume the full elasticity and joyous lightness of rustic activity; and his soul wants a long oblivion of all conventional preoccupation, all trouble and all intrigue, ere it can recover the tone and temper of younger days.

Now, I had been saying all this to myself, and should have gone on moralising till the weary hour of noon,

perhaps; but while I was leaning over the balustrade of my window, looking down into the Grande Place—— Oh yes, to be sure! there is a Grande Place at Mont Dor-les-Bains, as well as at any other town, village, or city. Did you ever in your life hear or see any thing French to which the epithet of *Grand* had not been, by some means or other, tacked on? From the *Grande Monarque* at the head of the *Grande Armée* of the *Grande Nation*, down to the *Grand limonadier* of the *Grand Café* of the *Grande Place*, it is all *Grand*. Oh, this villanous spirit of exaggeration! this attempt at the sublime so inevitably linked to the ridiculous!——Just so! I was leaning over the balustrade of my window, which, from the third story of the hotel, “gave,” as they term it, into the Grande Place. Now it is one of the most delightful things imaginable, after you have indulged in your morning’s ablutions, and have produced that indefinable lilac tint on your chin, which tells of easy shaving soap and a Rogers’s true old English razor, to don your shawl dressing-gown, and, having adjusted your *bonnet grec* towards the right side of your head, so as to allow the glossy curl to escape and hang pendant on the left; when all this is done, to “light the brown cigar,” to put yourself in an elegant reclining posture between your opening *jalousies*, and, with both elbows resting on the red velvet cushion that crowns the hard edge of the balustrade, to puff forth light wreaths of blue vapour into the balmy air, and to see the bathers come back from the baths. There you may “think down hours to moments:” and so was it with myself; for I took my post at my window by half-past six, and at nine I was still there. Every now and then went forth my curling column; then my eye would catch the glorious “mountain-tops bathed in the golden light of morn;” then I would give a glance at sublunary things awhile, and speculate on the moving animals below; then puff, and gaze, and speculate again; and all that while be the happiest of men, in the absolute absence of any thing but perfect idleness.

You may say what you please, but it does the mind good to think of

nothing at times; to let the impressions of passing events glide through the soul, and titillate the imagination, but to “leave no trace behind.” Oh yes! this fairy dancing on the sands of life’s dull shore, is very pleasant occupation for a summer morn, and eke a summer eve. It is poetical, to say the least of it; and day-dreams may sometimes prove not less agreeable than those mysterious scenes of night, when the soul quits her corporeal shackles, and roams in pure fancy through the world of thought, seeing sights of beauty, and scenes of paradisaical splendour, which the dull organs of bodily vision can never attain unto. Why! the happiest portion of my life is that which I have passed in the land of dreams: one third of my existence has been spent there—and I have friends, and well-known faces, and peaceful valleys, and bright streams, and strains of ethereal music, which are still and ever vivid in my waking mind, but at night call me to themselves, and wrap me in a state of enjoyment which certainly this poor weak body of mind never could be capable of experiencing. I have positively new, altogether new and unheard-of ideas—I do not mean irrational ones, nor those phantasmagoric combinations that haunt the diseased brains of some wretched mortals—but reasonable, possible, natural ideas of form and substance, which I am persuaded have their types in some corner or other of the universe, and which it may perhaps be hereafter my too happy destiny to witness, and to dwell amongst for ever and for aye. I would not exchange my dreams for all the realities of——

“*Monsieur! veut-il déjeuner au salon?*” said the slip-shod *garçon* of the hotel, tapping me on the shoulder. “The company have all taken their seats, and I have kept a chair for Monsieur. Does Monsieur prefer Burgundy or claret? The *vin ordinaire* is not sufferable: *au reste*, here is the *carte*, and Monsieur has only to choose.”

“’Tis a reality, my friend, that I was not then exactly thinking of—but breakfast I must, and will. But just tell me, for a minute, where these people come from, that I see down in the Place there, at that corner—the old

gentleman in nankeen, with the green shade over his eyes, and the fat little dame by his side; and those young ladies at the door of the large hotel opposite, and the spruce *militaire* there at the window, and that knot of men in long brown surtouts, one of whom is gesticulating so vehemently."

"Excusez, Monsieur, those gentlemen are great politicians," (*grand again, thought I!*) "and one of them is deputy for the Department—M. de Beauparler; he has just been voting against the Ministry, sir; he is a great friend of M. Lafitte, sir; oh, sir! *c'est le plus grand orateur de notre pays!* You ought to hear him, sir. As for the young ladies, sir, they are *les Demoiselles Leroy*; it was their father that you were remarking just now—the old gentleman—very short-sighted, sir—he is immensely rich; *Pardi! que sais-je!*" (here he shrugged up his shoulders to his ears,) "they say he has 50,000 francs a-year!—*c'est assomment!*" (here he shut his eyes and raised his nose at an angle of forty-five degrees.) "*Quant aux demoiselles, elles sont*"——(he was evidently at a loss for an expression; so he extended his first two fingers to his lips, closing tightly the others and his thumb, and then blew a kiss with them to the winds.)

Tap! tap! at the door. "Pierre! are you coming down, then? they are asking for you every where!" And the tightly girded, and somewhat *altius accincta*, *fille-de-chambre*—a spruce little black-eyed *l'acerguete*—tripped into the room. "Excusez, *milor!* but Pierre is such a gossip!" "My good girl, I will detain neither Pierre nor yourself: give me my coat, dust my room well, and now show me to the *salle-à-manger*."

As good luck would have it, Pierre had placed a chair for me next to Madame de Mirepoix, her husband was on the other side of his lady,—'twas impossible to be in better company. Opposite to me was a venerable white-haired mustached gentleman, evidently a military man, and next to me was a lady, some five-and-forty, or thereabouts, with a strong Spanish cast of countenance and complexion, and her husband, a short thick-necked apoplectic-looking man, by her side. The rest of the company, though various enough in their physiognomical aspect,

were evidently persons of the upper ranks of society, and among them were several choice specimens of the best and oldest nobility of France. They seemed all to make one joyous family party, as if they had been relations rather than strangers; every body was laughing and chatting with his neighbour; they were plying their forks most vigorously, and the noise and bustle was excessive.

"What do you think of our baths?" said my lovely neighbour; "for of course you have already been immersed in, and have tasted the waters." I humbly alleged the negative. "Well! I declare this *phlegme Britannique* is insupportable. Why, sir, we were at the bath-house before six this morning."

"Had I but known it, Madame"—

"Ah, just so!" said the little apoplectic gentleman leaning across his wife to me: "*Monsieur est Anglais! c'est très bien, c'est très bien!* Monsieur, you do us great honour to come to visit this savage wilderness. But *voyez-vous*, you would have done much better to have stopped at Paris; there's nothing here, sir—absolutely nothing! What are these mountains? Bare rocks! forests, indeed, there are; but there are forests everywhere. Give me, sir, the Forêt de Montmorency, even the Bois de Boulogne; and for rocks, I wish for nothing better than the Rocher de Cancale." (Here he rubbed his hands excessively, and looked round the table for a smile at the *bon-mot*.)

"M. Bouton will pardon me," observed the old officer, "but if he had travelled all over Europe as I have done, he would not wonder at the desire to change an every-day scene for something new. When our *corps d'armée* was traversing the Mont St Bernard, I assure you I never felt the slightest regret at having quitted Paris:—we could have gone on to the end of the world with the spirits we then were in. It was the same in the Pyrenees:—for more reasons than one I was extremely sorry when we had to quit Pampeluna for Bayonne"—and the old gentleman sighed, and looked wistfully up at the ceiling, as though many a painful recollection came across his mind at that moment.

"Which are the finer mountains

sir," was my inquiry—"the Pyrenees or these of Auvergne?"

"You can hardly draw a comparison between them," he replied. "There is vast extent, width, and height in the Pyrenees, and a certain degree of savage horror about them, which you do not feel even amidst the Alps:—they partake of the nature both of France and Spain:—they are unlike any mountains I know of. But for all this, sir, do not allow yourself to hold a poor opinion of these heights of Mont Dor: you will find here scope and exercise for all your enthusiasm, all your love of the picturesque. Are you fond of shooting and hunting?—well, then, if you were to remain here during September and October, braving the early snows which come upon these mountains even in autumn, you would have your choice of all animals from the wolf to the *chevreuil* and the hare, and of all birds from the eagle to the partridge. There are plenty of snipes on these hills."

"M. le Baron de Bretonville," said Madame Bouton, "do not go to tempt the English gentleman to any of your hare-brained expeditions: he is come here to enjoy the baths:—he is a victim to the spleen; he must be danced and talked and bathed into good health, and a little vivacity first of all. When we all leave the baths, we will give him permission to stop behind with you, and you may kill all the game you can find. At present we want a cavalier for our expedition: there is Madame d'Arincourt, and Madame de Tourzel, and the Duchesse de Vauvilliers, and Madame de Mirepoix there, on your right—why these ladies are all here by themselves; they want a cavalier this very morning. *Figurez-vous, Monsieur!*" and the lady turned towards me—"we want somebody to come and find our ponies for us, and to take care of our shawls, and to carry our books, and our stools, and positively, with the exception of two officers who are at the other hotel, I do not know whom to ask.

We engage you, sir, for the whole of this very day: our husbands!"—

"I thought, Madame, that these ladies were all alone here."

"Ah!—our husbands, *ça va sans dire!*—but gentlemen of that kind do nothing else than play billiards all the morning."

"It is only the young and the gallant," here interposed Madame de Mirepoix "that dare to face our forests.—You shall teach us all some English as we ride along: I could give any thing to master your barbarous language:—you have only one musical word in it—*moonlight*."

Now, I know not what there was in the pronunciation of Madame de Mirepoix, but though the word had never before entered into my imagination as any thing but one of the most commonplace of our vocabulary, there was a witchery in the sound as it flowed forth from her swelling lips that riveted my attention, and set my imagination on fire. 'Tis the same with French:—how refined and how mellow soever may be the utterance of the most polished courtier of France, of the most learned academician of the Institute, there is sometimes a rich pouting sound, a sort of velvety and oily intonation, that distinguishes the speech of the women of high birth such as I never heard in any other country. It is not to be defined: but whoso has drunk in the golden tones of such a syren, will know what I mean. Moonlight! yes, 'tis a pleasing word, by its signification and its associated ideas, if not by its own innate harmony: yes; I have learned the full influence and sweetness of moonlight, whether in the summer woodland or in the wintry cloister; true, there is both music and poetry, ay and something else, in moonlight.

"I agree to the thing, Madame la Marquise, if not to the sound; nothing could be more beautiful than the latter as you have pronounced it, except the reality, amidst these mountains and these retired deep-green glades."

"Nous le verrons, peut-être."

THE FOREST.

All the great valleys that branch out from the sides of the volcanic chain of Auvergne were once, no

doubt, filled with impenetrable forests: gloomy wildernesses, thick as those of American wilds, where scarcely the

light of the sun could penetrate, and tenanted only by the wolf, the bear, the boar, and the stag. Now these forests have disappeared from the eastern and western skirts of the chain, and are to be found in primitive luxuriance only in the centre, where civilisation and the destroying step of man have not made their way. Here the original forest is still to be seen in all its pride; untouched, untrimmed, unheeded by man: full of all its sublime grandeur—solemn, vast, and mysterious as forests have ever been; sobering, soothing, and beautiful as forests will ever be. In some of the valleys the trees are principally of the deciduous kind; enormous oaks, and chestnuts, and beeches, filling up the vacant space left by the granitic walls on either side: but in the higher regions of the mountainous district, in the more hidden recesses of the hills, they are all of the silver-fir species, and they attain a luxuriance of growth not to be imagined but by those who have studied this, the noblest of the whole tribe of pines. Here forests occur, leagues upon leagues in extent, filling up wide and winding valleys; running out upon the elevated plateaux of the mountains; and wrapping the whole country in gloomy majesty. You may ride day after day through these intricate sylvan scenes, and never cross the track of a human being: or you may emerge from the depth of the wood, at some unexpected turn of a valley, upon a delightful little farm or village in a green glade of welcome verdure; and you may there witness the extreme simplicity of the hardy mountaineers. Still higher up on the hills, and on the vast pasture grounds that reach up to their summits, along the gently descending plateaux, occurs the birch, luxuriating in the cold exposure of its habitation as though it were in Siberia instead of France: and ever and anon, whether high up or low down the sides of the hills, you will find the box and the juniper bushes flourishing in perennial perfection.

It is curious to see the enormous size to which the silver-fir will here attain. Sometimes this tree rises with the utmost regularity—sending out its branches at equal intervals, tier above tier—itsself tapering upwards; and each

circle of branches decreasing in diameter until a hundred and fifty feet are gained. The stems of some of these giants of the forest are eighteen feet in circumference at the height of a man from the ground, and their lower branches would of themselves form trees such as many a trim and well-kept park could never boast of. At other times the original tree will have met with an accidental fracture when young, and after going up twenty or thirty feet from the ground, as an immense wooden column, will throw out three or four other trees from its summit, which will all shoot up parallel to each other into the air and form a little forest of themselves. Very frequently, however, it happens that the tree has been contorted in its early growth, and then broken afterwards: in such cases it seems to have forgotten its nature completely, and to have gone mad in its spirit of increase; for it turns and forces itself into the strangest convolutions and intricacies of form. It becomes like a short stunted oak, or a thickly knotted thorn: or it might sometimes be mistaken for a willow, at others for a cedar—for any thing but one of the same species as the stately spire of wood that soars up into the heaven close by its side.

When the tree becomes quite dead, blasted by lightning, or injured by the attacks of animals at its base, it does not therefore lose all its beauty; for it becomes immediately covered with a peculiar gray lichen of great length and luxuriance; occupying every branch and twig of the dead tree, and clothing it, as it were, with a second but a new kind of foliage. This lichen will sometimes hang down from the branches in strings of weeping vegetation to the length of five feet and more. You may sometimes ride under the living tree where this parasitical foliage is mixed with the real covering of the boughs, forming the most anomalous, and yet the most picturesque of contrasts.

In forests of this kind, the undergrowth of brushwood of every variety is exceedingly abundant and beautiful: every woodland shrub is to be found there—the hazel especially—and the thickets thereby formed are quite impenetrable. As the older and larger

trees decay, they lose their footing in the soil, and fall in every variety of strange position—presenting a picture of desolation, the effect of which is at first strange to the mind, and at last becomes even painful. But wherever a tree falls, there a luxuriant growth of moss succeeds: a little peat-bed forms itself underneath: generations after generations of mosses and watery plants succeed one another; and in time the prostrate trunk is entirely buried under a bright-green bed, soft as down, but treacherous to the foot as a quicksand. Often may the wanderer amid these wild glades think to throw himself on one of these inviting couches; and, bounding on to it, he sinks five or six feet through moss and weed and dirty peat, till his descent is stopped by the skeleton of the vast tree that lies beneath. Wild flowers grow all around: and every spot of ground that will produce them is covered in the summer season with the tempting little red strawberry, or the wild raspberry, or the blushing rose. Above all, still keep peering, in solemn and interminable array, the vast monarchs of the wood, the stately and elegant silver-firs.

When you attempt to leave the forests and advance towards the upper grounds, you commonly find yourself stopped by a precipitous wall of basaltic columns, ranging from sixty to seventy feet in height in one unbroken shaft, and forming a vast barrier for miles and miles in length. In some places, these gray basaltic walls come circling round, and constitute an immense natural theatre, sombre and grand as the forest itself. No sound is there heard save the dashing of a distant cascade, or the wind in deep symphony rushing through the slow-waving tops of the trees. Below is a carpet of the most lively green, variegated with turfs of wild flowers and fruits—one of nature's secret, yet choicest gardens. Through the midst trickles a silvery stream, coming you know not whence, but musical in its course, and soon losing itself in the thick underwood that borders the spot all around. Such is the *Salle de Mirabeau*—one of the loveliest of the many

lovely hiding-places of these sublime forests.

The feathered tenants of these woods are mostly birds of prey; or at all events such as the raven, the jay, the pie, and others which can either defend themselves against, or escape from, the falcons that consider these solitudes as their own especial domains. The voices of few singing-birds are to be heard; they have taken refuge nearer the habitations of man: but the hooting of the owl, the beating of the woodpecker, and the screaming of kites and hawks, are all the living sounds that proceed here from the air. Red-deer, wolves, wild-boars, roebucks, and foxes, are the denizens of these forests and these mountains: there is room here for them all to live at their ease; and they abound. No one with a good barrel and a sure aim, ever entered these forests in vain: his burden is commonly more than he can carry home. It is in fact a glorious country for the sportsman; for the lower ranges of the hills abound in hares, the cultivated grounds have plenty of partridges and quails, and the forests are tenanted as has been seen. He who can content himself with his gun or his rod—for the streams are full of trout—may here pass a golden age, without a thought for the morrow, without a desire unfulfilled.

Certainly, if I wished to retire from the world and lead a life of philosophic indifference, not altogether out of the reach of society when I wanted it, these hills and these forests of *Auvergne*, and the *Mont Dor*, would be the spots I should select. The mind here would become attuned to the grand harmonies of nature's own making; here, philosophy might be cultivated in good earnest; here, books might be studied and theories digested, without interruption and with inward profit. Here, a man might cultivate both science and art, and he might become again the free and happy being which, until he betook himself to congregating in towns, he was destined to be. Yes! when I do withdraw from this world's vanities and troubles, give me forests and mountains like those of *Mont Dor*.

THE FIGHTING EIGHTY-EIGHTH.*

Their pugnacity of Irishmen has grown into a proverb, until, in the belief of many, a genuine Milesian is never at peace but when fighting. With certain nations, certain habits are inseparably associated as peculiarly characterising them. Thus, in vulgar apprehension, the Frenchman dances, the German smokes, the Spaniards grenade; and on all hands it is agreed that the Irishman fights. Naturally bellicose, his practice is pugnacious; antagonism is his salient and distinctive quality. Born in a squabble, he dies in a shindy; in his cradle he spreads a challenge; his latest groan is a sound of defiance. Pike and pistol are manifest in his well-developed bump of combativeness; his name is fight, there can be no mistake about it. From highest to lowest—in the peer and the bog-trotter, the inherent propensity breaks forth, more or less modified by station and education.

Be its expression parliamentary or popular, in Donnybrook or St Stephen's, out it will. "Show me the man who'll tread on my coat!" shouts ragged Pat, flourishing his shillelagh as he hurls his dilapidated garment on the shebeen-house floor. From his seat in the senate, a joint of the "Tail" intimates, in more polished but equally intelligible phrase, his inclination for a turn upon the turf. Wherever blows are rife, Hibernia's sons appear; in big fights or little wars the shamrock gleams in the van. No matter the cloth, so long as the quarrel be there. In Austrian white, or Spanish yellow, or Prussian blue,—even in the blood-coloured breeks of Gallia's legions, but especially, and preferred above all, in the "old red rag" of the British grenadier, have Irishmen displayed their valour. And on the list of heroes whom the Green Isle has produced, a proud and prominent place is justly held by that gallant corps, the Rangers of Connaught.

Those of our civilian readers to whom the word "Ranger" is more suggestive of bushes and kangaroos, or of

London parks and princes of the blood, than of parades and battle-fields, are referred to page 49 of the Army List. They will there find something to the following effect:—

88TH, CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

The Harp and Crown.

"*Quis Separabit?*"

The Sphinx. "Egypt."

"Elavera." "Bisaco."

"Fuentes d'Onore."

"Ciudad Rodrigo."

"Badajoz." "Salamanca."

"Vittoria."

"Nivelle." "Orthes."

"Toulouse."

"Peninsula."

There is a forest of well-won laurels in this dozen of names. They form a proud blazon for any corps, and one that might satisfy the most covetous of honour. But of all men in the world, old soldiers are the hardest to content. They are patented grumblers. Napoleon knew it, and christened his *vieille garde* his *croquebords*: tough and true as steel, they yet would have their growl. Now the lads of the Eighty-Eighth, having proved themselves better men even than the veteran guards of the Corsican corporal, also claim the grumbler's privilege, setting forth sundry griefs and grave causes of complaint. They are not allowed the word "Pyrenees" upon their colours, although, at the fight of that name, they not only were present, but rendered good service:—whilst for Waterloo many a man got a medal who, during the whole battle, was scarce within boom of cannon. During more than four years of long marches, short commons, severe hardships, and frequent fighting, the general commanding the third division—the fighting division, as it was called—viewed the Connaughters with dislike, even stigmatised them as confirmed marauders, and recommended none of their officers for promotion, although many greatly distinguished themselves, and some,—the brave Muckin, at Ciudad Rodrigo, for in-

* *Adventures of the Connaught Rangers, from 1803 to 1814.* By W. GRATTAN, Esq. London. 1847.

stance—successfully led forlorn-hopes. Finally, passing over the old sore of non-decoration for Peninsular services, since that, common to many regiments, is at last about to be healed, —Mr Robinson, the biographer of Sir Thomas Picton, has dared, in order to vindicate the harsh and partial conduct of his hero, to cast dust upon the facings of the brave boys of Connaught. It need hardly be said that they have found defenders. Of these, the most recent is Lieutenant Grattan, formerly an officer of the Eighty eighth, and who, after making a vigorous stand, in the pages of a military periodical, against the calumniators of his old corps, has brought up his reserves and come to its support in a book of his own. His volumes, however, are not devoted to mere controversy. He has understood that he should best state the case, establish the merits, and confound the enemies of his regiment, by a faithful narrative of his and its adventures, triumphs, and sufferings. Thus, whilst he has seized the opportunity to deal out some hard knocks to those who have blamed the conduct (none have ever impugned the courage) of the Connaught Rangers, he has produced an entertaining book, thoroughly Irish in character, where the ludicrous and the horrible, the rollicking and the slaughtering, mingle and alternate. Even when most indignant, good humour and a love of fun peep through his pages. His prologue or preamble, entitled “An Answer to some attacks in Robinson’s Life of Picton,” although redolent of “slugs in a sawpit,” is full of the national humour. “Frequently,” Mr Robinson has asserted, “just before going into battle, it would be found, upon inspection, that one-half of the Eighty-eighth regiment were without ammunition, having acquired a pernicious habit of exchanging the cartridge for *aguardiente*, and substituting in their places pieces of wood, cut and coloured to resemble them.” Such things have been heard of, even in very well-regulated regiments, as the exchange of powder and ball for brandy and other creature comforts; but it is very unlikely that the practice should have prevailed to any thing like the extent here set down, in a British army in active service and under Wellington’s command, and the art-

fully prepared quaker-cartridges increase the improbability of the statement. Lieutenant Grattan scouts the tale as a base fabrication, lashes out in fine style at its propagator, and claims great merit for the officers who taught their men to beat the best troops in the world with timber ammunition. He puts forward a more serious refutation by a string of certificates from men and officers of all ranks who served with him in the Peninsula, and who strenuously repel the charge as a malignant calumny.

It was at the close of the campaign of 1809, that the historian of the Connaught Rangers, then a newly commissioned youngster, joined, within a march of Badajoz, the first battalion of his regiment. The palmy and triumphant days of the British army in the Peninsula could then hardly be said to have begun. True, they had had victories; the hard-earned one of Talavera had been gained only three months previously, but the general aspect of things was gloomy and disheartening. The campaign had been one of much privation and fatigue; rations were insufficient, quarters unhealthy, and Wellington’s little army, borne on the muster-rolls as thirty thousand men, was diminished one-third by disease. The Portuguese, who numbered nearly as many, were raw and untried troops, scarce a man of whom had seen fire, and little reliance could be placed upon them. In spite of Lord Wellington’s judicious and reiterated warnings, the incompetent and conceited Spanish generals risked repeated engagements, in which their armies—numerous enough, but ill disciplined, ill armed, and half-starved—were crushed and exterminated. The French side of the medal presented a very different picture. Elated by their German victories, their swords yet red with Austrian blood, Napoleon’s best troops and ablest marshals hurried southwards, sanguinely anticipating, upon the fields of the Peninsula, an easy continuation of their recent triumphs. Three hundred and sixty thousand men-at-arms—French, Germans, Italians, Poles, even Mamelukes—spread themselves over Spain, occupied her towns, and invested her fortresses. Ninety thousand soldiers, under Mas-

sená, "*L'enfant chéri de la Victoire*," composed the so-called "army of Portugal," intended to expel from that country, if not to annihilate, the English leader and his small but resolute band, who, undismayed, awaited the coming storm. In the ever-memorable lines of Torres Vedras, the legions of Buonaparte met a stern and effectual dike to their torrent of headlong aggression. Upon the happy selection and able defence of those celebrated positions, were based the salvation of the Peninsula and the subsequent glorious progress of the British arms. Whilst referring to them, Mr Grattan seizes the opportunity to enumerate the services rendered by the army in Spain. "The invincible men," he says, "who defended those lines, aided no doubt by Portuguese and Spanish soldiers, afterwards fought for a period of four years, during which time they never suffered one defeat; and from the first commencement of this gigantic war to its final and victorious termination, the Peninsular army fought and won nineteen pitched battles, and innumerable combats; they made or sustained ten sieges, took four great fortresses, twice expelled the French from Portugal, preserved Alicante, Cartagena, Cadiz, and Lisbon; they killed, wounded, and took about *two hundred thousand enemies*, and the bones of forty thousand British soldiers lie scattered on the plains and mountains of the Peninsula." And thereupon our friend, the Couraughter, bursts out into indignation that warriors who did such deeds, and, on *fifteen* different occasions received the thanks of parliament, should have been denied a medal for their services. Certainly, when men who went through the whole, or the greater part, of those terrible campaigns, which they began as commissioned officers, are now seen holding no higher than a lieutenant's rank, one cannot but recognise their title to some additional recompense, and marvel that the modest and well-merited badge they claim should so long have been refused them. Mr Grattan puts much of the blame of such refusal at the door of the Duke of Wellington. Not that he is usually a depreciator of his former leader, of whose military genius and great achievements he ever speaks with

respect amounting to veneration. But he does not hesitate to accuse him of having sacrificed his old followers and friends to his own vanity, which petty feeling, he maintains, made the Duke desire that the only medal granted for the war against Napoleon, should be given for the only victory in which he beat the Emperor in person. We believe that many Peninsular officers, puzzled to account for the constant and seemingly causeless refusal of the coveted decoration, hold the same opinion with Mr Grattan. We esteem it rather plausible than sound. The names of WELLINGTON and WATERLOO would not the less be immortally associated because a cross bearing those of PENINSULA and PYRENEES, or any other appropriate legend, shone upon the breast of that "old Spanish infantry," of whom the Duke always spoke with affection and esteem, and to whom he unquestionably is mainly indebted for the wealth, honours, and fame which, for more than thirty years, he has tranquilly enjoyed. Moreover, we cannot credit such selfishness on the part of such a man, or believe that he, to whom a grateful sovereign and country decreed every recompense in their power to bestow, would be so thankless to the men to whose sweat and blood he mainly owed his success—to men who bore him, it may truly be said, upon their shoulders, to the highest pinnacle of greatness a British subject can possibly attain. Waterloo concluded the war: its results were immense, the conduct of the troops engaged heroic; but when we compare the amount of glory there gained with the renown accumulated during six years' warfare—a renown undimmed by a single reverse;—still more, when we contrast the dangers and hardships of one short campaign, however brilliant, with those of half-a-dozen long ones crowded with battles and sieges, we must admit that if the victors of La Belle Alliance nobly earned their medal, the veterans of Salamanca and Badajoz, Vittoria, and Toulouse, have a threefold claim to a similar reward. They have been unjustly deprived of it, and now comparatively few remain to receive the tardily-accorded distinction.

The first action to which Mr Grattan refers, as having himself taken

share in, is that of Busaco. The name is familiar to every body, but yet, of all the Peninsular battles, it is perhaps the one of which least is generally known. It was not a very bloody fight—the loss in killed and wounded having been barely seven per cent of the numbers engaged; still it was a highly important one, as testing the quality of the Portuguese levies, upon which much depended. Upon the whole, they behaved pretty well, although they committed one or two awkward blunders, and one of their militia regiments took to flight at the first volley fired by their own friends. Mr Grattan does not usually set himself up as a historical authority with respect to battles, except in matters pertaining to his own regiment or brigade, and which came under his own observation. Nevertheless, concerning Busaco, he speaks boldly out, and asserts his belief that no correct report of the action exists in print. Napier derives his account of it from Colonel Waller, whose statement is totally incorrect, and has been expressly contradicted by various officers (amongst others, by General King) who fought that day with Picton's division. Colonel Napier's strong partiality to the light division sometimes prevents his doing full justice to other portions of the army. In this instance, however, any error he has fallen into, arises from his being misinformed. He himself was far away to the left, fighting with his own corps, and could know nothing, from personal observation, of the proceedings of Picton's men. Opposed to a very superior force, including some of the best regiments of the whole French army, they had their hands full; and the Eighty-eighth, especially, covered themselves with glory. At one time, the Rangers had not only the French fire to endure, but also that of the Eighth Portuguese, whose ill-directed volleys crossed their line of march. An officer sent to warn the Senhores of the mischief they did, received, before he could fulfil his mission, a French and a Portuguese bullet, and the Eighth continued their reckless discharge. But no cross-fire could daunt the men of Connaught. "Push home to the muzzle!" was the word of their gallant lieutenant-colonel, Wallace; and

push home they did, totally routing their opponents, and nearly destroying the French Thirty-sixth, a pet battalion of the Emperor's. Stimulus was not wanting; Wellington stood by, and, with his staff and several generals, watched the charge. The Eighty-eighth were greatly outnumbered, and Marshal Beresford, their colonel, "expressed some uneasiness when he saw his regiment about to plunge into this unequal contest. But when they were mixed with Regnier's division, and putting them to flight down the hill, Lord Wellington, tapping Beresford on the shoulder, said to him, 'Well Beresford, look at them now!'" And when the work was done, and the fight over, Wellington rode up to Colonel Wallace, and seizing him warmly by the hand, said, "Wallace, I never witnessed a more gallant charge than that made by your regiment!" Beresford spoke to several of the men by name, and shook the officers' hands; and even Picton forgot his prejudice against the regiment, whom he had once designated as the "Connaught foot-pads," and expressed himself satisfied with their conduct. Many of the men shed tears of joy. So susceptible are soldiers to praise and kindness, and so easy is it by a few well-timed words to repay their toils and perils, and renew their store of confidence and hope. And numerous were the occasions during the Peninsular contest when they needed all the encouragement that could be given them. After Busaco, when blockaded in the lines of Torres Vedras, their situation was far from agreeable. The wet season set in, and their huts, roofed with heather—a pleasant shelter when the sun shone, but very ineffectual to resist autumnal rains—became untenable. Every device was resorted to for the exclusion of the deluge, but in vain. Fortunately, the French were in a still worse plight. In miserable cantonments, short of provisions and attacked by disease, the horses died, and the men deserted; until, on the 14th November, Massena broke up his camp, and retired upon Santarem. The Anglo-Portuguese army made a corresponding movement into more comfortable quarters, and rumours were abroad of an approaching en-

gement; but it did not take place, and a period of comparative relaxation succeeded one of severe hardship and arduous duty. Men and officers made the most of the holiday. There was never any thing of the martinet about the Duke. He was not the man to harass with unnecessary and vexatious drills, or rigidly to enforce unimportant rules. Those persons, whether military or otherwise, who consider a strictly regulation uniform as essential to the composition of a British soldier, as a stout heart and a strong arm, and who stifle for a closely buttoned jacket, a stiff stock, and the due allowance of pipe-clay, would have been somewhat scandalised, could they have beheld the equipment of Wellington's army in the Peninsula. Mr Grattan gives a comical account of the various fantastical fashions and conceits prevalent amongst the officers. "Provided," he says, "we brought our men into the field well-appointed, and with sixty rounds of good ammunition each, he (the Duke) never looked to see whether their trousers were black, blue, or grey; and as to ourselves, we might be rigged out in all the colours of the rainbow, if we fancied it." The officers, especially the young subs, availed themselves largely of this judicious laxity, and the result was a medley of costume, rather picturesque than military. Braided coats, long hair, plumed hats, and large mustaches, were amongst the least of the eccentricities displayed. In a curious spirit of contradiction, the infantry adopted brass spurs, anticipatory, perhaps, of their promotion to field-officers' rank; and, bearing in mind, that "there is nothing like leather," exhibited themselves in ponderous overalls, *à la Hongroise*, topped and strapped, and loaded down the side with buttons and chains. One man, in his rage for singularity, took the tonsure, shaving the hair off the crown of his head; and another, having covered his frock-coat with gold tags and lace, was furiously assaulted by a party of Portuguese sharpshooters, who, seeing him in the midst of the enemy's rifle-men, whither his headlong courage had led him, mistook him for a French general, and insisted upon making him

prisoner. And three years later, when Mr Grattan and a party of his comrades landed in England, in all the glories of velvet waistcoats, dangling Spanish buttons of gold and silver, and forage caps of fabulous magnificence, they could hardly fancy that they belonged to the same service as the red-coated, white-breeched, black-gaitered gentlemen of Portsmouth garrison.

The embarkation of the British army, which in the summer of 1810 was deemed imminent both in England and the Peninsula, and considered probable by Lord Liverpool himself, was no longer thought of after Busaco, save by a few of those croaking gentlemen, who, in camps as in council-houses, view every thing through smoked spectacles. Reinforcements, both English and Spanish, reached the lines of Torres Vedras, which Wellington continued to strengthen, and Masséna dared not attack. The accession of General Drouet's corps increased the army of the Prince of Essling to upwards of 70,000 men. His cavalry, too, was twice as strong as that of the British; but, notwithstanding this superiority, and the desire which he must have felt to retrieve his fame, tarnished by the repulse at Busaco, and by his fruitless movement on the lines of Lisbon, Masséna remained inert, in front of the man whom Napoleon's *Moniteur* contemptuously designated as the "Scopy General." Spring approached without either army assuming the offensive, until, on the 5th of March 1811, the French began their retreat from Portugal, closely followed up by Wellington. There was little difficulty in tracing them: they left a broad trail of blood and desolation. With bare blade, and blazing brand, they swept across the land; church and convent, town and village, the farm and the cottage, were given to the flames; on the most frivolous pretexts, often without one, women, children, and unarmed men were barbarously murdered; and many a Portuguese lost his life for refusing to point out treasures which existed only in the imagination of the fierce and greedy Frenchman. Enraged at the dearth of provisions, of which they stood in great need,

and which had been every-where removed or destroyed, the retreating army abandoned themselves to frightful cruelties and excesses. All along the line of march, the pursuers found piles of bodies, groups of murdered peasantry, and, mingled with them, the corpses of Frenchmen, often hideously mutilated, according to the barbarous usage which has been continued in more recent wars by the vindictive population of the Peninsula. The retaliation was terrible, but the provocation had been extreme. Mr Grattan's details of some of the scenes he himself witnessed, are painfully minute and vivid; and whilst reading them, we cease to wonder that, after the lapse of a third of a century, hatred of the French exists almost undiminished in the countries they so cruelly and wantonly ravaged.

However orderly and well-conducted, there is always something discouraging in a retreat, as there is a cheerful and exhilarating feeling attendant on an advance. Nevertheless, during their progress across Portugal, the French maintained their high reputation. Their rearguard, commanded by Marshal Ney, made good fight when pressed by the British, but their losses were heavy before they reached the Spanish frontier. This they crossed early in April, and a month later they had to recross it, to convey supplies to the fortress of Almeida, the only place in Portugal over which the tricolor still floated. The result of this movement was the bloody combat of Fuentes d'Onore, a complete but dearly-bought triumph for our arms. Here the Eighty-eighth nobly distinguished themselves. At first they were in reserve, whilst for eight hours two Highland regiments, the Eighty-third and some light companies, fought desperately in the town, opposed to the fresh troops which Massena continually sent up. Their loss was very heavy, the streets were heaped with dead, the heat was excessive, and ammunition grew scarce. The Highlanders and the French grenadiers fought in the cemetery, across the graves and tombstones. "Wallace, with his regiment, the Eighty-eighth, was in reserve on the high ground which overlooked the churchyard, and was attentively viewing the combat which

raged below, when Sir Edward Pakenham galloped up to him, and said, 'Do you see that, Wallace?'—'I do,' replied the colonel; 'and I would rather drive the French out of the town than cover a retreat across the Coa.'—'Perhaps,' said Sir Edward, 'his lordship don't think it tenable.' Wallace answering, said, 'I shall take it with my regiment, and keep it too.'—'Will you?' was the reply; 'I'll go and tell Lord Wellington so.' In a moment or two, Pakenham returned at a gallop, and waving his hat, called out, 'He says you may go.—Come along, Wallace!'

Poor Pakenham! ever foremost to lead a charge or brave a peril. He deserved a better fate, after his glorious exploits in the Peninsula, than to be picked off by a sneaking Yankee rifle, in the swampy plains of New Orleans. But the same "boiling spirit and hasty temper" that won him laurels in Europe, led him to his death in another hemisphere. Overconfidence may be pardoned in a man who had so often driven before him the redoubtable cohorts of the modern Alexander. And one mistake cannot obliterate the memory of fifty gallant feats.—Full of fight, and led on by Pakenham, Mackinnon, and Wallace, the Eighty-eighth advanced at a smart trot into the town, where the French Ninth regiment and a few hundreds of the Imperial Guard awaited them. Their charge was irresistible; they cleared the place and drove the enemy into the river. They even pursued them through it, and several Rangers fell on the French side of the stream. About a hundred and fifty of the Old Guard ran into a street, of which the further end was barricaded. Mr Grattan, whose account of the affair is a graphic and interesting piece of military narrative, is amusingly cool and naïf in referring to this incident. "Mistakes of this kind," he says, "will sometimes occur, and when they do, the result is easily imagined. . . . In the present instance, every man was put to death; but our soldiers, as soon as they had leisure, paid the enemy that respect which is due to brave men." We apprehend that, with the Connaughters, *leisure*, in this sense, was scanty, at least at Fuentes d'Onore; but, in so close and despe-

rate a fight, hot blood is apt to drown nerve. The dashing charge of the Eighty-eighth nearly closed the day's performances, although the French batteries, admirably served, still peppered the town. Men and officers sheltered themselves as well as they could, but many were killed: whilst Pakenham, with reckless bravery, rode about the streets, a mark for the enemy's shot, which tore up the ground around him whenever he stood still. "He was in a violent perspiration and covered with dust, his left hand bound round with a handkerchief, as if he had been wounded; he was ever in the hottest of the fire: and, if the whole fate of the battle had depended on his exertions, he could not have fought with more devotion."

Amongst the many daring acts witnessed on the bloody day of Fuentes d'Onore, that of the Spanish guerilla chief, Julian Sanchez, deserves notice. At the head of his ragged and ill-disciplined band, he had the temerity to charge a crack French regiment, and, as might be expected, was sent back with a sore head. Whilst on the subject of guerillas, Mr Grattan combats an opinion which he believes many persons in this country entertain, "that the Spaniards and Portuguese did as much, if not more, during the Peninsular contest, than the British." Here he is certainly mistaken. Very few persons, out of the Peninsula, have any such notion. The French know well enough by whom they were beaten. Loth as they are to acknowledge a thrashing at the hands of their old antagonists, they do not dream of attributing their defeats to the "*brigands*," of whom they declare they would have had a very cheap bargain, but for the intervention of the troublesome English. And certainly, if the Spaniards and Portuguese had been left to themselves, although, favoured by the mountainous configuration of the country, they might long have kept up a desultory contest, they would never have succeeded in expelling the invaders; for the simple reason that they were wholly unable to meet them in the plain. Most true it is that, during the war of independence, the people of the Peninsula gave numerous examples of bravery and devotion, and

still more of long suffering and patient endurance for their country's sake. The irregular mode of warfare adopted by the peasantry, the great activity and constant skirmishings, stratagems, and ambuscades of Mina, the Empecinado, Sanchez, and many other patriotic and valiant men, greatly harassed and annoyed the French; and, by compelling them to employ large bodies of troops in garrison and escort duty, prevented their opposing an overwhelming force to the comparatively small army under Wellington. But all that sort of thing, however useful and efficacious as a general system, and as weakening the enemy, was very petty work when examined in detail. The great victories, the mighty feats of war that figure in history's page, were due to British discipline, pluck, and generalship. And whatever merit remains with the Spaniards, is to be attributed to their guerillas and irregular partisans. As to their regular troops, after they had overthrown Dupont at Baylen, they seemed to think they might doze upon their laurels, which were very soon wrenched from them. Baylen was their grand triumph, and subsequently to it they did little in the field. Behind stone walls they still fought well: Spaniards are brave and tenacious in a fortress, and Saragossa is a proud name in their annals. Nothing could be better than old General Herast's valiant defence of Ciudad Rodrigo against Ney and his thirty thousand Frenchmen. The garrison, six thousand strong, lost seven hundred men by the first day's fire. Only when their guns were silenced, when the town was on fire in various places, and when several yards of wall were thrown down by a mine, did the brave governor hoist the white flag. Other instances of the kind might be cited, when Spanish soldiers fought as well as mortal men could do. But with respect to pitched battles, another tale must be told. At Ocaña, Almonacid, and on a dozen other disastrous fields, Baylen was amply revenged. The loss at Ocaña alone is rated by Spanish accounts at thirty thousand men, chiefly prisoners. Mr Grattan estimates it at twenty-five thousand men, and *thirteen thousand eight hundred and*

seventy-seven guitars. Of these latter he tells us twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty-two were in cases, and the remainder without; indeed he is so exceedingly circumstantial that we presume he counted them himself. Otherwise, although well aware of the Spaniard's predilection for the fascinating finkle of his national instrument, we could hardly credit the accuracy of the figures. Even a *Spanish* general, we should think, would hardly allow his men thus to encumber themselves with harmony. The march of such an army of Orpheuses, in which every third soldier shouldered a fiddle-case as a pendant to his musket, must have been curious to behold; suggesting the idea that the melodious warriors designed subduing their foes by the soothing strains of *jotas* and *cachuchas*, rather than by the more cogent arguments of sharp steel and ball-cartridge. Great must have been the tinkling at eventide, exceeding that of the most extensive flock of merinos that ever cropped Castilian herbage. Was it because they were certain of a dance that these barrack-yard minstrels came provided with music, sure, in any case, to have the piper to pay? If the instruments were provided to celebrate a triumph, they might as well have been left at home. In Spain, however, time has effaced, or greatly weakened, the remembrance of many reverses, whilst slight and dubious successes, carefully treasured up, have swollen by the keeping into mighty victories; and at the present day, foreigners who should be so uncourteous and impolitic as to express, in the hearing of Spaniards, a doubt that Spanish valour was the main agent in driving the French from the Peninsula, might reckon, not on a stab—knifeing being less in vogue beyond the Bay of Biscay than is often imagined—but certainly on a scowl, and probably on an angry contradiction. And in every province, almost in every town, in Spain the traveller may, if he so pleaseth, be regaled with marvellous narratives of signal victories, gained over the *gavachos*, in that immediate neighbourhood, by valiant generals whose names, so partial is fame, have never transpired beyond the scenes of their problema-

tical exploits. Under the constitutional system, and owing to the long civil war, Spanish troops have improved in discipline and in various other respects; and with good generals, there is no manifest reason why they should not successfully cope with Frenchmen, although we doubt whether they could. But in Napoleon's day matters were very different, and in the open field their chance was desperate. The Portuguese were doubtless of a better quality; and in the pages of Napier and other historians, we find them spoken of in terms of praise. They had British officers to head them, and there is much in good leading; they had British troops to emulate, and national pride spurred them on. At the same period, Italians—certainly very poor soldiers when left to themselves—fought gallantly under French generals, and with French example before them. Of the general bearing of the Portuguese, however, we have heard few Peninsular men speak very highly. They appear to have been extremely inconsistent; brave one day, dastards the next.

At Ciudad Rodrigo, Mr Grattan greatly lauds their gallantry, which struck him the more as being unexpected. At Salamanca, on the other hand, he records their weakness, and the easy repulse of Pack's brigade, two thousand strong, by four hundred Frenchmen. "Notwithstanding all that has been said and written of the Portuguese troops, I still hold the opinion that they are utterly incompetent to stand unsupported and *countenanced* by British troops, with any chance of success, against even half their own numbers of Frenchmen." Again, after Salamanca, when Wellington and his victorious army advanced on Madrid, the Portuguese dragoons fled, without striking a blow, before the French lancers, exposing the reserve of German cavalry to severe loss, abandoning the artillery to its fate, and tarnishing the triumphal entry of the British into the capital—within a march of which this disgraceful affair occurred. Still, to encourage these wavering heroes, it was necessary to speak civilly of them in despatches; to pat them on the back, and tell them they were fine fellows. And this has sometimes been

misunderstood by simple persons, who believe all they see in print, and look upon despatches and bulletins as essentially veracious documents. "I remember once," says Mr Grattan, "upon my return home in 1813, getting myself closely cross-examined by an old lawyer, because I said I thought the Portuguese troops inferior to the French, still more to the British. 'Inferior to the British, sir! I have read Lord Wellington's last despatch, and he says the Portuguese fought as well as the British; and I suppose you won't contradict him?' I saw it was vain to convince this pugnacious old man of the necessity of saying these civil things, and we parted mutually dissatisfied with each other; he taking me, no doubt, for a forward young puppy, and I looking upon him as a monstrous old bore."

The Eighty-eighth, we gather from Mr Grattan's narrative, whilst respected by all as a first-rate battle regiment, was, when the stirring and serious events of that busy time left a moment for trifling, a fertile source of amusement to the whole third division. This is not wonderful. Many of the officers, and all the men, with the exception of three or four, were Irish, not Anglicised Irishmen, tamed by long residence amongst the Saxon, but raw, roaring Patlanders, who had grown and thriven on praties and potheen, and had carried with them to Spain their rich brogue, their bulls, and an exhaustless stock of gaiety. The amount of fun and blunders furnished by such a corps was naturally immense. But if in quarters they were made the subject of much good-humoured quizzing, in the field their steady valour was justly appreciated. No regiment in the service contained a larger proportion of "lads that weren't aisy," which metaphorical phrase, current among the Rangers, is translated by Mr Grattan as signifying fellows who would walk into a cannon's mouth, and think the operation rather a pleasant one. Whenever a desperate service was to be done, "the boys," as they, *more Hibernico*, familiarly termed themselves, were foremost in the ranks of volunteers. The contempt of danger, or non-comprehension of it, manifested by some of these gentlemen, was per-

fect. "My fine fellow," said an engineer officer, during the unsuccessful siege of Badajoz in May 1811, to a man under Lieutenant Grattan's orders, who sat outside a battery, hammering at a fascine; "my fine fellow, you are too much exposed; get inside the embrasure, and you will do your work nearly as well." "I'm almost finished, colonel," was the reply, "and it isn't worth while to move now. Those fellows can't hit me, for they've been trying it these fifteen minutes." Just then, a round-shot gave the lie to his prediction by cutting him in two; and, according to their custom, the French gunners set up a shout of triumph at their successful practice. Some of the Connaughters, who had never lost sight of their native bogs till exported to the Peninsula, understood little or no English beyond the words of command. On an inspection parade, one of this class was asked by General Mackinnon, to whose squad he belonged. Bewildered and puzzled, Darby Rooney applied to his sergeant for a translation of the general's question—thus conveying to the latter an idea that this was the first time he had heard such a thing as a squad spoken of. The story got abroad was, of course, much embellished—and an hour afterwards the third division was enjoying a prodigious chuckle at the notion that not one of the Connaughters knew what a squad meant. The young men laughed, the old officers shook their heads and deplored the benighted state of the Irishmen; whilst all the time, Mr Grattan assures us, "the Eighty-eighth was a more really efficient regiment than almost any *two* corps in the third division." As efficient as any they undoubtedly were, when fighting was to be done; but in some other respects their conduct was less irreproachable. According to their historian and advocate's own showing, their knapsacks were often too light and their haversacks too heavy. "A watchcoat, a piece of pipe-clay, and a button-brush," compose rather a scanty kit; yet those three articles formed—with the exception of the clothes he stood in—the entire wardrobe and means of personal adornment of the Rooney above-named; and many of his comrades were scarce better provided. But if

the back was neglected and left bare, the belly, on the contrary, was cared for with vigilant affection. On occasion, the Eighty-eighth could do their work on meagre diet as well, or better than any other corps. They would march two days on a pipe of tobacco; or for a week, with the addition of a biscuit and a dram. But when they did such things, it was no sign of any abstract love of temperance, or wish to mortify the flesh; it was simply a token of the extreme poverty of the district in which they found themselves. For the article provend they always kept a bright look-out. A greasy havresack, especially on the line of march, is the soldier's first desideratum; and it was rare that a very respectable workhouse soup could not have been produced by infusing that of a Connaught in a proper quantity of water. When rations were scanty, or commissaries lagged in the rear, none understood better than the Eighty-eighth how to forage for themselves. "Every man his own quartermaster" was then their motto. Nothing came amiss to them; sweet or savoury, from a pig to a beehive, they sacked every thing; and their "taking ways" were often cast in their teeth. The natives were compelled to mount guard over their sheep-folds; but the utmost force they could muster was of small avail against the resolute onslaught of the half-famished Irishmen. Even the exertions of the provost-marshal, and the liberal application of the cat, proved ineffectual to check these depredations; whilst the whimsical arguments used by the fellows in their defence sometimes disarmed the severity of Picton himself.

It would have been quite out of character for an Irish regiment to march without ladies in their train, and accordingly the female following of the Rangers was organised on the most liberal scale. Motley as it was numerous, it included, besides English and Irish women, a fair sprinkling of tender-hearted Spaniards and Portuguese, who had been unable to resist the fascinations of the insinuating Connaughters. The sufferings of these poor creatures, on long marches, over bad roads and in wet and cold seasons, were of course terrible, and only to be equalled by their fidelity to those to whom they had attached themselves.

Their endurance of fatigue was wonderful; their services were often great; and many a soldier, stretched disabled on the field of some bloody battle, and suffering from the terrible thirst attendant on wounds, owed his life to their gentle ministry. In circumstances of danger, they showed remarkable courage. At the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo, the baggage-guard, eager to share in the fight, deserted their post and rushed to the trenches. Immediately a host of miscreants—fellows who hung on the skirts of the army, watching opportunities to plunder—made a dash at the camp, but the women defended it valiantly, and fairly beat them off. Of course feminine sensibility got a little blunted by a life of this kind, and it was rarely with very violent emotion that the ladies saw their husbands go into action. Persuaded of their invincibility, they looked upon success as certain, and if, unfortunately, the victory left them widows, they deemed a very short mourning necessary before contracting a new alliance. Now and then a damsel of birth and breeding would desert the paternal mansion to follow the drum; and Mr Grattan tells a romantic history of a certain Jacinta Cherito, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy judge, who blacked her face and tramped off as a cymbal boy under the protection of the drum-major of the Eighty-eighth—a magnificent fellow, whose gorgeous uniform and imposing cocked hat caused him to be taken by the Portuguese for nothing less than a general of division. The young lady had not forgotten to take her jewels with her, and the old judge made a great fuss, and appealed to the colonel, who requested him to inspect the regiment as it left the town. But the sooty visage and uniform jacket baffled his penetration, and at the first halt, the drummer and the lady were made one flesh. Thorp, the lucky bridegroom, was a fine dashing fellow, bent upon distinguishing himself. He was often wounded, but never missed an engagement, even when his hurts were unhealed. He fell gloriously at Toulouse, and the next day came the gazette with his promotion to an ensigncy, which, if it was then of little value to him, was at any rate "a great consolation to his poor afflicted widow, and

the means of reconciling her father to the choice she had made: and her return once more to her home was a scene of great rejoicing." When the British troops embarked at Bordeaux, for America and England, a crowd of poor Spanish and Portuguese women, who had long followed their fortunes and were now forbidden to accompany their husbands and lovers, watched their departure with tearful eyes. "They were fond and attached creatures, and had been useful in many ways, and under many circumstances, not only to their husbands, but to the corps they belonged to generally. Many of them, the Portuguese in particular, had lived with our men for years, and had borne them children." But the stern rules of the service prevailed. The battalions bound for America were allowed but a limited number of soldiers' wives, and the surplus were of necessity left to their fate. Some had money; more were penniless, and nearly naked. Men and officers were then greatly in arrear, but nevertheless a subscription was got up, and its amount divided amongst the unfortunates, thus abandoned upon a foreign shore, and at many hundreds of miles from their homes.

General Picton was a man of action, not of words. There was no palaver about him, nothing superfluous in the way of orations, but he spoke strongly and to the point. Long harangues, as Mr Grattan justly observes, are not necessary to British soldiers. Metaphor and flowers of rhetoric are thrown away upon them. Something plain, pithy, and appropriate is what they like; the shorter the better. "Rangers of Connaught!" said Picton, as he passed the Eighty-eighth, drawn up for the assault of Ciudad Rodrigo, "it is not my intention to expend any powder this evening. We'll do this business with the cold iron." This was a very unpretending speech; nothing of the clap-trap or melodramatic about it: a mere declaration in the fewest possible words, of the speaker's intentions, implying what he expected from those he addressed. That it was just what was wanted, was proved by the hearty respondent cheer of the brave Irishmen. The result of the attack is

well known; the Rangers took a gallant share in it. The next morning the troops were ordered out of the captured town, which they had ransacked to some purpose, and the Eighty-eighth, drawn up on their bivouac ground, were about to march away to the village of Atalaya, when Picton again rode past. "Some of the soldiers, who were more than usually elevated in spirits," (they had passed the night in bursting open doors and drinking brandy,) "called out, 'Well, General, we gave you a cheer last night: it's your turn now!' The general smiled, took off his hat, and said, 'Here, then, you drunken set of brave rascals—hurrah! we'll soon be at Badajoz.'" A prophecy which was not long unaccomplished. With all deference to Mr Grattan, we cannot but think that the Eighty-eighth were very appropriately placed under Picton's orders. Excellent fighting men though they were, they certainly, according to their champion's own showing, needed a strict hand over them. We should like to know how they would have got on under such an officer as Mr Grattan tells us of, who, when in command of a regiment, came to mess one day in very low spirits, because, having sent his adjutant to inquire of an ensign why he did not attend parade, the ensign returned no answer, and, on subsequently meeting his commanding officer, cut him dead. The colonel told the story at the mess-table, and concluded by saying, "I thought nothing of his not answering my message, but I cannot express how much I am hurt at the idea of his cutting me as he did when I wished to speak to him!" Field-officers of such susceptible feelings, and such very loose ideas on the subject of discipline, were not plentiful in the Peninsula, and this one, we are given to understand, did not long retain his regiment. He would hardly have done at the head of the high-spirited Connaughters. But if Picton's severity to the men of the Eighty-eighth may be justified, his neglect of the officers is far more difficult to excuse. "*Not one of them was ever promoted through his recommendation.*" The conduct of Lieutenant Mackie at Ciudad Rodrigo was chivalrous in the extreme. General Mackinnon—who commanded the bri-

gade and was blown to pieces at its head by the explosion of a mine—wished to confer a mark of distinction on the gallant Eighty-eighth, and ordered that one of its subalterns should lead the forlorn-hope. The moment this was announced to the assembled officers, “Mackie stepped forward, and lowering his sword, said, ‘Major Thompson, I am ready for that service.’” Mackinnon had promised a company to the forlorn-hope leader, if he survived. But it must be observed that Mackie was senior lieutenant, and consequently sure of early promotion. The Eighty-eighth was to be in the van at the assault, and the probabilities were that at least one captain would be knocked off. Or, if not that day, it would happen the next. So that Mackie, in volunteering on the most desperate of all services, could have little to actuate him beyond an honourable desire for glory. How was he repaid? Gurwood, who led the forlorn-hope at the lesser breach, got his company; Mackie remained a lieutenant—no captain of the Eighty-eighth having been killed, and General Mackinnon not being alive to fulfil his promise. And whilst all the other officers who had been forward in the attack, had their names recorded in Picton’s division-order, poor Mackie was denied even the word of barren praise so gratifying to a soldier’s heart.

The loss of Ciudad Rodrigo was a stunning blow to the French. They could not understand it at all. Herrasti and his Spaniards had held out the place a month against Ney and Massena, with thirty or forty thousand veterans, and that in fine weather, a great advantage to the besiegers in eleven days, and in the depth of winter, Wellington reduced it, with twenty thousand men and opposed by a French garrison. The contrast was great, and quite inexplicable to the French. “On the 16th,” wrote Marmont to Berthier, “the English batteries opened their fire at a great distance. On the 19th the place was taken by storm, and fell into the power of the enemy. There is something so incomprehensible in this event, that I allow myself no observation. I am not provided with the requisite information.” No testimony could be more complimentary to the brave cap-

tors of Rodrigo. That great success, however, was only a forerunner of greater ones. Badajoz was the next place to be taken, preparatory to marching into the interior of Spain. To conceal his intentions from the enemy, Wellington had recourse to an elaborate stratagem. A powerful battering train, supplied by the men of war in the Tagus, was shipped at Lisbon, on board vessels of large size, which put out to sea, and, when out of sight of land, transhipped their cargo into smaller craft. These carried them up the Tagus into the heart of the country. At the same time the necessary magazines were formed; and at Elvas, only three leagues from Badajoz, a large quantity of fascines and gabions were prepared. All this, however, was done so quietly, Wellington appeared so supine, and Badajoz was so well provided, that Soult was lulled into security; and when at last he took the alarm, and marched from Seville at the head of twenty-five thousand men, it was too late. Philippon, and his brave garrison, did all that skill and courage could; but in vain. When Soult reached Villafraanca, two days’ march from Badajoz, the fortress had already been two days in the power of the English. This, to the French, was another unaccountable business; they, even yet, had not learned fully to appreciate the sovereign virtues of British bayonets. “I think the capture of Badajoz a very extraordinary event,” Lery, Soult’s chief engineer, wrote to General Kellerman, “and I am much at a loss to account for it in a clear and distinct manner.” This comes at the end of a mysterious sort of epistle, in which the engineer general talks of fatality, and seems to think that the British had no right to take Badajoz, defended as it was. But Wellington and his army were great despisers of that sort of *right*, and, in spite of the really glorious defence, in spite of the strategy of the governor and the valour of the garrison, of *chevaux de frise* of sword-blades, and of the deadly accuracy of the French artillery and musketeers, Badajoz was taken. The triumph was fearfully costly. Nearly four thousand five hundred men fell on the side of the besiegers;—Picton’s division was reduced to a skeleton,

and the Connaught Rangers lost more than half their numbers.

Shot through the body at Badajoz, Mr. Grattan was left there when his division marched away. He gives a terrible account of the sacking of the town; but on such details, even had they not been many times recapitulated, it is not pleasant to dwell. The frightful crimes perpetrated during those two days of unbridled excess and violence, rest at the door of the man whose boundless ambition occasioned that most desolating war. From an ignorant and sensual soldiery, excited to madness by a prolonged resistance, and by one of the most sanguinary conflicts recorded in the history of sieges, forbearance could hardly be expected. The horrible saturnalia, in which murder and rape, pillage and intoxication, are pushed to their utmost limits, are the necessary condition of a successful assault on a desperately defended fortress: and supposing them prohibited, and that such prohibition could be enforced, we agree with Mr. Grattan in believing that many a town that has been victoriously carried, might have been found impregnable. But one must ever deplore the disgraceful scenes enacted in the streets and houses of Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, and St. Sebastian. Unsurpassed in atrocity, they remain everlasting blots upon the bright laurels gathered by the British in the Peninsula. And it is small palliation, that under similar circumstances, the armies of all nations have acted in like manner. Here the sufferers were not enemies. To the garrison, when their resistance ceased, quarter was given; they were marched away scatheless, and treated with that humanity which England, notwithstanding the lying assertions of foreign historians, has ever used towards her prisoners. No, the victims were friends and allies. The very nation in whose behalf our soldiers had fought, saw their houses ransacked, their property wasted, their wives and daughters brutally outraged, by those whose mission was to protect and defend. Let us hope they have forgotten, or at least forgiven, such gloomy episodes in the struggle for their liberation.

The advocates of universal peace

might adduce many potent and practical arguments in favour of their doctrine from the pages of Mr. Grattan's book. He is unsparing in his details of the inevitable horrors of war; and some of his descriptions, persons of tender hearts and sensitive nerves will do well to pass over. They may be read with profit by those who, accustomed to behold but the sunny side of military life, think too lightly of the miseries war entails. Let such accompany Mr. Grattan through the streets of Badajoz, on the morning of the 7th April, 1812, and into the temporary hospital of Villa Formosa, after the fierce conflict of Fuentes d'Onore, where two hundred soldiers still awaited, twenty-four hours after the action, the surgeons' leisure, for the amputation of their limbs. Let them view with him the piles of unsuccoured wounded on the breach of Badajoz, and hear the shrieks and groans of men dying in helpless agony, without a friendly hand to prop their head, or a drop of water to cool their fevered lips. From such harrowing scenes it is pleasant to turn to the more humane and redeeming features of civilised warfare, and to note the courteous and amicable relations that existed between the contending armies when, as sometimes happened, they lay near together without coming to blows. This occurred previously to the battle of Salamanca. From the 3d to the 12th of July, the French and British were in presence of each other, encamped on either side the Douro, at that season little more than a rivulet. Of course all were on the alert; there was no laxity or negligence that could tempt to surprise; but neither was there any useless skirmishing or picket firing: every thing was conducted in the most gentlemanly and correct manner. The soldiers bathed together and exchanged their rations, and the officers were on equally good terms. "The part of the river of which I speak was occupied, on our side, by the Third division; on the French side by the Seventh division. The French officers said to us at parting, 'We have met, and have been for some time friends. We are about to separate, and may meet as enemies. As friends we received

each other warmly; as enemies we shall do the same.' Ten days afterwards the British Third and the French Seventh division were opposed to each other at Salamanca, and the Seventh French was destroyed by the British Third." Mr Grattan's wound was healed in ample time for him to assist at the battle of Salamanca; a glorious victory, which would have been even more complete had the British been properly seconded by their Portuguese allies. The behaviour of these was any thing but creditable to their nation. One detachment of caçadores actually threw themselves on their faces to avoid the enemy's fire, and not all the blows showered on them by their commander, Major Haddock, could induce them to exchange their recumbent attitude for one more dignified. Notwithstanding this, and the more fatal feebleness of Pack's brigade, the French were totally beaten, and their loss was nearly four times that of the British. Lord Wellington's opinion of the battle—a particularly honourable one to our troops, inasmuch as they not only *fought* better, but (which was not always the case) moved and manœuvred better, than the picked veterans of the French army—is sufficiently shown by the fact that "he selected it in preference to all his other victories, as the most fitting to be fought over in sham-fight on the plains of St Denis, in the presence of the three crowned heads who occupied Paris after the second abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, in 1815."

At Salamanca, the right brigade of the Third division, including the Connaught Rangers, charged the entire division of the French General Thomière. So awful was the volley that welcomed them, that more than half the officers, and nearly the whole front rank, were swept away. Doubtless the French thought this would prove a sickener, for great was their consternation when, before the smoke had well cleared away, they saw the shattered but dauntless brigade advancing fiercely and steadily upon them. Panic-stricken, they wavered; "the three regiments ran onward, and the mighty phalanx, which a moment before was so formidable, loosened and fell in pieces

before fifteen hundred invincible British soldiers fighting in a line of only two deep." In this memorable charge, the standard-pole of the Eighty-eighth was struck by a bullet, the same that killed Major Murphy, who commanded the battalion. New colours have since been presented to the regiment, but the wounded pole is still preserved, and on it is engraved, on a plate of silver, the day and the manner of its mutilation.

An advance on Madrid was consequent on the triumph at Salamanca, and on the 12th of August, Wellington and his army reached the Spanish capital. Their entrance has often been described, but in default of novelty, Mr Grattan's account of it possesses spirit and interest. It was one of those scenes that repay soldiers for months of fatigue and danger. The troops were almost carried into the city in the arms of the delighted populace. The steady, soldier-like bearing of the men, the appearance of the officers, nearly all mounted, inspired respect and increased the general enthusiasm. For miles from Madrid, the road was thronged; when the army got into the streets, it was no longer possible to preserve the order of march. The ranks were broken by the pressure of the crowd, and the officers (lucky dogs!) were half-smothered in the embraces of the charming Madrileñas. Young and old, ugly and handsome, all came in for their share of hugs and kisses. Still, although patriotism impelled the Spanish fair to look with favour upon the scarlet-coated Britons, the painful confession must be made that as individuals they gave the preference to the lively, light-hearted Frenchmen. Napoleon was the fiend himself, incarnate in the form of an under-sized Corsican, and the *garachos* were his imps, whom it was praiseworthy to shoot at from behind every hedge, and to poniard whenever the opportunity offered. Such was the creed inculcated by the priests, and devoutly entertained by their petticoated penitents—that is to say, by every Christian woman in the Peninsula. But somehow or other, when French regiments were quartered in Spanish towns, the female part of the population forgot the anathemas of

their spiritual consolers, and looked complacently upon those they were enjoined to abhor. It was a case of "*nos amis les ennemis*," and the French, beaten every where in the field, obtained facile and frequent triumphs in the boudoir. "It is a singular fact, and I look upon it as a degrading one," says Mr. Grattan with diverting seriousness, "that the French officers, whilst at Madrid, made in the ratio of five to one more conquests than we did." The dignity of the admission might be questioned; the degree of degradation is matter of opinion; the singularity is explained away by Mr. Grattan himself. He blames his comrades for their stiff, unbending manners, and for their non-conformance to the customs of the country. They were nearly three months at Madrid, and yet he declares that, at the end of that time, they knew little more of the inhabitants than of the citizens of Pekin. And he opines that the impression left in Spain by the Peninsular army was rather one of respect for their courage, than of admiration of their social graces and general affability. If Mr. Grattan, whilst reposing at ease upon his well-earned bays, would devise and promulgate an antidote to the mixture of shyness, reserve, and hauteur, which renders Englishmen, wherever they travel, the least popular of the European family, he would have a claim on his country's gratitude stronger even than the one he established whilst defending her with his sword in the well-contested fields of the Peninsula. Notwithstanding, however, the unamiability with which he reproaches his companions in arms, there was much fun and feasting, and sauntering in the Prado, and bull-fighting and theatre-going, whilst the British were at Madrid. But it was too pleasant to last long. The best a soldier can expect in war-time, is an alternation of good quarters and severe hardship. The "*quart d'honneur de Rabelais*" was at hand, when all the dancing, drinking, masking, and other pleasant things should be paid for, and the brief enjoyment forgotten, amidst the sufferings of the most painful retreat—excepting, of course, that of Corunna—effected by a British army during the whole war. We refer to the retrograde movement

that followed the unsuccessful siege of Burgos.

The high reputation of the British soldier rests far more upon his arms than upon his legs; in other words, he is a fighting rather than a marching man. Slowness of movement, in the field as on the route, is the fault that has most frequently been imputed to him. One thing is pretty generally admitted; that, to work well, he must be well fed. And even then he will hardly get over the ground as rapidly, or endure fatigue as long, as the lean lathy Frenchman, who has never known the liberal rations and fat diet the other is accustomed to. When a certain period of active service and long marches has given the English soldier his campaigning legs, he must still have his regular grog, or he soon flags, if he does not grumble and become insubordinate. Rations were bad, and hard to be got, on the retreat from Burgos. Then, Mr. Grattan tells us, the superior marching qualities of the Irish were manifest. There had been very little beef-steak and bacon expended in *their* bringing up; scanty fare was nothing new to them, and by no means affected their gaiety and good-humour. And when shoes were scarce, what cared they? The stones in Connaught are not a bit softer than those in Spain; and nine-tenths of the boys had trotted about, from infancy upwards, with "divil a brogue, save the one on their tongues." Some of the English regiments—the Forty-fifth for instance, chiefly composed of Nottingham weavers—would, under ordinary circumstances, march as well as any Irishman of them all: "But if it came to a hard tug, and that we had neither rations nor shoes, then, indeed, the Connaught Rangers would be in their element, and out-march almost any battalion in the service." On the retreat from Burgos to Portugal, they gave proof of their toughness and endurance; for whilst other regiments were decimated by fatigue and sickness, the Eighty-eighth scarcely lost a man, except by the enemy's fire. It was a time when the good qualities of all were severely tested. The movement began in a most unfavourable season. The roads were nearly impassable from heavy rains, and for days together there was not a dry jacket in the army. At night

they lay in the open country, often in a swamp, without a tent to shelter them; the baggage was detached, and they never saw it till they reached Ciudad Rodrigo. It was share and share alike amongst men and officers, and many of the latter were mere striplings, who had but lately left the comforts of their English homes. When they halted from their weary day's march, the ill-conditioned beasts collected for rations had to be slaughtered; sometimes they came too late to be of any use, or the camp-kettles did not arrive in time to cook them; and the famished soldiers had to set out again, with a few pieces of dry biscuit rattling in their neglected stomachs, and driven to satisfy the cravings of hunger with the acorns that strewed the forests. There was little money afloat, for pay was four months in arrear, but millions would have been useless where there was nothing to buy. The country was deserted; every where the inhabitants fled on the approach of the two armies. Disease was the natural consequence of so many privations; ague and dysentery undermined the men's strength, and many poor fellows, unable to proceed, were left upon the road. Horses died by hundreds, and those which held out were for the most part sore-backed, one of the greatest calamities that can happen to cavalry and artillery on the march. Fortunately Soult, who, with ninety thousand men, followed the harassed army, had some experience of British troops. And what he had seen of them, especially at Albuera and on the Corunna retreat, had inspired him with a salutary respect for their prowess. They might retreat, but he knew what they could and would do when driven to stand at bay. And therefore, although Wellington was by no means averse to fight, and actually offered his antagonist battle on the very ground where, four months previously, that of Salamanca had occurred, the wary Duke of Dalmatia declined the contest. He played a safe game: without risking a defeat by a general action, or attempting to drive the British before him with the bayonet, he hovered about their rear, disquieted them by a flank movement of part of his force, and had the satisfaction of knowing that their loss

by the casualties and fatigues of the march and inclemency of the weather, was as great as it would probably have been had he engaged them. For, besides those who perished on the road, when the army got into winter quarters, a vast number of men and officers went into hospital, and months elapsed before the troops were fully reorganised and fit for the field. At a day's march from Ciudad Rodrigo, Wellington's rear-guard had a smart skirmish, and then Soult desisted from his pursuit, and the Anglo-Portuguese were allowed to proceed without further molestation. Although disastrous, and in some respects ill managed, the retreat was in no way disgraceful. The French, very superior in numbers, had, whenever they pressed forward, been bravely met, and invariably repulsed.

With this retreat, Mr Grattan's Peninsular campaigns closed. He returned to Ireland, and in the summer of 1814, embarked for Canada. He rather refers to, than records the service he saw there; taking occasion, however, for a strong censure on Sir George Prevost, who, after forcing our ill-appointed fleet on Lake Champlain into action, refused to allow Brisbane and his brigade of "Peninsulars" to take the fort of Plattsburgh, an enterprise easy of achievement, and which would have placed the captured ships, and the victorious but disabled American flotilla, at the mercy of the British. But we have not space to follow the Ranger across the Atlantic, nor is it essential so to do; for, although he gives some amusing sketches of Canada and the Canadians, the earlier portion of his book is by far the most interesting, and certainly the most carefully written. We could almost quarrel with him for defacing his second volume with perpetual and not very successful attempts at wit. We have rarely met with more outrageous specimens of punning run mad, than are to be found in its pages. Barring that fault, we have nothing but what is favourable to say of the book. Its tone is manly and soldier-like, and it is creditable both to the writer and to the service, by which, during the last thirty years, our stores of military and historical literature have been so largely and agreeably increased.

LORD SIDMOUTH'S LIFE AND TIME.

To read a memoir of the late Lord Sidmouth, is like taking a walk through Westminster Abbey. All the literature is inscriptions; all the figures are monumental; and all the names are those of men whose characters and distinctions have been echoing in our ears since we had the power to understand national renown. The period between 1798, when the subject of this memoir made his first step in parliamentary life as Speaker, and 1815, when the close of the war so triumphantly finished the long struggle between liberty and jacobinism, was beyond all comparison the most memorable portion of British history.

In this estimate, we fully acknowledge the imperishable fame of Marlborough in the field, and the high ability of Bolingbroke in the senate. The gallantry of Wolfe still throws its lustre over the concluding years of the second George; and the brilliant declamation of Chatham will exact the tribute due to daring thought, and classic language, so long as oratory is honoured among men. But the age which followed was an age of realities, stern, stirring, and fearful. There was scarcely a trial of national fortitude, or national vigour, through which the sinews of England were not then forced to give proof of their highest powers of endurance. All was a struggle of the elements; in which every shroud and tackle of the royal ship of England was strained; and the tempest lasted through nearly a quarter of a century. England, the defender of all, was the sufferer for all. Every principle of her financial prosperity, every material of her military prowess, every branch of her constitutional system, every capacity of her political existence, her Church, her State, and her Legislature, were successively compelled into the most perilous yet most powerful display; and the close of the most furious hostility which Europe had ever seen, only exhibited in a better

point of view, the victorious strength which principle confers upon a people.

Compared with this tremendous scene, the political conflicts of the preceding age were a battle on the stage, compared with the terrors of the field. The spectators came to enjoy a Spectacle, and sit tranquilly admiring the brilliancy of the caparisons and the dexterity of the charge ; but perfectly convinced that all would end without harm to the champions, and that the fall of the curtain would extinguish the war. But, in the trials of the later time, there were moments when we seemed to be throwing our last stake ; when the trumpets of Europe, leagued against us, seemed to be less challenging us to the field, than preceding us to the tomb ; and when the last hope of the wise and good might be, to give the last manifestation of a life of patriotic virtue.

In language like this, we are not abasing the national courage. We are paying the fullest homage to the substantial claims of the English heart. It is only by the severest national struggles that the superiority of national powers can be developed: and without doubting the qualities of the Marlboroughs and Chathams — or even without doubting, that if thrown into the battle of the last fifty years, they would have exhibited the same intellectual stature and powerful adroitness which distinguished their actual displays — yet they wanted the strong necessities of a time like ours, to place them on a similar height of renown. Still their time continues an admirable study. But it is like the story of the Volscian and Samnite combats, read in the day when the consul, flying through the streets of Rome, brought the news of Canine.

The wars and politics of the eighteenth century were the manoeuvres of a *garde du corps*, and the intrigues of a *boudoir*. Our fathers saw no nation

of thirty millions rushing to the field; frantic with the passion for overthrow, no Napoleon thundering at the head of vassal Europe against England; no conspiracy of peoples against thrones; no train of crouching sovereignties, half in terror and half in servility, ready to do the wildest will of the wildest despot of the world; no army of five hundred thousand men ready to spring upon our shores, and turning off only to the overthrow of empires. All was on a smaller scale; the passions feebler, the means narrower, the objects more trivial, the triumphs more temporary, the catastrophe more powerless, and the glory more vanishing.

All has since subsided; and the mind of man is turned to efforts in directions totally new. All now is the rigid struggle with the physical difficulties of society. The grand problems are, how to level the mountain, and to drain the sea: or, if we must leave the Alps to be still the throne of the thunder, and suffer even the Zuyder-zee to roll its sullen waves over its incorrigible shallows; yet to tunnel the mountain and pass the sea with a rapidity, which makes us regardless of the interposition of obstacles that once stopped the march of armies, and made the impregnable fortresses of kingdoms. But the still severer trials of human intelligence are, how to clothe, feed, educate, and discipline the millions which every passing year pours into the world. The mind may well be bewildered with a prospect so vast, so vivid, and yet so perplexing. Every man sees that old things are done away, that physical force is resuming its primitive power over the world, and that we are approaching a time when Mechanism will have the control of nature, and Multitude the command of society.

There are many families in England which, without any change of circumstances, without any increase of fortune, or any discoverable vicissitudes, have existed for centuries, in possession of the same property, generally a small one, and handed down from father to son as if by a law of nature. The family of Lord Sidmouth is found to have held the

proprietaryship of the small estate of Fringford, in Oxfordshire, from the year 1600, and to have had a residence in Bannebury about a century and a half before;—the first descendant of this quiet race who became known beyond the churchyard where “his village fathers sleep,” being Dr Addington, who died in 1799. Genealogies like those give a striking view of the general security of landed possession, which the habits of national integrity, and the influence of law, must alone have effected, during the turbulent times which so often changed the succession to the throne of England.

Dr Addington, who had been educated at Winchester school, and Trinity College, Oxford, having adopted medicine as his profession, commenced his practice at Reading, where he married the daughter of the Rev. Dr Niley, head-master of the grammar-school. The well-known trial of the wretched parricide, Miss Blandy, for poisoning, in which he was a principal witness, brought him into considerable notice; and probably on the strength of this notice, he removed to London, and took a house in Bedford Row, where the late Lord Sidmouth, his fourth child, but eldest son, was born. He next removed to Clifford Street, a more fashionable quarter, which brought him into intercourse with many persons of distinction. Among these were Louth, Bishop of London, the Duke of Montagu, Earl Rivers, and, first of the first, the great Earl of Chatham. With this distinguished man, Dr Addington seems to have been on terms of familiar friendship, as the following extracts show:—Chatham writes from Burton Pynsent, in 1771.

“All your friends here, the flock of your care, are truly sensible of the kind attentions of the good shepherd. My last fit of the gout left me as it had visited me, very kindly. I am many hours every day in the field, and, as I live like a farmer abroad, I return home and eat like one. * * *

“Ale goes on admirably, and agrees perfectly. My reverence for it, too, is increased, having just read in the manners of our remotest Celtic ancestors much of its antiquity and invigorating qualities. The boys all long

for ale, seeing papa drink it, but we do not try such an experiment. Such is the force of example, that I find I must watch myself in all I do, for fear of misleading. If your friend William saw me smoke, he would certainly call for a pipe."

Lord Chatham died May 11th, 1788, which event was thus notified by Dr Addington to his son Henry.

"You will be grieved to hear that Lord Chatham is no more. It pleased Providence to take him away this morning, as if it were in mercy that he might not be a spectator of the total ruin of a country which he was not permitted to save."

The doctor was a croaker, as was the fashion of the time, with all who pretended to peculiar political sagacity. Of course the family physician of the ex-minister was in duty bound to echo the ex-minister's discontent. It is clear that, whatever professional gifts the doctor inherited from Apollo, he did not share the gift of prophecy. The doctor, after realising enough by his profession to purchase an estate in Devonshire, retired to Reading, where, in 1790, he died, having had, in the year before, the enviable gratification of seeing his son elected to the Speakership of the House of Commons.

Henry Viscount Sidmouth was born in 1757, on the 30th of May. At the age of five years, he was placed under the care of the Rev. William Gilpin, author of the *Essays on the Picturesque*, who for many years kept a school at Cheam, in Surrey.

Lord Sidmouth had but one brother, Hiley, who subsequently figured so often in the caustic rhymes of Canning, and who, under his brother's auspices, was successively secretary of the treasury, paymaster of the forces, and under-secretary of state. In his twelfth year, Henry, followed by Hiley, was sent to Winchester, then under the government of the well-known Dr Joseph Wharton, with George Isaac Huntingford as one of the assistants.

The author of the biography gives Huntingford credit for the singular degree of attachment exhibited in his occasional letters to his pupil. It certainly seems singular; when we know the slenderness, if not sternness of the connexion generally subsisting be-

tween the teachers at a great English seminary, and the pupils. In one of those epistles Huntingford says to this boy of fifteen.

"For my own part, to you I lay open my whole heart without reserve. I divest myself of the little superiority which age may have given me. With you I can enter into conversation with all the familiarity of an intimate companion. The few hours of intercourse which we thus enjoy with each other give more relief to my wearied body and mind than *any other amusement on earth*. What I am to do when you leave school, a *melancholy thought*, I cannot foresee. May the evil hour be postponed as late as possible. Yet let me add, whenever it shall be most for your advantage to leave me, I will not doubt to sacrifice my own peace and comfort for your interest. I love myself, but you better."

We hope that this style is not much in fashion in our public schools. Dean Pellew tells us that numerous letters of this kind were written by this tutor to his pupil in after life, and adds with a ludicrous solemnity, "It will readily be imagined how *efficacious* they must have proved, in forming the character of the future statesman, and erecting Spartan and Roman virtues on the noble foundation of Christianity."

For our part, we know not what to make of such communications; they seem to us intolerably silly, and we think ought *not* to have been published. In later life, their writer was made Bishop of Hereford and Warden of Winchester. He seems to have been a fellow of foresight!

In 1773, Henry and Hiley were both removed from Winchester, and put under the tuition of Dr Goodenough, who took private pupils at Ealing, and who was afterwards Bishop of Carlisle. In the next year, Henry entered as commoner in Brazen-Nose College under the tuition of Radcliffe, then a tutor of some celebrity. In this college he became acquainted with Abbot, afterwards Lord Colchester, and William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell. He took his degree in 1778, and in this year had the misfortune to lose his mother, who seems to have been an amiable and sensible person. In the next year, he obtained the

Chancellor's prize for an English essay on "the affinity between painting and writing in point of composition;" and at the recital of this essay in the theatre he first became acquainted with Lord Mornington, afterwards Marquis Wellesley, an intimacy which lasted for sixty-two years. He now adopted law as his profession, took chambers in Paper Buildings, and kept his terms regularly at Lincoln's Inn. In 1781, he married Ursula Mary, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Leonard Hammond, Esq. of Cheam, in Surrey, and took a house in Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, where he determined to follow the profession of the law. But this determination was speedily overruled by the success of the celebrated son of Chatham. On the 26th of February, 1781, William Pitt, then only in his twenty-second year, made his first speech in the House of Commons, in support of Burke's bill for the regulation of the civil list. This epoch in parliamentary annals is noticed in a brief letter from Dr Goodenough to Pitt's early tutor, Wilson, who sent it to Mr Addington, among whose papers it was found:—

"Dear Sir,—I cannot resist the natural impulse of giving pleasure, by telling you that the famous William Pitt, who made so capital a figure in the last reign, is happily restored to his country. He made his first public re-appearance in the senate last night. All the old members recognised him instantly, and most of the young ones said he appeared the very man they had so often heard described: the language, the manner, the gesture, the action were the same; and there wanted only a few wrinkles in the face, and some marks of age, to identify the absolute person of the late Earl of Chatham."

Addington, at this period, had a good deal of intercourse with Pitt, who became Chancellor of the Exchequer at the age of twenty-three, and whose brilliant success in parliament evidently stimulated his friend to political pursuits. But the infamous coalition broke in, and Pitt was dismissed from the ministry. Its existence, however, was brief: it not merely fell, but was crushed amidst a universal uproar of national scorn;

and Pitt, not yet twenty-five, was appointed prime minister. In the course of the month, an interview took place between Pitt and Addington, which gave his friends strong hopes of seeing him in immediate office. His friend Bragge thus writes to him:

"I give you joy of the effects of the interview of last Sunday, of which I am impatient to hear the particulars. Secretary, either official or confidential, I should wish you, and indeed all the boards are already filled."

Still, he remained unappointed, though his intimacy with the minister grew more confidential from day to day. Pitt was at this time engaged in a desperate struggle with the Opposition, who, ruined as they were in character, yet retained an overwhelming majority in parliament. On this occasion, the young statesman gave perhaps the most triumphant evidence of his remarkable sagacity. Every one was astonished, that he had not at once dissolved a parliament which it seemed impossible for him either to convince or conquer. But, with the House of Lords strongly disposed towards him, and the King for his firm friend, Pitt fought the House night after night, until he found the national feeling wholly on his side. Then, on the 25th of March, 1784, he dissolved the parliament, and by that act extinguished the whole power of Whiggism for twenty years. There never was a defeat more ruinous; more than a hundred and sixty members, who had generally been of the Foxite party, were driven ignominiously from their seats, and the party was thenceforth condemned to linger in an opposition equally bitter, fruitless, and unpopular. In the new parliament, Addington was returned for the borough of Devizes in place of Sutton, his brother-in-law, who, being advanced in life, made over his interest to his young relative. On this occasion, he received a letter from his old master, Joseph Wharton:—

"I cannot possibly forbear expressing to you the sincere pleasure I feel, in giving you joy of being elected into a parliament that I hope and trust will save this country from destruction, by crushing the most shameful and the most pernicious coalition

that I think ever disgraced the annals of any kingdom, ancient or modern. I am, dear sir, with true regard, yours, &c.—JOSEPH WHARFON.”

There are few more remarkable instances of contrasted character and circumstance than Addington's ultimate rise to power. The anecdote is mentioned, that on one occasion, when they were riding together to Holl Wood, then Mr Pitt's seat near Bromley in Kent, that on Pitt's urging him to follow up politics with vigour, and the latter alleging in excuse the distaste and disqualification for public life created by early habits and natural disposition, Pitt burst forth in the following quotation from Waller:

“The Lark that sings on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, nests lent in the nest;
But should the pointers of a brighter day,
Amongst sun and bird pursue and play;
Quickly ’tis done, how ’twas not for want of
voices.”

Or power to climb, she made so low a
choice;

Singing she mounts, her airy notes are
stretch’d.

Towards heav’n, as if from heav’n alone
her note she fetch’d.”

With these words, he set spurs to his horse, and left his companion to ponder on the moral of the poetry.

But neither poetry nor prose could inspire Addington's mind with the ardour of his glowing friend. Parliament was indeed open to him, but the true gate to parliamentary distinction would never have been opened by his own hand. There are two kinds of speaking, and but two, which ever make distinguished way in the House. The first is, that superior order which alone deserves the name of eloquence, and which must carry distinction with it wherever men are gathered together. The next is, that adroit and practical style of speaking by which the details of public business are carried forward; a style which requires briskness of capacity, united to extent of information, and in which the briskness must not be suffered to become flippant, and the detail to become dull. We are perfectly confident, that, beyond those two classes, no speaker can ever expect to retain the ear of the House. Our theory, however, is not the favourite one with

that crowd, whose diatribes nightly fill the columns of the newspapers; where bitterness is perpetually mistaken for pungency, and petulance for power, dryness for business, and commonplace for conviction. But failure is the inevitable consequence: the archer showers his shafts in vain; they are pointed with lead, and they always fall blunt on the ground. Some of the noisiest harangues of our time utterly “waste their sweetness on the desert air,” their hearers drop away with fatal rapidity, and the orator is reminded of his triumph only by the general flight of his auditory. Then comes some favourite of the House: the coffee-room is thinned in its turn; the benches are crowded once more; and some statesmanlike display consoles the House for its lost time. Addington's habits were those of a student, and he brought them with him into parliament. In the House of Commons, there are nearly as many classes of character, as there are in life outside the walls. There are the men made for the operations of public life, bold, active, and with an original sense of superiority. Another class is made for under-secretaries and subordinates, sharp, and ingenious men, the real business-men of the House. Another class, perfectly distinct, is that of the matter-of-fact men, largely recruited from among opulent merchants, bankers sent from country constituencies, and others of that calibre, who are formidable on every question of figures, are terrible on tariffs, and evidently think, that there is no book of wisdom on earth but a ledger. Then come the country gentlemen, generally an excellent and honest race, but to whom a life in London, in the majority of instances, has a strong resemblance to a life in the Millbank Penitentiary; driven into parliament, by what is called a “sense of their position in the country,” which generally means the commands of their wives, &c., &c., their sojourn within the circuit of the metropolis is a purgatory. They sicken of the life of lounging through London, where they are nothing, and long to get back to the country where they are “magistrates;” generally too old to dance, the fashionable season has no charms for them; even the clubs

seem to them a sort of condemned cell, where the crowd, guilty of unpardonable idleness, cluster together with no earthly resource but gazing into the street, or poring over a newspaper. If this service is severe enough to shake their philosophy during the sleety showers of February, and the withering blasts of March; the first break of sunshine, and the first streak of blue sky, makes their impatience amount to agony. The rest of the season only renders their suffering more inveterate; until at last the discharge of cannon from the Park, and the sound of trumpets at the doors of the House of Lords, a gracious speech from the throne, and a still more gracious smile from the sitter on it, let them loose from their task, and they are free, facetious, and foxhunters once more. There are still half-a-dozen other classes, "fine by degrees, and beautifully less," which may be left to the imagination of the reader, and the experience of the well-bred world.

Addington soon made himself useful on committees. The strong necessities of the case, much more than the Reform Bill, have remarkably shortened the longevity of election committees. The committee, in general, was fortunate, which could accomplish its business within three months. Some took twice the number, some even crossed over from session to session. The first committee on which Addington was engaged had this unfortunate duration, and he was re-appointed to it in the second session of the parliament of 1785.

At this period, whether from a sense of disappointment, or from the silent dulness of this drudgery, his health appears to have been in a feeble state. In a letter to his father, he apologises for listlessness and stupidity by illness, and says, "that he does not come up to the definition of man as a risible animal." Yet the man who could live to eighty-seven, and retain his health in a retirement of nearly a quarter of a century, could not complain of his constitution.

In 1786 Pitt availed himself of the opening of the session to induce his friend to break ground. He proposed that he should second the address; and almost condescended to coax him

into further exertion of his abilities.—"I will not disguise," says his letter, "that, in asking this favour of you, (the speech,) I look beyond the immediate object of the first day's debate; from a persuasion that whatever induces you to take a part in public, will equally contribute to your personal credit, and that of the system to which I have the pleasure of thinking you are so warmly attached. Believe me to be, with great truth and regard, my dear sir, faithfully and sincerely yours,—W. PITT." Addington complied with a part of the proposal, seconded the Address, and was considered to have performed his task with effect. But the effort went no farther. His ability lay in another direction; and though a clear, well-informed, and influential debater in his more public days, and when the urgency of office compelled the exertion, he left for four years the honours of debate to the multitude of his competitors.

In the course of the memoir, there is a letter of Addington's, speaking of Sheridan's famous speech on the Begum question. Addington voted in the majority against Hastings; but, though he does not exactly say that Sheridan's famous speech was the cause of his vote, he yet joins in the general acclamation.

It has been the habit of late critics to decry the merits of this famous oration, and even to charge it with being frivolous, outrageous, and bombastic, an immense accumulation of calumny and clap-trap, which the craft of Sheridan would not submit to the public ordeal, and which he has therefore left to its chance of a fantastic and visionary fame. But this we find it impossible to believe. That in a speech of five hours and a half, there may have been—nay, there must have been, passages of extravagance, and even errors of taste, is perfectly probable; but they must have been overcome by countless passages of lustre and beauty,—by powerful conceptions and brilliant examples of language; at once resistless and refined,—by living descriptions, and thoughts of daring and dazzling energy, sufficient to have made it one of the most memorable triumphs of senatorial eloquence in the world. How, on any

other supposition, is it possible to account for the effects which we know it to have produced?

Addington's letter, alluding to this subject, says: "The papers will convey but a faint idea of a speech, which I heard Fox declare to be the most wonderful effort of the human mind that perhaps had ever been made. Mr Pitt, and indeed the whole House, spoke of it in terms of admiration and astonishment, scarcely inferior to those of Mr Fox."

The papers, indeed, convey a worse than inadequate idea of this wonderful oration, for they give merely a few fragments, in which they have contrived either to select their examples with the most curious infelicity, or to blunder them into bombast. But nothing can be more childish than to suppose, that Pitt would have given his praise to tawdry metaphor, that Burke would have done honour to feeble truisms, that Fox should have been unable to distinguish between logic and looseness of reasoning, or that the whole assembly, who had been in the habit of hearing those pre-eminent orators, should have been tricked by theatric dexterity or charlatan rhetoric into homage. The oration must have been a most magnificent performance, and we have only to deplore the loss of a great work of genius.

Another young phenomenon shot across the parliamentary horizon within the same month. It was the late Earl Grey. A letter of Addington to his father thus describes the debut of this young Liberal.

"Feb. 22, 1787. — We had a glorious debate last night, upon the motion for an address of thanks to the King, for having negotiated the commercial treaty. A new speaker presented himself to the House, and went through his first performance with an éclat that has not been equalled within my recollection. His name is Grey; he is not more than twenty-two years of age, and he took his seat, which is for Northumberland, only in the present session. I do not go too far in declaring, that in the advantages of figure, elocution, voice, and manner, he is not surpassed by any one member of the House; and I grieve to say, that he was last night in the ranks of Opposi-

tion, from which there is no prospect of his being detached."

It is curious to see, how easily the exigencies of party mould men, and how readily under that pressure they un-say their maxims, and retract their principles. The object of the commercial treaty was, to put our commerce in some degree on a fair footing with that of France. The object of Mr Grey's rhetoric was, to show that the commercial treaty was altogether a blunder, which, as being a Tory and ministerial performance, it must be in the eyes of a Whig and an oppositionist. But the maxim on which he chiefly relied, was the wisdom of that established system of our policy, in which France had always been regarded with the most suspicious jealousy at least—if not as our natural foe. Of course this Whig maxim lasted just so long as the Whigs were out of office, and could use it as a weapon against the Minister. But, from the moment when France became actually dangerous, when her councils became demoniac, and her factions frenzied, Whiggism, despairing of turning out the Minister by argument, resolved to make the attempt by menace. Hopeless in the House, it appealed to the rabble, and France was extolled to the skies. We then heard nothing of the "natural enmity," but a vast deal of the instinctive friendship. England and France were no longer to be two hostile powers sitting on their respective shores, with flashing eyes and levelled spears; but like a pair of citizen's wives loaded with presents and provisions for each other, and performing their awkward courtesies across the Channel.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the Whig maxim, though a watchword of fiction, was no blunder of fact. A commercial treaty with the French in that day, or in any other day before or since, was a dream. To bring the Frenchman to any rational agreement on the subject of trade, or to keep him steady to any agreement whatever, has been a problem, which no British statesman has been able to solve. No commercial treaty, even with all the genius of Pitt, has ever produced to England the value of the paper on which it is written. Whether,

if they were two Englands in the world, they might not establish commercial treaties with each other, may be a question. But we regard it as an absolute waste of time, to think of trading on fair terms with any of the slippery tariffs of foreign countries. In fact, this is now so perfectly understood, that England has nearly given up the notion of commercial treaties. She trades now, where the necessities of the foreigner demand her trade. The foreigner hates John Bull, just as the Athenian peasant hated Aristides, and for the same reason. He hates him for being honest, manly, and sincere; he hates him for the integrity of his principles, for the purity of his faith, and for the *reality* of his freedom; he hates him for his prosperity, for his progress, and for his power. And while the Frenchman capers in his fetters, and takes his promenade under the shadow of the fortifications of Paris; while the German talks of constitutions in the moon; and while the Holy Alliance amuses itself with remodelling kingdoms, John Bull may be well content to remain as he is, and leave them to such enjoyment as they can find in sulkiness and sneering.

Grey's brilliant debut appears not to have been sustained: he spoke little during the session, but talked much—a fatal distinction to a parliamentary aspirant. Ambitious of figuring, he attempted to figure on all occasions; and, once or twice, unluckily daring the great champion of the treasury bench to the field, he was driven from it with wounds which, if they did not teach him a sense of his weakness, at least taught him a sense of his danger. Mr Grey's credit, says Addington in a letter, “as a man of discretion and temper, remains to be established. His reputation for abilities has not increased within the last two months, while he has in all respects enhanced that of the person (Pitt) to whom he ventured to oppose himself.”

In alluding to the intercourse of Addington with Wilberforce, the biographer, we think very justly, complains of the silliness which have transpired in the latter's diary. Addington took higher views on ecclesiastical subjects; and was less *rapid*

in his movements for the abolition of the slave-trade; being of opinion that precipitate measures would only increase the traffic to an enormous extent, deprive England of all power of restraining the frightful atrocities of the middle passage; and, by throwing the whole trade into the hands of foreigners, leave it open to all the reckless abominations of mankind.

The result was, unfortunately, all that rational men anticipated. The trade carried on by the foreigner has been tripled, or even quadrupled; the horrors of the middle passage are without restraint; and the sufferings of the victims, on their march to the coast, by fatigue, want of food, and the cruelty of their treatment, are estimated to destroy nearly twice the number of those who ever cross the Atlantic. The very powers with whom we have already made treaties for the purpose of extinguishing this infernal traffic, are deepest in its commerce; and its extinction now seems hopeless, except through some of those tremendous visitations, by which Providence scourges crimes which have grown too large for the jurisdiction of man.

Lord Sidmouth, then far advanced in life, when he saw those remarks in the diary, naturally felt offended, but he bore the offence with dignity, merely saying, as he closed the volume, “Well, Wilberforce does not speak of me as he spoke to me, I am sorry to say.” Of Wilberforce, no one can desire to doubt the general honesty; but that he was singularly trifling and inconstant, was evidently the opinion of his contemporaries in the House. The following anecdote is given from the author's notes on this point. “Lord Sidmouth told us, that one morning, at a cabinet meeting, after an important debate in the House of Commons, some one said, ‘I wonder how Wilberforce voted last night:’ on which Lord Liverpool observed, ‘I do not know how he voted, but of this I am pretty sure, that in whatever way he voted, he repents of his vote this morning.’ Lord Sidmouth added, ‘It was odd enough, that I had no sooner returned to my office, than Wilberforce was announced, who said,—Lord Sidmouth, you will be

surprised at the vote I gave last night, and, indeed, I am not myself altogether satisfied with it: to which I replied, My dear Wilberforce, I shall never be *surprised* at any vote you give."

During this session the abolition of Negro slavery first seriously attracted the notice of parliament. The conduct of it, in the House of Commons, was intrusted to Wilberforce; but, in his absence, in consequence of indisposition, Pitt, on the 9th of May 1798, moved the resolution, "that the House would, early in the next session, proceed to take into consideration the circumstances of the slave trade." In a cause like this, the humane and magnanimous mind of Burke naturally enlisted at once. But he was by no means of that school of humanity which gains the race, only by riding over every thing in its way. Red-hot humanity had no charms for the great philosopher; and, philanthropist as he was, he could discover no wisdom in measures which changed only one violence for another, pauperised the whites without liberating the blacks; and, while it cost twenty millions sterling to repair about a third of the injury, left the unhappy African at the mercy of avarice round the circumference of the globe.

A letter from Huntingford says:—"Dr Lawrence, our Winchester acquaintance, called on me lately. He talked much on Mr Burke's ideas respecting the slave-trade. I found by him that Mr Burke foresaw the total ruin of the West-India colonies, if the trade were at once prohibited. He is for a better regulation of the ships which carry on that infamous commerce: he would lay the captains under restrictions, and punish them with rigour for wanton severity or brutal inhumanity to the slaves; and, when the poor creatures are purchased at the West-India islands, he would have them instructed in religion; and be permitted to purchase their own freedom, when by industry they should acquire a sufficient sum for that purpose. For their religious instruction he would erect more churches; and, to enable them in time to accumulate the price of their ransom, he would enact that the property of a slave should be as sacred as that of a freeman." Burke

went further than opinions, for he embodied his sentiments in a paper entitled, "*Sketch of a Negro Code*," an outline of a bill in parliament, which is to be found in the collection of his works.

In August of this year, Addington mentioned that Lord Grenville passed a month with him at Lyme; and that one day visiting Lord Rolle, a party were speculating on the probable successor to the Speaker (Cornwall)—Grenville and Addington giving it as their opinion, that neither of them had any chance. He adds, "within twelve months, we were both Speakers ourselves."

An important and melancholy event, however, threw the cabinet and the country alike into confusion. Early in November, it was ascertained that the King was taken dangerously ill. Three successive notes from Grenville represented the illness as most alarming, and giving room for apprehending of incurable disorder. As Dr Addington was known to have paid particular attention to cases of insanity, Pitt proposed his being summoned to visit the royal patient. In consequence, he visited his Majesty for several days, and on examination with the other physicians before the Privy Council, expressed a strong expectation of the royal recovery, founded on the circumstance that this illness had not, for its forerunner, any of the symptoms which usually precede a serious attack of this nature. The debates on the Regency Bill now brought out all the vigour of the House. The Whigs thundered at the gate of the cabinet; but there was a strong hand within, and it was still kept shut. The Prince of Wales, then under all the captivations of Whig balls and banquets, and worshipping at the feet of Fox, was no sooner to be master of the state by an unlimited Regency Bill, than Fox was to be master of every thing. Pitt still fought the battle with all the cool determination of one determined never to capitulate. Fox became in succession fierce, factious, and half frantic; still his great adversary stood on the vantage ground of law, and was imperturbable. But the contest now began to spread beyond the walls of parliament. The spirit of the nation, always siding

with the brave defence, daily felt an increasing interest in the gallantry with which Pitt almost alone fought the ablest Opposition that had ever been ranged within the walls of Westminster, and inflamed by the sight of power almost within their grasp.

But the announcement of a sudden change in his Majesty's indisposition abated the contest at once. From the 8th to the 20th of February, the progress to health was palpable. On the 19th, the discussions on the Regency Bill were suspended in the House of Lords; and on the 6th of March, the Speaker and several members of the administration were admitted to pre-

sent their congratulations to the King, at Kew, on his recovery.

We cannot resist the temptation of exhibiting Lord Sidmouth in the unsuspected character of a poet. As several millions of verses were poured out as the offerings of the Muse on the joyful occasion, as Parnassus was rifled by the Universities, and as every village school in the kingdom hung a pen-and-ink garland on the altar of Æsculapius or Hygeia; it was felt to be the bounden duty of every candidate for cabinet honours, to put his desk "in order," and rhyme, to the best of his power. Addington, in consequence, produced the following—

ON THE KING'S RECOVERY.

"When sinks the orb of day, a borrow'd light
The moon displays, pale *Regent* of the night.
Vain are her beams to bid the golden grain
Spread plenty's blessings o'er the smiling plain;
No power has she, except from shore to shore
To bid the ocean's troubled billows roar.
With hungry cries the wolf her coming greets;
Then Rapine stalks triumphant through the streets;
Avarice and Fraud in secret ambush lurk,
And Treason's sons their desperate purpose work.
But, lo! the Sun with orient splendour shines,"——
 &c. &c. &c.

We cannot indulge ourselves with any more of this loyal lucubration—we think that the slur at the *Regency* was not quite fair; we were by no means aware that the moon was so mischievous; and, as our general conclusion, we must admit that, if his lordship did not gain the Laureateship, he amply deserved it. However, better times were at hand. Pitt, like all other eminent men, had a keen insight into character, and he had long known the especial qualities of Addington. This solves the difficulty of accounting at once for his continued personal intercourse, and yet his apparent official neglect. He knew him to be well-informed, intelligent, and honest; although his retiring habits had already given full evidence of his indisposition to face the storms of party.

On Mr Grenville's promotion to the Home department, in 1789, Addington was proposed for the Speaker's chair, and was elected by two hun-

dred and fifteen to one hundred and forty-two, who voted for the Opposition candidate, Sir Gilbert Elliot. In the private correspondence which was so frequent between him and the minister, various suggestions had been thrown out by Pitt of the Irish secretaryship, a seat at the treasury, &c. But the man and the place were now found together, incomparably adapted to each other. The place implies an honourable neutrality, and Addington was true to the trust. It requires the favourable opinion of the House to the man as well as the officer; and Sheridan's first address to him, as the spokesman of the Opposition, was, "we were all very sorry to have voted against you." It required considerable knowledge of general and parliamentary law, and the new Speaker had devoted years to their acquisition. Even the minor merits of a grave and commanding presence were there; for Addington, in his early years, was of as striking

a countenance and figure as in old age he was gentle and amiable.

Characteristic anecdotes are scattered through the volumes : these we think their most attractive portion : and of such Addington's memory was full in his later years. One night, on his crying out, in the usual form, to hush some chattering in the House, "Order, order, or I shall name names!" Charles Fox, then standing beside the chair, told him that Wilkes once asked the Speaker, Onslow, what would be the consequence of his naming names? "Heaven above only knows," was the solemn reply.

One night Fox himself put the same question to Sir Fletcher Norton (the Speaker,) who nonchalantly answered, "Happen! hang me, if I know or care!"

A substantial proof of the general approval was given to the new official, in the addition of £1000 a-year to his salary; thus giving him £6000 a-year—which, besides a house, with some other emoluments on public and private bills, and the sale of certain clerkships connected with the business of the Commons, is generally calculated as equivalent to about £10,000 yearly. For this, however, the Speaker is expected to keep up considerable state, to give occasional banquets during the session to successive parties of the members; to have evening receptions and levées; and, in general, to lead a rather laborious life; the least part of whose labour is in the Speaker's chair. He has also the appointment of a chaplain to the House, which is equivalent to the disposal of valuable church patronage, the chaplain being always provided for, after a few years' attendance, by a request of the House to the crown. To complete this accumulation of good things, the Speaker who exhibits intelligence, is frequently promoted to the higher offices of the cabinet, and generally receives a peerage.

But those were the "piping times of peace;" times of trouble and terror were at hand. The French democracy had already burst on Europe; and every throne was heaving on the surge which it had raised. Pitt alone, of all the great ministers of Europe,

seemed to disregard its hazards. Customary as it is for the pamphleteers of later times to assail his memory, as the promoter of hostilities, the chief outcry against Pitt in the year 1790, was his tardiness in thinking that those hostilities could ever force England to take a share in the struggles of the Continent. The whole aristocracy, the whole property, the whole mercantile interest, and even the whole moral feeling of the empire, had become from hour to hour more convinced that a war was inevitable. Even the Opposition, whose office it was to screen the atrocities of every national enemy, and who, for a time, had looked to Jacobinism as an auxiliary in the march to power, had at last shrunk from this horrible alliance—had felt the natural disgust of Englishmen for an association with the undisguised vice and vileness of the Republic, and had at last sunk into silence, if not into shame. Burke had published his immortal "Reflections," and their sound had gone forth like the tolling of a vast funeral bell for the obsequies of European monarchy. Still, nothing could move Pitt. By nature a financier, and by genius the most magnificent of all financiers, he calculated the force of nations by the depths of their treasures; and seeing France bankrupt, conceived that she was on the verge of conviction, and waited only to see her sending her humbled Assembly to beg for a general loan, and for a general peace, at the same moment.

But those were days made to show the shortsightedness of human sagacity. The lesson was rapidly given; it was proved in European havoc, that utter powerlessness for good was not merely compatible with tremendous power for evil, but was actually the means of accumulating that power; that the more wretched, famishing, and haggard a nation might become at home, the more irresistible it might prove abroad: that, like the madman, it might be fevered and tortured by mental disease, into preternatural strength of frame, and might spring out of the bed where it had lain down to die, with a force which drove before it all the ordinary resist-

ance of man. Pitt had still to learn, that this was a war of Opinion; and had to learn also, that Opinion was a new material of explosion, against whose agency all former calculation was wholly unprovided, and whose force was made to fling all the old buttresses and battlements of European institutions like dust and embers into the air.

It is not worth the trouble now to inquire, whether Pitt's sagacity equally failed him in estimating the probable effect of the French Revolution on England. His expression at a dinner party, where Addington, Grenville, and Burke formed the guests, "Never mind, Mr Burke, we shall go on as we are until the day of judgment;" shows his feeling of the stability of the constitution. As we have no love for discovering the

"Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,"

we are gratified by thinking that both were partly in the right: Burke, in regarding the Revolution as destined to sweep the Continent with long and tremendous violence, and Pitt as believing it likely to make but little *permanent* impression on the habits, the power, or the heart of England. Burke argued from the weakness of the Continental governments; Pitt from the strength of the British constitution: the former having no connexion with the national interests, the latter being formed from those interests, for those interests, and being as much supported by them as a tree by its roots. There was not a portion of that stately tree, from its solid trunk to the highest ornament of its foliage, which was not fed from the ground. The truth was, that the Jacobinism of England was confined to adventurers, and never obtained any hold on the great body of the proprietors and the people. Its spirit evaporated in tavern harangues, to which the multitude went to listen, as to the chattering and grimaces of a mountebank.

No man of distinction, no man of birth, and no man of property was ever engaged in those coffee-house conspiracies; their Jaffiers and Pierres were cobblers and tinkers, with a

sprinkling of petty pamphleteers, and ruined declaimers. When Hardy and Horne Took, were the priests, what must be the worshippers at the Jacobin shrine? But in France, the temple of that idol of confusion was crowded with the chiefs of the Noblesse, the Church, the Law; headed by the Prince of the blood next to the throne; all stimulated by a ferocity of folly unexampled in the history of infatuation, and all unconsciously urged to their ruin by a race of beings inferior in rank, and almost objects of their scorn, yet, rather embodied malignities, and essential mischiefs, than men. France in that fearful time reminded the spectator of Michael Angelo's great picture of the "Last Judgment"—general convulsion above, universal torment below; the mighty of the earth falling, kings, nobles, hierarchs, warriors, plunging down, and met by fiends, at once their tempters, their taunters, and their torturers; a scene of desolation and destiny.

Pitt's sentiment on the safety of England from revolutionary movements was so decided, that if France had not invaded Holland, and thus actually compelled a war, we should probably have had none at this period.

A distinction between the state of France and England not less memorable, if not still more effective, than in property, was religion. In France infidelity was not merely frequent, but was the *fashion*. No man of any literary name condescended even to the pretence of religion; but in England, infidelity was a stigma; when it began to take a public form, it was only in the vilest quarter; and when it assailed religion, it was instantly put down at once by the pen, by the law, and by the more decisive tribunal of national opinion. Paine, the chief writer of the Satanic faction, was a bankrupt staymaker, and a notorious profligate: his pamphlet had only the effect of making the public protest against its abominations; he was prosecuted, was forced to leave the country, and finally died in beggary in America.

It is remarkable to find so cautious a man as Addington at this period speaking of the Church as "an ho-

nest drone, who, if she did not stir herself very soon, would be stung by the wasps of the conventicle." The metaphor is not good for much, for the drone can sting too, and does nothing but sting. But what is it that, at any time, makes the church ineffective? The abuse of the ministerial patronage. The clergy altogether depend on the guidance, the character, and the activity of their bishops. If ministers regard the mitre as merely a sort of donative for their own private tutors, or the chaplains of their noble friends, or as provision for a relative, dependent, or the brother of a Treasury clerk, they not merely degrade the office, but they paralyse the church. Of the living prelacy we do not speak; but it is impossible to look upon the list of archbishops and bishops (a few excepted) during the last century, without surprise that the inferior clergy have done so much, rather than that they have done so little. Where there was no encouragement for literary exertion, ability naturally relaxed its efforts; where preferment was lavished on heads "that could not teach, and would not learn," disgust extinguished diligence; and where character for intelligence, practical capacity, and public effect, were evidently overlooked in the calculation of professional claims, it is only in the natural course of things that their exercise should be abandoned, in fastidiousness or in contempt, in disgust or in despair. The church was never in a more ineffective condition than at the close of the last century; and if the sin was to be laid at the right threshold, it must have been laid at the door of Whitehall.

Addington certainly deserves the credit of having formed a just estimate of the French Revolution from the beginning. In a letter to his brother he inserts this stanza, —

"France shall perish, write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt."

He, however, fell into the common error of the time, and looked upon her overthrow as certain in the first campaign.

It was on the second reading of the

Alien Bill that the dagger scene, of which so much was said at the time, occurred in the House of Commons — thus described by the Speaker: "Burke, after a few preliminary remarks, the house being totally unprepared, fumbled in his bosom, and suddenly drew out the dagger, and threw it on the floor. His extravagant gesture excited a general disposition to smile, by which most men would have been disconcerted; but he suddenly collected himself, and by a few brilliant sentences recalled the seriousness of the house. 'Let us,' said he, 'keep French principles from our heads and French daggers from our hearts; let us preserve all our blandishments in life, and all our consolations in death; all the blessings of time, and all the hopes of eternity.'"

As all partisanship hated Burke, who had trampled it in the mire, this dagger scene was sneered at as a stage trick; but Burke was above all pantomime. The dagger was one which had been sent from France to a Birmingham manufacturer, with an order for a large number of the same pattern; and Burke had received it only on that day — and received it from Sir James Bland Burgess only on his way down to the house — so that there could have been no preparation for public exhibition. It was a natural impulse of the moment, in a time when all was emotion.

The murder of the unfortunate King of France, on the 21st of January 1793, perhaps the most wanton murder in all royal history, instantly brought out a full display of the *real* feelings of England. The universal sentiment was horror, mingled with indignation; and when the royal message came down to the house on the 28th, stating that, in consequence of the regicide, the king had ordered M. Chauvelin, minister from the late king, to leave the country, as being no longer accredited by the sovereign, the message seemed rather the echo of the national voice than the dictate of the government.

From this period the Whig party diminished day by day. They were chiefly the great landholders of the kingdom, and they saw in this atrocious act a declaration against all

property; but they had also the higher motive of its being a declaration against all government. The chief persons of the Opposition at once crossed the house; but as Horne Tooke, in his apt and short style, described the party on his trial, "We all," said he, "entered the revolutionary coach at Reading; but one got out at Maidenhead, another at Slough, a third at Hounslow, and a fourth at Brentford. It was *my* misfortune, my lord, as it was also Mr Fox's, to go on to London."

The French now threw off all political form, and all diplomatic decorum, and exhibited the whole savagism of republicanism. On the motion of a ruffian of the name of Garnier, the Convention publicly resolved that "Pitt was an enemy to the human race." The same ruffian then proceeded to move, "that every body had a right to assassinate him." This, however, was *not* carried; but an order was sent, on the proposal of Robespierre, to the armies, that "no quarter should be given to the English troops;" an order which was not repealed until his death by the guillotine.

Those were stirring times, and in every instance of success in the campaign, Pitt sent an immediate courier to Addington when out of town, of which the Speaker gave the signal to the surrounding country by lighting up his house. On one occasion of this kind, a friend of his, travelling on the coach from Bath, heard the coachman say, "I'm sure there's good news come, for there's the Speaker's house all in a blaze."

In this year Addington was offered the high promotion of Secretary of State, in the room of Dundas. He consulted Huntingford, who strongly advised him against giving up his pleasant, safe, and lucrative office, for the toilsome, hazardous, and unpopular office of the secretary. A letter from the Solicitor-general Mitford, (afterwards Lord Redesdale,) confirmed the opinion. It is justly observed by the biographer, that Mitford, who could be so wise for his friend, was not equally so for himself; for, after having obtained the speakership in his own person, he gave it up to assume the office of Irish Chancellor, a situation of great

responsibility, and great labour, in which he was assailed on all sides, and from which, on the first change of the cabinet, he was insultingly recalled.

The war had now become almost wholly naval, and it was a war of successive triumphs. The dominion of Europe seemed about to be divided between England and France: England mistress of the sea—France sweeping every thing before her on the land. The famous battle of the 1st of June extinguished the first revolutionary fleet, seven sail of the line being captured, and the remainder of the fleet escaping with difficulty into the French ports.

The minister was also triumphant at home, and the chief persons of the Whig party were gazetted as taking office under his administration. Earl Fitzwilliam as President of the Council, the Duke of Portland as Secretary of State, Earl Spencer, Privy Seal, the Duke of Gordon, Privy Seal of Scotland, and Windham, Secretary at War.

It had been frequently remarked, that Pitt never sought for coadjutors of any remarkable ability, from confidence in his own extraordinary attainments. As Fox candidly and bitterly concluded one of his speeches in Parliament, saying, "There is one point, and only one on which I entirely agree with the right honourable gentleman, and that is, in the high opinion he entertains of his own talents."

It is certain that those accessions to his cabinet were not likely to excite any jealousy on his part, yet there was one whose absence from the cabinet may have been justly regretted as detracting at once from the strength of the administration, and the glory of the minister. The name of Burke was *not* found there, though no man had operated so powerfully in producing the change; no man had so amply deserved the distinction; and no man would have thrown so permanent a lustre round the councils in which he shared. There can be no doubt that Burke felt this neglect, and that he was justified in feeling himself defrauded of an honour conferred before his face on men who were not fit to be named in the same breath.

But he has had his noble revenge. Posterity, of all tribunals the most formidable, yet the most faithful, has done him justice. While the favourites of fortune have passed away into the forgetfulness for which they were made, his services assume a higher rank in the records of national preservation, and his genius continually fills a prouder place among the intellectual triumphs of mankind.

In 1794 Burke closed his parliamentary career, by retiring from the borough of Malton, for which his son became member. In this year, also, closed the memorable trial of Warren Hastings, which had extended over ten sessions of parliament, (from February 1788 to 5th April 1795)—the actual trial lasting for seven years, two months, and ten days. The legal expenses of the defence amounted to seventy-one thousand and eighty pounds, which the proprietors of East India stock, by a majority of three hundred, on a ballot, paid. What the expenses of the prosecution were, is not told; probably twice the sum.

The whole holds forth an important lesson for the punishment of public delinquency. If, instead of the masquerade of an impeachment before the peers and king, Hastings had been called on to answer before the common law courts, for any one of the hundred acts of personal injury alleged against him, the decision would have been secured as soon as the witnesses could have been brought from Calcutta. Of course the world would have lost a great deal of parliamentary parade and some capital speeches; all the *poetic* pomp would have been wanting; and the court-dresses would have been left at the tailors. But justice would have been done, which no one now believes to have been done.

The obvious fact is, that the country had grown tired of a trial which seemed likely to last for life. After the first sounding of trumpets, the flourish excited curiosity no more. The topic had been a toy in the great parliamentary nursery, and the children were grown weary of their tinselled and painted doll. Even the horrors—and some of the details had all the terrible atrocity of barbarism with its

passions inflamed by impunity—had ceased to startle; the eloquence of the managers had become commonplace by the repetition which had deprived the horrors of their sting. The prosecution was yawned to death.

Perhaps there was not a peer in the seats of Westminster Hall, nor a member of the committee, nor a man in the kingdom, except Burke and Pitt, who would not have forgiven Hastings twice the amount of his offences, to have silenced the subject at once and for ever.

With Burke, the impeachment was a vision, half Roman, half Oriental—the august severity of a Roman senate, combining with the mysterious splendour of the throne of Aurangzebe. He was the Cicero impeaching Verres in the presence of the eighteenth century, or a high-priest of some Indian oracle promulgating the decrees of eternal justice to the eastern world.

With Pitt, the whole event was a fortunate diversion of the enemy, a relief from the restless assaults of a Whig opposition, a perpetual drain on Whig strength, and by a result more effective still, a fruitful source of popular ridicule on the lingering impotence of Whig labours.

On the acquittal of Hastings, Burke wrote several letters to Addington as Speaker, which have a tone of the deepest despondency. He writes in the impassioned anguish of a man to whom the earth exhibited but one aspect of despair. They were letters such as Priam might have indited on the night when his Troy was in a blaze. It was evident that the powerful genius of Burke was partially bewildered by the bent of his feelings. He raised an imaginary sepulchre for England on the spot where he had contemplated the erection of a dungeon for Indian crime through all ages to come.

The Indian directors voted Hastings an annuity of five thousand pounds, which he enjoyed to a very advanced age: yet his acquittal has not received the seal of posterity. A calmer view has regarded him as the daring agent of acts fitter for the meridian of Hindoo morality than European. To serve the struggling

interests of the Company seems to have been his highest motive, and there can be no doubt that he served them with equal sagacity and success. That he was a vigorous administrator, an enterprising statesman, and a popular governor, is beyond denial; that he was personally unstained by avarice or extortion, is admitted. But history demands higher proofs of principle; and no governor since his time has ever attempted to imitate his example, or ever ventured to excuse his own errors, by alleging the conduct or the acquittal of Hastings.

There are some men, whom no position can render ridiculous, and there are some quite the reverse: of the latter class was Ferguson of Pitfour. Ferguson's notion of the essential quality of a Lord Advocate was tallness. "We Scotch members," said he, "always vote with the Lord Advocate, and we therefore require to see him in a division. Now I can see Mr Pitt, and I can see Mr Addington, but I cannot see the Lord Advocate." His lordship evidently not rising to Ferguson's regulation size of a statesman.

One evening as Ferguson was taking his dinner in the coffee-room, some one ran in, to say, that "Pitt was on his legs." Every one rose to leave the room, except Ferguson. "What!" said they, "won't you go to hear Mr Pitt?" "No," he replied, "Why should I? do you think Mr Pitt would go to hear me?"

At a dinner given by Dundas, at Wimbledon, where Addington, Sheridan, and Erskine were present, the latter was rallied on his not taking so prominent a part in the debates as his fame required. Sheridan said (with a roughness unusual with him,) "I tell you how it happens: Erskine, you are afraid of Pitt, and that's the flabby part of your character."

This piece of candour, however, was probably owing to the claret. But Erskine's comparative taciturnity in the House may be accounted for on more honourable terms. Erskine was no poltroon: he was the boldest speaker at the bar. But the bar was his place, and no man has ever attained perfection in the two styles of oratory. It is true, that distinguished

barristers have sometimes been distinguished in the House of Commons, but they have not been of the race of orators; they have been sharp, shrewd, bitter men, ready on vexatious topics, quick in peevish speech, and willing to plunge themselves into subjects whose labour or license is disdained by higher minds. But Erskine was an *orator*, vivid, high-toned, and sensitive; shrinking from the common-place subjects which common-place men take up as their natural portion; rather indolent, as is common with men of genius; and rather careless of fame in the senate, from his consciousness of the unquestioned fame which he had already won at the bar.

Of Fox some pretty anecdotes are told, substantiating that eminent man's character for courtesy. One day, as Addington was riding by the grounds of St Ann's Hill, he was seen over the palings by Fox, who called out to him to stop, invited him in, and displayed the beauties of his garden, to which he had always devoted a great deal of care. As Addington particularly admired some weeping ash trees, Fox promised him some cuttings. Some months elapsed, when one evening, Fox, after going through a stormy meeting in Palace-yard, went up to the Speaker in the chair, and said—"I have not forgotten your cuttings, but have brought them up to town with me," giving him directions at the same time for their treatment. In a few minutes after, he was warmly engaged in debate with Pitt and Burke.

Fox's enjoyment of St Ann's Hill was proverbial. On some one's asking General Fitzpatrick, in the midst of one of the hottest periods of the debates on the French war—Where is Fox? the answer was, "I daresay he is at home, sitting on a hay-cock, reading novels, and watching the jays stealing his cherries."

The year 1796 was a formidable year for England. Prussia and Spain had given up her alliance. Belgium and Holland had been taken possession of by the French. Austria was still firm, but her armies were dispirited, her generals had lost their reputation, her statesmen had been baffled, her finances were supported

only by English loans, and France was already by anticipation marking out a campaign under the walls of Vienna. The English Opposition, at once embittered by defeat, and stimulated by a new hope of storming the cabinet, carried on a perpetual assault in the shape of motions for peace. The remnants of Jacobinism in England united their strength with the populace once more; and, taking advantage of the continental defeats, of the general timidity of our allies, and of the apparent hopelessness of all success against an enemy who grew stronger every day, made desperate efforts to reduce the government to the humiliation of a forced treaty of peace.

The necessity for raising eighteen millions, followed by seven millions and a half more, increased the public discontent; and, although the solid strength of England was still untouched, and the *real* opinion of the country was totally opposed to their rash demands for peace, there can be no question, that the louder voice of the multitude seemed to carry the day. A bad harvest also had increased the public difficulties; and, as if every thing was to be unfortunate at this moment, Admiral Christian's expedition—one of the largest which had ever left an English port, and which was prepared to sweep the French out of the West Indies—sailing in December, encountered such a succession of gales in the chops of the Channel, that a great part of this noble armament was lost, and the admiral reached the West Indies with the survivors, only to see them perish by the dreadful maladies of the climate.

But, to complete the general disastrous aspect of affairs, a new phenomenon suddenly blazed over Europe. The year 1796 first saw Napoleon Bonaparte at the head of an army. Passing the Alps on the 9th of April, he fell with such skill and vigour on the Austrian and Italian troops, that in his first campaign he destroyed five successive Austrian armies; broke up the alliances of that cluster of feeble and contemptible sovereignties which had so long disgraced Italy in the eyes of Europe; trampled on their effeminate and debauched population, with the

sternness of an executioner rather than the force of a conqueror; and after sending the plunder of their palaces to Paris, in the spirit and with the pomp of the old Roman triumphs, dragged their princes after him to swell his own triumphal progress through Italy.

The war now engrossed every feeling of the nation; and England showed her national spirit in her gallant defiance of the threat of invasion. The whole kingdom was ready to rise in arms on the firing of the first beacon;—men of the highest rank headed theirantry; and even of those grave and important avocations and offices, which might seem to imply a complete exemption from arms, put themselves at the head of corps in every part of the empire; and England showed her prime minister as Colonel Pitt of the Walmer volunteers, and the speaker of her House of Commons, as Captain Addington of the Woodley cavalry.

But a brilliant change was at hand. In September, Addington received the following note from Pitt, enclosing the bulletin of the battle of the Nile:—

"I have just time to send you the enclosed Bulletin (*voir la Marine Anglaise*.) and to tell you, that we mean, (out of precaution) the meeting of Parliament for the 6th of November.

"Sir, ever yours, W. P."

The bulletin which gave value to this note, belongs to history, and gives to history one of the noblest events of our naval annals. It exhibits a singular contrast to the present rapidity of communication, that even the announcement of Nelson's immortal victory did not reach until fifty-seven days after the event. The Gazette could not be published until the 2d of October.

But the star of Pitt, which had hitherto shone with increasing brightness from year to year, and which had passed through all the clouds of time un eclipsed, was now to wane. The Irish attempt to establish a separate Regency, the Irish Rebellion, and the growing influence of the Popish party, combined with Liberalism in the Irish legislature, had determined Pitt to unite the parliaments of the two kingdoms. For this

purpose, he made overtures to the Popish party, whose influence he most dreaded in the Irish House; and, in a species of "understanding" rather than a distinct compact, he proposed to the Popish body the measure which has been subsequently called "Emanicipation," with some general intimation of pensioning their priesthood.

The Union was carried; and Lord Castlereagh, who had conducted it in Ireland, was appointed to bring the Popish proposition forward. It had been a subject of deliberation in the cabinet for nearly six months before they mentioned it to the king. His Majesty virtually pronounced it irreconcilable to his conscience; and, after having received the opinion of Lord Kenyon, the chief-justice, in complete confirmation of his own, he sent for the speaker. Pitt had written, in the meantime, to the king, that he must carry the measure or resign. The king then proposed that Addington should take the conduct of the government. On his entreating to decline the proposal, the king said emphatically "Put your hand upon your heart, and ask yourself where I am to turn for support, if *you* do not stand by me?" Addington then honourably attempted once more to induce Pitt to be reconciled to the king's desire, who replied, as to Addington's taking the cabinet, "I see nothing but *ruin* if you hesitate." A letter from the king to Pitt still left an opening for his return, but his answer was still inflexible; and, on the 5th of January, 1801, the correspondence was concluded by the royal announcement that "a new arrangement would be made without delay."

The determination of George III. was personal and purely conscientious. An anecdote is given by General Garth strikingly in accordance with this opinion. The General, who was one of the royal equerries, was riding out with the king one day at this time, when his Majesty said to him, "I have not had any sleep this night, and am very bilious and unwell;" he added, "that it was in consequence of Mr Pitt's applying to him on the subject of Catholic Emanicipation."

On his arrival at Kew, he desired Garth to read the Coronation Oath,

and then followed the exclamation,—
"Where is that power on earth to absolve me from the due observance of every sentence of that oath, particularly the one requiring me to maintain the Protestant religion? Was not my family seated on the throne for that express purpose? And shall I be the first to suffer it to be undermined, perhaps overturned? No. I had rather beg my bread from door to door throughout Europe, than consent to any such measure."

This was the language of an honest man, and it was also the language of a wise one. What has the introduction of Papists into parliament occasioned to England, but political confusion? What benefit has it produced to Ireland? No country in the wildest portion of the earth has exhibited a more lamentable picture of insubordination, dissension, and public misery. The peasantry gradually sinking into the most abject poverty; the gentry living on loans; the laws set at defiance; the demand for rents answered by assassination; a fierce faction existing in the bowels of the land, as if for the express purpose of inflaming every passion of an ignorant people into frenzy, and deepening every visitation of nature into national ruin. At this moment, England is paying for the daily food of two millions of people; employing seven hundred thousand labourers, simply to keep them alive; and burthening the most heavily-taxed industry in the world with millions of pounds more, for the sole object of rescuing Ireland from the last extremities of famine.

We take our leave of this most distressing subject, by the obvious remark, that Pitt and the politicians, in treating popery as a political object, have all alike overlooked the true nature of the question. Popery is a *religion*, and if that religion be *false*, no crime can be greater in the sight of Heaven, nor more sure to bring evil on man, than to give it any assistance in its temptations, progress, or power, by any means whatever. To propagate a false religion is to declare war against the Divine will, and in that warfare suffering must follow. But what Protestant can have a doubt upon the subject? England may re-

gard herself as signally fortunate, if the just penalty of her weakness is already paid.

Mr Addington's Ministry began auspiciously, with the peace of Amiens. The world was weary of war. France had just learned the power of the British army, by the capture of her army in Egypt; she was without a ship on the seas; Napoleon was desirous of consolidating his power, and ascending a throne; and thus, all interests coinciding, peace was proclaimed.

Lord Sidmouth's life from this period was connected with the highest transactions of the state, until 1822, when he retired from office, followed by the universal respect of the country, and bearing with him into his retirement a conscience as void of offence, as perhaps ever belonged to any Minister of England.

Then followed a period, which might have been regarded as, even here, the fitting reward of such a life. From 1822 to 1844, he lived in the enjoyment of health, and that honour, and those troops of friends, which are the noblest human evidence of a well-spent existence.

Old age came on him at last, but with singular gentleness. Some of his maxims exhibit the mild philosophy of his temperament. "In youth," said he, "the absence of pleasure is pain, in age the absence of pain is pleasure." He characteristically observed, "At my age, it strikes me very much, what little proportion there is between man's ambition, and the shortness of his life." Of the wars during his time he said, "I used to think all the sufferings of war lost in its glory; I now consider all its glory lost in its sufferings." In allusion to the desponding tone of

some public men, he said, "I have always fought under the standard of hope, and I never shall desert it." At another time, he expressed the truth, which only the wise man feels. "It is a very important part of wisdom, to know what to overlook." He repeated a fine expression of George III, of which he acknowledged the full value,—"Give me the man who judges *one* human being with severity, and every other with indulgence."

His religious feelings were such as might be expected from his well-spent life, pure, benevolent, and high-toned. Speaking to his family, in his last illness, he said, "Kind, dutiful, affectionate children, all have been to me; and if I am permitted to attain to that happy state to which I aspire, and am permitted to look down, how often shall I be with you, my children!"

On the 3d of February, 1844, he was seized with an attack of influenza, which on the 10th became hopeless; and on the 15th he calmly died, in his 87th year.

We have preferred giving an abstract of the leading portions of this able and amiable man's ministerial career, to following it minutely through his later public years, as the earlier were those which decided the character of the whole: and we have also preferred the tracing the course of the individual, to criticisms on the volumes of his biographer. But the work deserves much approval, for its general intelligence, the clearness of its arrangement, and the fulness of its information. It exercises judgment in the spirit of independence, and, expressing its opinions without severity, exhibits the grave sagacity of a man of sense, the style of a scholar, and the temper of a divine.

HOW THEY MANAGE MATTERS IN THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

IN our last April number—on the appropriate Day of Fools—we laid before our readers a few stray flowers of speech, culled with little labour in that rich garden of oratorical delight—the Congress of the United States. Sweets to the sweet!—We confess that we designed that salutary exposure less for the benefit of our readers and subscribers in the Old World, than of those who are our readers, but not our subscribers, in the New. For, in the absence of an international copyright law, *Maga* is extensively pirated in the United States, extensively read, and we fear very imperfectly digested. This arrangement appears to us to work badly for all the parties concerned. It robs the British publisher, and impoverishes the native author. As to the American public, if our precepts had exercised any influence upon their practice, they would have learned long ago that ill-gotten goods never prosper, and that they who make booty of other men's wits, are not excepted from the general condemnation of wrong-doers. Some day, perhaps, they will consent to profit by what they prig, and thus, like the fat knight, turn their diseases to commodity—the national disease of *appropriation* to the commodity of self-knowledge and self-rebuke.

An American journalist, however, has put the matter in quite a new light, so far as we are concerned. Lord Demus, it appears, like other despots, is a hard master, and exacts from his most oppressed slaves a tribute of constant adulation. We, too, are invited to applaud his felonious favours, and assured that the honour and glory of being read by him on his own free and easy terms, is enough for the like of us.

"So long," says the editor of the *New York Gazette and Times* "as our National Legislature refuses to give the Republic an International Copyright Law, so that American periodicals of a higher class may be supported among us, the English reviews

will do the thinking of our people upon a great variety of subjects. They make no money, indeed, directly, by their circulation here; but their conductors cannot but feel the importance, and value the influence of having the whole American literary area to themselves. *Blackwood*, whose circulation on this side of the Atlantic is, on account of its cheapness, double perhaps that which it can claim in the British islands, is more and more turning its attention to American subjects, which it handles generally with its wonted humorous point, and witty spitefulness."

This is very fine; but we can assure our friendly critic, that we feel no call whatever to undertake the gratuitous direction of the American conscience. Our ambition to "do the thinking" of our Yankee cousins is materially damped by the unpleasant necessity which it involves, of being "done" ourselves. They seem, however, to claim a prescriptive right to the works of the British press, as well as to the funds of the British public. They read our books, on the same principle as they borrow our money, and abuse their benefactors into the bargain with more than Hibernian asperity. After all, however, we believe that the candour of *Maga* has as much to do with their larcenous admiration of her pages, as the "cheapness" to which our New York editor alludes. To use their own phrase, "they go in for excitement considerable;" and, to be told of their faults, is an excitement which they seldom enjoy at the hands of their own authors. Now, we are accustomed to treat our own public as a rational, but extremely fallible personage, and to think that we best deserve his support, by administering to his failings the language of unpalatable truth. And we greatly mistake the character of Demus, and even of that conceited monster the American Demus,—

ἀγχοῖς δὲ γῆν, νυαμοτῶς, ἀπὸ ἀγχοῖς
ἰπὸ κωφῶς—

if this be not the diffusion in which the interest, as well as the duty, of the public writer lies. Certain it is, that even in the United States those books circulate most freely, which hold most vigorously the vices of the Republic. Honoré Von Raumer's *El Encanajido* fell almost still-born from the press, while the far more superficial pages of Dickens and Trollope were eagerly devoured by a people who are daily given to understand, by their own authors, that they are the greatest, the wisest, the most virtuous nation under the sun. Let a European reader be never so well disposed towards them, his partial applause contributes but little to their full-blown complacency. But, when they hear that the Republic has been traduced by a foreign, and especially a British poet, their vanity is injured, their curiosity excited, and their conscience smitten. Every one denounces the libel in public, and every one admits its truth to himself. "What!" say they, "does the Old World in truth judge us thus harshly? Is it really scandalised by such trifles as the repudiation of our debts, and the enslavement of our fellow creatures? Must we give up our playful duels, and our convenient spittoons, before we can hope to pass muster as Christians and gentlemen beyond our own borders? O free Demos! O wise Demos! O virtuous Demos! Will you betake yourself to cleanly, and well-ordered ways at the bidding of this scribbler?" Thus they shout, and like they roar, vowing all the time that they "will horribly revenge." No doubt, however, the bitter pill of foreign animadversion, though distasteful to the palate, relieves the inflation of their stomachs, and leaves them better and lighter than before. But when will a native Aristophanes arise to purge the effeminacy of the American press, and show up the sausage-venders and Cleons of the Republic in their true light? How long will the richest field of national folly in the world remain unreaped, save by the crotchety sickles of dull moralists and didactic pamphleteers?

Not that moral courage is entirely

wanting in the United States; but it is a kind of courage altogether too moral, and sadly deficient in animal spirit. The New-Englanders especially, set up, in their solemn way, to admonish the vices of the Republic, and to inoculate them with the virulent vires of the Puritanical belief. The good city of Boston alone teems with transcendental schemes for the total and immediate regeneration of mankind. There we find Peace Societies, and New Moral World Societies, and Temperance Societies, and Anti-Slavery Societies, all "wielding blast," each opposing to its respective bane the most sweeping and exaggerated remedial. The Americans never do things by halves; their vices and their virtues are alike in extremes, and the principles of the second book of the *Ethics of Aristotle** are altogether unknown to their philosophy. At one moment they are all for "brandy and bitters," at the next, tea and turn-out is the order of the day. Here, you must "liquor or fight"—there, a little wine for the stomach's sake is sternly denied to a fit of colic, or an emergency of gripes. The moral soul of Boston thrills with imaginings of perpetual peace, while St. Louis and New Orleans are volcanoes of war. Listen to the voice of New England, and you would think that negro slavery was the only crime of which a nation ever was, or could by possibility be guilty; go to South Carolina, and you are instructed that "the Domestic Institution" is the basis of democratic virtue, the cornerstone of the Republican edifice. Cant, indeed, in one form or other, is the innate vice of the "earnest" Anglo-Saxon mind, on both sides of the Atlantic, and ridicule is the weapon which the gods have appointed for its mitigation. You must lay on the rod with a will, and throw "moral suasion" to the dogs. Above all, your demagogue dreads satire as vermin the avenging thumb—"Any thing but that," squeaks he, "an you love me. Liken me to Lucifer, or Caius Gracchus; charge me with ambition, and glorious vices; let me be the evil genius of the commonwealth, the tinsel

* Εὐστὶν ἀρετὰ ἡ ἀντιστήν τις τῷ πονηρῷ, ὅτι καὶ ἐξ ὧν τῶν ἀρετῶν ἡ ἐξουσία τῶν ἀντιπαραστήσας τῶν κακῶν.

villain of the political melodrama; but don't threaten me with the fool's cap, or write me down with Dogberry; above all, don't quote me in cold blood, that the foolish people may see, after the fever heat has subsided, what trash I have palmed upon them in the name of liberty!" Yet this is the way, Jonathan, to deal with demagogues. You make too much of yours, man. You are not the blockhead we take you for after all; but you delight to see your public men in motley, and the rogues will fool you to the top of your bent, till it is your pleasure to put down the show. So now that the piper has to be paid, and a lucid interval appears to be dawning upon you, to the pillory at once with these "stump" orators, and pot-house politicians, who have led you into such silly scrapes; turn them about, and look at them well in the rough, that you may know them again when you see them, and learn to avoid for the future their foolish and mischievous counsels.

It is remarkable that while a perception of the ridiculous, perhaps to excess, is characteristic of the British mind, and is at the bottom of many defects in the national manners, commonly attributed to less venial feelings, our Transatlantic descendants err in just the opposite direction. The Americans seldom laugh at any body, or any thing—never at themselves; and this, next to an unfortunate trick of insolvency, and a preternatural abhorrence of niggers, is perhaps the besetting sin of an otherwise "smart" people. As individuals, their peculiarities are not very marked; in truth there is a marvellous uniformity of bad habits amongst them; but when viewed in their collective capacity, whenever two or three of them are gathered together, shades of Democritus! commend us to a seven-fold pocket-handkerchief. The humours of most nations expend themselves on carnivals and feast-days, at the theatre, the ball-room, or the public garden; but the fun of the United States is to be looked for at public meetings, and philanthropical gatherings, in the halls of lyceums, female academies, and legislative bodies. There they spout, there they swell, and cover themselves with ad-

ulation as with a garment. From the inauguration of a President, to the anniversary of the fair graduates of the Slickville female Institute, no event is allowed to pass without a grand palaver, in which things in general are extensively discussed, and their own things in particular extensively praised. They got the trick no doubt from us, whose performances in this line are quite unrivalled in the Old World, but they have added to our platform common-places a variety and "damnable iteration" entirely their own. Besides, when Bull is called upon to make an ass of himself on such occasions, he seems for the most part to have a due appreciation of the fact, while Jonathan's imperturbability and apparent good faith are quite sublime. The things that we have been compelled to hear of that "star-spangled banner!"—and all as if they were spoken in real earnest, and meant to be so understood. We look back upon those side-rendering moments with a kind of Lueretian pleasure, and indemnify ourselves for past constraint by a hearty guffaw. All this magniloquence and bad taste, however, is intelligible enough. It springs partly from a want of discipline in their society, and partly from the absence of those studies which purify the taste, enlighten the judgment, and make even dulness respectable. American audiences are not critical—not merely because they are not learned, but because they all take it in turns to be orators, as they do to be colonels of militia and justices of the peace. Thus they learn to bear each other's burdens, and Dulness is fully justified of her children. In a country where all men, at least in theory, are equal, and where every man does in fact exercise a certain influence on public affairs, it is not surprising that a large number of persons should possess a certain facility of public speaking, which even in England is far from universal, and is elsewhere possessed by very few. No man in the United States is deterred from offering his views upon matters of state, by the feeling that neither his education nor his position justify his interference. It is difficult in England to realise the practical equality which obtains as a fundamental principle in the Republic.

There every man feels himself to be, and in fact is, or at least may be, a potential naut in the community. As a man, he is a citizen—a sovereign, whose caprices are to be humoured, and whose displeasure is to be deprecated. Judge Peddle, for instance, from the backwoods, is not perhaps as eloquent as Webster, nor as subtile as Calhoun, but he has just as good a right to be heard when he goes up to Congress for all that. Is he not accounted an exemplary citizen—"and a pretty tall talker" in his own neighbourhood, and where on "the universal airth" would you find a more enlightened public opinion? It would never do to put Peddle down; that would be *leze-majesté* against his constituents, the sovereign people who dwell in Babylon, which is in the county of Lafayette, on the banks of the Chattahoochee. Thus endorsed, Peddle soon lays aside his native bashfulness, and makes the walls of Congress vocal to that bewitching eloquence which heretofore captivated the Babylonish mind. He was "raised a keettle too far to the west of sun-down" to be snubbed by Down-easters, any how; he's a cock of the woods, he is; an "eternal screamer," "and that's a fact"—with a bowie-knife under his waistcoat, and a patent revolver in his coat pocket, both very much at the service of any gentleman who may dispute his claims to popular or personal consideration.

To meet the case of these volcanic statesmen,

"A w'lllyn—dame, by no respect, contrary to"

and in order that the noble army of dunces (a potent majority, of course) may have no reason to complain that the principle of equality is not extended in their persons, the House of Representatives has adopted a regulation, commonly called "the one-hour rule." Upon this principle, whenever a question of great interest comes up, each member is allotted one hour by the Speaker's watch—as much less, if he pleases, but no more on any consideration. Of course it occasionally happens that a man who has something to say, is not able to say it effectively within the hour; but then, for one such, there are at least a dozen who would otherwise talk for a week

without saying any thing at all. Upon the whole, therefore, this same one-hour rule is deserving of all praise—the time of the country is saved by it, the sufferings of the more sensible members are abbreviated, while the dunces, to do them justice, make the most of their limited opportunities. Who knows, but that the peace of the world may be owing to it? For as there are about 230 representatives, we should have had, but for it, just as many masterly demonstrations of the title of the Republic to the whole of Oregon—and something more. In such a cause, they would make nothing of beginning with the creation of the world, and ending with the last protest of Mr. Buchanan! Decidedly, but for "the one-hour rule" we Britishers should have been "everlastingly used up"—and no two ways about it. Poor old Adams actually did begin his Oregon speech with the first chapter of Genesis. The title-deeds of the Republic, he said, were to be found in the words, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth!" Happily, the fatal hammer of the Speaker put down the venerable antediluvian, before he got to the end of the chapter.

In the Senate, on the other hand, which is a less numerous, and somewhat more select body, things still go on in the old-fashioned way. There, when a member has once caught the Speaker's eye, his fortune is made for the day—perhaps for the week. Accordingly, he takes things easy from the very first—kicks his spittoon to a convenient angle, offers a libation of cold water to his parched entrails, and begins. When he leaves off, is as they matter altogether—but not sincerely till he has gone through the round of human knowledge, explored the past, looked lightly upon the present, and cast a piercing glance into the darkness of the future. Soon after three, the Senate adjourns for dinner, and the orator of the day goes to his pudding with the rest, happy in the reflection that he has done his duty by his country, and will do it again on the morrow. We have somewhere read of a paradise of fools. Undoubtedly, Congress is that place. There they enjoy a perfect impunity, and revel in the full gratification of their instincts. Nobody thinks of

coughing them down, or swamping them with ironical cheers. There—

“Dulness, with transport, eyes each lively
dunce,
Remembering she herself was Pertness once,
And tinsel’d o’er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views.
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fool’s colours gilds them
all.”

Indeed, all the arrangements of Congress favour the influence of the sable goddess. In the first place, the members are paid by the day—eight dollars each. Permit us to observe, Jonathan, that you scarcely display your usual “smartness” here. It would be much better to contract with them by the *scrape*. As for instance—To involving the country in a war with Mexico, so much—To ditto with Great Britain, so much more. One year you might lay down a lumping sum for a protective tariff, with an understanding, that it was to be repealed the next at a moderate advance. You would thus insure the greatest possible variety of political catastrophes, with the least possible friction and expense. Again, the furniture of the Capitol is altogether too luxurious. Each member is provided with a private desk, stationery *ad lib.*, a stuffed arm-chair, and a particular spittoon. No wonder, then, that your Simmses and Chipmans are listened to with complacency. It’s all in the day’s work—it’s considered in the wages. While these worthies hold forth for the benefit of distant Missouri and Michigan, their colleagues write their letters, read the newspapers, chew tobacco, as little boys do toffy in England, and expectorate at leisure. No one cheers, no one groans, no one cries Oh! Oh!—all the noise that is made is on private account, and not at all personal to the gentleman on his legs. Yet, such is the deceitfulness of the human heart, that the Americans are much given to boast of the dignity and decorum of their Legislature, and to thank God that it is not a bear-garden like another place of the kind that they wot of. We must have been asked at least six times a-day during our visit at Washington, “How Congress compared with the British Parliament?” To which we used to reply, “That they did not compare at

all,” an answer which fully met the truth of the case, without in the least wounding the self-love of the querist.

When these malignant pages arrive in New York, every inhabitant of that good city will abuse us heartily, except our publisher. But great will be the joy of that furacious individual, as he speculates in secret on the increased demand of his agonised public. Immediately he will put forth an advertisement, notifying the men of “Gotham,” that he has on hand a fresh sample of BRITISH INSOLENCÉ, and hinting that, although he knows they care nothing about such things, the forthcoming piracy of *Maga* will be on the most extensive scale. Then, all the little newspapers will take us in hand, and bully us in their little way. It is perhaps a shame to forestall the acerbities of these ingenious gentlemen, but we know they will call us “anonymous scribbler,” and “bagman,” amongst the rest. They called us “bagman” for our last article, and we were sure they would. The fact is, that since Lord Morpeth’s visit to the United States, the Americans have taken a very high tone indeed. Their gratitude to that amiable nobleman for not writing a book about them, is unbounded, and they put him down (why, it is difficult to say) as the aristocratic, and therefore impartial champion of Demus. Whenever we fell into the bilious moods to which our plebeian nature is addicted, we were gravely admonished of his bright example, and assured that to speak evil of the Republic was the infirmity of vulgar minds. There is, it would appear, a sympathy betwixt “great ones;” a kind of free-masonry betwixt the sovereign people and the British peerage, which neither party suspected previously, but which is confessed on the slightest acquaintance.

As generally happens in such cases, the conceit of the Americans takes the most perverse direction. It is certain that they do many things better than any people under the sun. Their merchant navy is the finest in the world—their river steamers are miracles of ingenuity,—at felling timber and packing pork they are unrivalled; and their smartness in the way of trade is acknowledged by those

who know them best. All this, and much more to the same effect, may be admitted without demur, but all these admissions will avail the traveller nothing. He will be expected to congratulate them on the elegance of their manners, the copiousness of their literature, and the refinement of their tastes. He will be confidentially informed that "Lord Morpeth's manners were much improved by mixing with our first circles, sir;" and what is worse, he will be expected to believe it, and to carry himself accordingly. "Ripe scholars" who make awful false quantities, second-rate demagogues passing for "distinguished statesmen," literary empirics, under the name of "men of power," will claim his suffrages at every turn; and in vain will he draw upon his politeness to the utmost, in vain assent, ejaculate, and admire—no amount of positive praise will suffice, till America Felix is admitted to be the chosen home of every grace and every muse. "Did Mr Bull meet with any of *our* literary characters at Boston?" Mr Bull had that happiness. "Well, he was very much pleased of course?" Bull hastens to lay his hand upon his heart, and to reply with truth that he *was* pleased. "Yes, sir, we do expect that our Boston literature is about first-rate. We are a young people, sir, but we are a great people, and we are bound to be greater still. There is a moral power, sir, an elevation about the New England mind, which Européans can scarcely realise. Did you hear Snooks lecture, sir? the Rev. Amos Snooks of Pisgah? Well, sir, you ought to have heard Snooks. All Européans calculate to hear Snooks—he's a fine man, sir, a man of power—one of the greatest men, sir, in this, or perhaps any other country."

"Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquam ne
reponam,
Vexatus toties."

You leave Boston somewhat snubbed and subdued, and betake yourself to the more cosmopolitan regions of New York. Here, too, "men of power" are to be found in great numbers—but "our first circles" divide the attention and abuse the patience of the traveller. Boston writes the books, but New York sets the fashions of the Republic, and is the Elysium of

mantua-makers and upholders. We doubt whether any city in the world of its size can boast so many smart drawing-rooms and so many pretty young women. Indeed, from the age of fifteen to that of five-and-twenty, female beauty is the rule rather than the exception in the United States, and neither cost nor pains are spared to set it forth to the best advantage. The American women dress well, dance well, and in all that relates to what may be called the mechanical part of social intercourse, they appear to great advantage. Nothing can exceed the self-possession of these pretty creatures, whose confidence is never checked by the discipline of society, or the restraints of an education which is terminated almost as soon as it is begun. There is no childhood in America—no youth—no freshness. We look in vain for the

"In hac vultu puer, ingenuique pueris."

or

"The modest maid deck'd with a blush of
honour,

Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and
love."

DANIEL.

There is scarcely a step from the school to the forum—from the nursery to the world. Young girls, who in England would be all blushes and bread and butter, boldly precede their mammas into the ball-room; and the code of a mistaken gallantry supplies no corrective to their caprice, for youth and beauty are here invested with regal prerogatives, and can do no wrong. In short, the Americans carry their complaisance to the sex beyond due bounds—at least in little things—for we by no means think that the real influence of their women is great, notwithstanding the tame and submissive gallantry with which the latter are treated in public. We doubt whether the most limited gynocracy would tolerate the use of tobacco as an article of daily diet, or permit ferocious murders to go unwhipped of justice under the name of duels. But the absorbing character of the pursuits of the men forbids any strong sympathy betwixt the sexes; and perhaps the despotism which the women exercise in the drawing-room arises from the fact that all that relates to the graces and embellishments

of life is left entirely to them. We do not know that this can be avoided under the circumstances of the country, but it has a most injurious effect upon social intercourse. The Americans of both sexes want tact and graciousness of manner, and that prompt and spontaneous courtesy which is the child of discipline and self-restraint. They are seldom absolutely awkward, because they are never bashful; they have no *mauvaise honte*, because they are all on an equality; hence they never fail to display a certain dry composure of bearing, which, though not agreeable, is less ludicrous than the *gaucherie* so commonly observed in all classes of English society, except the very highest.

It is curious to observe how the manners of two nations of the same origin, and, in a great degree, of similar instincts, are modified by their political institutions. Neither the British nor the Americans are distinguished for that natural politeness and *savoir vivre*, which is to be found more or less in all other civilised countries. They are both too grave, too busy, and too ambitious to lay themselves out for trifles, which, after all, go far to make up the sum of human happiness. As for the Americans, the general aspect of their society is dreary and monotonous in the extreme. Whatever "our first circles" may say to the contrary, there is a great equality of manners, as of other things, amongst them; but if the standard is nowhere very high, it never falls so low as with us; if there is less refinement and cultivation amongst the higher classes, (we beg Demus' pardon for the expression,) there is on the other hand less grossness, certainly less clownishness, among the mass. Of course there are many individuals in this, as in other countries, remarkable for natural grace and genteel bearing; but the class which is pre-eminent in these respects,

is very small and ill-defined. The great national defect is a want of sprightliness and vivacity, and an impartial *insouciance* in their intercourse with all classes and conditions of men. For if inequality has its evils, it has also its charms; as the prospect of swelling mountains and lowly vales is more pleasing to the eye than that of the monotonous, though more fertile champaign. Now, as the relation of patrician and plebeian, of patron and client, of master and servant, of superior and inferior, can scarcely be said to exist in the United States, so all the nice gradations of manner which are elicited by those relations, are wanting also. The social machine rubs on with as little oil as possible—there is but small room for the exercise of the amenities and charities of life. The favours of the great are seldom rewarded by the obsequiousness of the small. No leisure and privileged class exists to set an example of refined and courtly bearing; but there are none, however humble, who may not affect the manners of their betters without impertinence, and aspire to the average standard of the Republic. Hence, almost every native American citizen is capable of conducting himself with propriety, if not with ease, in general society. What are fine ladies and gentlemen to him, that he should stand in awe of them? Simply persons who have been smarter or earlier in the field of fortune than himself, who will "burst up" some fine morning, and leave the road open to others. The principle of rotation* is not confined to the political world of the United States, but obtains in every department of life. It is throughout the same song—

"Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down."

Law and opinion, and the circumstances of the country, are alike

* The principle of rotation in office is a favourite crochet of the Democratic party, and is founded upon the Republican jealousy of power. General Jackson went so far as to recommend that all official appointments whatever should be limited by law to the Presidential term of four years. As it is, whenever a change of parties occurs, a clean sweep is made of all the officers of government, from the highest to the lowest. Custom-house officers, jailers, &c., all share the fate of their betters. It is only surprising that the business of the country is carried on as well as it is, under the influence of this corrupting system.

opposed to the accumulation of property, so that it is rare for two successive generations of the same family to occupy the same social position. The ease with which fortunes are made, or repaired, is only equalled by the recklessness with which they are lost. Prosperity, at some time or other, appears to be the birth-right of every citizen; and, where all are *parvenus* alike, there are none to assume the airs of exclusiveness, or to crush the last comer beneath the weight of traditional and time-honoured grandeur.

It is not easy to dismiss the peculiarities of our British society in a paragraph. Bull, however, to be appreciated, must be seen in the midst of his own household gods, with his family and bosom friends about him. This is what may be called the normal state of that fine fellow—and here Jonathan can't hold a candle to him. American interiors want relief and variety of colouring. Their children are not like the children of the Old World: they don't romp, or prattle, or get into mischief, or believe in Bogie. They seem to take brevet rank, from the first, as men and women, and are quite inaccessible to nursery humbug of any kind. They are never whipped, and eat as much pastry as they think proper; whereby they grow up dyspeptic and rational beyond their years. Parents don't appear to exercise any particular functions, masters (we again beg Dennis's pardon for the poverty of the vocabulary) have nothing magisterial about them, and servants won't stomach even the name, at least if they wear white skins, and know it. After the first burst of admiration at the philosophy of the thing, it grows tiresome to live amongst people who are all so much alike. Now in England the distinctions of age, and rank, and sex, are much more strongly marked; and in those countries of Europe which are still less under the influence of the equalising spirit of the age, the social landscape is still more variegated and picturesque. With us, two adverse principles are at work; and this is the reason why our British society is so anomalous to ourselves, and so entirely beyond the comprehension of foreigners. Whenever our brave Bull is

thrown into a mixed company abroad, or even at home, where the social position of those with whom he is brought into contact is unknown to him, there is no end to the blundering and nonsense of the worthy fellow. Go where he will, he is haunted by the traditions of his eccentric island, and desperately afraid of placing himself in what he calls a false position. At home, he has one manner for his nobleman, another for his tradesman, another for his valet; and he would rather die than fail in the orthodox intonation appropriate to each. Who has not observed the strange mixture of petulance and *mauvaise honte* which distinguishes so many of our English travellers on the Continent? Decidedly, we appear to less advantage in public than any people in the world. Place a Briton and an American, of average parts and breeding, on board a Rhine steam-boat, and it is almost certain that the Yankee will mix up, so to speak, the better of the two. The gregarious habits of our continental neighbours are more familiar to him than to his insular kinsman, and he is not tormented like the latter by the perpetual fear of failing, either in what is due to himself or to others. His manners will probably want polish and dignity; he will be easy rather than graceful, communicative rather than affable; but he will at least preserve his Republican composure, alike in his intercourse with common humanity, or in the atmosphere of more courtly and exclusive circles.

The art of pleasing is nowhere well understood in the United States; but the beauty of the women, though transient, is unrivalled while it lasts, and perhaps in no country is the standard of female virtue so high. The formal and exaggerated attention which the sex receives from all classes in public, is at least a proof of the high estimation in which it is held, and must, we think, be put down as an amiable trait in the American character.

We are apt to imagine, for instance, that females may travel unattended in the United States with more ease and security than in any country of the Old World; and the deference paid to them is quite irrespective of the

rank of the fair objects—it is a tribute paid to the *woman* and not to the *lady*. Some travellers we believe have denied this. We can only say, that during a pretty extensive tour we do not recollect a single instance in which even the unreasonable wishes of women were not complied with as of course. We *did* remark with less satisfaction the ungracious manner in which civilities were received by these spoilt children of the Republic—the absence of apologetic phrases, and those courtesies of voice and expression, with which women usually acknowledge the deference paid to their weakness and their charms. But this is a national failing. The Americans are too independent to confess a sense of obligation, even in the little conventional matters of daily intercourse. They have almost banished from the language such phrases as, “Thank you,” “If you please,” “I beg your pardon,” and the like. The French, who are not half so attentive to women as the Americans, pass for the politest nation in Europe, because they know how to veil their selfishness beneath a profusion of bows and pretty speeches. Now, when your Yankee is invited to surrender his snug seat in a stage or a railroad carriage in favour of a fair voyager, he does not hesitate

for a moment. He expectorates, and retires at once. But no civilities are interchanged; no smiles or bows pass betwixt the parties. The gentleman expresses no satisfaction—the lady murmurs no apologies.

Even now we see in our mind's eye the pert, pretty little faces, and the loves of bonnets which flirt and flutter along Broadway in the bright sunshine—*Longum Vale!* In the flesh we shall see them no more. No more oysters at Downing's, no more terrapins at Florence's, no more fugacious banquets at the Astor House. We have traduced the State, and for us there is no return. The commercial house which we represent, has offered to renew its confidence, but it has failed to restore ours. No amount of commission whatever, will tempt us to affront the awful majesty of Lynch, or to expose ourselves to the tar-and-feathery tortures which he prepares for those who blaspheme the Republic. We have ordered our buggy for the Home Circuit, and propose, by a course of deliberate mastication, and unlimited freedom of speech, to repair the damage which our digestion, and we fear our temper, has sustained during our travels in “the area of freedom.”

HORÆ CATULLIANÆ.

LETTER TO EUSEBIUS.

You are far more anxious, my dear Eusebius, to know somewhat of the progress or the result of the Curate's misfortune, than to read his or my translations from Catullus. I have a great mind to punish that love of mischief in you, by burying the whole affair in profound secrecy. It is fortunate for him that you are not here, or you would surely indulge your propensity, and with malicious invention put the whole parish, with the Curate, into inextricable confusion. It is bad enough as it is. There!—it cannot be helped—I must tell you at once the condition we are in, if I would have you read the rest of my letter with any patience.

A committee has been sitting these two days, to sift, as they pronounce them, "the late disgraceful proceedings;" so that you see, they are of the school of Rhadamanthus,—condemn first, and hear afterwards. We have, in this little township, two "general shopkeepers," dealers in groceries, mops, calicoes, candles, and the usual "*omnium-gatherum*" of household requirements.

These are great rivals—envious rivals—back-biting rivals; both, in the way of tale-bearing, what Autolycus calls himself, "pickers-up of unconsidered trifles." And truly, in the trade of this commodity, if in no other, this may be called a "manufacturing district." Now the Curate, unhappily, can buy his tea and sugar, and trifling matters, but of one—for to patronise both, would be to make enemies of both; the poor Curate, then, in preferring the adulterated goods of Nicolas Sandwell, to the adulterated goods of Matthew Mifflins, has made an implacable enemy. Really, Eusebius, here is machinery enough for a heroic poem: for Virgil's old Lady Fame on the top of the roof we have three, active and lusty—and you may make them the Fates or the Furies, or what you please, except the Graces. Prateaspate, Gadabout, and Brazen-stone, there are characters enough for epic poems: and a hero—but what,

you will say, are we to do for a heroine? Here is one, beat out of the brain of Mathew Mifflins, a ready-armed Minerva. You will smile, but it is so. The three above-named ladies first made their way to the shop of Mr Mifflins, narrated what had passed and what had not. Having probably just completed "sanding the sugar and watering the tobacco," he raised both his hands and his eyes, and, to lose no time in business, dropped them as soon as he decently could, and, pressing both palms strongly on the counter, he asked, if they entertained any suspicion of a particular person as being the object of the Curate's most unbecoming passion? Lydia Prateaspate remembered, certainly, a name being mentioned—it was Lesby or Lisby, or something like that. "Indeed!" said Mifflins, arching his brows, and significantly touching the tip of his nose with his forefinger—"ah! indeed! a foreigner, depend upon it—a Lisbon lady; that, Miss, is the capital of Portugal, where them figs comes from. Only think, a foreign lady—a lady from Lisbon—that is too bad!" to which the three readily assented. "I doubt not, ladies," he continued, "it's one of them foreigners as lives near Ashford, about five miles off—where I knows the Curate goes two or three times in a week."

Thus, Eusebius, is Catullus's Lesbia, who herself stood for another, converted into a Portuguese lady, whom the Curate visits some five miles off—or, as the three ladies say, *protects*.

If you ask how I came by this accurate information, learn that our Granian's John was at the further counter, making a purchase of mole-traps, and saw and heard, and reported. The first meeting was held in Mifflins' back-parlour; but fame had beat up for recruits, and that was found far too small; so they have adjourned to the Blue Boar, where, the tap being good, and the landlord a busybody, they are likely to remain a little longer than Muzelebrimms can see to draw

up a report. The Curate's door is chalked, and adjacent walls—"No Kissing," "The Clerical Judas," "Who Kissed the School-mistress?" and many such-like morsels. But if fame has thus been playing with the kaleidoscope of lies, multiplying and giving every one its match, she has likewise shown them about through her magnifying glass, and brought the most distantly circulated home to the poor Curate. In a little town a few miles off, it has been reported that Miss Lydia Prateapace has been obliged to "swear the peace against him," which "swearing the *peace*" is, in most cases, a declaration of *war*.

Meanwhile the Curate has taken his cue, to do nothing and say nothing upon the subject; and, as in all his misadventures, that was the part taken by Yorick, if his friends do not rescue him, he may have Yorick's penalty. Thus much at present, my dear Eusebius; I will occasionally report progress, but it is now time that we resume our translations, hoping you will find amusement in our

HORÆ CATULLIANÆ.

I told you Gratian, worthy veracious Gratian, had hastened away to an Agricultural meeting, to vindicate the character of his Belgian carrots. This vindication inundated us for some days with agricultural visitors. And Gratian was proud, and, like Virgil, "tossed about the dung with

dignity." We saw little of him, and when he did appear, "his talk was of bullocks;" so how could he "have understanding," at least for Catullus? Had not a neighbouring fair taken off the agriculturists after a few days, his ideas, like his stick, would have become porcine. He rode his hobby, and at a brisk pace; and, when a little tired of him, stabled him and littered him, and seemed glad of a little quiet and leg-tapping in his easy-chair. He had worked off the lessened excitement by an evening's nap, and awoke recruited; and, with a pleasant smile, asked the Curate if he had had recently any communication with his friend Catullus.

CURATE.—We left him, I believe, in the very glory of kissing—his insatiable glory. He now comes to a check—Lesbia is weary, if he is not.

AQUILIUS.—It is a mere lovers' quarrel, and is only the prelude to more folly, like the blank green baize curtain, between the play and the farce. He affects anger—a thin disguise: he would give worlds to "kiss and be friends again." His vexation is evident.

GRATIAN.—Ah! it is an old story—and not the worse for that—come, Mr Curate, show up Catullus in his true motley. He was privileged at his age to play the fool—so are we all at one time or another, if we do it not too wisely. A wise fool is the only Asinine.—Now for Catullus's folly.

CURATE.—Thus, then, to himself:—

AD CATULLUM.

Sad Catullus, cease your moan,
Or your folly you'll deplore;
What you see no more your own,
Think of as your own no more.

Once the suns shone on you clearly,
When it was your wont to go
Seeking her you loved so dearly,—
Will you e'er love woman so?

Then those coquetries amusing
Were consented to by both—
Done at least of your free choosing,
Nor was she so very loth.

Then, indeed, the suns shone clearly,
Now their light is half gone out;
She is loth—and you can merely
Learn the way to do without.

Cease, then, your untimely wooing,
 Steel your purpose, and be strong;
 If she flies you, why, pursuing,
 Make your sorrow vain and long?

Farewell, Fair! — Catullus hardens:
 Where he is, will he remain;
 He is not a man who pardons
 One that must be asked again.

She'll be sad in turn, the charmer,
 When the shades of eventide
 Bring no gallants to alarm her,
 No Catullus to her side.

Lost to every sense of duty,
 Say, what can you, will you do?
 Who'll find out that you have beauty?
 Who'll be loved in turn by you?

Whose will you be called of right?
 Whom will you in future kiss?
 Whose lips will you have to bite?—
 O Catullus, keep to this!

GRATTIAN.—Well, now, I think your choice of metre a little too much of the measured elegiac, for the bursts of alternate passion, love, and anger—

those sudden breaks of vexation, which I see, or fancy I see, in the original Latin. Now, Aquilius, let us hear you personate the “vexed lover.”

AQUILIUS.

AD SEIPSUM.

Foolish Catullus—trifling ever—
 Dismiss so fruitless an endeavour;
 Let by-gone days be days by-gone,
 Though fine enough some days have shone,—
 When if *she* but held up her finger
 When you so loved—and still you linger,
 Nor dare to part with— you observant,
 Were at her beck her humble servant;
 Follow'd her here and there; and did
 Such things! which she would not forbid—
 Love's follies, without stint or doubt:
 Oh! then your days shone finely out.
 But now 'tis quite another thing,—
 She likes not your philandering:
 And you yourself! But be it over—
 Act not again the silly lover—
 But let her go—be hard as stone;
 So let her go—and go alone.
 Adieu, sweet lady! 'Tis in vain!
 Catullus is himself again—
 Will neither love, want, nor require,
 But gives you up as you desire.
 Wretch! you will grieve for this full sore,
 When lovers come to you no more.
 For think you, false one, to what pass,
 Your wretched days will come? Alas!
 No beauty yours—not one to say
 How beautiful she looks to-day!

Whom will you have to love—to hear
 Yourself called by *his* name, *his* dear?
 Whom will you have to kiss,—be kiss'd
 And bind your names, in true-love twist?
 Whose lips to bite so?—yes—to bite.
 —Catullus, spare thy love or spite:
 Be firm as rock—or conquered quite. }

CURATE.—I protest against this as a translation. He has indeed, as he professed, brought his puppet Catullus upon the stage, and, like Shakspeare's bad actor, has put more words in his mouth than the author bargained for. The very last words are quite contradicted by the text. Catullus does not hint at the possibility of being conquered, of giving in.

GRATIAN.—Oh! that is always implied in these cases. Besides Catullus evidently doubts, or he would not have so enforced the caution; "At tu, Catulle"—the translation may be a little free, but still admissible.

AQUILIUS.—My friend the Curate has committed the fault himself, if it be one: his "O Catullus, keep to this!" so evidently means, If you do not, it is all over with you.

GRATIAN.—Give me the book.—Oh!—I see we have next that very elegant and very affectionate welcome home to his friend Verannius, on his return from Spain, whither he had gone with Caius Piso. There is much heart in it, and true joy and gratulation. This is the sort of welcome that throws a sunshine upon the path of the days of human life. There is no trouble when friend greets friend. Have you translated this?

AQUILIUS.—I fear your commendation will resemble too rich a frame to a poor picture, and make all more dingy by the glow of the genuine gold.

But here I venture to offer my translation:—the warmth of the original—the tenderness, is not perhaps in it:

AD VERANNIUM.

Sweet friend, Verannius, welcome home at last!
 Had I a thousand friends, all were surpass'd
 By my Verannius! Art thou *home* return'd,
 To thine own household gods, and hearts that yearn'd
 To greet thee—brothers happy in one mind,
 And thy dear mother, too,—all fond, all kind?
 O happy, happy news! and now again
 To see thee safe! and hear thee talk of Spain—
 Its history, places, people, and array,
 Telling of all in thy old pleasant way!
 And shall I hold thee in a friend's embrace,
 Gaze on thy mouth, and in thine eyes, and trace
 The features of the well-remember'd face!
 Oh, if one happiest man on earth there be,
 Amongst the happy, I, dear friend, am he!

CURATE.—This Verannius, and his friend Fabullus, seem to have been upon the most intimate and familiar terms with our poet. Little presents, pledges of their mutual friendship, had doubtless been given and received. Catullus elsewhere complains against Marrucinus Asinius, that he had stolen a handkerchief, sent him out of Spain by Verannius and Fabullus.

AQUILIUS.—Have you not translated it?

CURATE.—No.

AQUILIUS.—I have, and will read it, after yours to Verannius: and it is curious as showing that the Romans had the practice of using handkerchiefs, or napkins, of value,—perhaps such a fashion as is now revived by the other sex,—and embroidered with lace.

GRATIAN.—Now, Mr Curate.—If you let our friend digress thus, we shall never have your version.

CURATE.—

AD VERANNIUM.

My friend, the dearest and the best,
 Even though ten thousand I possess'd!—
 My own Verannius! art thou come
 To greet again thy gods of home,
 And brethren that so well agree
 Together, and in loving thee—
 And come to thy sweet mother, too?
 O blessed news! and it is true,
 That I shall see thee safe at last:
 And hear thee tell thy travel pass'd—
 Of Spanish places, things, and tribes,
 (While every word my heart imbibes,)
 In thine old way: shall I embrace
 Thy neck—and kiss thy pleasant face?
 Find me the happy where you can,
 I still shall be the happiest man.

GRATIAN.—What are we to have next?

AQUILIUS.—An invitation to dinner, or, as the Romans made it, supper—and a curious invitation it is. Fabullus, to whom it was addressed, was companion to his friend Verannius—and both were with the pestilent Piso, in Spain.

CURATE.—And brought little out of it; but returned poorer than they went—as did, it should seem, Catul-

lus himself from Bithynia. So that I should imagine the invitation to Fabullus was a mere jest upon their mutual poverty. For it does not appear that Fabullus was in a condition to indulge in luxuries.

AQUILIUS.—Perhaps when the invitation was sent, Catullus was not aware that his friend had been as unsuccessful, under Piso, as he had himself been, under Memmius. Thus stands the invitation:—

AD FABULLUM.

A few days hence, my dear Fabullus,
 If the gods grant you that high favour,
 You shall sup well with your Catullus;
 For, to ensure the dishes' savour,
 Yourself shall cater, and shall cull us
 Best fruits—and wines of choicest flavour.
 And with you bring your lass—fun—laughter—
 All plenty: nor confine your wishes
 To supernumerary dishes:—
 Bring all—and pay the piper after.
 Rich be your fare—and all fruition.
 Taste, elegance, and sweet discourses
 Familiar, on that one condition.
 For, truth to tell, my wretched purse is
 In its last stage of inanition,
 And not a single coin disburses:
 A cobweb's over it, and in it—
 That Spider Want there loves to spin it.

Setting aside this lack of coffer,
 Which you can well supply, Fabullus,
 Accept good welcome—and I offer,
 For company, your friend Catullus.
 Yet, though so hard my purse's case is,
 With such rare unguents I'll present you,
 Compounded by the Loves and Graces
 For my dear girl, that you shall scent you

With perfume more divine than roses ;
 And after, pray the gods, within you,
 To change sense, nerve, bone, muscle, sinew,
 And make you all compact of noses.

CURATE.—There you are again bolting out of the course. Sending poor Fabullus to market, without money in his purse,—not a word in the original of fruit-culling and “paying the piper.”

AQUILIUS.—If Gratian had not the book in his hand, I would boldly assert that it is all there. He will admit it is the entire meaning.

CURATE.—With the elegant diction, “paying the piper,” indeed! “Hæc si, inquam, attuleris, venuste noster.”

GRATIAN.—Well, I almost think “venuste noster,” “my good fellow,” or “my pleasant fellow,” will allow the freedom of the translation, for it is a free and easy appellative. Come, then, Curate, let us have your accurate version.

CURATE.—Perhaps you may think, when you hear it, that I am in the same predicament of blame with Aquilius, and that my criticism was a ruse, to divide the censure pretty equally.

AD FABULLUM.

Fabullus, if the gods will let you,
 Before a table I will set you,
 A few days hence, with welcome hearty,
 To my domestic dinner-party.
 That is to say—you bring the food,
 (Which must be plentiful and good,)
 With wine—remembering, I presume,
 For one fair girl I've always room.
 On these conditions you shall dine
 Luxurious, boon-companion mine.
 Seeing that your Catullus' purse
 Has nought but cobwebs left to nurse,
 I can but give you in return
 The loves that undiluted burn;
 And, something sweeter, neater still—
 A scented unguent I'll impart,
 Which Venus and her Loves distil
 To please the girl that owns my heart :
 Which when you smell, this boon—this solely
 You'll ask the gods to recompose;
 And metamorphose you, and wholly,
 To one extensive Roman nose.

AQUILIUS.—What nose would a Roman wish to have? I object to Roman, though it is not a bad one for the purpose. The metamorphosed would certainly have a ballad written on him and sung about the streets. Write it, and call him “The Mam-mountain, or real and undoubted. Promontory of Noses.”

GRATIAN.—It should seem they were like enough to feast—like their gods they so irreverently prayed to—on the smell and the smoke only; so they needed good noses and bad appetites. There is something a little abrupt in the latter part, which I doubt if I like: the Loves and Graces should

not be made parties to the making of such a monster; and as *monster* is now-a-days an adopted adjective, follow the fashion of speech, and call it “One extensive Monster-Nose.”—Well, what next?

AQUILIUS.—A little piece of extravagant badinage. It seems Calvus Licinius had sent Catullus a collection of miserable poems, and that, too, on commencement of the Saturnalia, dedicated to joy, and freedom from care and annoyance. Our author writes to complain of the malicious present. There is some force, and a fair fling of contempt at the bad poets of the day in it.

AD CALVUM LICINUM, ORATOREM.

Now if I loved you less, my friend,
Facetious Calvus, than these eyes,
You merit hatred in such wise
As men Vatinius hate. To send
Such stuff to me! Have I been rich
In word or deed? The gods for fend!
That you should fill me with such trash,
Of vile and deleterious verse
Volumes on volumes without end,
Of ignominious poets worse
Than their own works. May gods be pliant,
And grant me this: that poison poet
Lick it on 'em all, and on that client
Who sent 'em you; and you in just
Transfer them, odious, and ineptitie,
And execrable. I suspect 'em
Sent you by that grammarian critic,
Sulla. If so, and you have lost
No precious labour to collect 'em,
T' well in lead; and little cost
To you, with malice aforethought,
To send (and with intent to kill him,
And on this blessed day, when nought
But Saturnalian joys should fill him)
Your friend Catullus such a set
Of murderous authors; but the debt
I'll pay, be even with you yet—
For no pertidious friend I spare.
At early dawn, ere the sun shine, I
Will rise, and ransack shop and stall,
Collect your Cæli and Aquini,
And that Sullenus; and with care
And diligence, will have all sent
To you, for a like punishment.
Hence, poets! with your jingling chimes;
Hence, miserales! halt and lame;
Be off, ye troublers of our times!
I send you packing whence ye came.

GRATIAN. —Kicking about the volumes, doubtless, as the "Friend of Humanity" did the "Needy Knife-grinder."

CRATE. —I did not translate that— for I thought the authors might easily have been burned for writing bad verses (no hint to you, Aquilius; nothing personal); and that Calvus Licinius, having that remedy, need not

have written about them. And I confess I don't see much in what he has written. This Sullenus, however, was no fool, but a man of wit and sense.

AQUILIUS. —Yes, — and Catullus writes to Varrus specially about him. I have translated that too. Here it is:—

AD VARRUM.

This man Sullenus, whom you know,
Varrus, is not without some show
Of parts, and gift of speech befitting
A man of sense. Yet he mistakes
His talents wondrously, and makes
His thousand verses at a sitting,
And troth, he makes them *look* their best:
For, not content with palimpsest,

He has them writ on royal vellum,
 Emboss'd and gilded, rubb'd and polish'd :
 But read 'em, and you wish abolish'd
 The privilege to make or sell 'em.
 You read them, and the man is quite
 Another man: no more polite—
 No more "the man about the town,"
 But metamorphosed to a clown—
 Milker of goats, a hedger, digger,
 So thoroughly is changed his figure,
 So quite unlike himself. 'Tis odd,
 Most strange, the man for wit so noted,
 Whose repartees so much were quoted,
 Is changed into a very clod!
 And stranger still—he never seems
 Quite to himself to be himself,
 As when of poetry he dreams,
 And writes and writes, and fills his reams
 With poems destined for the shelf.
 We are deceived—in this twin-brothers
 All. There's one vanity between us,
 And our self-knowledge stands to screen us
 From our true portraits. Knowing others,
 We ticket each man with his vice;
 And find, most accurately nice,
 In all a something of Suffenus.
 Thus every man one knowledge lacks;
 Our error is—we read the score
 Of each man as he walks before,
 And bear our tickets at our backs.

GRATIAN.—True, indeed—as old fables mostly are. There is in them the depth of wisdom acquired by experience.

CURATE.—I fear experience alone won't do much. It seems thrown away upon most people. They continue follies to the end. I suppose Cicero thought himself a poet; though it may be doubted if he wrote the line as Juvenal gives it,

"O fortunatam natam me consule Romam."

Perhaps most men's natural common sense has a less wide range than they think. For there are some things obvious to all besides, that the wisest cannot see.

AQUILIUS.—Cicero was less likely to see any defect in himself than most men. He had consummate vanity—which must have led him into many a ridiculous position. But there were no Boswells in those days. I never could understand how it is that so great an admiration of Cicero has come over mankind. Even in language he has

had an evil influence; and our literature for a long period was tainted with it. Sensible himself, he taught the art of writing fluently without sense. The flow and period—the *esse videatur*—a style too common with us less than half a century ago—you might read page after page, and pause to wonder what you had been reading about. The upper current of the book did not disturb the under current of your own thoughts, perhaps aided by the lulling music.

CURATE.—The vanity of Cicero was too manifest. It is a pity, for the sake of his reputation, that the letter to his friend, in which he requested him to write his life, is extant. To tell him plainly that it is the duty of a friend to exaggerate his virtues, is a mean vanity—unworthy such a man.

GRATIAN.—Come, come! let him rest; our business is with Catullus. Curate, let us have your translation.

CURATE.—I pass by the account of Suffenus, as well as some other pieces, and come to that very short one in which he complains of the mortgage

which is on his villa. It is a wretched was scarcely worth translating;—
pun on the word “*opponere*,” and take it, however:

AD FURIUM.

You, Furius, ask against what wind
My little villa stands—
If Auster, or Favonius kind
Who comes o’er western lands,
Or cruel Boreas, or that one
That rises with the morning sun?

Alas! it stands against a breeze
Which beats against the door,
Of fifteen thousand sesterces,
And twice a hundred more.
I challenge you on earth to find
So foul and pestilent a wind.

AQUILIUS.—What! do you look for
a wind *on* earth. — it blows over it;
and catch it who can.

GRATIAN.—It blows every where.
The worst I know is that which blows
down the chimney. And that reminds
me to tell you what a town-bred
chimney-sweeper said, the other day,
to a friend of mine, in the valley
yonder, who wanted to have a smoky
chimney cured. My friend inquired
if he could teach it not to smoke.
“How can I tell?” said he, “I must
take out a brick first and look into his
intellects.”

CURATE.—Not the march—but the
sweep of intellect spoke there.

AQUILIUS.—And spoke not amiss;
it was merely to see if he *had a mind*
to be cured.

GRATIAN.—Perhaps you have trans-
lated that sweep’s language better
than your passages from Catullus.

AQUILIUS.—I did not attempt to
translate that little piece,—but ran
quite out of course, as the Curato
would tell me, in a long paraphrase.
The idea is, however, furnished by
Catullus,—so I dedicate it

AD FURIUM.

You ask me if my villa lies
Exposed to north, east, west, or south:
I answer,—every wind that flies,
Flies at it, and with open mouth.

From every quarter winds assail,
But that which comes from *quarter-day*,
Though it four times a-year prevail,
It does but whistle, and not pay.

Some blow from far, and some hard by;
One, mortgage-wind, takes shortest journey,
Only across the way from Sly,
And blasts with “power of attorney.”

But what is worse than windy racks is,
My windows leak at every pane,
And are not tight ’gainst rates and taxes.
My roof and doors *let* in the rain—

The only *let* my villa knows.
So that with taxes, wind, and wet,
From whatsoever point it blows,
My house is blown upon *unlet*.

Now, I hope my friend the Curate translation. I say nothing of addenda—thus :—
will admit so far to be rather a lengthy

“Winds blow, and crack your cheeks,”—alack,
Who said it, wanted house and halls,
Nor knew winds have no cheeks to crack,
In short crack nothing but my walls.

My friends console—“the winds will drop :”
’Tis equal trouble to my mind ;
For if it tumbles on the top,
You know I cannot *raise the wind*.

To sum up all—for its location ;—
The question’s of importance vital ;—
In Chancery—wretched situation ;
A rascal there disputes my title.

CURATE.—You are coming it pretty lines, a cheering glass may set things strong, and quite blowing up Catullus to rights a little. Here, then, is what with your hurricane of winds. After he says to his wine-server :—
all the household miseries in your

AD PUERUM.

Boy, that at my drinking-bout
Servest old Falernian out,
Fill me faster cups, and quicker,
With the spirit-stirring liquor.
So Posthumia’s law doth say,—
Mistress of the feast to-day ;
She more vinous than the grape.
Springs of water—bane of wine—
Where ye please for me and mine,
Avaunt, begone, escape !
Emigrate to men denure.
My bumper is Thyonian pure.

GRATIAN.—I am afraid, Curate, Ebria,” whose drinking law would that if you were to take what you throw all ; for “wine is a wrestler, please to call “the cheering glass,” and a shrewd one too.” Doesn’t Shakespeare say so ? Now for your version, such as the jade Posthumia would Aquilius.
recommend, we should have to put AQUILIUS.—Curate will say, I am you to bed pretty early. It was the not so close to the original. But, on custom, it should seem, of the ancients such a subject, we may be allowed to make a throw of the dice to determine the arbiter of the feast—to appoint the drinking. Who threw *Venus* walk not quite straight ;—a little zigzaggy. Spite the coming criticism I (three sixes) was the *magister* ; but venture :—
the *magistra* is a novelty ; a “Venus

AD PUERUM SUUM,

(To his Wine-server.)

Pour me out, boy, the generous juice,
The racy, true, the old Falernus ;
Such wines as, to Posthumia’s thinking,
Are only fit for mortals’ use ;
When in her glory, drunk, and winking,
The dame would quaff, and wisely learn us
The good old simple law of drinking.

But water shun:—Hence, waters! go,
 Even as ye will, to chill Avernus;
 Or wheresoe'er ye please to flow:—
 Be drink for all the dull, the slow,
 The sad, the serious, the phlegmatic;
 But leave this juice, this pure stomachic,
 Its own, its unadulterate glow:—
 This—this alone is genuine Bœotic!

GRATIAN.—Well, then, that must be our parting cup for the night, and a pretty good "*water-cure*," it is. I was afraid, Aquilius, when you came to the "*phlegmatic*," you would rhyme it to "*rheumatic*," and so on to the "*water-cure*." You know that is recommended in rheumatic cases; but perhaps you don't know that I tried it. I had the water-drinking, the wet sheets, and all the rest of it.

AQUILIUS.—And are here to tell of it!

GRATIAN.—Yes, and return to the old *top*, (tapping his thigh) and be pretty smartly; and I suppose I must *stick* to it.

GRATIAN.—A medical friend told me the other day of a discussion upon this subject, which I thought very amusing, as he narrated it remarkably well, imitating the tones and dialect (Somersetshire) of at least one of the speakers. He had some years before attended an old man in the country—a farmer well to do in the world—a man of very strong natural understanding, but entirely uneducated. He had lost sight of him for some years, when, not long since, he was sent for to the old farm-house. Instead of the old stone floor, there was a carpet laid down, and an air of smartness over every thing, which he had never seen before. It soon dawned that the old man's daughter had married; a smartish man, the husband, was in the room, and to show his general knowledge of things, and acquaintance with the world, he advocated the water-cure, and questioned my medical friend as to his opinion. A voice from the chimney-corner (the settle in it) cried out, "It ain't nat'ral." My friend had not before seen the old man, he was so retired into the recess. After having given his opinion to the bridegroom, he turned to his old acquaintance, and said "You remarked that it is not natural. What do you mean by *natural*?"

"Why," replied the old man, "I do think, most dunob critters knows what's good for 'em; and when a dog's sick doesn't he eat grass? If a sheep's ill, don't he lick chalk or salt if he can get it? And if a beast's ill," (I forget what he said was the cure for a beast); "but did you ever see any of them go and lie down in the water, or fill themselves with it? There's plenty of it in ditches, and every where else, too, hereabouts. No, you never did." Then, looking up in the face of his orator son-in-law, he added, "And you don't know why you never see'd it, nor why they don't do it. No, I know you don't. Vy, I do, because they ha' got more zense." This was said with a kind of contempt which was quite a floorer to the new wisacre.

GRATIAN. Thanks for the story! now that is just the sense that I have acquired at some cost, and no cure; but I didn't get at it naturally as your old friend did. So now for sleep, and good-night.

The Curate and I did not part so soon. Time flew, and we seemed to shorten the night—"noctem vario sermone," as sayeth Virgil of poor Dido, who must have found the conversation considerably flag with the stupid Titias.

"Noctem vario sermone *trahat*—it was a sad *drag*. It must have become very tiresome, a little while before that, when ill-mannered Bitias drank up all the wine, and buried his face in the cup, "*pleno se prohibuit auro*." And they had been obliged to resort to singing, always the refuge from the visible awkwardness of *nothing to say*. Alas! here I cannot but remark, Eusebius, what dull things their songs must have been on natural philosophy, and moon, and stars—songs, Virgil tells you, edited by the old Astronomer-General Atlas. But as this was before the foundation of Rome, they had not that variety for

their selection, which was as much in fashion afterwards in Rome as Moore's Melodies in England, as we learn from Mr Macaulay, and his version and edition of the "Lays." They had no piccolo pianofortes in those days, or they would have had something lighter than the Lays, as the better after-supper Poet calls it—a

"Something more exquisite still."

But I am apparently, Eusebius, leaving the Curate to sleep or to meditate upon his own unhappy condition, while I thus turn the current of my talk upon you. Unhappy condition, did I say? He seems to bear it wonderfully lightly; and once or twice, when the subject has been mentioned, indulged in an irreverend laugh. Now, I know you will ask how a laugh can be irreverend. Don't you know the world well enough, Eusebius, to know, that before a very great number of men, women, and children, a curate must not laugh, dare not laugh—blessed indeed, and divested of the wretched rags of humanity, if he *cannot* laugh. None but a Bishop, or a Dean, who, in the eyes of the many, is a kind of extra-parochial nonentity, can really, in these times of severe reprobation for trifling peccadillos, afford to laugh; and they had better do it in private, and with aprons off—never before the Chapter, who all, themselves, laugh in private. Man, you know, is the only risible creature; but a Curate must begin to know, from the moment he has put on his surplice, that he is to discard at once, and for ever, this human and irreverend instinct. Had you lived in the triumphal days of the Puritans, what penalties would you not have had to undergo, what buffetings and duckings, ere you could finally have overcome your strong natural wicked propensity, and have sobered down, and riveted in iron gravity and moroseness those flexible, those mockingly flexible features of yours. As it is, in these days of "revival," you only meet with considerable contempt, and evil opinion, which, as it comes rather late upon you, comes as an amusing novelty and additional provocative. But you may be sure what you can afford to do, the Curate cannot. For the present, therefore, let

his few indulgences that way be a secret. He will mend in time. For so it happens, that though the longer we live the more we have to laugh at, we lose considerably our power of laughing. And that—between ourselves be it said, Eusebius—is, I think, a strong proof of our deterioration. A man, to laugh well, must be an honest man—mind, I say *laugh*: when Shakspeare says

"A man may smile and smile,
And be a villain,"

he purposely says *smile*, in contradistinction to laugh. He cannot laugh and be a villain. A man cannot plot and laugh. A man may be much less innocent even when he thinks himself devout, than in his hour of merriment, when he assuredly has no guile; but a man may even pray with a selfish and a narrow mind, and his very prayers partake of his iniquity; no bad argument for a prescribed form. A man that laughs well is your half-made friend, Eusebius, from the moment you hear him. It is better to trust the ear than the eye in this matter—such a man is a man after your own heart. *After your own heart*, did I say, Eusebius? Words are the *ignes fatui* to thoughts, and lead to strange vagaries—of which you have here a specimen; but these few words remind me to tell you an anecdote, in this lull of the *Horæ Catullianæ*, which I would on no account keep from you. And you will see at once in it a large history in the epitome and the very pith of a fable—such as Æsop's. But I assure you it is no fable, but the simple plain truth; and I will vouch for it, for I had it from the mouth of our friend S., the truest, honestest of men, who saw with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, the persons and the sayings. S. was travelling some time ago, beyond the directions of railroads, in a coach. There were two companions—preachers as he found, self-dubb'd Reverends of some denomination or other, besides that reverend one of their own. Their conversation, as is usual with them, was professional, and they spoke of their brethren. In speaking of different preachers, one was mentioned, of whom one of the speakers said emphatically—"Now

that's what I call a really good man—that's a *man after my own heart*—a man quite after my own heart!" The other said with rather doubtful and hesitation, confirmation, "Ye s," "You don't seem to think so highly of him as I do," said the first speaker, "Why," replied the doubter, "I can't say I do; you remember some time ago he *failed*, and certainly upon that occasion he behaved *very ill* to, not to say *cheated*, his creditors." "Ah!" said the first commendator again, "that is very likely—I should have expected *that* of him."—Henceforth, Eusebius, whenever I hear such a commendation, I shall look out for a map of the gentleman's heart who ventures upon this mode of expressing his admiration. Oh! what a world we live in! This is a fact which would have been immortal, because true and from nature, in the hands of Le Sage; and is worthy of a place in a page of a modern "Gil Blas."

And so all this digression has arisen from a laugh of the Curate's, to whom it is time to turn; or you will think we have been but bad company to each other. I will, however, end this passage with the remark, that a man may do a worse thing than laugh, and happy is he that can do a better.

The Curate and I, then, for the rest of the night conversed upon the affair of his, which so unaccountably was making no little stir in the place. The Curate told me, he was quite sure that his movements had been watched; for that only yesterday, as he was entering the gate of his friends, the family at Ashford, he saw Milfins's boy not far behind him on a poney; and he thinks he came out for the purpose of watching him, for he had scarcely reached the door, when he saw the lad ride hastily back. The Curate likewise confessed to me, that he did entertain some tender sentiments towards one of the inmates, Miss Lydia —, that the family had lived much abroad, and that they had a French lady's-maid, whom on one or two occasions he had certainly seen in this township. You see the thread, Eusebius, which will draw out innumerable proofs for such a mind as Milfins's. Taking a paper out of his pocket, he said it was put into his hands as he was coming away, and he had not opened it. "Perhaps," said

he, "it may throw some light on the affair, as it was given me by one who is, I know, on the all-important committee." He broke the seal, read, laughed immoderately for five minutes, and put it into my hands:—

"REV. SIR, Wishing to do the handsome to you, and straightforward and downright honest part, the committee inform you that they have reported your misconduct to the Lord Bishop, and I am desired accordingly to send you a copy of their letter. By order of committee.—I am, sir,

"JAMES JONES."

Enclosed was the following, which these wiseacres had concocted—and I have no doubt it was their pride in the composition, and in the penmanship, which induced them to send the copy to the Curate.

"TO MY LORD, YOUR LORDSHIP
THE BISHOP.

"We the undersigned, the respectable inhabitants parishioners, approach most dutifully our Bishop's worshipful Lordship. Hoping humbly that you will be pleased to dismiss our curate, who, we are credibly informed, and particularly by three exemplary and virtuous ladies, they having been cautioned against him by one who knows him well, and is a friend likewise to said ladies, and doing all the good kindness he can. We learn with sorrow, that our curate has confessed to unbecomingly behaviour, and that he has been seen even kissing. My Lord, our wives and daughters are not safe—we implore your Honour's Lordship to dismiss the curate, and take them under your protection and keeping: We are informed the curate has a foreign lady, not far from this, whom he almost daily visits—and a Papist, which is an offence to your Lordship, and the glorious Protestant cause, to which we are uniformly and respectfully attached, and to your worshipful Lordship very devoted—" here follow the names, headed by Matthew Milfins.

"And what steps do you intend to take?" said I.

"None whatever," said he.

"Let it wear itself out. I won't lengthen the existence of this scandal by the smallest patronage. I will not take it up, so it will die."

"But the Bishop?" said I.

"Is a man of sense," he replied,

"and good feeling; so all is safe in his hands."

We parted for the night.

The Curate called rather early the following morning, and we thought to have an hour over Catullus, and went to seek our host Gratian. We found him in his library in consultation with his factotum Jahn. He was eloquent on the salting, and not burning his weeds, on Dutch clover—"and mind, Jahn," said he, "every orchard should have a pig-stye: where pigs are kept, there apple-trees will thrive well, and bear well, if there be any fruit going;" and he moved his stick on the floor from habit, as if he were rubbing his pigs' backs; and then turning to us he said,—“Why, Jahn has been telling me strange things: Prateapace and Gadabout have gone over to the chapel—left the church; not there last Sunday. But I saw that Brazen-stare there, trying, as she sat just before you, to put you, Mr Curate, out of countenance. Well, Jahn tells me that the Reverend the Cow-doctor preached last evening a stirring sermon on the occasion, and was very hot upon the impurities and idolatries of the ‘Establishment.’ And Jahn tells me they don’t speak quite so well of me as they should; for when he plainly told Miffins in his own shop, that he was sure his master would not countenance any thing wrong, the impudent fellow only said, ‘May be not; but he and his master might not be of the same opinion as to what *is* wrong.’ The rogue! I should like to have put all his weights in the inspector’s scales.”

“Yes,” quoth Jahn, “but I am ’most ashamed to tell your honour what Tom Potts, the exciseman, said, who happened to be present.”

“Out with it, by all means, Jahn,” said our friend.

“Well then, sir, as true as you are there, he said that your honour was a very kind gentleman, and your word was worth any other ten men’s in most things; but where it might be to get a friend out of trouble, and, for aught he knew, foe either, why then, he thought your honour might fib a bit.”

“Surely,” said Gratian, “he didn’t say quite that?”

“Yes,” quoth Jahn, “quite that, and more; something remarkable.”

“Remarkable!” said I,—“what could that be?”

“Why, something I shan’t forget; and I don’t think it was religious and proper,” said Jahn; and lowering his voice, and addressing me and the Curate rather than his master, he added,—“He thought his honour had a kind heart, too kind; for that if Belzebub should come of a wet and dark night, and knock at his honour’s door, and just say in a humble voice that he was weary and foot-sore, that his honour would be sure to take him in, give him a bed, and a stiff tumbler of brandy and water, and send for the farrier in the morning to fresh shoe him unknowingly; for he would make him stoop, put his claws on the ground, and throw a blanket over him, and make the farrier believe that, out of a whim, he was only a shoeing a great big goat.”

Gratian laughed at the whimsical idea of the exciseman, called him a true and good spirit-gauger; then giving some sharp taps to his hip, his knee, and his legs with his stick, rose from his seat, and said, “Come, Curate, you and I must take a walk amongst these people, and see what we can do: it is most time to put a stop to this mischievous absurdity, and, I fear me, of our own making.”

Away they went, and I put up my remaining translations from Catullus, took down a book, read awhile, and then meditated this letter to you. And now, my dear Eusebius, when you publish it in *Maga*, as you did my last, folk will say—“Why, what is all this about? *Horæ Catullianæ*! It is no such thing.” Be it, then, I say, what you will. Do you think I am writing an essay?—no, a letter; and I may, if I please, entitle it, as Montaigne did—“On coach horses,” and still make it what I please. It shall be a novel, if they please, for that is what they look for now: so let the Curate be the hero,—and the heroine—but must it be a love story? Then I won’t forestall the interest, so wait to the end; and in my next, Eusebius, we will repeat Catullus for the play, and say with the announcing actor, “to conclude with an after-piece which will be expressed in the bills.”

My dear Eusebius, ever yours,

AQUILIUS.

LESSONS FROM THE FAMINE.

THE two great parties into which the country was divided on the subject of our commercial relations with foreign states, maintained principles diametrically opposite on the effects to be anticipated from the adoption of their respective systems. The Free-Traders constantly alleged, that the great thing was to increase our *importations*; and that, provided this was done, government need not disquiet themselves about our *exportations*. Individuals, it was said, equally with nations, do not give their goods for nothing: if foreign produce of some sort comes in, British produce of some sort must go out. Both parties will gain by the exchange. The inhabitants of this country will devote their attention to those branches of industry in which we can undersell foreign nations, and they will devote their attention to those branches of industry in which they can undersell us. Neither party will waste their time, or their labour, upon vain attempts to raise produce for which nature has not given them the requisite facilities. Both will buy cheaper than they could have done if an artificial system of protection had forced the national industry into a channel which nature did not intend, and experience does not sanction. We may be fed by the world, but we will clothe the world. The abstraction of the precious metals is not to be dreaded under such a system, for how are the precious metals got but in exchange for manufactures? Their existence in this country presupposes the exit of a proportionate amount of the produce of British industry. Nobody gives dollars, any more than corn, for nothing. Our farmers must take to dairy and pasture cultivation to a greater extent than heretofore. A certain number of agricultural labourers may, it is true, be thrown out of employment by the displacing of rural industry in making the transition from the one species of country labour to the other; but the evil will

only be temporary, and they will speedily be absorbed in the vast extension of our manufacturing industry. High prices need never be feared under such a system: a bad season is never universal over the world at the same time: and free-trade will permanently let in the superfluity of those countries where food is abundant, to supply the deficiencies of those in which, from native sources, it is scanty.

The Protectionists reasoned after an entirely different manner. The doctrines of free-trade, they observed, perfectly just in their application to different provinces of the same empire, are entirely misplaced if extended to different *countries* of the world, the more especially if placed in similar, or nearly similar, circumstances. The state of smothered or open hostility in which they are in general placed to each other, if their interests are at all at variance: the necessity of sheltering infant manufacturing industry from the dangerous competition of more advanced civilisation, or protecting old-established agricultural industry from the ruinous inroad of rude produce from poorer states, in which it is raised cheaper because money is less plentiful, render it indispensable that protection should exist on both sides. If it does not, the inevitable result will be, that the cultivators of the young state will destroy the agriculture of the old one, and the manufacturers of the old one extinguish the fabrics of the young. This effect is necessary, and, to all appearance, will ever continue: for the experience of every age has demonstrated that, so great is the effect of capital and civilisation applied to manufactures, and so inconsiderable, comparatively speaking, their influence upon agriculture, that the old state can always undersell the new one in the industry of towns, and the new one undersell the old one in the industry of the country. The proof of this is decisive. England, by the aid of the steam-engine, can

undersell the inhabitants of Hindostan in the manufacture of muslins from cotton growing on the banks of the Ganges; but with all the advantages of chemical manure and tile draining, it is undersold in the supply of food by the cultivators on the Mississippi.

This being a fixed law of nature, evidently intended to check the growth of old states, and promote the extension of mankind in the uncultivated parts of the earth, it is in vain to contend against it. So violently does free-trade displace industry on both sides, where it is fully established, that it is scarcely possible to conceive that two nations should at the same time run into the same glaring mistake; and thence the common complaint that no benefit is gained, but an infinite loss sustained, by its establishment in any one country, and that reciprocity is on one side only. As no adequate exchange of manufactures for subsistence is thus to be looked for, there must arise, in the old state, a constant exportation of the precious metals, attended by frequent commercial crises, and a constant increase in the weight of direct taxation. Should it prove otherwise, and two nations both go into the same system, it could lead to no other result but the stoppage of the growth of civilisation in the young one, and the destruction of national independence in the old. The former would never succeed in establishing commerce or manufactures, from the competition of the steam-engine in its aged neighbour; the latter would become dependent for subsistence on the plough of the young one. The rising agricultural state would be chained for ever to the condition of the serfs in Poland, or the boors in America; the stationary commercial state would fall into the degrading dependence of ancient Rome on the harvests of Egypt and Lybia.

Had it not been for the calamitous issue of the last harvest, in a part of the empire, it might have been difficult to say, to which side the weight of reason preponderated in these opposite arguments; and probably the people of the country would have continued permanently divided on them, according as their private interests or wishes

were wound up with the buying and selling, or raising and producing classes in society. But an external calamity has intervened;—Providence has denied for a season, to one of the fruits of the earth, its wonted increase. The potato-rot has appeared; and nearly the whole subsistence of the people in the south and west of Ireland, and in the western Highlands of Scotland, has been destroyed. Between the failure in the potato crop, and the deficiency in that of oats, at least £15,000,000 worth of the wonted agricultural produce has disappeared in the British Islands. And the appearances which we now see around us are solely and entirely to be ascribed to that deficiency. No one need be told what these appearances are, or how deeply they have trenchd upon the usual sources of prosperity in the empire: they have been told again and again, in parliament, at public meetings, and in the press, *usque ad nauseam*. Government has acted, if not judiciously, at least in the right spirit; its errors have been those of information, not of intention. The monster meetings, the flagrant ingratitude, the broken promises of the Irish Catholics, have been forgotten. England, as a nation, has acted nobly; she has overlooked her wrongs: she saw only her fellow-subjects in distress. £10,000,000 sterling have been voted by parliament in a single year for the relief of Irish suffering. Magnificent subscriptions, from the throne downwards, have attested the sympathy of the British heart with the tale of Irish and Highland suffering. But, notwithstanding all these astonishing exertions, and notwithstanding the existence of an unprecedented demand for labour in most parts of the country, in consequence of vast railway undertakings being on foot, on which at least £30,000,000 a-year must be expended for three or four years to come, distress is in many places most acute, in all severely felt. And what is very remarkable, and may be considered, as a distinctive sign of the times, specially worthy of universal attention, the suffering has now spread to those classes which are *furthest removed* from the blight of nature, and

fastened upon those interests which, according to the generally received opinion, should have been *benefited rather than injured* by the calamity which has occurred.

That some millions of cultivators in the southwest of Ireland, and some hundred thousand in the west Highlands of Scotland, should be involved, literally speaking, in the horrors of famine, in consequence of the universal failure of the crop which constituted at once their sole object of labour and only means of subsistence, may easily be understood. That this alarming failure should raise prices of every sort of food to the scarcity-level in every part of the empire, is equally intelligible; and that government, in conformity with the *universal* sense of the nation, should, in such an extremity, throw open the ports to all kinds of food, and thereby let in an unexampled amount of foreign produce to supply the failure of that usually raised at home, is an equally intelligible consequence. It may not be considered surprising, that starving multitudes should issue in all directions from the scene of wo in the Emerald Isle, to seek relief in the industry or charity of Great Britain; and that all the great towns in the west of the island should be overwhelmed with pauperism and typhus fever, in consequence of their being the first to be reached by the destructive flood; although it was hardly to be expected that a hundred and thirty-two thousand applications for relief were to be made to the parochial authorities of Liverpool in a *single week*; and that they returned thanks to Heaven when the influx of Irish paupers was reduced to *two thousand a-week*! But the remarkable thing, and the thing which the commercial classes certainly did not expect, is this:—*The calamity has now reached themselves*, although the hand of Providence has only stricken the producing agricultural classes. Trade never was lower, monied distress never more severe, markets of all sorts never were more rapidly DECLINING, than

during a period when IMPORTATIONS of all sorts have been MOST RAPIDLY INCREASING. Nearly all the manufactories in Lancashire and Lanarkshire are put on short time; the public funds and stocks of all sorts are falling; the rate of bankers' advances in Scotland is raised to *six per cent*; * seven per cent is charged in Liverpool and Glasgow on railway advances, and permanent loans are taken on railway debentures by the most experienced persons for three years at five per cent; the Bank of England has raised its discounts; our exports are rapidly declining; and all at a time, when the importation of all sorts of rude produce is on an unprecedented scale of magnitude, and the warehouses of Liverpool and Glasgow are literally *bursting* with the prodigious mass of grain stored in them from all parts of the world!

Fortunately, statistical documents exist, derived from official sources, which demonstrate beyond the possibility of doubt the coexistence of this *vast increase* in the amount of subsistence imported, and *vast diminution* in the amount of manufactures raised or exported in all parts of the British empire. A paper has lately been presented to parliament, showing the amount of imports, exports, and shipping during the year 1846, compared with 1845: from which this important and luminous fact is decisively established, how hard soever it may be to comprehend on the part of a large and influential portion of our politicians. From it it appears that the amount of subsistence imported in 1846 was six times greater than in 1845, although free-trade only commenced in the middle of the former year. It had reached the unparalleled amount in the latter year, of grain or flour, equal to *five millions and a half quarters of grain*. The tonnage *inwards* had turned five millions of tons; the custom-house duties, notwithstanding the numerous reductions of duties on imported articles, had risen £700,000 above the preceding year, and still kept above £22,000,000 sterling. Here, then, were all the sources and

* Viz. 5½ per cent on all advances on cash or current accounts, and ½ per cent commission on all sums overdrawn.

marks of prosperity, so far as they depended on importations, in a state of unexampled vigour and efficiency. Was this attended, as we were constantly told it would be, by a corresponding impulse given to our fabrics? Has the increased activity of our manufacturing cities compensated for the sterility of so large a part of our fields? The fact is just the reverse. Though free-trade has only been in operation for the last six months of 1846, they were signalled by a universal *decline* in all the principal articles of our exportation; and, by the unanimous voice of all practical men, trade, so far as exports or production is concerned, never was in a more depressed state than when, so far as imports are concerned, it had attained an unprecedented *extension*.

Never was a truer observation than is made by the Free-Traders, when they assert that goods will not be sent into a nation for nothing; and that, if our imports increase, something that goes out must have received a proportional augmentation. They forget only one circumstance, which, however, is of some little consequence, namely, that two things may go out, goods or SPECIE. We have melancholy proof, in the present state of the money market, that the latter occurrence has taken place to an inconvenient and distressing extent, and that that is the direct cause of the extravagant rate of interest charged on bankers' advances, and the general scarcity of money felt throughout the country. That the *capital* of the country is not only sufficient, but abundant, is decisively proved by the fact that, notwithstanding the vast extent of the railway and other undertakings of a public character going on both in

Great Britain and Ireland, government has borrowed the loan of £8,000,000 for the relief of Ireland at £3, 7s. 6d. per cent. The three per cents are about 90, yielding about the same return for money. But is *currency* equally abundant? So far from it, the bankers are charging six, and the persons making advances on railway concerns seven per cent. The holder of capital is glad if he can get three and a half per cent; but the holder of currency will not let his notes or sovereigns out of his hand for less than six or seven per cent. Can there be a more convincing proof that the currency of the country has been unduly drained away, and that the present monetary system, which forbids any extension of it in paper when the specie is abstracted, is based on a wrong foundation? Nor is it surprising that the currency should be straitened when it is notorious that every packet which goes out to America takes out vast sums to that continent to pay for the immense quantities of grain which are brought in. That drain only began to be felt in a serious manner within the last two months, because the great shipments from America took place in November and December last, when the failure of the potato crop in this country was fully ascertained; and consequently, the payments made in bills at three months, required to be made in February and March. And when it is recollected that the quantity of grain imported in seven months only—viz. from 5th July 1846, to 5th February 1847—exceeded *six millions* of quarters, at the very time that all our exports were diminishing; it may be imagined how prodigious must have been the drain upon the metallic resources of the country to make up the balance.*

* Table showing the quantity of grain, including flour and meal, entered for home consumption, from 5th July 1846, to 5th February 1847, from the *London Gazette* official returns :—

Quarters of grain (including flour and meal) entered for home consumption, in the months from 5th July to 5th		qrs.
January as reported, 1st February,.....		5,148,449
Quantity duty paid in month ending 5th Feb.	539,418	
Do. do. flour and meal, 427,036 cwt.	142,345	
		681,763
Quantity duty paid up to 5th January,.....		5,830,212

Sorely perplexed with results so diametrically opposite to all their doctrines as to an increase of importation being necessarily attended with a proportionate increase of exportation, and of all apprehension of an undue pressure thence arising on the money market being chimerical, the Free-Traders lay it all upon the famine at home or abroad. The potato-rot, it is said, has *concealed* the effects of free-trade: distress in foreign nations has disabled them to purchase our manufactures in return for their rude produce; the increase of British importation has come too soon to operate as yet on their purchase of our manufactures. Here again the facts come decisively to disprove the theoretical anticipations. So far has the increase of our importations been from being sudden, and come last year for the first time on foreign nations, it has been *remarkably gradual*, and has gone on for years, having received only a great impulse in the articles on which the duty was lessened or removed last summer. Our general imports have steadily advanced for the last three years; and in particular articles the same progress has been conspicuous.* How, then, has it happened that this general, continued, and steady *increase* of imports has issued only in a *diminution* to an alarming extent of exports? And observe, the countries from which we have imported so largely last year of grain and articles of subsistence, have not only not suffered by the scarcity general on the Continent, but have profited immensely by it. America has been

blessed with a splendid crop of every species of grain; and, in consequence of the famine in Ireland and severe scarcity in France, prices of grain have risen to triple their former amount in the United States. It has risen so much in the southern states of Russia, that the Emperor of Russia has prohibited the further exportation of it from the Black Sea. But all these floods of wealth flowing into the great grain states from the failure of the crops in France and Ireland, have been unavailing to produce any increased activity in our manufactures. On the contrary, they are all declining; and our immense importations of food, are almost all paid for in direct exportations of the precious metals.

In truth, the general depression of manufactures in all the chief seats of our fabrics is so serious, that it is evidently owing to a much more general and stringent cause than the decline, considerable as it is, in our exports. It is not a decrease of two millions out of fifty-three millions—in other words, of less than a *five-and-twentieth* part—which will explain the general putting of mills in Lancashire and Lanarkshire on short time, the fall in the value of all kinds of stock and general decline in the vent for all kinds of manufactured produce. It is in the *home markets* that the real and blighting deficiency is experienced. And what is the cause of this decline in the home market? The Free-Traders are the first to tell us what has done it. It is the famine in Ireland. The total manufactured produce of the island is certainly not

In bond, 5th February,.....	63,039	
Do. do. flour and meal, 318,240 cwt.	106,030	175,019

Quantity in qrs. of duty paid and presently in bond, (	
from month ending 5th July to 5th Feb.)	6,005,231

	1844.	1845.	1846.
* Imports, total official value,	£75,441,555	£85,281,953	
Sugar, cwt.	4,139,363	4,330,730	5,231,818
Tea, lbs.	11,369,351	44,195,321	46,728,208
Coffee, lbs.	31,391,297	34,318,121	36,781,391
Butter, cwt.	180,965	240,113	255,130
Cheese, cwt.	212,286	258,246	327,490
Live animals, No.	8,007	34,426	140,752
Brandy,	1,033,650	1,058,777	1,515,954
Geneva,	14,937	15,536	40,266
Rum,	2,193,870	2,469,485	2,683,515

under £200,000,000 * annually, of which somewhat above £51,000,000 is for the foreign markets of the world. What is a deficiency of £2,000,000 in such a mass? If that had been the *only* decline that had taken place, it would have been scarcely perceptible, and would have left no visible effects on our commercial activity or general prosperity. It is clear that the great falling off must have been in the home market. Nor is it difficult to see how this has happened. Fifteen millions' worth of agricultural produce has disappeared; prices of wheat have risen in consequence to 80s. a-quarter, and oats in a still higher proportion; and an alarming drain upon the metallic resources of the country taken place. It is this which has paralysed the manufactures and depressed the commerce of the country. And when it is recollected that the home market now consumes little short of £150,000,000 a-year, it may easily be conceived what a serious check to industry a diminution to the amount of even an eighth or a tenth of the usual domestic purchases must occasion.

The Free-Traders say, that the famine in Ireland has *concealed* the effects of the adoption of their system of policy; and that all the distress and suffering which has ensued is to be ascribed to that cause. From the observations now made, however, it is apparent that the effect of the famine has been, not to conceal the effects of free-trade, but to *accelerate* them. For what has the famine done? It has simply caused fifteen millions' worth of domestic agricultural produce to be exchanged for fifteen millions' worth of foreign agricultural produce. The potato crop, which has perished in Ireland, is estimated at fifteen millions' worth; and, supposing that statement is a little exaggerated, it is probable that, taking into account the simultaneous failure in the crop of oats, both there and in Great Britain, the total amount of home agricultural produce that is

deficient may amount to that value. *But foreign agricultural produce, to an equal or greater amount, has been imported.* Six millions of quarters, between grain of all sorts and flour, have been entered for home consumption in seven months preceding 5th February 1847. Taking these quarters, on an average, as worth fifty shillings to the consumer—which is certainly no extravagant estimate, seeing wheat is up at seventy-nine shillings—we shall have, then, six millions of quarters, worth fifteen millions sterling. The home agricultural produce that has failed is just equal in value to the foreign agricultural produce that has been imported. The distress that prevails, therefore, is not owing to any deficiency of food for man or animals in the United Kingdom, for as much has come in, of foreign produce, as has disappeared of domestic. It is entirely to be ascribed to the supplanting, *in the national subsistence, of a large part of home produce by an equally large part of foreign produce.* And in the social, commercial, and national effects which we see around us, we may discern, as in a mirror, not merely the probable but certain effects of such a substitution if perpetuated to future times.

This view of the subject is of such vast importance that we deem it impossible to impress it too strongly on our readers. We have been always told that the great thing is to secure a great importation; that such a thing must necessarily lead to a corresponding increase of exportation;—that all apprehension about the imports being paid in gold, and not in manufactures, are chimerical;—that the sooner the inferior lands in the British islands go out of cultivation the better;—that ample food for the inhabitants will be obtained from foreign states; and that the agriculturists thrown out of employment by the change will be rapidly absorbed, and more profitably employed in sustaining our extended manufactures. Well, the thing has been

* In 1810, the total amount was estimated at £180,000,000, of which £47,000,000, at that period, was for exportation, and £133,000,000 for the home market. As this £47,000,000 had swelled, in 1846, to £53,000,000, it is reasonable to suppose that those for the home market had undergone a similar increase, and are now about £200,000 annually.—See *Speckman's Stat. Tables* for 1842, p. 45.

done, and the desired consummation has taken place, from an extraneous cause, even more rapidly than was anticipated. The Free-Traders contemplated the substitution of foreign for British agricultural produce to the extent of fifteen or twenty millions as a most desirable result; but they only lamented it could not be looked for for three or four years. It would take that time to beat down the British farmer; to convince the cultivators of inferior lands of the folly of attempting a competition with the great grain districts of the Continent. Providence has done the thing at once. We have got on at railway speed to the blessings of the new system. Free-trade was to lead to the much-desired substitution of six million quarters of home for six million quarters of foreign grain in three years. But the potato-rot has done it in one. The free-trade rot could not have done it nearly so expeditiously, but it would have done it as effectually. It is a total mistake, therefore, to represent the famine in Ireland and the West of Scotland, as an external calamity which has concealed the natural effects

of free-trade. It has only brought them to light at once.

Had British agriculture, instead of being stricken with sterility by the hand of Providence, in the poorest and worst cultivated part of the two islands, been suffered gradually to waste away, under the effects of a great and increasing foreign importation in all parts of the empire, the destruction of home produce would have been equally extensive, but it would have been more general. It would have risen to as great an amount, but it would not have been so painfully concentrated in particular districts. Hundreds would not have been dying of famine in Skibbereen; seed-corn would not have been awaiting in Skye and Mull; cultivation would not have been abandoned in Tipperary; but the cessation of agricultural produce over the whole empire would have been quite as great. Low prices would have done the business as effectually, though not quite so speedily, as the pestilence which has smitten the potato-field. Whoever casts his eye on the table of prices given below* for twenty years in Lon-

* Table of the Average Prices of Wheat in Prussia and in England, from 1816 to 1837.

	Average prices in Prussia Proper including Danzig and Königsburg.		Average prices in Brandenburg and Pomerania.		Average prices per London Gazette.		Difference between English Prices and Mean of Prussian Prices.		Foreign Wheat and Flour consumed in Great Britain.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	Qrs.	
1816	36	9	44	6	76	2	35	6	225,263	
1817	52	7	60	9	94	0	37	8	1,020,949	
1818	49	6	53	5	83	8	32	2	1,593,518	
1819	34	3	37	6	72	3	36	4	122,133	
1820	27	3	30	0	65	10	37	2	34,274	
1821	25	6	28	9	54	5	27	3	2	
1822	26	0	26	8	43	3	16	11		
1823	24	2	26	9	51	9	26	5	12,137	
1824	18	6	20	0	62	0	43	3	15,777	
1825	17	3	17	9	66	6	49	0	525,231	
1826	18	6	21	0	56	11	37	2	315,892	
1827	22	3	25	9	56	9	32	9	572,733	
1828	27	2	28	9	60	5	32	5	842,050	
1829	32	3	35	0	66	3	32	7	1,364,220	
1830	29	6	34	0	64	3	32	6	1,701,885	
1831	39	6	39	0	66	4	27	1	1,491,631	
1832	34	0	33	6	58	8	24	11	325,435	
1833	25	0	23	6	52	11	28	8	82,346	
1834	23	9	23	0	46	2	21	10	64,653	
1835	23	0	24	0	39	4	15	10	28,483	
1836	21	0	23	0	48	6	26	6	30,046	
1837	22	6	26	0	56	10	32	7	244,085	

don and Dantzic, must at once see that, under a free-trade system, as large an importation of foreign produce, and as extensive a contraction of home, as has taken place this year is to be permanently looked for. The exportation and return of the precious metals, and contraction of credit now felt as so distressing, may be expected to be permanent. Providence has given us a warning of the effects of our policy, before they have become irreparable. We have only to suppose the present state of commerce and manufactures lasting, and we have a clear vision of the blessings of free-trade.

Nor is there any difficulty in understanding how it happens that the substitution of a large portion of foreign, for an equal amount of home-grown produce, occasions such disastrous effects, and in particular proves so injurious to the commercial classes, who in the first instance generally suppose they are to be benefited by the change. If two or three millions of rural labourers in the poorest and worst cultivated districts of the island, are thrown out of employment, either by a failure in the vegetable on which alone, in their rude state, they can employ their labour, or by the gradual substitution of foreign for home produce in the supply of food for the people, it is a poor compensation to them to say that an equal amount of foreign grain has been brought into the commercial emporiums of the empire—that if they will leave Skibbereen or Skye, and come to Liverpool or Glasgow, they will find warehouses amply stored with grain, which at the highest current prices they will obtain to any extent they desire. The plain answer is, that they are starving; that their employment as well as subsistence is gone; that they have neither the means of transport, nor any money to

buy grain when they reach the neighbourhood of the bursting warehouses. But then they will be absorbed in the great manufacturing districts, where their labour will be more profitable to themselves and others, than in their native wilds! Yes, there is a process of absorption goes on, on the occurrence of such a crisis; but it is not the absorption of labour by capital, but of capital by pauperism. Floods of starving destitutes inundate every steam-boat, harbour, and road, on the route to the scene of woe; and while the interior of the warehouses in the great commercial cities are groaning beneath the weight of foreign grain, the streets in their vicinity are thronged by starving multitudes, who spread typhus fever wherever they go, and fall as a permanent burden on the poor-rates of the yet solvent portions of the community.

And the effect of this importation of foreign grain, from whatever cause it arises, necessarily is to *prevent* this absorption of rural pauperism by manufacturing capital, to which the Free-traders so confidently look for the adjustment of society after the change has been made. The nations who supply us with grain *do not want our manufactures*. They will not buy them. What they want, is our money. They have not, and will not have, the artificial wants requisite for the general purchase of manufactures for a century to come. Generations must go to their graves during the transition from rustic content to civilised wants. America has sent us some millions of quarters of grain this year, but there *is no increase in her orders for our manufactures*. On the contrary, they are diminishing. Even the Free Trade Journals now admit this; constrained by the evidence of their senses to admit the entire failure of all their predictions.* The reason is evident. They want our money; and

* "The excessive consumption of these and other articles has, however, only led to a drain of bullion to the extent of three millions and a half, while, upon a moderate computation, they would appear to call for three times that amount. This is to be accounted for by two facts—The first being that we have not imported, and paid for as much as we have consumed, since, conjointly with our importations, we have been steadily eating up former reserves, so that our stock of all kinds—coffee, sugar, rice, &c., are low; and, next, because we have diminished our importations of raw material in a remarkable degree, and hence, while paying for provisions, have lessened our usual payments on this score. Here, too, in like manner, *we have been drawing upon*

our money they will have; and if they find our manufactures are beginning to flow in, in enlarged quantities, in consequence of our purchase of their grain, they will soon stop the influx by a tariff. This is what we did, when situated as they are—it is what all mankind will, and must do, in similar circumstances. It was distinctly perceived and foretold by the Protectionists that this effect would follow from free-trade, and that, unless something was done to enlarge the currency to meet it, a commercial crisis would ensue. These words published a year ago might pass for the history of the time in which we now live:—“Under the proposed reduced duties during the next three years, and trifling duty after that period on all sorts of grain, there can be no doubt that a very great impulse will be given to the corn-trade. It being now ascertained, by a comparison of the prices during the last twenty years, that there is annually a difference of from twenty to thirty shillings a-quarter between the price that wheat bears in the British islands and at the shores of the Baltic, while the cost of importation

is only five or six shillings a-quarter, there can be no question that the opening of the ports will occasion a very large importation of foreign grain. It may reasonably be expected that, in the space of a few years, the quantity imported will amount to *four or five millions of quarters annually*, for which the price paid by the importers cannot be supposed to be less, on the most moderate calculation, than seven or eight millions sterling. The experience of the year 1839 sufficiently tells us what will be the effect of such an importation of grain, paid for, as it must be, for the most part in specie, upon the *general monetary concerns and commercial prosperity of the empire*. It is well known that it was this condition of things which produced the commercial crisis in this country, led to three years of unprecedented suffering in the manufacturing districts, and, as is affirmed, destroyed property in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, to the amount of £40,000,000.*

Lastly, the famine has taught the empire an important lesson as to Irish Repeal. For many years past, that

our reserves. Our manufactures have been carried on with hemp, flax, and cotton, which had been paid for in former years, and we have left ourselves at the present moment short of all these articles, the stock of the latter alone, on the 1st of January last, as compared with the preceding year, being 545,790 against 1,060,560 bales. We are not only poorer, therefore, by all the bullion we have lost, but by all the stock we have thus consumed.

“This process cannot go on any longer. We have now no accumulations to eat into, and must, consequently, *pay for what we use*. Concurrently, therefore, with our importations of corn and other provisions, (which are now going on at a much greater rate, and at much higher prices than in 1846,) and just in proportion as they beget a demand for our manufactures, we must have importations of raw material. Large purchases of hemp and flax are alleged to have been made in the north of Europe, for spring shipment, and cotton from the United States is only delayed by the want of ships. Wool from Spain, and the Mediterranean, saltpetre, oil-seeds, &c., from India, and a host of minor articles, have also been kept back by the same cause, and will pour in upon us to make up our deficiencies directly any relaxation shall take place (if such could be foreseen) of the universal influx of grain. In this way, just as one cause of demand diminishes the other will increase, and the balance will be kept up against us for a period to which at present it is impossible to fix a limit.

“We thus see that no call that can possibly arise for our manufactures can have the effect of preventing a continuous drain of bullion. That a large trade will occur no one can doubt, but at present it is scarcely even in prospect. From India and China each account comes less favourable than before; from Russia we are told that ‘no great demand can be expected for British goods under the present high duties’ in that country; while even from the United States, the point from whence relief will most rapidly come, we hear of a shrewd conviction that we are approaching a *period of low prices*, and that, consequently, for the present ‘the less they order from us the better.’”—*Times*, March 10, 1847.

* *England in 1815 and 1845*, pp. v-vii. Preface to third edition, published in June 1846.

country has been convulsed, and the empire harassed by the loud and threatening demand for the Repeal of the Union, and the incessant outcry that the Irish people are perfectly equal to the duties of self-government, and that all their distresses have been owing to the oppression of the Saxon. The wind of adversity has blown, and where are these menaces now? Had Providence punished them by granting their prayer—had England cut the rope, as Mr Roebuck said, and let them go, where would Ireland have been at this moment? Drifting away on the ocean of starvation. Let this teach them their dependence upon their neighbours, and let another fact open their eyes to what those neigh-

bours are. England has replied to the senseless clamour, the disgraceful ingratitude, by voting ten millions sterling in a single year to relieve the distresses which the heedlessness and indolence of the Irish had brought upon themselves. We say advisedly, *brought upon themselves*. For, mark-worthy circumstance! the destruction of the potato crop has been just as complete, and the food of the people has been just as entirely swept away in the West Highlands of Scotland, as in Ireland, but *there has been no grant of public money to Scotland*. The cruel Anglo-Saxons have given IT ALL to the discontented, untaxed Gael in the Emerald isle.

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VOL. LXI.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE.*

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE is one of the greatest, perhaps the very greatest, of the political philosophers of the present day. Alone of all his contemporaries, his best works will bear a comparison with those of Machiavelli and Bacon. Less caustic and condensed than Tacitus, less imaginative and eloquent than Burke, he possesses the calm judgment, the discriminating eye, and the just reflection, which have immortalised the Florentine statesman and the English philosopher. Born and bred in the midst of the vehement strife of parties in his own country, placed midway, as it were, between the ruins of feudal and the reconstruction of modern society in France, he has surveyed the contest with an impartial gaze. He has brought to the examination of republican institutions in the United States, the eye of calm reason and the powers of philosophic reflection. The war-cries, the illusions, the associations of neither party have been able to disturb his steady mind. Though a man of rank, descended, as his name indicates, of an ancient family, he is not bigoted in favour of the old régime; though belonging to a profession where strenuous efforts can alone ensure success, he is not blind to the dangers of the new order of things. The feudal ages, with their dignified

manners, glorious episodes, and heart-stirring recollections, are not lost upon him, but they have not closed his eyes to the numerous evils which they brought in their train. Modern times, with their general activity, vast achievements, and boundless anticipations, have produced their full effect on his thoughtful mind; but they have not rendered him insensible to the perils with which they are fraught. He is a Burke without his imagination—a Machiavelli without his crimes.

M. De Tocqueville, it is well known, is a firm believer in the progress of society to a general system of equality and popular government. He thinks that, for better or for worse, this tendency is inevitable; that all efforts to resist it are vain, and that true wisdom consists in accommodating ourselves to the new order of things, and making the transition with as little confusion and individual distress as may be. America he considers as the type of what Europe is to become; though he has grievous misgivings as to the final result of such a prostration of the great interests of society as has there taken place, and is too well-read a scholar not to know that it was in the institutions of the Byzantine empire that a similar levelling resulted in ancient times. But being thus a devout believer, if not in the

* *Histoire Philosophique du Règne de Louis XV.* Par M. Le Comte DE TOCQUEVILLE. 2 Vols. Paris, 1847.

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doctrine of perfectibility, at least in that of ceaseless progress towards democracy, his opinions are of the highest value when he portrays the perils with which the new order of things is attended. Alone of all the moderns, he has fixed the public attention upon the real danger of purely republican institutions; he first has discerned in their working in America, where it is that the lasting peril is to be apprehended. Passing by the bloodshed, suffering, and confiscations with which the transition from aristocratic ascendancy to democratic power is necessarily attended, he has examined with a scrutinising eye the practical working of the latter system in the United States, where it had been long established and was in pacific undisputed sovereignty. He has demonstrated that in such circumstances, it is not the *weakness* but the *strength* of the ruling power in the state which is the great danger, and that the many-headed despot, acting by means of a subservient press and servile juries, speedily becomes as formidable to real freedom as ever Eastern sultaun with his despotic power and armed guards has proved.

The works of this very eminent writer, however, are by no means of equal merit. The last two volumes of his "*Démocratie en Amérique*" are much inferior to the first. In the latter, he sketched out with a master hand, when fresh from the object of his study, the practical working of democratic institutions, when entirely free from all the impediments which, it was alleged, concealed or thwarted their operation in the Old World. He delineated the results of the republican principle in a new state, without a hereditary nobility, established church, or national debt; unfettered by primogeniture, pauperism, or previous misgovernment; surrounded by boundless lands of exceeding fertility, with all the powers of European knowledge to bring them into cultivation, and all the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race to carry out the mission of Japhet—to replenish the earth and subdue it. The world had never seen, probably the world will never again see, the democratic principle launched into activity under such favourable circumstances, and when its practical effect,

for good or for evil, could with so much accuracy and certainty be discerned. The study and delineation of such an experiment, in such circumstances, and on such a scale, by a competent observer, must have been an object of the highest interest at any time; but what must it be when that observer is a man of the capacity and judgment of M. De Tocqueville?

The latter volumes of the same work, however, have dipped into more doubtful matters, and have brought forward more questionable opinions. The inquisitive mind, philosophic turn, and deep reflection of the author, indeed, are every where conspicuous; but his opinions do not equally as in the first two volumes bear the signet mark of truth stamped upon them. They are more speculative and fanciful; founded rather on contemplation of future, than observation of present effects. When De Tocqueville painted the unrestrained working of democracy on political thought and parties, as he saw it around him in the course of his residence in America, he drew a picture which all, in circumstances at all similar, must at once have recognised as trustworthy, because it was only an extension of what they had witnessed in their own vicinity. But when he extended these effects so far as he has done in his later volumes, to manners, opinions, habits, and the intercourse of the sexes, the attempt seemed overstrained. The theory, beyond all question just to a certain point, was pushed too far. M. De Tocqueville's great reputation, accordingly, has been somewhat impaired by the publication of his last two volumes on democracy in America; and it is to the first two that the philosophic student most frequently recurs for light on the practical working of the popular system.

Perhaps, too, there is another, and a still more cogent, reason why the reputation of this philosopher has not continued so general as it at first was. This is his *impartiality*. Both the great parties which divide the world turned to his work on its first appearance with avidity, in the hope of discovering something favourable to their respective views. Neither were disappointed. Both found numerous facts and observations of

the very highest importance, and having a material bearing on the points at issue between them. Enchanted with the discovery, each raised an *Io Pæan*; and in the midst of a chorus of praise from liberals and conservatives, M. De Tocqueville took his place as the first political philosopher of the age. But in process of time, both discovered something in his opinions which they would rather had been omitted. The popular party were displeased at seeing it proved that the great and virtuous middle classes of society could establish a despotism as complete, and more irresistible, than any sultan of Asia; the aristocratic, at finding the opinion of the author not disguised that the tendency to democracy was irresistible, and that, for good or for evil, it had irrevocably set in upon human affairs. But present celebrity is seldom a test of future fame; in matters of thought and reflection, scarcely ever so. What makes a didactic author popular at the moment is, the coincidence of his opinions with those of his readers, in the main, and the tracing them out to some consequences as yet new to them. What gives him fame with futurity is, his having boldly resisted general delusions, and violently, and to the great vexation of his contemporaries, first demonstrated the erroneous nature of many of their opinions, which subsequent experience has shewn to be false. "Present and future time," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "are rivals; he who pays court to the one, must lay his account with being discountenanced by the other." We augur the more favourably for M. De Tocqueville's lasting fame, from his being no longer quoted by party writers on either side of the questions which divide society.

M. de Tocqueville calls the history he has recently published, and which forms the subject of this article,—"*A Philosophic History of the Reign of Louis XV.*"* We regret the title: we have an instinctive aversion to *soi-disant* philosophic histories. Those that really are so, invariably shun the name. Robertson, in his first volume of Charles V.; Guizot in his "*Civil-*

isation Européenne:" Sismondi, in his "*Essais sur les Sciences Sociales*," and the last volume of his "*Republiques Italiennes*," have carried the philosophy of history to the highest perfection; but none of them thought of calling their immortal works "*Philosophic Histories*." Schlegel has written an admirable book not improperly styled "*the Philosophy of History*;" but it avowedly is not a history, but a review of the general conclusions which seemed deducible from it. Bossuet entitled his celebrated work, "*Histoire Universelle*," without a word of philosophy. In truth, philosophy, though a corollary from history, is not its primary object. That is, and ever must be, the narrative of human events. Not but what the noblest and most important lessons of philosophy may and should be deduced from history; but they should be *deduced*, not made the main object of the work. The reason is obvious: history is addressed to the great body of mankind; to most of whom, narrative of event, if told in an agreeable manner, may be made an object of interest; but to not one in twenty of whom general or philosophic conclusions ever can be a matter of the smallest concern. History, in truth, is much more nearly allied to poetry, oratory, and painting. The drama is but the expansion of its touching scenes,—painting, the representation of its fleeting events. Even to the few who are gifted by nature with the power of abstract thought, it is often hazardous to push matters to a conclusion too openly. Lingard evinced the profound knowledge of the human heart by which the Church of Rome has ever been distinguished, when, in his skilful narrative, he concealed the Roman Catholic save in the facts which he brought forward. It is well to enlist self-love on the side of truth. No conclusions are so readily embraced, as those which the reader flatters himself he himself has had a large share in drawing. Like the famous images which were withheld from the funeral of Junia, they are only the more present to the mind that they are withdrawn from the sight.

* *Histoire Philosophique du Règne de Louis XV.*

Perhaps M. de Tocqueville meant, by prefixing this title to his work, to prepare his readers for what they were to expect. He does not aim at making a very interesting narrative. Though possessed, as the extracts we shall give will abundantly testify, of considerable power of description, and rising at times into strains of touching eloquence, it is not his object to render his work attractive in either of these ways. Had it been so, he would have chosen a different subject; he would have selected the glories of Louis XIV. which preceded the disasters of the Revolution; the glories of the empire, which followed it. His turn of mind is not dramatic; he is neither poetic in his imagination, nor pictorial in his description. Considering the close connexion between these arts and history, these are very great deficiencies, and must ever prevent his work from taking its place beside the masterpieces in this department of literature. It will not bear a comparison with the dramatic story of Livy, the caustic nerve of Sallust, the profound observation of Tacitus, or the pictorial page of Gibbon. But, regarded as a picture of the moral causes working in society, anterior to a great and memorable convulsion, it is entitled to the highest praise, and will ever be viewed as a most valuable *preliminary volume* to the most important period of European history.

M. de Tocqueville possesses one most important quality, in addition to his calm judgment and discriminating sagacity. His moral and religious principles are not only unexceptionable, but they are founded on the soundest and most enlightened basis. Humane without being sentimental—moral but not uncharitable—religious but not fanatical—he surveys society, its actors and its crimes, with the eye of enlightened philanthropy, experienced reason, and Christian charity. He is neither a fierce, imperious Romish bigot like Bossuet, nor a relentless Calvinistic theologian like D'Aubigné, nor a scoffing infidel like Voltaire. Deeply impressed with the vital importance of religion to the temporal and eternal welfare of mankind, he is yet enlightened enough to see that all systems of religious belief have much to recommend them,

and rejects the monstrous doctrine that salvation can be obtained only by the members of any particular sect. He sees much good in all religions; much evil in many of their supporters. He is a Roman Catholic; but he is the first to condemn the frightful injustice of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; he does not doom the whole members of the Church of England to damnation, as so many of our zealous sectarians do the adherents of the Church of Rome.

It is a remarkable and most consolatory circumstance, that these just and enlightened views on the subject of religion, and its beneficial influence on society, are now entertained by all the deepest thinkers and most brilliant writers in France. There is not an intellect which rises to a certain level now in that country—not a name which will be known a hundred years hence, which is not thoroughly *Christian* in its principles. *That*, at least, is one blessing which has resulted from the Revolution. Chateaubriand, Guizot, Lamartine, Vilmain, De Tocqueville, Michelet, Sismondi, Amadée Thierry, Beranger, Barante, belong to this bright band. When such men, differing so widely in every other respect, are leagued together in defence of Christianity, we may regard as a passing evil whatever profligacy the works of Victor Hugo, Eugene Sue, and Sand, pour forth upon the Parisian world and middle classes throughout France. They, no doubt, indicate clearly enough the state of general opinion *at this time*. But what then? Their great compeers, the giants of thought, foreshadow what it will be. The profligate novels, licentious drama, and irreligious opinions of the middle class now in France, are the result of the infidelity and wickedness which produced the Revolution. The opinions of the great men who have succeeded the school of the Encyclopédie, who have been taught by the suffering it produced, will form the character of a future generation. Public opinion, of which we hear so much, is never any thing else than the echo of the thoughts of a few great men *half a century before*. It takes that time for ideas to flow down from the elevated to the inferior level. The great never adopt, they only originate. Their chief efforts are always made

in opposition to the prevailing opinions by which they are surrounded. Thence it is that a powerful mind is always uneasy when it is not in the minority on any subject which excites general attention.

The reign of Louis XV. is peculiarly favourable for a writer possessed of the philosophic mind, calm judgment, and contemplative turn of M. de Tocqueville. It was then that the many causes which concurred to produce the Revolution were brought to maturity. We say *brought to maturity*: for, great as were the corruptions, enormous the profligacy of that reign, and of the regency which preceded it, it would be absurd to suppose that it was during them alone that the causes which produced the terrible convulsion began to operate. They were only brought to maturity—but the catastrophe undoubtedly was accelerated by the vices that succeeded the reign of Louis XIV., not so much by the evils they inflicted on the people, as by the corruption which they spread among the defenders of the throne. They paralysed the nobility by the fatal gangrene of individual selfishness; they prostrated thought by diverting it almost entirely to wicked and licentious purposes. Intellect, instead of being the guardian of order, the protector of religion, the supporter of morality, became their most fatal enemy; for its powers—and they were gigantic in that age—were all devoted to the spread of infidelity, the ridicule of virtue, the fomenting of passion. It is in this *debauchery of the public mind* by the example of royal and noble profligacy, and the power of vigorous and perverted talent, that the real causes of the Revolution are to be found. The working classes of themselves can never overturn a state—if they could, England would have been revolutionised in 1832. They may make a *Jacquerie*, but they cannot make a revolution. They may rear up a Jack Cade, a Wat Tyler, or a Jacques Bonhomme, but they will never produce a Robespierre or a Cromwell. It is the coincidence of general evils that make all the people feel sore, with corrupted manners, and licentious or selfish writers who make their leaders *think wrong*, which can alone overturn society. The first furnishes

the private soldier, the last the officers to the army of revolution; or, what is the same thing, they withdraw them from that of religion and order.

The latter years of Louis XV. were so completely sunk in shameless debaucheries, the glory of France had been so long tarnished by the wretched choice which his mistresses had made of ministers to rule the state and generals to lead the armies, that the world has not unnaturally come to entertain an opinion in many respects exaggerated or erroneous, of his character. He had many good points; at first he was an unexceptionable sovereign. Though bred up in the licentious school of the Regent Orleans, he led in the outset a comparatively blameless life. The universal grief which seized the nation when he lay at the point of death at Metz, in 1744, proves to what extent he had then won the hearts of his subjects. His person was fine and well-proportioned; his manners were grace personified; he possessed considerable penetration when his native indolence would permit him to attend to public affairs; and he was not destitute, like his predecessor Charles VI., when roused by necessity, or the entreaties of a high-minded and generous mistress, of noble and heroic qualities. His conduct at Fontenoy, and during the few occasions when he made war in person, in company with Marshal Saxe, sufficiently proved this. Nay, what is still more extraordinary, he was at first a model of conjugal fidelity. Though married at nineteen to his Queen, Marie Leczinska, daughter of the king of Poland, who was six years older than himself, and possessed of no remarkable personal attractions, he resisted for long all the arts of the ladies of the court, who were vying with each other for his homage, saying constantly to those who urged the beauty of any one upon him, "the Queen is handsomer." The Queen had already borne him nine children, before a suspicion even of his infidelities came to be entertained; and he was led into them at first, rather by the efforts of those around him than his own inclination. So timid was his disposition in these respects in early years—so strong the religious scruples to which throughout life he continued sub-

ject, that, on the first occasion on which he obtained an interview with his future mistress, Madame de Chateauroux, the visit passed over without the desired result, and on the second his valet had, literally speaking, to throw him into her arms. "C'est le premier pas qui conte." He became less scrupulous in subsequent years.

Of the Regent Orleans, who succeeded Louis XIV. in the government, and preceded Louis XV. in its abuse, M. de Tocqueville gives the following masterly character:—

"Nature had bestowed on the Duke of Orleans all those gifts which usually captivate mankind. His physiognomy was agreeable and prepossessing: to a natural eloquence he joined uncommon sweetness of manner. Brave, full of liveliness, his penetration was never at fault, and his abilities would have procured for him distinction at the head of councils or armies. Those who were about his person became attached to him, because they found him amiable and indulgent. They lamented his faults, without ceasing to love him, carried away by the graces of his character and amiability of his manners, which recalled, they said, those of his grandfather, Henry IV. He had the good fortune, rare in princes, to preserve his friends to the hour of his death. He readily forgave offences and pardoned injuries. But the mind endowed with so many amiable qualities was destitute of that which can alone develop or turn them to good account—he had no force of character. Without the energy which prompts crime, he was equally without that which leads to virtue. After having lost his first preceptor, his ill fortune placed him in the hands of Dubois, the most corrupt of men. This Dubois, the son of an apothecary of Brives-la-Gaillarde, founded his hopes of fortune on the entire demoralisation of the prince committed to his care. Inspired by the genius of vice, he divined and encouraged the vices of others, and above all of his master.

He taught him to believe that virtue is but a mask worn by hypocrisy, a chimera on which no one can rely in the business of life; that religion is a political invention, of use only to the lower people; that all men are cheats and deceivers, and pretended rectitude a mere cover for intended villany. Madame, the mother of the Regent, early discovered the character of this detestable man. 'My son,' said she, 'I desire nothing but the good of the state and your glory: I ask but one thing for your safety, and I demand your word of honour for it—it is never to employ that scoundrel the Abbé Dubois—the greatest miscreant on the earth: who would at any time sacrifice the state and you to the slightest interest of his own.' The Duke of Orleans gave his word accordingly, but he was not long of breaking it. Shortly after, he made Dubois a councillor of state. The debaucheries into which that man impelled him soon became an indispensable distraction for that soft and enervated mind, to which the *ennui* of a court was insupportable. He loved its scandal and rumours—even the report of incest was not displeasing to him. Every evening, he assembled his *roués*, his mistresses, some *dansesuses* from the Opera, often his daughter the Duchess de Berri,* and some persons of obscure birth, but brilliant for their talent or renowned for their vices. At these suppers the choicest viands, the finest wines, exhilarated the guests; all the disorders and scandal of the court and the city were passed in review. They drank, they became intoxicated; the conversation became licentious; impieties of every sort issued from every mouth. At last, fatigued with satiety, the party was broken up: those who could walk retired to rest; the others were carried to bed;—and the next evening a similar scene was renewed."—(Vol. i. pp. 22-24.)

It may be conceived what an effect manners such as these pervading the

* The Duchess de Berri was an apt scholar in the lessons which her father taught her. One evening, after copious libations, a fancy seized them to represent the Judgment of Paris. The Princess played the part of Venus; two of the Regent's mistresses those of Minerva and Juno. *The three Goddesses appeared in the costume in which those in the tale displayed themselves to the son of Priam.*" DE TOCQUEVILLE. Vol. i. p. 26—note.

head of a court, already sufficiently inclined to excitement and gratification, must have had upon the general tone of morals among the higher ranks. M. de Tocqueville portrays it in strong colours, but not stronger we believe than the truth:—

“The disorders of its head spread to all the branches of the royal family. There was not a princess who had not her lover — not a prince who had not his mistresses. This system soon descended from the palace to the hotels of the nobles. Conjugal fidelity was considered as a prejudice, fit only to be the subject of ridicule. Adultery became the fashion, intemperance a path to distinction — the seduction of women was deemed the great object of life, and conquests in that line were sought as the highest glory; minds absorbed in the frivolous pursuits of a man *à bonnes fortunes*, became incapable of attention to serious affairs. When a young woman appeared in the world, no inquiries were made as to the union which prevailed in her establishment, the sole point was what lover they were to give her. The men with pretensions in that line, the corrupted women, entered into a league to plunge her into crime; and in that abominable lottery, they fixed beforehand on the person to whom she was to fall. The example of the Duchess de Berri obtained many imitators. Sometimes devotion was mingled with debauchery, as if a feeble struggle was still kept up between the recollections of the past and the seductions of the present. Women of gallantry, ambitious debauchees, passed from their orgies to the cloister; and the abstinence of penitence furnished some respite to the pleasure of the world and the agitations of politics. Such was the society of the great world, under the regency. The impulse given to vice during that period, continued through that which followed it. Neither the good example given by Louis XV. during the first years of his youth, nor the grave habits of Cardinal de Fleury, could avail as a barrier to the inundation. It only abated something of its audacity; more veiled, it excited less public scandal.” (Vol. i. p. 31.)

It is impossible that in any country,

but most of all in a monarchical and an aristocratic one, such manners can exist in the higher ranks, without inducing a total depravity of general thought, and perversion of the power of mind. Talent, often the most venal of venal things, follows in the wake of corruption. Covetous of gain, thirsting for patronage, it fans, instead of lowering, the passions by which all hope to profit. Whenever prevailing vices have set in upon a nation, be they such as spring from a monarchical, an aristocratic, or a democratic régime, the great majority of its abilities will do nothing but encourage its excesses, because it is there alone they can gain profit. A few great and generous minds will probably set themselves to resist the torrent, and they may produce a great effect upon a future age; but in their own, they are almost sure to meet with nothing but ridicule, abuse, and neglect. We see this deplorable subservience of talent, even of a very high cast, to the taste of the majority holding preferment in their hands, around us in Great Britain at this time; and the same evil was experienced in an equal degree in France during the whole course of the reign of Louis XV. and his virtuous but ill-fated successor.

“The reign,” says Tocqueville, “of Louis XIV. finished: that of Louis XV. commenced. During its course we shall see every thing change: of old forms there will remain only the shadow. Never was alteration more complete among mankind.”

“In lieu of lofty thoughts, and their serious expression, will appear a sterile futility. An incurable frivolity will get possession of the high society, and come entirely to direct thought. Licentiousness of language will accompany wicked manners, and lend a seduction the more to vice. Libertinism becomes the fashion. Impiety *à la mode*, miserable vanities, will supplant a noble pride to achieve a reputation in letters: it will become necessary to raise a doubt, wherever truth has been admitted. Amidst the din of feasts and the music of the ball-room, they will sap the foundations of religion, morality, and society. They will call themselves philanthropic, they will declaim on humanity — at the very moment that they are taking

from the people the consolations which render supportable the miseries of life, and the religious curb which suspends wrath and restrains vengeance. It is thus, also, that they will obtain the envied title of philosophy, and merit the protection of the great; for they, too, will desire the reputation of *Esprits forts*. All will give way together. In war, no more great generals. The pulpit will no longer resound with the illustrious orators, whose words seemed to descend from divine inspiration. Statesmen will be without elevation: instead of able men, mere intriguers: the influence of talent will be replaced by the influence of coteries. Business will be treated of in boudoirs, and decided according to the caprice of abandoned women. They will dispose of administrations, lower politics to the level of their own minds, and even ecclesiastical dignities will depend on their patronage. As a consequence of that general debasement, an unmeasured disdain will arise in the inferior classes of all that is great in the state. Doubt will be applauded, and it will extend to the power of the king, the noblesse, and the clergy. The spirit of investigation and analysis will replace the flights of the imagination. Men will sound the depths of that power which they have ceased to regard with respect. The authorities of the earth will not be sufficiently respected to make men look up to them—they must bring them down to their own level, and look below them. A terrible reaction will arise—the result of old rancours to which general feeling will no longer oppose any barrier. On all sides will spring up the ideas of liberty and independence. Meanwhile the redoubtable progress of a revolution, which is advancing, will escape the observation of those whom it is to swallow up; for the frivolity of their lives, and the vacancy of their thoughts, will have deprived them of all foresight.”—(Vol. i. p. 22.)

The courage with which the French church frequently denounced the vices and corruptions in high places with which it was surrounded, has always been one of the most honourable features of its glorious annals. Massillon, in the corrupted days of the regency, was not behind Bourdaloue and Bos-

suet and Fénelon, in the time of Louis XIV., in the discharge of this noble duty:—

“When Massillon ascended the pulpit to instruct the young king, he threatened with the wrath of God the great on the earth who violated his commandments, and the Regent manifested no displeasure: conscience had palsied his mind. Never had religion been more sublime,—never did she appear clothed in more magnificent language. To the profound corruption of the court, the preacher opposed the example of the little and the weak; to their pride, the virtue of the poor, and its omnipotence in the sight of God. ‘If Providence permits,’ said he, ‘the elevation of some unworthy characters, it is that they may be rendered useful to others. All power comes from God, and is established only for the use of man. The great would be useless on the earth if they were not surrounded by the poor and the indigent; they owe their elevation to the public necessities; and, so far are the people from being made for them, it is they who are made for the people. It is the people who give the great the right which they have to approach the throne; and it is for the people that the throne itself has been raised. In a word, the great and the princes are but, as it were, the men of the people: thence it is that the prosperity of the great and their ministers, and of the sovereigns who have been the oppressors of the people, has never brought any thing but shame, ignominy, and maledictions to their descendants. We have seen issue from that stem of iniquity the shameless shoots which have been the disgrace of their name and of their age. The Lord has breathed upon the heaps of their ill-gotten riches; he has dispersed them as the dust: if he yet leaves on the earth the remnants of their race, it is that they may remain an eternal monument of his vengeance.

“The glory of a conqueror will be always stained with blood:—He passes like a torrent over the earth, only to devastate it, and not as a majestic river which brings joy and abundance. The remembrance of his reign will recall only the recollection of the evils he has inflicted on huma-

nity. The people suffer always from the vices of their sovereign. "Whatever exaggerates authority, vilifies or degrades it; princes, ruled by their passions, are always pernicious and bizarre masters. Government has no longer a ruler when its head has none."

"The Lord has ever blown on the haughty races and withered their roots. The prosperity of the impious has never passed to their descendants. Thrones themselves, and royal succession have failed, to effeminate and worthless princes; and the history of the crimes and excess of the great is, at the same time, the history of their misfortunes and of their fall."

"Princes and sovereigns cannot be great but in rendering themselves useful to the people—in bringing them, like Jesus Christ, abundance and peace. The liberty which princes owe to their people, is the liberty of the laws. You know only God above you, it is true; but the laws should have an authority even superior to yourselves."

"A great man—a prince—is not born for himself alone. He owes himself to his subjects. The people, in elevating him, have entrusted him with power and authority, and have reserved to themselves, in exchange, his care, his time, his vigilance. He is a superintendent whom they have placed at their head to protect and defend them. It is the people who, by the order of God, have made them what they are.—Yes, Sire! *It is the choice of the nation which has put the sceptre in the hand of your ancestors.* It is it which proclaimed them sovereigns. The kingdom came in time to be considered as the inheritance of their successors; but they owed it at first to the free consent of their subjects, and it was the public suffrages which, in the beginning, attached that right and that prerogative to their birth. In a word, as their prerogative first flowed from ourselves, so kings should make no use of their power but for us."—(Vol. i. p. 67.)

Such was the eloquent and intrepid language in which Massillon addressed the Regent Orleans and Louis XV., in the plenitude of their power, in the chapel-royal at Versailles. It was a minister of the *established* church, be it recollected, who thun-

dered in these unmeasured terms to the prince who held in his hands the whole patronage of the church of France. We should like to see a preacher of the Free and popular dissenting establishments of Great Britain or America thunder in equally intrepid strains on the sins which most easily beset the democratic congregations upon whom their elevation and fortune depend.

"There is nothing new," says the Wise Man, "under the sun." We have seen enough, of late years, of railway manias, and the almost incredible anxiety of all classes to realise something in the numerous El Dorados which infatuation or cupidity set afloat in periods of excitement. But, from the following account of De Tocqueville, it appears that a hundred and thirty years ago the same passions were developed on a still greater scale in France; and even our ladies of rank and fashion may take a lesson in these particulars from the marchionesses and countesses of the court of the Regent Orleans.

"In the month of August 1719, the anxiety to procure shares (in the Mississippi scheme) began to assemble an immense crowd in the street Quincampoix, where, for many years, the public funds had been bought and sold. From six in the morning, crowds of people, men and women, rich and poor, gentlemen and burghers, filled the street and never left it till eight at night. There were spread all sorts of rumours, true or false; and all the devices of stock-jobbing were put in practice, in order to effect a rise or fall in the prices. The price of some shares rose to *six-and-thirty times* their original value. Their price often varied, during the course of a single day, several thousand francs. From this perilous gambling arose alternately incredible fortunes and total ruins."

"The numerous instances which occurred of persons who had risen from nothing and suddenly become possessed of immense wealth, raised the public avidity to a perfect frenzy. At that epoch of scandal and opprobrium, there was no folly or vice in which the high society did not take the lead. The degradation of men's minds was equal to the corruption of their manners. The courtiers, even

the princes of the blood, besieged the Regent to obtain shares. He flung them among them with open hands; and soon they were seen mingling in the crowds of speculators, and covetous like them of discreditable gains. 'My son,' said the Regent's mother, 'has given me, for my family, two millions in shares. The King has taken some millions for his house. The whole royal family have received some; all the children of France, all their grandsons and princes of the blood.'—(28th Nov. 1719.)

"Women of the highest rank did not scruple to pay the most assiduous court to Law to obtain shares. They passed whole days in his ante-chamber waiting for an audience, which he very seldom gave them. One caused her carriage to be overturned before his door to attract his attention, and had the good fortune, in consequence, to get a few words from him. Another stopped before his hotel and made her servants call out 'Fire,' to force him to come out, and thus obtain an interview. They were to be seen seated on the front part of the carriage of Madame Law, striving to obtain from her a profitable friendship. That woman who had the effrontery to take the name of Law, though she was only his mistress, treated them with hauteur.

"The same passion was not less vehement in the other classes of society. The latest *arrêts* of the council had ordained that all shares should be paid in paper; and instantly a crowd assembled round the bank, to exchange their gold and silver for bank-notes. The women sold their diamonds and pearls, the men their plate. Ere long the provinces became envious of the profits made in the capital, and desirous to share in them: proprietors sold their lands for whatever they would bring, and hastened to Paris to acquire the much coveted shares. Ecclesiastics, bishops even, did not scruple to mingle in these transactions. In a short time, the population of the capital was increased by three hundred thousand souls. Foreigners also arrived in crowds; but, less intoxicated by the prevailing madness than the French, they foresaw the fatal denouement, and, for the most part, extricated themselves

in time from its effects."—(Vol. i. pp. 129, 130.)

The ultimate issue of this, as of all other general manias, was disastrous in the extreme.

"The rise of shares having at length experienced a check, they continued for some time to oscillate up and down without any material variation, according to the devices employed by skilful speculators. These variations occasioned enormous changes in the fortune of the gamblers. Those newly enriched, displayed an unheard-of luxury; hastening to enjoy wealth which had come to them like a dream, and which the wakening from it might dissipate. Never had the equipages been so magnificent, never so numerous. Laquais rolled about in their chariots, and, from the force of habit, were seen sometimes *to get upon the back of their own carriages*. 'Put the most showy arms on my coach,' said one to his coach-maker. 'I will have that livery,' said another, when a particularly stylish one drove past. Their furniture was sumptuous, their repasts exquisite, and the *noblesse* did not disdain to honour their tables, making such condescension the first step to alliances which might hereafter convey to them some of the profits of their speculations.

"Meanwhile a frightful tumult disturbed every existence. Speculation became universal, unbounded, at length brutal. Persons were crushed to death in the approaches to the Rue Quincampoix: the men with large portfolios were in hourly danger of their lives. Assassinations were committed: a Count de Horn was condemned to be broken on the wheel by the Parliament, and the sentence carried into execution, for having robbed and murdered a courtier. Alarmed at the crowds, the Regent interdicted the speculators from making use of the Rue Quincampoix: they took refuge in the Place Vendôme. In a single day that square was covered with tents, where the most sumptuous stuffs were displayed; and, without disquieting themselves with the wild joy of some, or the abject despair of others, the ladies of the court seated themselves at gambling tables, where the choicest refreshments were handed to them.

Bands of musicians and courtézans served to amuse that insensate crowd. Soon its excesses led to its being expelled from the Place Vendôme; it then fixed itself in the Hotel de Soissons."—(Vol. i. pp. 133-134.)

This exceeds even the joint-stock mania of 1824, or the railway mania of 1845, in this country, of which, in the conclusion of his first volume of "Tancréd," Mr D'Israeli has given a graphic picture. Lady Bertie and Bellair, whose billet regarding the "*broad gauge*" occasioned her to swoon, and dispelled the romantic attachment of Lord Montacute, was but a repetition of the French countesses, who thronged the antechambers of Law a century before. More vehement in their desires, more mercurial in their temperament than the English, the French, when seized with any general mania, push it even into greater excesses, and induce upon themselves and their country more wide-spread calamities.

M. De Tocqueville frequently says that he is not a military historian; and although he has considerable powers of description, and, like all his countrymen, understands something of the art of war, yet it is very apparent that his inclination does not lie in that direction. We gladly give a place, however, to his admirable account of the battle of Fontenoy, and the exploits of the famous "English column," which, though in the end unsuccessful, displayed a valour on the banks of the Scheldt which foreshadowed the heroism of Albuera and Waterloo:

"The King of France passed the Scheldt, and, in spite of the representations of Marshal Saxe, placed himself on an eminence commanding a view of the field of battle, and where the balls rolled to his horse's feet. Many persons were wounded behind him. The English and the Dutch commenced the attack at the same time at different points. The former advanced as if nothing could disconcert their audacity. As the ground contracted, their battalions became more close together, but still keeping the finest order; and there was formed, partly by design, partly by accident, that redoubtable column of which the Duke of Cumberland soon felt the full

value. Nothing could withstand that terrible mass. Steadily it moved on, launching forth death incessantly from every front. The French regiments in vain strove to impede its progress; they perished in the attempt. The first corps which the English approached was the regiment of Gardes Françaises. Before the fire commenced, an English officer stepped forth from the rank, and taking off his hat, said, 'Gentlemen of the French guard, fire.' A French officer advanced and replied, 'The French do not fire first: we will reply.' The English then levelled their pieces, and sent in a discharge with such precision, that the whole front rank of the Guard fell. That ill-timed piece of courtesy cost the lives of eighteen officers. No sooner was this over than the column renewed its march, slowly but with immovable firmness. Soon it had passed by six hundred toises (1800 feet) the front of the French army. The battle seemed lost, and the persons who surrounded the King already began to counsel him to leave the field. 'Who is the scoundrel who dares to give that advice to your Majesty?' exclaimed the Marshal, who had been all day in the hottest of the fire. 'Before the action began it was my time to give it: now it is too late.' In truth, all was lost if the monarch had left his post. His remaining there seemed to make heroes spring out of the earth: his departure would have spread discouragement through the ranks. The advice of the Marshal coincided with the feelings of the King, and he remained firm. The blood of Henry IV. then beat at his heart. By his advice a new effort better combined was resolved on. The King, whose *sang froid* had never for an instant been disturbed, in person rallied the fugitives. Four guns, kept in reserve for his personal safety, were brought forward, and placed in battery at the distance of forty paces from the head of the English column. They fired with grape with extraordinary rapidity, and soon huge chasms appeared in the enemy's ranks. The cavalry of the French Guard charged impetuously in at the openings, the Dauphin, sword in hand, leading them on. The swords of the horsemen, aided by the

fire of the guns and the foot-soldiers, soon completed the work of destruction. And ere long that terrible column which had so recently made the bravest tremble, is nothing but a vast ruin. The English had nine thousand killed and wounded, the French were weakened by five thousand men.”—(Vol. i. pp. 425-426.)

Such is the account of the conduct of the English troops at Fontenoy—the only great battle on the continent of Europe in which they ever sustained a defeat from the French—as given by the historians of France itself. The crisis produced by the irruption of this terrible column into the centre of the French army, exactly resembles a similar attack at Aspern and Wagram, and the last onset of the Imperial Guards at Waterloo. The account of the progress of the English column, and the means by which its advance was at length arrested, might pass for a narrative of the penetrating of the Austrian centre by the French column under Lannes, on the second day of Aspern, or the famous advance of the Old and Middle Guard against the British right centre, on the evening of the 18th June 1815. Both these formidable attacks were defeated, and by means precisely similar to those by which Marshal Saxe stopped the English column at Fontenoy. At Wagram, also, the heavy mass of infantry led by Macdonald was arrested by the dreadful cross-fire of the Austrian batteries; and if the Archduke Charles had evinced the same tenacity and resolution as Marshal Saxe, the result would probably have been the same, and Wagram had been Waterloo!

Of the effects of the irreligious fanaticism, the natural result of the tyranny and oppressive conduct of the Church of Rome, which pervaded France for half a century before the Revolution, our author gives the following interesting account:—

“Another powerful cause of dissolution existed in French society at this period. The vast conspiracy against Christianity, of which Voltaire was the chief, daily developed itself in a more alarming manner. A body of men styling themselves philosophers—that is, lovers of wisdom—set up for reformers of the human race. They professed to be the enemies of preju-

dice; they had for ever in their mouths the words ‘humanity,’ and ‘philanthropy;’ their object was declared to be to restore the dignity of man, and with that view they proposed to substitute certain conventional virtues for the precepts of Christianity. They pleaded tolerance, and soon they became themselves intolerant. Misfortune excited their pity; they ever undertook its defence, when there was a noise to be made, celebrity to be acquired by doing so. By these means, they acquired a great renown; to philosophise was continually in their mouths and their writings. It is no wonder it was so; for to philosophise, in their estimation, was to attack all the received opinions, and annihilate them under the weight of public contempt; to persecute fanaticism without perceiving that the irreligious passion soon acquired the character of the worst species of fanaticism.

“Voltaire, endowed by nature with immense talent, had, from his earliest years, the steady will and unshaken determination which were necessary to make him a leader of thought. He laboured at it all his life, and his mental qualifications enabled him to keep pace with the public desires in all their branches. The age was frivolous, and he excelled in fugitive pieces; it was libertine, and he had obscene verses at command; the *esprits forts* had a leaning to incredulity, and he put himself at the head of the movement, and made use of it to turn into ridicule all that men had been most accustomed to revere. Gifted with extraordinary powers of raillery and sarcasm, he faithfully reflected in his writings the graces and the vices of the brilliant and profligate society in which he lived. He kept some measure in his publications as long as he had any hope of obtaining in France a political station; but from the very beginning, the acerbity of his disposition displayed itself in his ceaseless attacks on the mysteries of religion, in the elegant society which sought him, and of which he was the delight. ‘He had the art,’ says Vilmain, ‘of throwing discredit on a dogma by a happy couplet; by a philosophic sentence he refuted a syllogistic argument.’”—(Vol. ii. pp. 61, 62.)

The correspondence of Voltaire

with the King of Prussia, the bond of union in which was their common antipathy to Christianity, forms not the least curious part of the lives of both these eminent men. Nearly all the sovereigns of the Continent, at this period, were led away by this mania, destined to produce such fatal effects to themselves and their children. Catherine of Russia was peculiarly active in the infidel league. De Tocqueville gives the following interesting account of the almost incredible extent to which this mania prevailed in the age which preceded the French Revolution:—

“Voltaire and the King of Prussia resembled two lovers who were continually quarreling and making up their differences. The royal hero could never dispense with the renown which the praises of the Patriarch of Incredulity gave to him. Catherine II. of Russia kept up a close correspondence with him; his expressions to her were confiding, even tender. She required that trumpet to celebrate her exploits, and palliate the crimes committed in the pursuit of her ambition. ‘My *Catou* (his name for the Empress) loves the philosophers, her husband will suffer for it with posterity.’ At the same time, she respected him more than Frederick, and her letters were never disgraced by any impurity. She offered D’Alembert to intrust him with the education of her only son, and to settle on him a pension of 50,000 francs (£2000). She flattered Diderot, and sent him a present of 66,000 francs (£2400). If the *Encyclopedia* is proscribed at Paris, it was reprinted at St Petersburg; the Empress went so far as herself to translate the *Belisarius* of Marmontel into the Russian tongue. Eighteen other princes, among whom were the King of Poland, the King of Sweden, and the King of Denmark, corresponded with Voltaire, and hastened to deposit in his hands their adhesion to his protest against the prejudices of the age. The princes and great men who were travelling in Europe, endeavoured to stop at Ferney, happy if they could enjoy for a few minutes the conversation of the great writer. ‘I have been,’ said he to Madame de Defland, ‘for fourteen years the hotel-keeper of Europe.’ In his old age, intoxi-

cated with joy, he wrote to Helvetius, on the 26th June 1765: ‘Do you not see that the whole North is for us, and that it is inevitable that sooner or later those miserable fanatics of the South must be confounded? The Empress of Russia, the King of Prussia, the conqueror of the superstitious Austrian, besides many other princes, have already erected the standard of philosophy.’ Again he wrote to D’Alembert, on the 4th June 1767: ‘Men begin to open their eyes from one end of Europe to the other. Fanaticism, which feels its weakness and implores the arm of authority, despite itself, acknowledges its defeat. The works of Bolingbroke, of Trent, and of Boulanger, universally diffused, are so many triumphs of Reason. Let us bless that revolution which for the last fifteen or twenty years has taken place in general opinion. It has exceeded my most sanguine hopes. *With respect to the common people, I take no charge of them—they will always remain the rabble.* I cultivate my own garden; it is unavoidable that there should be frogs in it, but they do not prevent my nightingales from singing.’” Vol. ii. pp. 357-8.

Such were the opinions of the wise men of Europe in the age which preceded the French Revolution! It is not surprising they brought on that convulsion.

One of the most powerful means by which Voltaire and his party succeeded in rousing so strong a feeling among the ablest men of Europe in their favour, was by the constant appeals which they made to the feelings of humanity, and the resolution with which they denounced the cruelties, equally impolitic and inhuman, which the Romish Church, whenever it had the power, still exercised on the unhappy victims who occasionally fell under the barbarous laws of former times. This atrocious adherence to antiquated severity, in the vain idea of coercing the freedom of modern thought, in an age of increasing philanthropy, was, perhaps, the greatest cause of the spread of modern infidelity, and of the general horror with which the Roman Catholic Church was generally regarded by enlightened men throughout Europe. In this respect their labours are worthy of

the highest approbation; and in so far as they mainly contributed to destroy the dreadful fabric of ecclesiastical tyranny which the Romish Church had established wherever their faith was still prevalent, they deserve, and will ever obtain, the warmest thanks of all friends of humanity. But, like most other reformers, in the ardour of their zeal for the removal of real grievances, they destroyed, also, beneficent institutions. It appears, too, from his confidential correspondence, that Voltaire's zeal in the cause of humanity was more a war-cry assumed to rouse a party, than a feeling of benevolence towards mankind; for no one rejoiced more sincerely than he did when the acerbity of the fanatics was directed against each other.

"It must ever be regretted," says M. De Tocqueville, "that Voltaire, in undertaking the defence of outraged humanity, appeared to have had no other object but to employ his sensibility to render the Roman Catholic religion odious. The same man who had expressed such touching regrets on the fate of the unhappy Calas, a Protestant, who had been broken on the wheel without sufficient evidence, on a charge of murder by a sentence of the parliament of Toulouse, permitted the most cruel irony to flow from his pen when tortures were inflicted on the Jesuits. 'I hear,' said he, 'that they have at last *burned three Jesuits* at Lisbon. This is truly *consoling intelligence*; but unhappily it rests on the authority of a Jansenist.' (Voltaire to M. Vernet, 1760.) 'It is said that they have broken Father Malagrida on the wheel: *God be praised for it! I should die content if I could see the Jansenists and Molenists crushed to death by each other.*' (Letter to the Countess of Lutzelbourg, vol. ii. p. 363.)

Great Britain was at that period as much shaken by the effects of her irreligious party as France; in fact, it was from the writings of Bolingbroke, Tindal, Toland, and their contemporaries, that Voltaire drew almost all the arguments with which his writings abound against the doctrines of Christianity. Gibbon afterwards lent the same cause the aid of his brilliant genius and vast industry. Scotland, too, had its own share of the prevail-

ing epidemic. Hume was the great apostle of scepticism, caressed by all Europe. But neither England nor Scotland were overturned by their efforts: on the contrary, Christianity, tried but not injured, came forth unscathed from the furnace. The learning—the talent—the zeal which arose in defence of religion, were at least equal to what was employed in the attack; and so completely did they baffle the efforts of the infidel party, that Christianity grew and strengthened with every assault made upon it; and when this great conflict began between the antagonist principles in 1793, England was found at its proper post in the vanguard of religion and order. This fact is very remarkable, and deserves more serious consideration than has yet been bestowed upon it. It clearly points to some essential difference between the political and religious institutions of France and England at that period, on the capacity which they bestowed upon a nation to withstand the assaults of infidelity and corruption. It is not difficult to see what that difference was. In England, a free constitution was established, freedom of discussion was permitted, and the church was not allowed to exercise any tyrannical sway over either the minds or bodies of men. The consequence was, genius in the hour of need came to her side, and brought her triumphant through all the dangers by which she was assailed. Intellect was divided; it was not as in France wholly ranged on the side of infidelity. The cause of truth, though it may be subjected to grievous temporary trials, has nothing in the end to fear exerted from the excesses of tyranny exerted in its defence. Unsheltered by power, talent will speedily come to its aid. The wounds inflicted by mind can be cured only by mind: but they will never fail of being so if mind is left to itself.

One of the well-known abuses which preceded the Revolution, was the improper use which, in the reign of Louis XV. was made of *lettres de cachet*, obtained too often by private solicitation or the interest of some of the mistresses of the King or his ministers. Their abuse rose to the highest pitch, under the administration of

the Duke de la Villière. The Marchioness Langeac, his mistress, openly made a traffic of them, and never was one refused to a man of influence, who had a vengeance to satiate, a passion to gratify. The Comte de Segur gives the following characteristic anecdote, illustrating the use made of these instruments of tyranny, even upon the inferior classes of society.

"I have heard related the sad mishap which occurred to a young shop-mistress, named Jeanneton, who was remarkable for her beauty. One day the Chevalier de Coigny met her radiant with smiles, and in the highest spirits. He inquired the cause of her extreme satisfaction. 'I am truly happy,' she replied,—'My husband is a scold, a brute; he gave me no rest—I have been with M. le Comte de Saint Florentin; Madame——, who enjoys his good graces, has received me in the kindest manner, and for a present of ten *Louis* I have just obtained a *lettre de cachet* which will deliver me from the persecution of that most jealous tyrant.'

"Two years afterwards, M. de Coigny met the same Jeanneton, but now sad, pale, with downcast look, and a care-worn countenance. 'Ah! my poor Jeanneton!' said he, 'what has become of you? I never meet you any where. What has cast you down, since we last met?' 'Alas! sir,' replied she, 'I was very foolish to be then in such spirits; my villainous husband had that very day taken up the same idea as I; he went to the minister, and the same day, by the intervention of his mistress, *he brought an order to shut me up*; so that it cost our poor *menage* twenty *louis* to throw us at the same time reciprocally into prison.'—(Vol. ii. p. 489.)

M. De Tocqueville sums up in these eloquent words which close his work, the tendency and final result of the government of the Regent Orleans and Louis XV.:—

"The high society was more liberal than the bourgeois; the bourgeois than the people. The Revolution commenced in the head of the social system; from that it gained the heart, and spread to the extremities. It became a point of honour to be in opposition. It was a mode of shining and acquiring popularity; a fashion

which the young seized with avidity. The words Liberty and Representative Government were continually in the mouths of those who were, ere long, to ascribe to them all their misfortunes.

"The partition of Poland revealed to the French the political degradation of their country. The great and beautiful kingdom of France resembled a planet under eclipse: its light seemed extinguished. The French honour felt itself profoundly mortified. In the midst of that degradation, and from its very effects, political combinations entered more and more into every thought. The activity of mind, which no longer could find employment in the glory of the country, took a direction towards industry and the sciences. The middle class, rich and instructed, obtained an influence which formerly had been monopolised by the *noblesse*, and aspired to the destruction of privileges which it did not enjoy. Beneath both, the working classes, steeped in misery, crushed under the weight of taxes, reserved to the innovators the most formidable support.

"Thus the movement, arising from many different causes, extended more and more. The philosophers, by incessantly depreciating the nation in their writings, had succeeded in rendering the nation ashamed of itself. All parties in the nation seemed to unite in deeming it necessary to destroy the ancient social order. It was manifest that important changes would take place at no distant period, though the exact time of their approach could not be fixed with certainty. It was at the approach of that tempest which was destined to shake the state to its foundations, that the pride of philosophy sought to exalt itself by attacking heaven. By it the curb of conscience was broken, and the great name of God, which might have imposed a restraint on the violence of the passions which the Revolution called forth, was effaced. By this means, to the legitimate conquest of liberty will ere long succeed a mortal strife of vanities, in which those of the majority, having proved victorious, will stain themselves without mercy with the blood of the vanquished. Other people will, in future

times, undergo changes similar to ours; but they will eschew the same violence, because the influence of religion will not be extinct among them. Posterity, that equitable judge of the past, imputes to philosophy that it perverted the minds of the people while it pretended to enlighten them, and turned aside from its proper end a revolution commenced with the design of ameliorating the lot of the human race.

"Louis XV. left royalty tarnished in France. At his death the people rejoiced,—the enlightened classes congratulated themselves. The vices of the sovereign had opened in every heart an incurable wound. Neither the virtues of Louis XVI., nor the glory acquired during the American war; nor the sight of France restored to its rank among the nations; nor the love of the King for his subjects; nor the liberal institutions which he bestowed on them, could heal that fatal wound. The stains of the crown could be washed out only by the blood of the just ascending to Heaven by the steps of the scaffold."*—(Vol. ii. pp. 531, 533.)

After these quotations, it is needless to say what the merits of M. De Tocqueville's work are. He possesses

the abstract thought, the philosophic temperament, the reflecting mind, which enable him to follow, with a correct and discerning eye, the *general* course of events. He does not attach himself to individual men,—he is no hero-worshipper. His narrative has not the interest of biography, or of histories framed on its model. It has not the dramatic air of Thierry, the genius of Chateaubriand, or the pictorial powers of Michelet. It is, on that account, not likely to be so generally popular as the works of any of these eminent writers. It resembles more nearly the admirable "*Sketches of the Progress of Society*," to be found in the works of Guizot and Sismondi. As such, it possesses very high merit, and will doubtless take its place among the standard works of French history. Perhaps his work is more worthy of study, and more likely to be esteemed by thinking men in other countries than his own: for France has gone through the convulsions consequent on the social and moral evils which he has so well portrayed; but other nations are only in their commencement. What to the one is history, to the other, if not averted, may be prophecy.

* Alluding to the sublime words of the Father Edgeworth to Louis XVI., at the foot of the scaffold:—"Fils de St Louis, montez au ciel!"

LETTERS ON THE TRUTHS CONTAINED IN POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

IV. REAL GHOSTS, AND SECOND-SIGHT.

DEAR ARCHY,—You will not expect, after my last letter, that under the title of real ghosts, I am going to introduce to your acquaintance a set of personages resembling Madame Tussaud's wax-work, done in air—filmy gentlemen, in spectral blue coats, gray trousers, Wellingtons; and semi-transparent ladies clad from the looms of the other world. No, Nicolai's case has extinguished that delusion. The visitant and his dress are figments of the imagination *always*. They are as unreal and subjective as the figures we see in our dreams. They are fancy's progeny, having under pressing circumstances acting rank, as realities. But, Archy, do dreams never come true? Let them plead their own cause. Enter Dream.

A Scottish gentleman and his wife were travelling four or five years ago in Switzerland. There travelled with them a third party, an intimate friend, a lady, who some time before had been the object of a deep attachment on the part of a foreigner, a Frenchman. Well, she would have nothing to say to him, but she gave him a good deal of serious advice, which I conclude she thought he wanted, and ultimately promoted, or was a cognisant party to his marriage with a lady, whom she likewise knew. The so-married couple were now in America. And the lady, my friend's fellow-traveller, occasionally heard from them, and had every reason to believe they were both in perfect health. One morning on their meeting at breakfast she told her companions, that she had had a very impressive dream the night before, which had recurred twice. The scene was a room in which lay a coffin, near which stood her ex-lover, in a luminous transfigured resplendent state; his wife was by, looking much as usual. The dream had caused the lady some misgivings; but her companions exhorted her to view it as a trick of her fancy, and she was half

persuaded so to do. The dream, however, was right notwithstanding. In process of time, letters arrived announcing the death after a short illness of the French gentleman, within the twenty-four hours in which the vision appeared. Exit Dream, with applause.

I adduce this individual instance, simply because it is the last I have heard, out of many that have come before me equally well attested. I should have observed, that my informant was the fellow-traveller himself: he told me the story in presence of his wife, who religiously attested its accuracy. You will meet with similar stories, implicitly believed, in every society you go into, varying in their circumstances—a ghost being sometimes put in the place of a dream, and sometimes a vague but strong mental impression, a foreboding only. But the common point exists in all, that an intimation of the death of an absent acquaintance has been in one or another way insinuated into the mind of his friend about the time the event really took place. Instances of this kind, it will be found, are far too numerous to permit one off-hand to conclude that they have arisen from accident; that the connexion between the event and its anticipation and foreshadowing has been merely coincidence.

If you ask me how I would otherwise explain these stories, I will frankly avow, that it appears to me neither impossible, nor absurdly improbable, that the soul, or the nervous system, as you like, of the dying man, should have put itself into direct communication with the thoughts of his absent friend.

Ah, ah! the last touch of the vampire theory again! You were then very modest about your hobby, and pretended not to know him, and passed him off as my beast, and now you daringly mount him yourself, and expect to be allowed to pace him before us, in that easy and confident style, as if he were some well-known

roadster of Stewart's, or Ferriar's, or Hibbert's, or Abercromby's. Now shall we shortly see you thrown, or run away with, or led by some will-o'-the-wisp into a bottomless slough.

Well, that at all events will amuse you.

But in the mean time did you ever hear of the Wynyard ghost? A late General Wynyard and the late Sir John Colebrook, when young men, were serving in Canada. One day—it was daylight—Mr Wynyard and Mr Colebrook both saw a figure pass through the room in which they were sitting, which Mr Wynyard recognised as a brother then far away. One of them walked to the door, and looked out upon the landing-place; but the stranger was not there, and a servant, who was on the stairs, had seen nobody pass out. In time the news arrived, that Mr Wynyard's brother had died about the time of the visit of the apparition. Of this story, which I had heard narrated, I inquired the truth of two military men, each a General Wynyard, near relations of the ghost-seer of that name. They told me it was so narrated *by him*, certainly, and that it had the implicit belief of the family.

Another similar, double-barreled ghost story I recently had narrated to me, and was assured it rested on evidence equally good. I have heard of several others being in existence.

Now, if these stories be true, to suppose the events mere coincidences, or rather to believe them to be so, would be an immense stretch of credulity. The chances would be millions to one against two persons, neither of whom, before or after, experienced sensorial illusions, becoming the subject of one, and seemingly the same illusion at the same moment—the two hallucinations coinciding in point of time with an event which they served, in the mind of one of the parties at least, to foreshadow. I prefer supposing that the event so communicated really had to do with, and was the common idea of the sensorial illusion experienced by both parties. To speak figuratively, my dear Archy—mind, *figuratively*—I prefer to think, that the death of a human being throws a sort of gleam through the

spiritual world, which may now and then touch some congenial object with sudden light, *or even two*, when they happen to be exactly in the proper position; as the twin spires of a cathedral may be momentarily illuminated by some far-off flash, while the countless roofs below lie in unbroken gloom.

Pretty well, indeed! I think I hear you say—Very easy, certainly! But, perhaps, you will be kind enough to give us a trifle more grounds for admitting your hypothesis than you have yet vouchsafed. Likewise a little explanation of what you exactly mean might be of use, if you seriously hope to reconcile us to this most prodigious prance.

I shall be happy to give you every reasonable satisfaction. Then, in the first place, I propose to establish beyond the possibility of doubt or question, and at once, that the mind of a living human being, in his ordinary state, may enter into communication with the mind of another human being, likewise in his every-day state, through some other channel than that of the senses, in their understood and ordinary operation, and as it would seem, *immediately and directly*; so that it becomes *at once* intimately acquainted with all the former affections, feelings, volitions, history of the second mind.

Heinrich Zschokke, I need hardly say, is one of the most eminent literary men now living in Europe; one, too, whose life has not been exclusively occupied with the cultivation of letters, but who, having been early engaged in public and official employments in Switzerland, the country of his adoption, has been practically tried and proved in sight of the world, in which he has always borne a high and unblemished character; one, finally, whose writings and whose life have happily concurred in winning for him general respect, esteem, and confidence. Then, in a sort of autobiography which Zschokke published a few years back, (*Selbstschau*, it is entitled—Self-retrospect,) there occurs the following passage, which I translate and give at length, from its marvellous interest, from its unquestioned fidelity, from the complete and irresistible evidence it

affords that the phenomenon, enunciated in the last paragraph, occasionally turns up in men's experience.

"If the reception of so many visitors was occasionally troublesome, it repaid itself occasionally, either by making me acquainted with remarkable personages, or by bringing out a wonderful sort of seer-gift, which I called my inward vision, and which has always remained an enigma to me. I am almost afraid to say a word upon this subject, not for fear of the imputation of being superstitious, but lest I should encourage that disposition in others; and yet it forms a contribution to psychology. So to confess.

"It is acknowledged that the judgment which we form of strangers upon first seeing them, is frequently more correct than that which we adopt upon a longer acquaintance with them. The first impression, which, through an instinct of the soul, attracts one towards, or repels one from another, becomes after a time more dim, and is weakened, either through his appearing other than at first, or through our being accustomed to him. People speak, too, in reference to such cases, of involuntary sympathies and aversions, and attach a special certainty to such manifestations in children, in whom knowledge of mankind by experience is wanting. Others again are incredulous, and attribute all to physiognomical skill. But of myself.

"It has happened to me occasionally, at the first meeting with a total stranger, when I have been listening in silence to his conversation, that his past life up to the present moment, with many minute circumstances, belonging to one or other particular scene in it, has come across me like a dream, but distinctly, entirely involuntarily and unsought, occupying in duration a few minutes. During this period, I am usually so completely plunged into the representation of the stranger's life, that at last I neither continue to see distinctly his face, on which I was idly speculating, nor hear intelligently his voice, which at first I was using as a commentary on the test of his physiognomy. For a long time, I was disposed to consider

those fleeting visions as a trick of the fancy: the more so that my dream-vision displayed to me the dress and movements of the actors, the appearance of the room, the furniture and other accidents of the scene. Till on one occasion, in a gamesome mood, I narrated to my family the secret history of a sempstress, who had just before quitted the room. I had never seen the person before. Nevertheless, the hearers were astonished, and laughed, and would not be persuaded but that I had a previous acquaintance with the former life of the person, in as much as what I had stated was perfectly true. I was not less astonished to find that my dream-vision agreed with reality. I then gave more attention to the subject, and as often as propriety allowed of it, I related to those whose lives had so passed before me, the substance of my dream-vision, to obtain from them its contradiction or confirmation. On every occasion its confirmation followed, not without amazement on the part of those who gave it.

"Least of all could I myself give faith to these conjuring tricks of my mind. Every time that I described to any one my dream-vision respecting him, I confidently expected him to answer, it was not so. A secret thrill always came over me, when the listener replied, "It happened as you say," or when, before he spoke, his astonishment betrayed that I was not wrong. Instead of recording many instances, I will give one, which at the time made a strong impression upon me:—

"On a market-day, (fair-day,) I went into the town of Waldshut, accompanied by two young foresters who are still alive. It was evening, and, tired with our walk, we went into an inn called the Rebstock. We took our supper with a numerous company at the public table, when it happened that they made themselves merry over the peculiarities and simplicity of the Swiss: in common with the belief in mesmerism, Lavater's physiognomical system, and the like. One of my companions, whose national pride was touched by their railery, begged me to make some reply, particularly in answer to a young man of superior appearance, who sat opposite,

and had indulged in unrestrained ridicule. It happened that the events of this very person's life had just previously passed before my mind. I turned to him with the question, whether he would reply to me with truth and candour, if I narrated to him the most secret passages of his history, he being as little known to me as I to him. That would, I suggested, go something beyond Lavater's physiognomical skill. He promised, if I told the truth, to admit it openly. Then I narrated the events which my dream-vision had furnished me with, and the table learned the history of the young tradesman's life, of his school years, his peccadilloes, and finally of a little act of roguery committed by him on the strong-box of his employer. I described the uninhabited room, with its white walls, where, to the right of the brown door, there had stood upon the table the small black money-chest, &c. A dead silence reigned in the company during this recital, which I broke in upon, only by occasionally asking whether I spoke the truth. The man, much struck, admitted the correctness of each circumstance—even, which I could not expect, of the last. Touched with his frankness, I reached my hand to him across the table, and closed my narrative. He asked my name, which I gave him. We sat up late in the night conversing. He may be alive yet.

"Now, I can well imagine how a lively imagination could picture, romance fashion, from the obvious character of a person, how he would act under given circumstances. But whence came to me the involuntary knowledge of accessory details, which were without any sort of interest, and respected people who for the most part were perfectly indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor wished to have, the slightest association? Or was it in each case mere coincidence? Or had the listener, to whom I described his history, each time other images in his mind than the accessory ones of my story, but, in surprise at the essential resemblance of my story to the truth, lost sight of the points of difference? Yet I have, in consideration of this possible

source of error, several times taken pains to describe the most trivial circumstances that the dream-vision has shown me.

"Not another word about this strange seer-gift—which I can aver was of no use to me in a single instance, which manifested itself occasionally only, and quite independently of my volition, and often in relation to persons in whose history I took not the slightest interest. Nor am I the only one in possession of this faculty. In a journey with two of my sons, I fell in with an old Tyrolese, who travelled about selling lemons and oranges, at the inn at Unterhauenstein in one of the Jura passes. He fixed his eyes for some time upon me, joined in our conversation, observed that though I did not know him, he knew me, and began to describe my acts and deeds to the no little amusement of the peasants, and astonishment of my children, whom it interested to learn that another possessed the same gift as their father. How the old lemon merchant acquired his knowledge, he was not able to explain to himself, or to me. But he seemed to attach great importance to his hidden wisdom."

It appears to me, my dear Archy, that the remarkable statement which I have thus put before you, completely establishes that, in reference to the past, the mind occasionally receives knowledge through other than the known and ordinary channels; and that the simplest and most natural interpretation of the facts narrated, is to suppose that, under special circumstances, one mind can put itself into direct communication with another.

And I think that these considerations give a front and plausibility to the hypothesis, that, in some cases of dreams and sensorial illusions, which have turned out true and significant intimations of the death of absent persons, there may have been at the bottom of them a relation established between the minds or nervous systems of the distant parties.

I will now go a step further, and throw out the conjecture, that the mind may occasionally assert the power of penetrating into futurity, not through a shrewd calculation of what

is likely to come to pass, but by putting itself in relation with some other source of knowledge.

For I think it cannot be doubted that there is something in the superstition of second-sight, which formerly prevailed so extensively in Scotland, in the northern islands, and Denmark. Every one has heard and read of this pretended gift. I have no evidence, I must confess, to offer of its reality beyond that which is accessible to every one. But I have heard several instances told, which, if the testimony of sensible people may be taken in such marvellous matters as readily as on other subjects, evinced *foreknowledge*. The thing foretold has generally been death or personal misfortune. Sometimes the subject has been more trivial. A much-respected Scottish lady, not unknown in literature, told me very recently how a friend of her mother's, whom she well remembered, had been compelled to believe in second-sight, through its manifestation in one of her servants. She had a cook, who was a continual annoyance to her through her possession of this gift. On one occasion, when the lady expected some friends, she learned, a short time before they were to arrive, that the culinary preparations which she had ordered in their honour had not been made. Upon her remonstrating with the offending cook, the latter simply but doggedly assured her that come they would not, that she knew it of a certainty; and true enough they did not come. Some accident had occurred to prevent their visit. The same person frequently knew beforehand what her mistress's plans would be, and was as inconvenient in her kitchen as a calculating prodigy in a counting-house. Things went perfectly right, but the manner was vexatious and irregular; so her mistress sent her away. This anecdote would appear less puerile to you, if I might venture to name the lady who told it to me, and who believed it. But, as I said before, I do not build, in this branch of the question, upon any special evidence that I have to adduce. I rely upon the mass of good, bad, and indifferent proof there is already before the world, of the reality of second-sight. I have, of

course, not the least doubt that more than half of those who have laid claim to the faculty, were not possessed of it. I have further no doubt that those who occasionally really manifested it, often deceived themselves, and confounded casual impressions with real intimations; and that they were nuisances to themselves and to their friends, through being constantly on the look-out for, and conveying warnings and forebodings; and that the power which they possessed, was probably never useful in a single instance, either to themselves or others — those only having gained by the superstition, who were mere rogues and impostors, and turned their pretended gift to purposes of deception.

I shall now proceed to inquire how far it is conceivable that the mind or soul, its usual channels of communication with external objects, the senses namely, being suspended and unemployed, may enter into direct relation with other minds.

There is a school of physiological materialists, who hold that the mind is but the brain in action; in other words, that it is the office of the brain to produce thought and feeling. I must begin by combating this error.

What is meant by one substance producing another? A metal is produced from an ore; alcohol is produced from saccharine matter; the bones and sinews of an animal are produced from its food. Production, in the only intelligible sense of the word, means the conversion of one substance into another, weight for weight, agreeably with, or under mechanical, chemical, and vital laws. But to suppose that in order to produce consciousness, the brain is converted, weight for weight, into thought and feeling, is absurd.

But what, then, is the true relation between consciousness and the living brain, in connexion with which it is manifested?

To elucidate the question, let us consider the parallel relation of other imponderable forces to matter. Take, for instance, electricity. A galvanic battery is set in action. Chemical decomposition is in progress; or more new compounds are produced; the quantitative differences are exactly

accounted for. But there is something further to be observed. The chemical action has disturbed the omnipresent force of electricity, and a vigorous electric current is in motion.

The principle of consciousness is another imponderable force which pervades the universe. The brain and nerves are framed of such materials and in such arrangements, that the chemical changes constantly in progress under the control of life, determine in them currents of thought and feeling.

We must be satisfied with having got thus far by help of the analogy, nor try to push it further; for beyond the fact of both being imponderable forces, electricity and consciousness have nothing in common. They are otherwise violently unlike; or resemble each other as little as a tooth-pick and a headach. Their further relations to the material arrangements through which they may be excited or disturbed, are subjects of separate and dissimilar studies, and resolvable into laws which have no affinity, and admit of no comparison.

But upon the step which we have gained, it stands to reason, that the individual consciousness or mind, habitually energizing in and through a given living brain, may, for any thing we know to the contrary, and very conceivably, be drawn, under circumstances favourable to the event, into direct communication with consciousness, individualised or diffused elsewhere.

Accordingly, there is no intrinsic absurdity in supposing that Zschokke's mind was occasionally thrown into direct relation with that of a chance visitor through favourable influences; that the soul of Arnod Paole, as he lay in his grave alive, in the so-called vampyr-state, may have drawn into communion the minds of other persons, who were thereupon the subjects of sensorial illusions of which he was the theme;—that the mind of Joan of Arc may by possibility have been placed in relation with a higher mind, which foreknew her destiny, and in a parallel manner displayed it to her.

Individual facts may be disputed or attributed to mere coincidence, but

as soon as their number and singularity and authentication take them out of that category, the explanation offered above cannot be put aside as *prima facie* absurd. Like other first hypotheses, indeed, it will, if received for a time, have ultimately to make way for a correcter notion. Still it will have helped to lead to truth. I am quite indifferent to its fate. But I am not indifferent to the reception the facts themselves may meet with, which I have adduced it to explain. It is true that nothing can be more trivial and useless than the character in which they present themselves. Disconnected objectless outbreaks, they seem, of some obscure power, they may be compared to the attraction of light bodies by amber after friction, and are as yet as unmeaning and valueless as were the first indications of the electric force. Therefore, doubtless, are they so commonly disregarded.

It is not indeed unlikely that, on looking closer, a number of other incidents, turning up on trifling or important occasions, may be found to depend on the same cause with those we have been considering—things that seem for a moment odd and unaccountable, something more than coincidences, and are then forgotten. The simultaneous suggestions of the same idea to two persons in conversation, the spread of panic-fears, sympathy in general, the attraction or repulsion felt on first acquaintance, the intuitive knowledge of mankind which some possess, the universal fascination exercised by others, may be found, perhaps, in part to hinge on the same principle with Zschokke's seer-gift.

Among the odd incidents which this train of reflection brings to my mind, (which you are at liberty to explain in the way you like best,) I am tempted to select and mention two that were communicated to me by Admiral the Honourable G. Dundas, then a Lord of the Admiralty, and in constant communication with his colleague, Sir Thomas Hardy, from whom he received them. They were mentioned as anecdotes of Lord Nelson, to show his instinctive judgment of men. They both go further.

When Lord Nelson was preparing

to follow the French fleet to the West Indies, Captain Hardy was present as he gave directions to the commander of a frigate to make sail with all speed,—to proceed to certain points, where he was likely to see the French,—having seen the French, to go to a certain harbour, and there wait Lord Nelson's coming. After the commander had left the cabin, Nelson said to Hardy, "He will go to the West Indies, he will see the French, he will go to the harbour I have directed, but he will not wait for me. He will return to England." He did so. Shortly before the battle of Trafalgar, an English frigate was in advance of the fleet looking out for the enemy; her place in the offing was hardly discernible. Captain Hardy was with Nelson on the quarter-deck of the Victory. Without any thing to lead to it, Nelson said, "The Celeste" (or whatever the frigate's name may have been)—"the Celeste sees the French." Hardy had nothing to say on the matter. "She sees the French; she'll fire a gun." Within a little, the boom of the gun was heard.

Socrates, it is well known, had singular intimations, which he attributed to a familiar or demon. One day being with the army, he tried to per-

suaue an officer, who was going across the country, to take a different route to that which he intended; "If you take that," he said, "you will be met and slain." The officer, neglecting his advice, was killed, as Socrates had forewarned him.

Timarchus, who was curious on the subject of the demon of Socrates, went to the cave of Trophonius, to learn of the oracle about it. There, having for a short time inhaled the mephitic vapour, he felt as if he had received a sudden blow on the head, and sank down insensible. Then his head appeared to him to open and to give issue to his soul into the other world; and an imaginary being seemed to inform him that, "the part of the soul engaged in the body, entrained in its organisation, is the soul as ordinarily understood; but that there is another part or province of the soul, which is the demon. This has a certain control over the bodily soul, and among other offices constitutes conscience. In three months," the vision added, "you will know more of this." At the end of three months Timarchus died.

Again adieu. Yours, &c.,

MAC DAVID.

V.—TRANCE AND SLEEPWALKING.

DEAR ARCHY.—The subjects which remain to complete our brief correspondence, are Religious Delusions, the Possessed, and Witchcraft.

In order that I may set these fully and distinctly before you, it is necessary that you should know what is meant by Trance.

You have already had partial glimpses of this comprehensive phenomenon. Arnold Paole was in a trance, in his grave in the churchyard of Meduegna: Timarchus was in a trance in the cave of Trophonius.

But we must go still further back. To conceive properly the nature of trance, it is necessary to form clear ideas of the state of the mind in ordinary sleeping and waking.

During our ordinary waking state, we are conscious of an uninterrupted flow of thought, which we may ob-

serve to be modified by three influences—the first, suggestions of our experience and reflections, impulses of our natural and acquired character; the second, present impressions on our senses; the third, voluntary exertion of the attention to detain one class of ideas in preference to others.

Further, we habitually perceive things around us, by or through sensation. But on some, and for the most part trivial occasions, we seem endowed with another sort of perception, which is either direct, or dependent on new modes of sensation.

Again, the balance of the mental machinery may be overthrown. The suggestions of the imagination may become sensorial illusions; the judgment may be the subject of parallel hallucinations; the feelings may be perverted; our ideas may lose con-

nexion and coherence; and intelligence may sink into fatuity.

So much for our waking state.

During sleep, there are no adequate reasons for doubting that the flow of our ideas continues as uninterrupted as in a waking state. It is true, that some persons assert that they never dream; and others that they dream occasionally only. But there is a third class, to which I myself belong, who continually dream, and who always, on waking, distinctly discern the fugitive rearguard of their last sleep-thoughts. The simplest view of these diversified instances, is to suppose that all persons in sleep are always dreaming, and that the spaces seemingly vacant of dreams, are only gaps in the memory; that all persons asleep always dream, but that all persons do not always remember their dreams.

The suggestive influences that modify the current of ideas in sleep, are not so numerous as those in operation in our waking state.

The principal, indeed in general the exclusive, impulse to our dreaming thoughts is our past experience and existing character, from and in obedience to which, imagination moulds our dreams.

Not that sensation is suspended in sleep. On the contrary, it appears to have its usual acuteness; and impressions made upon our senses—the feelings produced by an uneasy posture, for instance, or the introduction of sudden light into the room, or a loud and unusual noise, or even whisperings in the ear—will give a new and corresponding direction to the dreaming thoughts. Sensation is only commonly not called into play in sleep: we shut our eyes; we even close the pupils; we cover up our ears; court darkness and quiet; knowing that the more we exclude sensible impressions the better we shall sleep.

But the great difference between sleeping and waking, that which indeed constitutes the essence of the former state, psychically considered, is the suspension of the attention—all the leading phenomena of sleep are directly traceable to this cause: for example—

In sleep we cease to support ourselves, and fall, if we were previously

standing or sitting. That is, we cease to attend to the maintenance of our equilibrium. We forget the majority of our dreams: attention is the soul of recollection.

Our dreams are often nonsense, or involve absurdities or ideas which we know to be false. The check of the attention is absent.

Our ideas whirl with unwonted rapidity in our dreams; the fly-wheel of the attention has been taken off.

When we are being overcome with sleep, we are conscious of not being able to fix our attention.

When we would encourage sleep, we endeavour to avoid thoughts which would arouse the attention.

Though the sensibility of our organs is really undiminished, it *seems to be lowered* in sleep, because then no attention is given to common sensation.

Sleep, however, it should be added, may be either profound, or light, or imperfect; in the two latter cases, the attention seems to be less completely suspended.

So, in sleep, it is the attention alone that really sleeps; the rest of the mental powers and impulses are on the contrary in motion, but free and unchecked, obtaining their refreshment and renovation from gambolling about and stretching themselves. The inspector only slumbers; or, to use a closer figure, he retires to a sufficient distance from them, not to be disturbed by any common noise they may make; any great disturbance calls him back directly; likewise, he sits with his watch in his hand, having a turn for noting the flight of time.

In contrast with the above conception of the states of sleeping and waking, the alternations of which compose our ordinary being. I have now to hold up another conception, resembling the first, of which it is the double,—but vaguer, more shadowy, of larger and gigantic proportions, from its novelty astonishing, like the mocking spectre of the Hartz; which is yet but your own shadow cast by the level sunbeams on the morning mist.

All the phenomena embodied in this conception, I propose to denominate Trance. But let me premise that

all do not belong to every instance of trance. If I undertook to specify the external appearances of the human species, I must enunciate among other things, as colours of the skin, white, yellow, brown, black; as qualities of the hair, that it is flowing, soft, lanky, harsh, frizzled, woolly; but I should not mean that every human being presented all these features.

Then, as our ordinary being presents an alternation of sleeping and waking, so does trance-existence. There is a trance-sleep and a trance-waking to correspond with ordinary sleep and ordinary waking.

As natural sleep has different degrees of profoundness, so has trance sleep. They present a latitude so extensive, that it is convenient and allowable to lay down three different degrees or states of trance-sleep.

Then, of trance-sleep first, and of its three degrees.

The deepest grade of trance-sleep extinguishes all the ordinary signs of animation. It forms the condition in which many are buried alive. It is the so-called vampyr state in the vampyr superstition. [See Letter II. of this series.]

The middle grade presents the appearance of profound unconsciousness; but a gentle breathing and the circulation are distinguishable. The body is flexible, relaxed, perfectly impassive to ordinary stimuli. The pupils of the eyes are not contracted, but yet are fixed. This state is witnessed occasionally in hysteria, after violent fits of hysteric excitement.

In the lightest degree of trance-sleep, the person can sustain itself sitting; the pupils are in the same state as above, or natural; the apparent unconsciousness profound.

Two features characterise trance-sleep in all its grades. One, an insensibility to all common stimulants, however violently applied; the other, an inward flow of ideas, a dream or vision. It is as well to provide all words with a precise meaning. The term vision had better be restricted to mean a dream during trance-sleep.

The behaviour of Grando, who had been buried in the vampyr state, when they were clumsily cutting his head off, makes no exception to the first of the above positions. He had then

just emerged out of his trance-sleep, either through the lapse of time, or from the admission of fresh air, or what not.

It will not be doubted that the mind may have visions in all the grades of trance-sleep, if it can be proved capable of them in the deepest; therefore, one example will suffice for all three cases.

Henry Engelbrecht, as we learn in a pamphlet published by himself in the year 1639, after a most ascetic life, during which he had experienced sensorial illusions, was thrown for a brief period into the deepest form of trance-sleep, which event he thus describes:—

In the year 1623, exhausted by intense mental excitement of a religious kind, and by abstinence from food, after hearing a sermon which strongly affected him, he felt as if he could combat no more, so he gave in and took to his bed. There he lay a week without tasting any thing but the bread and wine of the sacrament. On the eighth day, he thought he fell into the death-struggle; death seemed to invade him from below upwards; his body became rigid; his hands and feet insensible; his tongue and lips incapable of motion: gradually his sight failed him, but he still heard the laments and consultations of those around him. This gradual demise lasted from mid-day till eleven at night, when he heard the watchmen; then he lost consciousness of outward impressions. But an elaborate vision of immense detail began; the theme of which was, that he was first carried down to hell, and looked into the place of torment; from thence, quicker than an arrow, was he borne to paradise. In these abodes of suffering and happiness, he saw and heard and smelt things unspeakable. These scenes, though long in apprehension, were short in time, for he came enough to himself by twelve o'clock, again to hear the watchmen. It took him another twelve hours to come round entirely. His hearing was first restored; then his sight, feeling, and motion followed; as soon as he could move his limbs, he rose. He felt himself stronger than before the trance.

Trance-waking presents a great variety of phases; but it is sufficient for a general outline of the subject to

make or specify but two grades—half-waking and full-waking.

In trance half-waking, the person rises, moves about with facility, will converse even, but is almost wholly occupied with a dream, which he may be said to act, and his perceptions and apprehensions are with difficulty drawn to any thing out of the circle of that dream.

In trance full-waking, the person is completely alive to all or most of the things passing around him, and would not be known by a stranger to be otherwise than ordinarily awake.

I propose to occupy the latter half of this letter with details of cases exemplifying these two states. Those which I shall select, will be instances either of somnambulism, double consciousness, or catalepsy, the popular phenomena of which I take this occasion of displaying. By these details the following features will be proved to belong to trance-waking.

1. Common feeling, taste, and smell, are generally suspended in trance-waking. In trance half-waking, sight is equally suspended. In trance full-waking, every shade of modified sensibility up to perfect possession of sensation, presents itself in different cases, and sometimes in successive periods of the same cases.

2. The general diminution or suspension of sensation is, as it were, made up for, either by an intense acuteness of partial sensation, often developed in an unaccustomed organ, or by some new mode of perception.

3. The memory and circle of ideas are curiously circumscribed.

4. To make up for this, some of the powers of the mind acquire concentration and temporary increase of force, and occasionally new powers of apprehension appear to be developed.

5. Spasms of the muscles, generally tonic or maintained spasms, but sometimes having the character of convulsive struggles, are occasionally manifested in trance. And they may bear either of two relations to it. They may occur simultaneously with trance-waking, or alternately with it, and occupying the patient's frame in the intervals of trance.

In the ordinary course of things, trance-sleep precedes trance-waking, and follows it. So that some have

described trance-waking as waking in trance. Trance-sleep may come on during ordinary sleep, or during ordinary waking. By use the introductory and terminal states of trance-sleep become abridged; and sometimes, if either exist, it is so brief, that the transition to and from trance-waking out of and into ordinary waking, *appears* immediate.

Now to illustrate the phenomena of trance half-waking, by describing somnambulism.

A curious fate somnambulism has had. When other forms of trance have been exalted into mystical phenomena and figure in history, somnambulism has had no superstitious altars raised to her—has had no fear-worship—has at the highest been promoted to figure in an opera. Of a quiet and homely nature, she has moved about the house, not like a visiting demon, but as a maid of all work. To the public, the phenomenon has presented no more interest than a soap-bubble or the fall of an apple.

Somnambulism is a form of half-waking trance, which usually comes on during the night, and in ordinary sleep. When it occurs in the daytime, the attack of trance is still ordinarily preceded by a short period of common sleep.

The somnambulist then, half waking in trance, is disposed to rise and move about. Sometimes his object seems a mere excursion, and then it is remarked that he shows a disposition to ascend heights. So he climbs, perhaps, to the roof of the house, and makes his way along it with agility and certainty: sometimes he is observed, where the tiles are loose, to try if they are secure before he advances. Generally these feats are performed in safety. But occasionally, a somnambulist has missed his footing, fallen, and perished. His greatest danger is from ill-judged attempts to wake and warn him of his perilous situation. Luckily, it is not easy to wake him. He then returns, goes to bed, sleeps, and the next morning has no recollection of what he has done. In other cases, the somnambulist, on rising from his bed, betakes himself to his customary occupations, either to some handiwork, or to composition, or what not.

These three points are easily verifiable respecting his condition. He is in a dream, which he, as it were, acts after his thoughts; occasionally he remembers on the following day some of the incidents of the night before, as part of a dream.

But his common sensibility to ordinary impressions is suspended: he does not feel; his eyes are either shut, or open and fixed; he does not see; he does not observe light, and works as well with as without it; he has not taste or smell: the loudest noise makes no impression on him.

In the mean time, to accomplish the feats he performs, the most accurate perception of sensible objects is required. Of what nature is that of which he so marvellously evinces the possession? You may adopt the simple hypothesis,—that the mind, being disengaged from its ordinary relations to the senses, does without them, and perceives things directly. Or you may suppose, if you prefer it, that the mind still employs sensation, using only impressions that in ordinary waking are not consciously attended to, for its more wonderful feats; and otherwise common sensation, which, however generally suspended, may be awakened by the dreaming attention to its objects.

The following case of somnambulism, in which the seizure supervened, in a girl affected with St Vitus's dance, and combined itself with that disorder, is given by Lord Monboddo:—

The patient, about sixteen years of age, used to be commonly taken in the morning a few hours after rising. The approach of the seizure was announced by a sense of weight in the head, a drowsiness, which quickly terminated in sleep, in which her eyes were fast shut. She described a feeling beginning in the feet, creeping like a gradual chill higher and higher, till it reached the heart, when consciousness or recollection left her. Being in this state, she sprang from her seat about the room, over tables and chairs, with the astonishing agility belonging to St Vitus's dance. Then, if she succeeded in getting out of the house, she ran at a pace with which her elder brother could hardly keep up, to a particular spot in the neighbourhood, taking the directest but the

roughest path. If she could not manage otherwise, she got over the garden-wall with surprising rapidity and precision of movement. Her eyes were all the time fast closed. The impulse to visit this spot she was often conscious of during the approach of the paroxysm, and, afterwards, she sometimes thought she had dreamed of going thither. Towards the termination of her indisposition, she dreamed that the water of a neighbouring spring would do her good, and she drank much of it. One time they tried to cheat her by giving her water from another spring, but she immediately detected the difference. Towards the end, she foretold that she would have three paroxysms more, and then be well—and so it proved.

The following case is from a communication by M. Pigatti, published in the July Number of the *Journal Encyclopédique* of the year 1762. The subject was a servant of the name of Negretti, in the household of the Marquis Sale.

In the evening, Negretti would seat himself in a chair in the anteroom, when he commonly fell asleep, and would sleep quietly for a quarter of an hour. He then righted himself in his chair, so as to sit up. [This was the moment of transition from ordinary sleep into trance.] Then he sat some time without motion, as if he saw something. Then he rose and walked about the room. On one occasion, he drew out his snuff-box and would have taken a pinch, but there was little in it; whereupon he walked up to an empty chair, and addressing by name a cavalier whom he supposed to be sitting in it, asked him for a pinch. One of those who were watching the scene, here held towards him an open box, from which he took snuff. Afterwards he fell into the posture of a person who listens; he seemed to think that he heard an order, and thereupon hastened with a wax-candle in his hand, to a spot where a light usually stood. As soon as he imagined that he had lit the candle, he walked with it in the proper manner, through the *salle*, down the steps, turning and waiting from time to time, as if he had been lighting some one down. Arrived at the door, he placed himself sideways, so

as to let the imaginary persons pass, and he bowed as he let them out. He then extinguished the light, returned up the stairs, and sat himself down again in his place, to play the same farce over again once or twice the same evening. When in this condition, he would lay the tablecloth, place the chairs, which he sometimes brought from a distant room, and opening and shutting the doors as he went, with exactness; would take decanters from the *beaufet*, fill them with water at the spring, put them on a waiter, and so on. All the objects that were concerned in these operations, he distinguished where they were before him with the same precision and certainty as if he had been in the full use of his senses. Otherwise he seemed to observe nothing—so, on one occasion, in passing a table, he upset a waiter with two decanters upon it, which fell and broke, without exciting his attention. The dominant idea had entire possession of him. He would prepare a salad with correctness, and sit down and eat it. Then, if they changed it, the trick passed without his notice. In this manner he would go on eating cabbage, or even pieces of cake, seemingly without observing the difference. The taste he enjoyed was imaginary; the sense was shut. On another occasion, when he asked for wine, they gave him water, which he drank for wine, and remarked that his stomach felt the better for it. On a fellow-servant touching his legs with a stick, the idea arose in his mind that it was a dog, and he scolded to drive it away; but the servant continuing his game, Negretti took a whip to beat the dog. The servant drew off, when Negretti began whistling and coaxing to get the dog near him; so they threw a muff against his legs, which he belaboured soundly.

M. Pigatti watched these proceedings with great attention, and convinced himself by many trials that Negretti did not use his senses. The suspension of taste was shown by his not distinguishing between salad and cake. He did not hear the loudest sound, when it lay out of the circle of his dreaming ideas. If a light was held close to his eyes, near enough to singe his eyebrows, he did not appear

to be aware of it. He seemed to feel nothing when they inserted a feather into his nostrils. The ordinary sensibility of his organs seemed withdrawn.

Altogether, the most interesting case of somnambulism on record, is that of a young ecclesiastic, the narrative of which, from the immediate communication of an Archbishop of Bordeaux, is given under the head of somnambulism in the French Encyclopædia.

This young ecclesiastic, when the archbishop was at the same seminary, used to rise every night, and write out either sermons or pieces of music. To study his condition, the archbishop betook himself several nights consecutively to the chamber of the young man, where he made the following observations.

The young man used to rise, to take paper, and to write. Before he wrote music he would take a stick and rule the lines with it. He wrote the notes, together with the words corresponding with them, with perfect correctness. Or, when he had written the words too wide, he altered them. The notes that were to be black, he filled in after he had written the whole. After completing a sermon, he read it aloud from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him, he erased it, and wrote the amended passage correctly over the other; on one occasion he had to substitute the word "*adorable*" for "*divin*;" but he did not omit to alter the preceding "*ce*" into "*cet*," by adding the letter "*t*" with exact precision to the word first written. To ascertain whether he used his eyes, the archbishop interposed a sheet of pasteboard between the writing and his face. He took not the least notice, but went on writing as before. The limitation of his perceptions to what he was thinking about was very curious. A bit of aniseed cake, that he had sought for, he eat approvingly; but when, on another occasion, a piece of the same cake was put in his mouth, he spit it out without observation. The following instance of the dependance of his perceptions upon, or rather their subordination to, his preconceived ideas is truly wonderful. It is to be observed that he always knew when his pen had ink in it.

Likewise, if they adroitly changed his papers, when he was writing, he knew it, if the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former, and he appeared embarrassed in that case. But if the fresh sheet of paper, which was substituted for that written on, was exactly of the same size with the former, he appeared not to be aware of the change. And he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paper, as fluently as when the manuscript itself lay before him; nay, more, he would continue his corrections, and introduce the amended passage, writing it upon exactly the place on the blank sheet which it would have occupied on the written page.

The form of trance which has been thus exemplified may be therefore well called half-waking, inasmuch as the performer, whatever his powers of perception may be in respect to the object he is thinking of, is nevertheless lost in a dream, and blind and deaf to every thing without its scope.

The following case may serve as a suitable transition to instances of full-waking in trance. The subject of it alternated evidently between that state and half-waking. Or she could be at once roused from the latter into the former by the conversation of her friends. The case is recorded in the *Acta Vratisl. ann. 1722, Feb. class. iv., art. 2.*

A girl seventeen years of age was used to fall into a kind of sleep in the afternoon, in which it was supposed, from her expression of countenance and her gestures, that she was engaged in dreams which interested her. After some days, she began to speak when in this state. Then, if those present addressed remarks to her, she replied very sensibly; but then fell back into her dream-discourse, which turned principally upon religious and moral topics, and was directed to warn her friends how a female should live, Christianly, well-governed, and so as to incur no reproach. When she sang, which often happened, she heard herself accompanied by an imaginary violin or piano, and would take up and continue the accompaniment upon an instrument herself. She sewed, did knitting, and the like. But on the other hand, she imagined on one

occasion that she wrote a letter upon a napkin, which she folded with the intention of sending it to the post. Upon waking, she had not the least recollection of her dreams, or of what she had been doing. After a few months she recovered.

I come now to the exemplification of full-waking in trance, as it is very perfectly manifested in the cases which have been termed double consciousness. These are in their principle very simple; but it is not easy in a few words to convey a distinct idea of the condition of the patient. The case consists of a series of fits of trance, in which the step from ordinary waking to full trance-waking is sudden and immediate, or nearly so, and either was so originally, or through use has become so. Generally for some hours on each day, occasionally for days together, the patient continues in the state of trance; then suddenly reverts to that of ordinary waking. In the perfectest instances of double consciousness, there is nothing in the bearing or behaviour of the entranced person which would lead a stranger to suppose her (for it is an affection far commoner in young women than in boys or men) to be other than ordinarily awaked. But her friends observe that she does every thing with more spirit and better—sings better, plays better, has more readiness, moves even more gracefully, than in her natural state. She has an innocent boldness and disregard of little conventionalisms, which imparts a peculiar charm to her behaviour. In the mean time, she has two complete existences separate and apart, which alternate but never mingle. On the day of her first fit, her life split into a double series of thoughts and recollections. She remembers in her ordinary state nothing of her trance existence. In her trances, she remembers nothing of the intervening hours of ordinary waking. Her recollections of what she had experienced or learned before the fits began is singularly capricious, differing extraordinarily in its extent in different cases. In general, the positive recollection of prior events is annulled; but her prior affections and habits either remain, and her general acquirements, or they are quickly by

association rekindled or brought into the circle of her trance ideas. Generally she names all her friends anew; often her tone of voice is a little altered; sometimes she introduces with particular combinations of letters some odd inflection, which she maintains rigorously and cannot unlearn.

Keeping before him this conception, the reader will comprehend the following sketch of a case of double consciousness, communicated by Dr George Barlow. To one reading them without preparation, the details, which are very graphic and instructive, would appear mere confusion:—

“This young lady has two states of existence. During the time that the fit is on her, which varies from a few hours to three days, she is occasionally merry and in spirits; occasionally she appears in pain and rolls about in uneasiness; but in general she seems so much herself, that a stranger entering the room would not remark any thing extraordinary; she amuses herself with reading or working, sometimes plays on the piano and better than at other times, knows every body, and converses rationally, and makes very accurate observations on what she has seen and read. The fit leaves her suddenly, and she then forgets every thing that has passed during it, and imagines that she has been asleep, and sometimes that she has dreamed of any circumstance that has made a vivid impression upon her. During one of these fits she was reading Miss Edgeworth’s tales, and had in the morning been reading apart of one of them to her mother, when she went for a few minutes to the window, and suddenly exclaimed, ‘Mamma, I am quite well, my headach is gone.’ Returning to the table, she took up the open volume, which she had been reading five minutes before, and said, ‘What book is this?’ she turned over the leaves, looked at the frontispiece, and replaced it on the table. Seven or eight hours afterwards, when the fit returned, she asked for the book, went on at the very paragraph where she had left off, and remembered every circumstance of the narrative. And so it always is; as she reads one set of books during one state, and another during the other. She seems to be conscious of her

state; for she said one day, ‘Mamma, this is a novel, but I may safely read it; it will not hurt my morals, for, when I am well, I shall not remember a word of it.’”

This state of double consciousness forms the basis of the psychical phenomena observed in the extraordinary cases which have been occasionally described under the general name of catalepsy. The accounts of the most interesting of these that I have met with, were given by M. Petatin in 1787; M. Delpet, 1807; Dr Despine, 1829. The wonderful powers of perception evinced by the patients when in this state of trance-waking would exceed belief, but for the respectable names of the observers, and the internal evidence of good faith and accuracy in the narratives themselves. The patients did not see with their eyes nor hear with their ears. But they heard at the pit of the stomach, and perceived the approach of persons when at some distance from their residence, and read the thoughts of those around.

I am, my dear Archy, no wonder-monger; so I am not tempted to make a parade to you of these extraordinary phenomena. Nor in truth do they interest me further than as they concur with the numerous other facts I have brought forward to show, and positively prove, that under certain conditions the mind enters into new relations, spiritual and material. I will, however, in conclusion, give you the outline of a case of the sort which occurred a few years ago in England, and the details of which were communicated to me by the late Mr Bulteel. He had himself repeatedly seen the patient, and had scrupulously verified what I now narrate to you:—

The patient was towards twenty years of age. Her condition was the state of double consciousness, *thus* aggravated, that when she was not in the trance, she suffered from spasmodic contraction of the limbs. In her alternate state of trance-waking, she was composed and apparently well; but the expression of her countenance was slightly altered, and there was some peculiarity in her mode of speaking. She would mispronounce certain letters, or introduce conso-

nants into words upon a regular system; and to each of her friends she had given a new name, which she only employed in her trance. As usual, she knew nothing in either state of what passed in the other. Then in her trance she exhibited three marvellous powers: she could read by the touch alone; if she pressed her hand against the whole surface of a written or printed page, she acquired a perfect knowledge of its contents, not of the substance only, but of the words, and would criticise the type or the handwriting. A line of a folded note pressed against the back of her neck, she read equally well; she called this sense-feeling. Contact was necessary for it. Her sense of smell was at the same time singularly acute; when out riding one day, she said, "There is a violet," and cantered her horse fifty yards to where it grew. Persons whom she knew she could tell were approaching the house, when yet at some distance. When persons were playing chess at a table *behind her*, and intentionally made impossible

moves, she would smile and ask them why they did it.

Cases of this description are no doubt of rare occurrence. Yet not a year passes in London without something transpiring of the existence of one or more of them in the huge metropolis. Medical men view them with unpardonable indifference. Thus one doctor told me of a lady, whom he had been attending with other physicians, who, it appeared, always announced that they were coming some minutes before they drove to her door. It was very odd, he thought, and there was an end of it.

"M. l'Abbé," said Voltaire to a visitor, who gave him a commonplace account of some remarkable scenes, "do you know in what respect you differ from Don Quixote?" "No," said the Abbé, not half liking the look of the question. "Why, M. l'Abbé, Don Quixote took the inns on the road for castles, but you have taken castles for inns."

Adieu, dear Archy. YOUNG, &c.

MAC DAVIES.

FOUR SONNETS BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I. LIFE.

EACH creature holds an insular point in space;
Yet, what man stirs a finger, breathes a sound,
But all the multitudinous beings round
In all the countless worlds, with time and place
For their conditions, down to the central base,
Thrill, haply, in vibration and rebound;
Life answering life across the vast profound,
In full antiphony, by a common grace? —
I think this sudden joyance which illumines
A child's mouth sleeping, unaware may run
From some soul-breaking new, the bond of tombs:
I think this passionate sigh, which, hush begun,
I stifle back, may reach and stir the plumes
Of God's calm angel standing in the sun.

II. LOVE.

We cannot live, except thus mutually
We alternate, aware or unaware,
The reflex act of life: and when we bear
Our virtue outward most impulsively,
Most full of invocation, and to be
Most instantly compellant, certes, there,
We live most life, whoever breathes most air
And counts his dying years by sun and sea!

But when a soul, by choice and conscience, doth
 Show out her full force on another soul,
 The conscience and the concentration, both,
 Make mere life, LOVE ! For life in perfect whole
 And aim consummated, is Love in sooth,
 As nature's magnet-heat rounds pole with pole.

III. HEAVEN AND EARTH. 1845.

"And there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."—*Revelation*.

God, who with thunders and great voices kept
 Beneath thy throne, and stars most silver-paced
 Along the inferior gyres, and open-faced
 Melodious angels round, canst intercept
 Music with music, yet, at will, hast swept
 All back—all back—(said he in Patmos placed)
 To fill the heavens with silence of the waste,
 Which lasted half an hour ! Lo ! I, who have wept
 All day and night, beseech Thee by my tears,
 And by that dread response of curse and groan
 Men alternate across these hemispheres,
 Vouchsafe as such a half-hour's hush alone,
 In compensation of our noisy years !
 As heaven has paused from song, let earth, from moan.

IV. THE PROSPECT. 1845.

Methinks we do as fretful children do,
 Leaning their faces on the window-pane
 To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,
 And shut the sky and landscape from their view.
 And thus, alas ! since God the maker drew
 A mystic separation twixt those twain,
 The life beyond us and our souls in pain,
 We lose the prospect which we are called unto,
 By grief we are fools to use. Be still and strong,
 O man, my brother ! hold thy sobbing breath,
 And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong,
 That so, as life's appointment issueth,
 Thy vision may be clear to watch along
 The sunset consummation-lights of death.

ROSAURA: A TALE OF MADRID.

FOURTEEN years have elapsed since there dwelt in Madrid a certain student, who went by the name of El Rojo, or the Red. Not by his acquaintances and intimates alone was he thus designated, but by all the various classes of idlers with whom the Spanish capital abounds: by the listless loiterers at the coffee-house doors, by the lounging gossips of the Puerta del Sol, and by the cloaked saunterers who, when the siesta is over, pace the Calle Alcala, puffing their beloved Havanas, retailing the latest news, discussing the chances of a change of ministry, or the most recent and interesting scandalous anecdote current in that gallant metropolis. It would be wrong to infer, from his somewhat ambiguous appellation, that the student's skin had the copper hue of a Pawnee or an Osage, or his hair the ruddy tint usually deemed detrimental and unbecoming. The name implied no sneer—it was given and taken as a compliment; and Federico was at least as proud of it as of the abundant golden curls to which he owed it, and that flowed in waving luxuriance down his graceful neck and over his well-formed shoulders.

In southern climes, where the ardent sun embrowns the children of the soil, fair locks and eyes of azure are prized in proportion to their rarity. No wonder, then, that Federico found favour in the sight of the dark-browed and inflammable Madrileñas. Many were the tender glances darted at him from beneath veil and mantilla, as he took his evening stroll upon the Prado; oftentimes, when he passed along the street, white and slender fingers, protruded through half-closed *jalousies*, dropped upon his handsome head a shower of fragrant *jasmin* blossoms. Amongst the dames and damsels who thus signified their favour and partiality, not a few—so it is certified by the voracious authority whence we derive this history—dwelt in stately mansions, and went abroad in brave

equipage, drawn by prancing steeds and comely mules, all glittering with trappings of silk and gold. These, it may be thought, condescended overmuch thus to notice an humble student. But the love-breathing daughters of Castile reck little of rank and station; and Federico, by all personal endowments, well deserved the distinction he obtained. Poor *hidalgo* though he was, no count or duke, or blue-blooded grandee, from Cadiz to Corunna, bore himself better, or had more the mien of a well-born and thorough-bred *caballero*. None more gallantly wore the broad-leafed sombrero, none more gracefully draped the ample cloak; and all Spain might have been searched in vain to match the bright and joyous glance of the student's dark-blue eye. Excepting on the coast, and in certain districts where Mahomedan forefathers have bequeathed their oriental physiognomy and tall slender frame to their Christian descendants, Spaniards are rarely of very lofty stature. Federico was from the flat and arid province of La Mancha, where, as in compensation for the unproductiveness of the parched soil, handsome men and beauteous women abound. Of the middle height, his figure was symmetrical, elastic, and muscular, formed for feats of agility and strength; his step was light, but firm; his countenance manly, —the expression of his regular and agreeable features denoted a passionate nature and lofty character. Like most of his countrymen, he was quickly roused, but easy to appease. Generosity and forbearance were prominent amongst his good qualities; and he had nobly displayed them in more than one encounter with antagonists, whose feebleness placed them at his mercy, and rendered them unworthy of his wrath. For in the use of arms, as in all manly exercises, Federico was an adept; and whether with Toledo blade, or *Majo's* knife, there were few men in Spain who would not have found in him a formidable and dangerous adversary.

Strange to tell of so young a man, and of a Spaniard, in one respect our student appeared passionless. He met the advances of his female admirers with the utmost coldness—seemed, indeed, to avoid the society of the fair sex, threw love-letters into the fire, unread and unanswered, neglected invitations, went to no rendezvous. Favours which other men would gladly have purchased with years of life, he disdainfully rejected. The wrinkled duennas, who under various pretexs brought him tender messages and tempting assignations, met, instead of the golden guerdon with which such Mercuries are usually rewarded, harsh rebuffs and cutting sarcasm at the hands of the stoic of two-and-twenty. And with so much scorn did this Manchegan Joseph repel on one occasion the amorous attentions of a lady of birth and station, that her indiscreet love was changed into bitter hate, and Federico narrowly escaped a dagger-stab and a premature death. From that day, he was more inaccessible than ever, not only to women, but to men. Gradually he withdrew from intercourse with his former associates, and was seldom seen in the streets or public places, but sat at home, buried amongst books, and diligently studying, with the intention, he was heard to declare, of going to Ciudad Real, and passing his examination as advocate in the royal courts. And thus, little by little, it happened with Federico as it does with most persons who neglect and forget the world, the world forgot him. His old intimates—joyous, light-hearted lads, revelling in the enjoyments and dissipation of the capital—voted him a spoil-sport and a pedant, and thought of him no more: friends, in the true sense of the word, he had none; and so, after a very short time, the list of visitors to the gloomy old apartment in which the eccentric youth mused and studied was reduced to one man, and that a very odd one, but whom Federico loved, because he in some sort owed him his life.

This second hero of our tale was one of those strange characters to be met with in Spain only. Don Geronimo Regato was a little wizened old creature, blind of an eye, and

with a very ugly face, whose life had been a series of extraordinary adventures and bustling incidents. He had served his country in the most opposite capacities. In 1808, he fought the French in the streets of Madrid; two years later, he headed a guerilla band in the wild passes of the Sierra Morena; another two years, and he took the oath to the constitution of Cadiz, and was seen at Wellington's head-quarters as colonel of the Spanish line, and delegate from the Cortes. In 1814, he changed his colours, and was noted, after the return of Ferdinand VII., as a stanch royalist. But variety was his motto; and the revolution of 1820 saw him in the ranks of the Liberals, to whom he continued faithful until their cause was ruined and hopeless. That was the signal, with this Talleyrand on a small scale, for another *vuelta casaca*: once more he turned his coat; and as an earnest of penitence for past offences, opened to the Royalist troops the gates of a small Estremaduran fortress. Notwithstanding this act of tardy allegiance, he was thrown into prison at Madrid, and owed it entirely to the intercession and good offices of an old schoolfellow, the influential Father Cyrillo, that his neck was not brought into unpleasant contact with the iron hoop of the *garrote*. Either warned by this narrow escape, or because the comparatively tranquil state of Spain afforded no scope for his restless activity, since 1823 this political Proteus had lived in retirement, eschewing apparently all plots and intrigues; although he was frequently seen in the very highest circles of the capital, where his great experience, his conversational powers, and social qualities sufficiently accounted for the welcome he at all times met.

Returning late one night from a tertulia at the house of Ferdinand's prime minister, Don Geronimo heard the clash of steel and sound of a scuffle, and hurrying to the spot, saw a young man defending himself against the attack of two bravos. Forthwith Regato set himself to shout out words of command, as if he had a whole regiment at his back, and the ruffians, thinking the patrol was upon them, instantly took to

flight. Federico was the person assailed; and although he boldly asserted, and doubtless fully believed, that, left to himself, he would speedily have defeated his cowardly opponents, he was still not altogether sorry to be relieved from such odds by the old gentleman's timely arrival and ingenious stratagem. This was the origin of his acquaintance with Regato. From that night forward they visited each other, and soon Geronimo took particular pleasure in the society of the handsome youth, whose earnestness and vigour of mind, he said, were refreshing to contemplate in a century when the actions of most men made them resemble beasts and apes, rather than beings formed in the image of their Creator. The young student, for his part, found much to interest him in his new friend, the only person who now varied the monotony of his solitude. He listened eagerly to Regato's discourse, as he alternately poured out his stores of knowledge and experience, and broke into a vein of keen and bitter sarcasm on the men, parties, and circumstances of distracted and unhappy Spain. Federico enthusiastically loved his country, and his proud eyes often filled with tears when the old man placed its former greatness in striking contrast with its present degradation. In spite of all the veerings and weatheroock variations of his political life, Regato was at heart a Liberal. He set forth in glowing colours the evils and tyranny of Ferdinand's government, expatiated on the barbarous execution of Riego, Ferriz, and other martyrs to freedom's cause, and exposed the corruption and villainy of the men who retained their country in the bonds of slavery and fanaticism: until Federico's cheeks glowed, and heart beat quick with patriotic indignation, and he felt that he too, when the battle-hour should strike, would joyfully draw his sword and lose his life for the liberation of the land he loved so well. At times the student would take down his guitar, and sing, with closed doors and windows—for Ferdinand's spies were a quick-eared legion—the spirit-stirring Hymn of the Constitution, or the wild *Tragala*—that Spanish *Marsaillaise*, to whose exciting notes rivers

of blood have flowed. And then old Regato beat time with his hand, and his solitary eye gleamed like a ball of fire, whilst he mingled his hoarse and suppressed bass with Federico's mellow tenor.

Notwithstanding their vast difference of age and character, and although the one was but commencing, whilst the other had nearly run, the uphill race of life, the more these two men saw of each other the stronger grew their sympathy and friendship. Don Geronimo's visits to the student became more and more frequent, and often, forgetful or careless of the time, they would sit talking till far into the night. It seemed a relief to Regato to disburden his heart and mind of their innermost secrets; and he rejoiced to have found a man to whose honour, truth, and secrecy, he felt he could safely entrust them. Federico repaid his confidence with one equally unlimited. He not only told his friend the history of his short life from infancy upwards, but he made him his father confessor, informed him of the progress of his studies, confided to him his doubts and hopes, his religious creed and political aspirations, and even his connexion with some of the secret orders and societies, of which, at that period, notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, a multitude existed in Spain.

"And can it be, my young friend," said Geronimo one evening, when a brief pause succeeded to some of the fiery Federico's vehement political diatribes—"can it be," he said, fixing his penetrating eye upon the flushed and impassioned countenance of the student, "that you have reached your present age and never loved woman?"

"Pshaw!" replied the student, "you have asked the question before, and I have answered it."

"But 'tis incomprehensible, and out of nature," cried the old Don. "Why have you a heart in your bosom, blood in your veins, strong limbs, and bright eyes?"

"Was all that given me that I might love woman?" retorted Federico with a merry laugh.

"Certainly: what is life worth, without love to sweeten it? Nothing,

worse than nothing. It is that gentle sympathy of hearts, that strange fever of the soul, those sweet hopes and joyous transports, and tremors scarce less pleasing, that render life endurable, and reconcile man to the vileness of mortality. The nearest approach to paradise on earth, is found in bright eyes that beam for us alone—in gentle lips that murmur to our ears words of pure tenderness and unselfish affection.”

“By the Virgin!” cried Federico, “I am neither of wood nor stone. Yes, there are creatures of heavenly beauty whom I *could* love. But I am like the Moorish Prince of Granada, who was too proud to eat common food, and fed on gold. The metal was over hard for his royal stomach, and so he starved.”

“Which means that what you could have, you don’t like, and what you would like, you can’t get.”

“Possible,” replied Federico smiling. “I strike high.”

“And why not? To dare is often to succeed. For the bold and the prudent, no aim is too lofty. But tell me more.”

“Nonsense!” cried the student. “I did but jest. It occurred to me that this very day I saw a lady whose fair face I shall not easily forget. She was richly dressed, and sat in an open carriage, drawn by magnificent horses.”

“What colour was the carriage?”

“Brown, lined with purple velvet. The arms on the panels were supported by coroneted griffins; and on the luxurious cushions my goddess reclined, in a robe of rose-coloured satin. A black lace mantilla floated over her alabaster shoulders, further veiled by a cloud of glossy ebony hair; and her eyes, friend Geronimo—her beauteous eyes, were soft and heavenly as a spring day in the almond groves of Valencia.”

“You are poetical,” said Regato.

“A good sign. Federico, you are in love; but, by our Lady, you are audacious in your choice.”

“Do you know her?” eagerly exclaimed Federico.

“Did she appear to notice you?” inquired Geronimo, leaving the question unanswered.

“Paralysed by her exceeding

beauty,” replied the student, “I stood dumb and motionless in the carriage-way, and was nearly run over. I sprang aside, but just in time. She observed me, and smiled: I almost think she blushed. One thing I am sure of, she could not help seeing that her wondrous beauty had turned my head.”

“And that is all?” said Regato slyly.

“What more could there be?” cried the young lawyer, indignantly.

“Would you have such an angel throw flowers at me, or appoint a rendezvous? When the carriage turned out of the street towards the Prado, she looked back. Holy Mother of Sorrows! even at that distance, the sunshine of those eyes scorched my very heart!—But this is folly, sheer folly! Next week I go to Ciudad Real, and amongst dusty deeds and dry folios I shall soon forget eyes and their owner.”

Señor Regato assumed a thoughtful countenance, took a large pinch of snuff, and lit a fresh cigar. After three or four puffs, emitted through his nostrils with the delectation of a veteran smoker, he broke silence.

“You will not go to Ciudad Real.”

“And why not?” cried Federico.

“Because, if I am not greatly mistaken, you will remain here.”

“Strange if I do!” laughed the student.

“Less so, perhaps, than you imagine. Would you go if the rose-coloured lady bid you stay? What if she sent a tender billet to the young woman-hater, and said, ‘Come and love me, if you have the heart and courage of a man.’ I think I see you then, though ten thousand devils barred the way. Ciudad Real and the royal courts would soon be forgotten.”

“Perhaps,” replied Federico.

“But you tantalise me with impossibilities.”

Don Geronimo put on his hat, took his young friend’s hand, and said with great gravity,—“Nothing is impossible. And as regards love, nought in this world can withstand it—no bolt, or lock, or bar, or rank, or power. Bear that in mind, and be of good courage, if you again fall in with her of the rose-coloured robe. I

should not wonder if you saw her this very night. Be happy whilst you may, whilst youth and beauty last. They quickly pass, and never return; and in love be adventurous and bold, like a true Spaniard and gallant gentleman. Daring wins the day."

He departed. Federico remained alone. With a smile at his friend's advice, the young man sat down to study. But he soon started up, and gazed like one in a dream at the massive volumes encumbering his table. He knew not how it happened, but the well-known letters of the alphabet seemed changed into inexplicable hieroglyphics. The simplest passages were wholly unintelligible; the paragraphs were all rose-coloured; black locks and brilliant eyes twined and sparkled through the quaint arabesques and angular capitals that commenced each chapter of the code, confusing and dazzling his brain. At last he angrily slammed the parchment-bound volume, muttered a curse on his own folly, then laughed aloud at the recollection of that comical old fellow, Geronimo Regato, and went to bed. There he found little rest. When he closed his eyes, the slender form of the incognita glided before them. Her white hand, extended from beneath her mantilla, beckoned him to follow; nay, he felt the pressure of the tiny fingers, her warm breath upon his cheek, her velvet lips gently laid to his. And when he started from his sleep, it was to fancy the rustle of a dress, and a sweet low voice that timidly uttered his name. So passed the night, and only towards daybreak did he sink into a sounder and more refreshing slumber. But when he awoke, he found, to his consternation, that she who had haunted his dreams was equally present to his waking imagination. The fascinating image of the beautiful stranger had established itself in his heart, and Federico felt that all efforts to dislodge it would be as fruitless as painful.

"If I believed in sorcery," he soliloquised, "I should think that old rogue Geronimo had cast a charm over me. He predicted that she would visit me this night, and truly she has done so, and here remains.

Whether it be for the best, I greatly doubt."

Musing on the fair apparition that thus pertinaciously intruded upon him, the young lawyer dressed himself. It was late, and to atone for lost time, he resolved to remain at home, and study hard the whole day. But somehow or other, exactly at the same hour as on the previous one, he found himself in the Calle Alcalá; and scarcely was he there, when the brown carriage and the splendid horses came rattling by. And there, upon the purple cushions, sat, more beautiful than ever, the divinity who for the last twenty-four hours had monopolised so large a share of the love-sick student's thoughts. He gazed at her with rapture, and involuntarily bowed his head, as to a being not of the earth. She smiled: her look had something inquiring and mysterious; then, as if by accident, she placed her hand upon the edge of the carriage, and let a flower fall. Almost before it reached the ground, Federico caught and concealed it in his bosom, as though it had been some precious jewel which all would seek to tear from him. It was an almond blossom, a symbol of love and hope. Like a criminal, he hurried away, lest his prize should be reclaimed, when he suddenly found himself face to face with Geronimo, who gravely took off his hat and greeted his friend.

"How goes it?" said the old Don, his widowed eye twinkling significantly as he spoke. "How have you slept? Did the lady visit you or not?"

"You saw her!" cried Federico imploringly. "For heaven's sake, her name?"

"Bah!" replied Geronimo; "I saw nothing. But if it be she who sits in yonder carriage, beware, young man! 'Tis dangerous jesting with giants, who can crush us like straws beneath their finger. Your life is in danger," he continued in a whisper; "forget this folly. There are plenty of handsome faces in the world. Throw away the silly flower that peeps from your vest, and be off to Ciudad Real, where scores of pretty girls await you."

He turned to depart; Federico detained him.

"Let me go," said Geronimo: "I

am in haste. I will call upon you presently, and you shall hear more."

But, notwithstanding his promise, and although Federico remained all day at home, impatiently expecting him, Geronimo came not. Never had the student been so out of temper. He bitterly reproached himself as a dreamer, a fool, an idiot; and yet there he remained, his thoughts fixed upon one object, his eyes riveted on the almond blossom, which he had placed in water, and whose delicate cup, now fully open, emitted a delightful perfume. And as he gazed, fancy played her wildest pranks with the enamoured youth. Small fairy-like creatures glided and danced between the dusty stamina of the graceful flower. At times, its leaves seemed partly to close, and from out the contracted aperture, the lady of his thoughts smiled sweetly upon him. Then the welcome vision vanished, and was succeeded by stern frowning faces of men, armed from head to heel, who levelled daggers at his heart.

"By St Jago!" the bewildered student at last exclaimed, "this is too much. When will it end? What ails me? Have I so long withstood the fascinations of the black-eyed traitresses, to be thus at last entrapped and unmanned? Geronimo was right; at daybreak, I start for Ciudad Real. I will think no more of that perilous syren." He plucked the almond blossom from its vase. "And this flower," he pensively murmured, "has touched her hand, perhaps her lips! Oh! were it possible that she loves me!" As he spoke, he pressed the flower so impetuously to his mouth, that its tender leaves were crushed and tarnished. He laughed scornfully. "Thus it is," he exclaimed, "with woman's love; as fair and as fragile as this poor blossom. Begone, then! Wither, and become dust, thou perishable emblem of frailty!" Approaching the open window, he was about to throw away the flower, when something flew into the room, struck his breast, and rolled upon the ground. Federico started back, and his eye fell upon the clock that regulated his studies. The hands were on the stroke of midnight, and for a moment, in his then excited state, a feeling of superstitious fear stole over him.

The next instant he was again at the window, straining his eyes through the gloom. He could see nothing. The night was dark: a few large stars twinkled in the sable canopy, the jasmine bushes in his balcony rustled in the breeze, and brushed their cool leaves against his heated temples. "Who is there?" he cried. His question was unanswered. Closing the *jalousies*, he took a light and sought about the room till he perceived something white under a table. It was a paper wrapped round a small roll of wood, and secured by a silken thread. Trembling with eagerness, he detached the scroll. Upon it were traced a few lines in a woman's delicate handwriting. "If you are willing," so ran the missive, "to encounter some risk for an interview with her who writes this, you will repair, to-morrow evening at nine o'clock, to the western door of the church of St James. One will meet you there in whom you may confide, if he asks you what flower you love best."

"And though death were in the path," exclaimed Federico with vehement passion—"though a thousand swords opposed me, and King Ferdinand himself—" He paused at that name, with the habitual caution of a Manchegan. "I will go," he resumed, in a calmer but equally decided tone, "I will go; and though certain to be stabbed at her feet, I still would go."

Lazily, to the impetuous student's thinking, did the long hours loiter till that of his rendezvous arrived. Tormented by a thousand doubts and anxieties, not the least of these arose from the probability that the assignation came not whence he hoped, and was, perhaps, the work of some mischievous jester, to send him on a fool's errand to the distant church of St James. Above all things, he wished to see his friend Geronimo; but although he passed the day in invoking his presence, and heaping curses on his head, that personage did not appear. Evening came; the sun went down behind the gardens of Buen Retiro; at last it was quite dark. Federico wrapped himself in his cloak, pressed his hat over his brows, concealed in the breast of his coat one of those forbidden knives whose short strong triangular blade is

so terrible a weapon in a Spaniard's hand, and crossing the Plaza Mayor, glided swiftly through streets and lanes, until, exactly as the clock of St James's church struck nine, he stood beneath the massive arches of the western portico. All was still as the grave. The dark enclosure of a convent arose at a short distance, and from a small high window a solitary ray of light fell upon the painted figure of the Virgin that stood in its grated niche on the church wall.

His back against the stone parapet, in the darkest corner of the portico, Federico posted himself, silent and motionless. He had not long waited, when he heard the sound of footsteps upon the rough pavement. They came nearer; a shadow crossed the front of the arched gateway and was merged in the gloom, as its owner, muttering indistinctly to himself, entered the portico. It was a man, closely muffled in a dark cloak. To judge from his high and pointed hat, he belonged to the lower class of the people; a wild black beard, a moment visible in the light from the convent window, was all of his physiognomy discernible by the student. He might be any thing; a Gallego, a muleteer, or a robber.

After a moment, Federico made a slight noise, and advanced a step from his corner. "Who is there?" cried the stranger. "Who is there?" he said. "Answer, in God's name. What do you here at this hour of the night?"

"Who questions me?" boldly demanded the young man. And at the same time he approached the speaker.

For a moment the two men gazed suspiciously at each other; then the stranger again spoke. "Night and solitude enjoin prudence, señor," said he; "and so, keep your distance. What brings you to this gloomy church door? At this hour such gay cavaliers are oftener found in the Prado or the Delicias, plucking flowers for their mistresses."

"I love flowers," replied Federico. "but I also love solitude."

"And what flower, my gallant young gentleman, do you best love?"

"Enough! enough!" joyfully exclaimed the student. "'Tis you I seek: I am ready to follow."

Without reply, the stranger produced a long black cloth.

"What is that?" said Federico, who vigilantly observed his movements.

"To blindfold you."

"Why?"

"Senor, that you may not see whither I conduct you."

"Not so!" cried the student suspiciously. "I will follow, but with open eyes."

The Gallego threw the skirt of his large cloak over his left shoulder, touched his pointed hat by way of salutation, and said courteously, "*Buenas noches, señor*. May you sleep well, and live a thousand years."

"Stop!" cried Federico: "you are mad. Whither away?"

"Home."

"Without me?"

"Without you, señor. The truth is, you are wanted blind, or not at all."

The result of the colloquy that ensued was, that the Gallego twisted his cloth thrice round the student's eyes, ears, and nose, and led him carefully across the Plaza, down a street and round sundry corners and turnings, till at last he deposited him in a carriage, which instantly set off at a rapid pace. After a tolerably long drive, by no means a pleasant one for our adventurer, whose guide held his hands firmly in his—probably to prevent his removing the bandage—the coach stopped, the two men got out, and Federico was again conducted for some distance on foot. He knew that he was still in Madrid, for he walked over pavement, and in spite of the thick cloth that impeded his hearing, he could distinguish the distant sound of carriages and hum of life. Presently a door creaked, and he apparently entered a garden, for there was a smell of flowers and a rustling of leaves; then he ascended a staircase, and was conducted through cool lofty apartments, and through doors which seemed to open and shut of themselves. Suddenly his companion let go his hand. Federico stood for a minute in silent expectation, then, groping around him with extended arms, he said in a low voice "Am I at my journey's end? Answer!" But nobody replied.

By one decided pull, the student tore the bandage from his eyes and gazed around him in wonder and bewilderment. He was alone in a spacious and magnificent apartment, whose walls were tapestried with striped blue and white satin, and whose carved ceiling was richly gilt and decorated. The tall Venetian mirrors, the costly furniture, the beautifully fine Indian matting, everything in the room, in short, convinced him that he was in the favoured abode of wealth, and rank, and luxury. A lamp, suspended by silver chains, shed a soft light over the apartment. Federico's position was a doubtful, probably a dangerous one; but love emboldened him, and he felt the truth of a saying of Geronimo's, that courage grows with peril. Happen what might, there he was, and he knew no fear. The only perceptible exit from the room was by the large folding-doors through which he had entered. He tried them—they were fastened. His mother-wit suggested to him that his retreat had perhaps been thus cut off, that he might seek another outlet. He did so, and presently perceived hinges under the tapestry. A silver handle protruded from the wall; he grasped it, a door opened, and a cry of astonishment and delight burst from the student. Beaming with loveliness, a blush upon her cheek, a soft smile upon her rosy lips, the lady of his thoughts stood before him.

For a moment the pair gazed at each other in silence, their looks telling more eloquently than any words, the love that filled their hearts. But soon Federico started from his brief trance, threw himself at the feet of the incognita, and, seizing her hand, pressed it ardently to his lips, murmuring the while, in low and passionate accents, such broken and rapturous sentences as only lovers speak and love alone can comprehend. The lady stood over him, her graceful form slightly bowed, her large lustrous eyes alternately fixed upon the kneeling youth and roving anxiously round the apartment.

"Don Federico," she said, in tones whose sweetness thrilled his blood, "may the Holy Virgin forgive my unmaidenly boldness. I have yielded to an impulse stronger than my

reason, to the desire of seeing you, of hearing—"

"That I love you," interrupted Federico—"that I adore you since the first hour I beheld you,—that I will die at your feet if you refuse me hope!"

She bent forward, and laid her small rosy hand upon his throbbing forehead. The touch was electric, the fiery glow of passion flashed in her glance. "Light of my eyes!" she whispered, "it were vain to deny that my heart is thine. But our love is a flower on the precipice's brink."

"I fear not the fall," Federico impetuously exclaimed.

"Dare you risk every thing?"

"For your love, every thing!" was the enthusiastic reply.

"Listen, then, to the difficulties that beset us, and say if they are surmountable."

The maiden paused, started, grew pale,

"Hark!" she exclaimed—"what is that? He comes! Be still! be silent!" With wild and terrified haste, she seized Federico's hand, dragged him across the room, and opened a door. The student felt a burning kiss upon his lips, and before he knew where he was, the door was shut, and he was in total darkness. All that had happened since he entered the house had occurred so rapidly, was so mysterious and startling, that he was utterly bewildered. For a moment he thought himself betrayed, groped round his prison, which was a narrow closet, found the door, and, grasping his stiletto, was about to force his way through all opposition, when he suddenly heard heavy steps on the other side of the tapestried screen. Motionless, he listened.

"Bring lights!" said a deep commanding voice; "the lamp burns dim as in a bridal chamber."

"It anticipates its office," replied another male voice, with a laugh. "Is not your wedding-day fixed?"

"Not yet; in the course of next week, perhaps," answered the first speaker, striding up and down the apartment.

"You are in small haste," returned his companion, "to enjoy what all envy you. Never did I behold beauty more divine and captivating."

"Beautiful she certainly is," was the reply; "but what is woman's beauty? The vision of a day; snow, sullied and dispelled in a night."

"You are in exceeding good humour," said the friend of this morose and moralising bridegroom.

A pause ensued, during which Federico's heart beat so strongly that he thought its throbbings must surely be audible through the slight barrier separating him from the speakers. A servant brought lights, and a slender bright ray shot through a small opening in the tapestry, previously unobserved by the student. Applying his eye to the crevice, he obtained a view of the apartment, and of the persons whose conversation he had overheard. One of these wore a uniform glittering with embroidery; the other was dressed in black, with several stars and orders on his breast. Both were in the middle period of life: the one in uniform was the youngest and most agreeable looking; the dark features of the other were of a sombre and unpleasing cast.

The servant left the room, and the man in black suspended his walk and paused opposite his friend.

"You had something to communicate?" he said, in a suppressed voice.

"Are we secure from listeners?" asked the officer, in French.

"Entirely; and doubly so if we speak French. Rosaura herself, did she overhear us, would be none the wiser."

"Count," said the soldier, "I sincerely wish you joy of this marriage."

"A thousand thanks! But with equal sincerity I tell you that I am heartily weary of such congratulations. In marrying, one gives and takes. I give Rosaura my name and rank, titles and dignities, honours and privileges."

"And you take your lovely ward and a rich estate. A fair exchange, Excellency. I can only say that the world wonders at the delay of so suitable a union, and even inclines to the belief that a certain disinclination——"

"The world is greatly mistaken," interrupted the Count. "I ardently love Rosaura, and I have his Majesty's consent to the marriage. But what a fool men take me for, if they suppose——"

he stopped short, and tossed his head with a scornful smile.

"Well?" said the officer.

"Solve the riddle yourself."

"I understand! Your position is uneasy, the future dark, the decisive moment at hand. With one's feet on a volcano, one is little disposed to enjoy a honeymoon."

"But when the mine explodes, and one is tossed into the air, it is pleasant to fall in the soft lap of love, there to forget one's wounds."

"Bravo! But what if the lap refuse to receive the luckless engineer?"

"*Amigo!*" replied the Count—"I thought you knew me better. Under all circumstances, Rosaura remains mine. For myself, I have trained and nurtured this fair and delicate plant, and to me, as the gardener, it belongs."

"She loves you, then?"

"Loves me? What a question! Of course she does. She has grown up with the idea that she is to be my wife. Her heart is pure and unblemished as a diamond: it shall be my care to keep it so."

"You fear rivals."

"Fear!" repeated the Count, a smile flitting over his dark countenance. "But we trifle precious time. What have you to tell me?"

"Something important to our cause," replied the officer, drawing nearer to his companion. "But first, how goes it yonder?"

He pointed with his finger in the direction of the closet. Federico instinctively started back, but again applied his eye to the loophole on hearing the Count's answer. "I have just come thence," he said, "and must soon return. The hand of death is upon him—in vain would he parry the blow. Still the struggle is a hard one: he persists in discrediting his habits. But the remorseless tyrant is there, soon to claim him for his own."

"Then we must take our measures without delay," said the officer.

"They are already taken," was his companion's quiet answer.

"Your colleagues are agreed?"

"Fully agreed."

"And now?"

"Read that," said the Count, taking a large folded paper from a

portfolio, and spreading it before his friend, who devoured its contents with every demonstration of extreme surprise.

"His handwriting! his signature!" he cried. "A revocation, annihilating the shameless intrigues and machinations of years! Now, Heaven be praised, our country and religion—the faith, honour, and dignity of Spain are rescued! How was it obtained? How possible? My noble friend, you are indeed a great statesman!"

"Take this priceless document," calmly replied the Count; "convey it to your master. Only in his hands is it entirely safe. The future welfare of Spain, the salvation of us all, is suspended to its seal. That I obtained it," he continued, his voice sinking to a whisper, "is the work of Providence. During the last two days, he has had spasms and fainting fits that have weakened his mind and energies. The secret is well kept, and without the palace gates nought is known of these dangerous symptoms. In such moments of agony and depression, the weary soul recalls the past, and trembles for the future. Then, in vivid colours, I placed before him the confusion and unhappiness, and infernal mischief, to which his deplorable decision must give rise; I urged the injustice he had committed, the sin that would lie at his door; and showed how, almost before his eyes had closed, the work he had achieved at peril to his soul, would sink and crumble in an ocean of blood and tears. Alcudia supported me; the others chimed in; this document was ready, and — he signed."

"And now we have got it," cried the officer triumphantly, "we will hold it fast with hands and teeth. How long, think you, may he still live?"

"Castillo says not more than two days, and that he will hardly regain the full use of his intellects." The eyes of the conspirators met; for a moment they gazed at each other, and then broke into a smile.

"Well," said the officer, "I came commissioned to assure you special favour and high reward, but, by my honour as a soldier, no gain or recompense can worthily requite such service as yours."

"For me little can be done," replied the Count. "My desires tend to a peaceful existence in the arms of my young wife, far removed from cares of state. Such is the reward I promise myself. Let your acts be speedy and decided, for it might well happen that —" his brow contracted into deeper folds, and his voice assumed a discordant harshness — "I have decimated the ranks of the scoundrels, but enough yet remain to give much trouble. Take sure measures, and muster your resources. You will need them all."

"Fear not," replied the confident soldier. "We, too, have been active, and have good and steady friends. At a word, the Realista volunteers and the trusty Agraviados fly to their arms. Romagosa, Caraval, Erro, Gonzalez, and the venerable Cyrillo, still live. The Guards are for us. So are the civil authorities and captains-general of eleven provinces. Let the moment come, and you will see that, with this document in our hand, all is done. Confidence for confidence," he continued. "Read this list of names. It contains those of our most approved friends, and will reassure you as to the chances of the future."

He handed a paper to the Count, who, barely looking at it, said thoughtfully—

"Leave it with me till to-morrow. At the critical moment, it will be of immense weight with many waverers. 'Tis late; in a few minutes I must go out. Place me at the feet of your gracious master, and tell him he will have no more faithful subject than his humble slave."

"Will you see him?" said the officer gently. His companion shook his head.

"'Twere not wise," he replied. "The time is not yet come. When it arrives, I shall be the first to bend knee before him. Be watchful, prudent, and prompt. Yet one word. You have confided somewhat in that fellow Regato. Trust him not too far. I deem him a traitor. Let him be proved such, and he shall not escape the rope he has long deserved. And now, farewell!"

The two men parted, and, as the Count returned from the door, Federico heard a rustling of silks

that materially increased the rapidity of his heart's pulsations.

"My fair bride!" gallantly exclaimed his Excellency, "I am enchanted to see you. How lovely you look, Rosaura! and how deeply I regret that important affairs leave me but a few moments to devote to you."

"It would seem," said the lady, with cold severity, "that your Excellency has converted my poor apartment into an audience chamber."

"A thousand pardons, dear Rosaura," was the reply. "A particular friend craved a short interview."

"It is late," said the lady pointedly. "I wish your Excellency a good night."

"What!" cried the Count impatiently. "You dismiss me thus?"

"I am indisposed to-night."

"You are a cruel tyrant, Rosaura."

"I, Excellency? They say worse things of you."

"Who, and what?"

"No matter. May your Excellency live a thousand years!"

"With you, Rosaura," replied the Count, assuming an air of tenderness which, as Federico thought, sat supremely ill upon him, and endeavouring to take her hand. She drew it quickly back.

"*Véremos, Excelencia.* We shall see."

"The devil take the Excellency!" cried the Count, losing all self-command, and stamping angrily with his foot. Rosaura curtsied low.

"You forget my rights over you, Rosaura. I came to tell you that in a few days, as I hope, my dearest wishes will be accomplished."

"We shall see, Excellency," repeated the provoking beauty.

The Count stepped up to her, and said, with his sullen smile, "You rejoice not at it, Rosaura?"

"No," was her laconic reply.

"You love me not?"

"Love *you*, Excellency? a great statesman like you! Certainly not, Excellency."

"I grieve to hear it, my beautiful bride; but, fortunately, love often comes with marriage. You shall learn to love me, Rosaura. Our existence shall be a happy and envied one. You detest state affairs: I will leave them and devote myself solely

to you. Far from the capital, we will lead a pastoral life, amidst myrtles and meadows, flocks and shepherds, in all the sweet tranquillity of a terrestrial paradise."

Whether sketched in jest or in earnest, this picture of rustic felicity had evidently few charms for Rosaura, at least in the companionship proposed. Suddenly she stepped up to the Count, took his hand, looked full into his dark serious countenance, and laughed aloud and most musically.

"What do I hear, Excellency?" she exclaimed: "*you* in myrtle groves and smiling meadows—*you* leading a shepherd's tranquil life! Oh, ye Saints! *he* a shepherd in the Alpuxarras. Ah! the flocks would fly and scatter themselves, when they beheld the gloomy lines upon your brow. Where are sheep to be found who would be tended by that ensanguined hand? Where could *you* find repose? Is there a place free from the echoes of the curses that martyred Liberals have heaped upon you? Where is the domestic hearth around which would not range themselves the spectres of the wretches who, at your command, have been blotted from the book of life. Count, I shudder at the thought! Holy Mother of God! is that the happy future you would compel me to share? No, no, never!—though the garrote were to encircle my neck, as it did that of the unhappy lady at Granada, who refused to betray her husband, and whom you sent to the scaffold in his stead! Has she never appeared to your Excellency, cold and pale, and with sightless eyes? For Quito's treasures would I not behold her—her and the whole ghastly train: hundreds, ay hundreds of them, in the long, black-bordered shrouds, and the barefooted friars with their terrible *misericordias*! Mercy, mercy, Excellency! with me would come the evil spirits, and a thousand — but, good-night, good-night, Excellency."

With a graceful movement of hand and head she glided from the room. The Count attempted not to detain her. He stood motionless, his hand thrust into his breast, and followed her with his eyes in mute astonishment.

"The silly child!" he at last murmured. "But how lovely she is! I, whom all fear—even *HE*," he emphatically added—"I almost quail before her mad petulance. Well, well!" he continued after a pause, "the priest first, and discipline afterwards. A man who has bowed and broken so many stubborn spirits, will hardly be vanquished by the humours of a wilful girl. Good-night, my lovely bride. 'We shall see,' you said; and assuredly we *will* see."

He took his hat, and was about to leave the room, when, by an inadvertent movement, Federico let fall his poniard. The Count was quick of hearing, and the noise, slight as it was, drew his attention. He turned sharply towards the spot where the student was concealed.

"What was that?" he cried. "Something fell in the closet. Have we listeners here?"

For an instant he hesitated; then, taking one of the massive silver candlesticks, he stepped briskly to the closet, and was almost knocked down by the door, which Federico pushed violently open. The waxlights fell to the ground; like a winged shadow, the student sprang past the astonished Count, reached the door before the latter recovered from his alarm, and would doubtless have got clear off, had he not, in hurry and ignorance, turned the wrong handle. The Count grasped his coat-skirt, and pulled him back.

"Scoundrel!" he cried. "What do you here?"

For sole reply, Federico seized his assailant by the throat, and a struggle began, which, although speedily decided in favour of the active student, was destined to have most important results. The Count was vigorous, and defended himself well. He had little opportunity of calling out, closely grappled as he was, but he dealt his antagonist more than one heavy blow. At last Federico dashed him to the ground, and disappeared from the room, leaving behind him one of his coat-skirts, torn off in the contest. In falling, the Count's head struck against a table, and he lay for a few seconds stunned by the shock. Recovering himself, he sprang to his feet, foaming with rage, his dark visage

black with shame and anger. "Seize him!" he cried, hurrying down the corridor. Twenty servants flew to obey the order. But it was too late. The student passed like a fire-flash before the porter, and made good his escape from the house. "Follow him!" shouted the Count—"a hundred ounces for his captor!" And, stimulated by this princely reward, the eager domestics ran, like hounds after a deer, on the track of the student, who soon heard the shouts of his enemies, and the shrill whistle of the *serenos*, around and on all sides of him.

Although panting from his brief but violent struggle with the Count, Federico traversed with extreme swiftness several streets and squares, until want of breath at last compelled him to a moment's pause. He looked around, and observed the locality. Before him lay the massive buildings of the royal palace, favoured by whose shadow he continued his flight, now up-hill. But the numbers of his pursuers, their intimate knowledge of the ground, and of the short cuts and by-lanes, gave them a great advantage; and, to his dismay, he found himself so closely and accurately followed, that capture appeared inevitable.

"Had I but my knife," he exclaimed aloud, pausing in despair, "I would keep them off or die! Fool that I have been! Sentries on all sides! They have taken alarm! What can I do?"

"Go to Ciudad Real, if not too late," said a man, wrapped in a cloak, and wearing a small three-cornered hat, who suddenly stepped from behind a massive stone column, close to where the student stood.

Federico at once recognised the speaker.

"For God's sake, Geronimo!" he cried, "assist me in this strait. If they catch me, I am lost. And hark! yonder they come! I hear the bay-ing of the menial pack. On all sides the way is barred!"

Geronimo seized Federico's hand, and hurried him behind the pillar. "There is only one chance," he said, "muffle yourself in my cloak, take my hat, assume a stoop, and walk slowly, like an old man."

"What is your plan?" cried the student.

"Ask no questions. Do as I bid you. Do you see yonder door?"

"Of the palace?"

"Go in there."

"Into the palace?"

"Of course. Look neither right nor left; cross the first court to the great portal. There await me. Quick, quick—here they come!" And he pushed him away.

Not without doubt and disquietude did Federico obey the orders of the old man, who displayed, in this conjuncture, a promptitude and decision rare at his age. But the student had no alternative. Wrapped in Regato's cloak, and feigning a feeble gait, he passed slowly and unquestioned before the soldiers of the royal guard. This impunity in a palace where the strictest watch and ward were usually kept, was an enigma to Federico; and he was still more puzzled, when, whilst waiting at the portal, several persons, shrouded like himself in dark cloaks, passed before him, greeting him as they went with a muttered "*buenas noches*," and disappeared in the corridors of the palace. At last came Geronimo. He had provided himself in the interval with another cloak. His appearance was an immense relief to the student.

"Are they gone?" said Federico.

"May I venture out?"

"Thank the saints that you are here!" replied Geronimo. "And now, tell me what has happened."

Federico told his adventures; and old Regato listened to the narrative with marks of the strongest interest. Now he nodded his head, then beat the ground with his heel, or threw back his cloak and gesticulated with his arms. When he heard what the Count had said of him and of his probable fate, he laughed heartily. "Bah!" said he; "threatened men live long. I have had hotter broth cooked for me, and cooled it with my breath. I hope to die in my bed, like a good Christian; and as for my chance of a rope, I would not change with his Excellency. The infernal schemer! I'll pay him off now. *Madre de todos gracias!* had we but the list of the conspirators, what a blow might be struck!"

"The list!" repeated Federico. "Stay, let me remember!" and, plunging his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a torn paper. "When I threw the man down, this remained sticking between my waistcoat and neckcloth, where he had grappled me. I noticed it when I got outside, and thrust it into my pocket."

Without listening to this explanation, Geronimo seized the paper, and, by the light of a lamp under the portal, examined it with eager curiosity. At sight of its contents, a savage joy sparkled in his eye.

"Ah, *maldito!*" he exclaimed with a laugh of triumph; "we have you now. Federico, the rose-coloured lady is ten times more surely yours, than if you had remained in the closet and his Excellency had not discovered you. Follow, and be silent. Whatever happens, not a word till I bid you; then speak boldly, and tell what you know."

Through winding corridors, up and down stairs, along galleries where sentries stood like statues, Geronimo led the way, until he reached a room whose door was opened by a gigantic lackey in the gaudy royal livery. Federico, who followed close upon his heels, suddenly found himself in the presence of a number of men, for the most part elderly and of grave respectable aspect, who stood in small knots about the apartment, or sat at tables on which were wine and refreshments, conversing in a low tone. Amongst these a hum of interest arose on Regato's entrance; and under cover of the attention he attracted, his companion passed unnoticed.

It at once flashed upon Federico, that he had penetrated into that notorious Camarilla or secret council of King Ferdinand VII., so much spoken of, so often cursed and scoffed at, so greatly feared, and justly hated. This was the cringing and pernicious conclave, of whose vile proceedings so many tales were told; these were the men, of all ranks and classes, who poured into the jealous despot's ear the venom of calumny and falsehood; these the spies and traitors who, by secret and insidious denunciations, brought sudden arrest and unmerited punishment upon their innocent fellow-citizens, and who kept the King advised of

all that passed in Madrid, from the amorous intrigues of a grocer's wife, to the political ones concerted in the cabinet of the Infante Don Carlos.

The student's first uneasiness at finding himself upon such new and perilous ground, vanished when he saw that he was wholly unheeded. He remembered to have heard that persons once admitted to the *camarilla*, and honoured by the King's confidence, were at liberty to return when they thought fit, at short or long intervals; and thus it might well happen that some of the members were unknown to each other. And on that night, these illicit counsellors of majesty were evidently preoccupied with some pressing and important matter. They crowded round Regato, took his arm, seized him by the button, whispered so eagerly, and questioned him so fast, that the little man lost all patience.

"Hands off, gentlemen!" he cried. "Which of you will buy me a new coat when you have torn mine? 'Tis true that this morning our gracious lord the King was very ill: but I hear that he is now better; and by the grace of our blessed Lady, he will rejoice his humble and loving slaves, and dispel their deep anxiety, by the sunshine of his presence."

The words had scarce left Geronimo's lips, when the opening of a side-door proved the signal for a respectful silence in the apartment. The whole assembly bowed profoundly, and preserved that posture, although no cause was yet apparent for such extraordinary greeting. At last one showed itself, in the person of a man who tottered slowly and feebly into the room, supported on the arms of two attendants, his livid and bloated countenance distorted by a smile as painful to behold as if compelled by thumb-screws. The face of the new comer, who nodded in reply to the humble salutation of the *camarilla*, might once have been handsome, but it could never have been intellectual or prepossessing, and now it was hideously cadaverous and ghastly. The features were those characterising a well-known family, world-renowned for the high places it has filled, rather than for the virtues or abilities of its members. The eyes

were sunk deep in their sockets, the straight, scanty black hair shaded a brow blue and transparent from disease; the tall person and once well-formed limbs were swollen and unwieldy. The sick man's dress would have suited some plain burgher of Madrid, taking his ease in his summer-house: it consisted of a light nankeen jacket, a white neckcloth knotted loosely round the throat, linen trousers, and large shoes. He seemed scarcely able to set foot to ground, and the agony each step occasioned him betrayed itself in spasmodic twitchings of the nerves and muscles. Still there was a violent effort of the will to conceal the pangs that racked the enfeebled frame; a fruitless attempt, by the assumption of smiling ease and gracious condescension, to hide, even from himself, the approach of that equalising hour when human greatness and human misery sink to one level.

The sick man propped himself against a table, beside which stood an easy-chair, and with an affable wave of his hand, addressed the company.

"Good evening, señores!" he said: "we have felt ourselves somewhat unwell, and our careful physician Castillo, as also our trusty Grijalva, was solicitous on our account. But we would not put off this meeting. We love to meet our good friends, and are not to be kept from them by slight bodily inconvenience. Men fancy us more ailing than we are. You can refute such reports. What say you, Mexas—and you, Salcedo? Is our aspect so very sickly? We know that many build hopes upon our death; but they are mistaken, and by Our Lady, they shall be disappointed."

"God preserve our gracious lord a thousand years!" exclaimed several voices.

"An example should be made," said the man appealed to as Salcedo, "of the traitors who dare spread lying reports concerning the royal health."

"'Tis too true," observed another, "that such rumours are used to the most criminal ends."

"We will sit down," said the sick monarch. And with the assistance of his attendants, he deposited his exhausted person in the elbow-chair. "Drink, my friends, and tell me the

news. Give me a cigar, good Castillo. Señor Regato, how goes it? what is new in our fair city of Madrid?"

"Little is heard," replied Geronimo, "save lamentations for the indisposition of our beloved master."

"The good people!" exclaimed Ferdinand. "We will have care of their happiness."

"And yet," said a little old man with a countenance of repulsive ugliness, "there be reprobates who laugh whilst all true and faithful subjects weep. There is my neighbour, the merchant Alvaro. Yesterday he married his daughter to a young nobleman, Don Francisco Palavar, who claims relationship with the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The wedding-guests were numerous; they sang and danced, and rejoiced beyond measure. Señor Alvaro, said I, are you not ashamed to be so joyous at such a time? 'Friend,' was his answer, 'let the times wag -- they are certainly bad enough, but must soon change. All things have an end. We rejoice in hopes of a better future.'"

"The wretch!" exclaimed another of the camarilla. "I know him well; he was always a *negro*."

"A knave grown gray in the sins of the Exaltados," cried a third.

"He must be looked to," said the sick King. "Salcedo, what have you to tell?"

"I have gathered intelligence," replied Salcedo, "from an equerry of a certain illustrious personage." He paused, and looked meaningly at the King, whose brow contracted, and whose lips muttered a well-known name. "The equerry," Salcedo said, "tattled of great bustle and many visits at his master's palace. For days past its court-yard had been filled with carriages, bringing generals, ministers, dignitaries of the church, and many officers, chiefly of the Royal Guard." On hearing this, a feverish and uneasy flush reddened Ferdinand's pale countenance, and his dim eyes glared angrily.

"I know them," he said, "the old conspirators, the Catalan volunteers, the *agraviados*. Why have I not heard this sooner? But I will take order with them. Ha, Tadeo! -- you there? Why has this been kept from me?"

Uttering these last words, the King

looked directly at the spot where Federico stood. So, at least, it seemed to the student, who, much confused, and apprehensive of discovery, averted his eyes from the royal gaze. But his embarrassment was exchanged for consternation, when he beheld, in the person addressed by Ferdinand as Tadeo, his recent antagonist, the affianced of Rosaura. The Count, who stood at his elbow, gave him but one look, but that one comprised every thing -- astonishment, anger, hatred, confidence of power, and a fixed determination of revenge. A chill came over the poor student, and he debated in his mind whether to rush from the room, or to fall at the King's feet and reveal all he knew. His first surprise over, and seeing that Don Tadeo took no further notice of him, he thought it wisest to follow Geronimo's directions and remain quiet.

"My gracious liege," said Tadeo to the King, with his usual gloomy decision of manner, "it was unnecessary to importune your majesty by such reports, seeing that they are merely lying devices of the evil-disposed. And even were it true that many visits are paid to that palace, its master has right and reason to receive them, without --"

By an impatient gesture, the King interrupted the speaker.

"It needs but to name the visitors," said Regato, with a quick sharp glance at Tadeo. "Eguia is one of them; San Juan, O'Donnel, Moreno, Caraval, are others."

"Has it not been remarked," said Mexas, with a sarcastic smile, "that in the apartments of a certain illustrious lady, meetings are also held, to which repair the Dukes of San Lorenzo and Fernando, Martinez de la Rosa, Cambronero and many others? What can be said against that?"

A dead silence followed this bold remark: all knew well who the illustrious lady was who thus assembled round her the leaders of the Liberals. Suddenly the ominous pause was broken by the voice of Federico, to whom Regato had made a sign, significant although barely perceptible.

"Don Tadeo," cried the audacious student, his mellow manly tones ringing through the apartment, "is a traitor to his King. This very night

he delivered an all-important document to an agent of the Infante Don Carlos."

The words were an electric shock to the camarilla. The King started, and showed symptoms of extraordinary agitation. "What is that? Who says that?" he cried, rising from his chair with the vigour of sudden excitement. "Who knows of the document? where is it? Seize him—he shall explain,—confess!"

"Seize the scoundrel," cried Tadeo, "who has dared intrude himself hither."

"My guards! my guards!" cried the King, his eyes rolling wildly, his features frightfully convulsed. "Where is the paper? Tadeo, I *will* have it back! Ha! what is this! mercy! blessed Virgin, mer——!" The word was unfinished; and Ferdinand, doubly tortured by bodily pain and mental anguish, fell back into the arms of his physician.

"The King is dead!" exclaimed Tadeo. "Help here!"

The camarilla crowded round Ferdinand, who lay without sense or motion. "What is it, Señor Castillo?" said Tadeo. The physician let fall his patient's wrist.

"A sudden paroxysm, your Excellency," he replied in a low voice. "It was to be apprehended—all is over!"

The Count turned away, and his eye fell upon Federico, who, seeing resistance useless, stood passive in the custody of several of the camarilla. With a vindictive frown, Tadeo pulled open the student's cloak, and pointed to his skirtless coat."

"You cannot deny it," he said. "The proof of your guilt is in my possession. Who is the fellow?"

Geronimo Regato stepped forward and stared in the student's face.

"What!" cried he, "is not that Don Federico, the young advocate, well known in the coffee-houses as a virulent Exaltado, a determined scotfer, a propagator of atrocious doctrines?"

"I thought as much," said the Count. "None but such an unprincipled scoundrel would dare to act the spy in the very palace. Call the guard, and away with him to prison. Let this man be securely ironed," he added, to the soldiers who now

entered; "and let none have speech of him."

The order was promptly obeyed. A very brief space elapsed before Federico found himself in a narrow dungeon, stretched on damp straw, with manacles on hands and feet. In total darkness, and seated despondingly upon his comfortless couch, the events of the evening appeared to him like some frightful nightmare. But in vain did he rub his eyes and try to awake from his imaginary sleep; the terrible reality forced itself upon him. He thought of Rosaura, the original cause of his misfortunes, and almost doubted whether she were indeed a woman, or some demon in angel's form, sent to lure him to destruction. Of Geronimo, too, he thought with feelings of inexpressible bitterness. He, the friend in whom he had placed such implicit reliance, to betray him thus; for his own advantage, doubtless, and to draw his own head out of the noose! There were none, then, to whom he could now look for succour. The King was dead; his successor, the apostolical ruler, the partisan and defender of the Inquisition, whose name, for years past, had been the rallying-cry of the disaffected, owed his crown to the powerful Tadeo whom the student had offended and ill treated, whose love he had dared to cross, whose revenge he must now encounter. Federico felt that his fate was sealed. Already he heard, in imagination, the clank of ponderous fetters in the dismal halls of the Inquisition; already he saw the terrible machines—the screws and weights, the ladder and iron couch, and felt the burning sulphur, as it was dropped hissing upon his naked flesh by the masked and pitiless executioner. He thought of Arguelles, the Divine, whom he had seen an animated corpse, his limbs crushed and distorted by similar tortures; and in spite of his natural courage, a shudder came over him as he heard the bars of his dungeon door withdrawn, and the heavy bolts shot back into their sockets. The next instant he closed his eyes, dazzled by a glare of light.

When he re-opened them, the Count, or Tadeo, whichever was his most fitting appellation, stood before him.

With the courage of pride and despair, Federico boldly met his searching gaze. For some moments they looked at each other in silence, broken at last by Tadeo.

"I come to question you," he said: "answer truly, and your captivity may be very brief. Deceive me, and your life shall be yet shorter. Your crimes shall meet their just reward."

"I am guilty of no crime," retorted Federico. "I am the victim of circumstances."

"And what are they?" eagerly inquired the Count.

Federico was silent.

"Do you know me, Señor?" said the Count.

"No," was the reply.

"Beware, then, lest you learn to know me too well. What did you, concealed in yonder closet? Where is the paper you robbed me of? Who admitted you into the house? Do you belong to a secret society? Were you sent as a spy? A dagger was found in the closet: did you come to assassinate me?"

He paused after each question, but Federico answered none of them, save the last, to which he replied by a stern negative. "You had best confess," resumed Tadeo. "If you are no political offender, if no criminal project led you where I found you, I pledge my word, Señor—and I pledge it only to what I can and will perform—you shall at once be released."

"I can say but this," replied the prisoner; "it was not my object to overhear you: an accident conducted me where you discovered me, and I heartily regret that a casual noise betrayed my presence."

"Is that all you will say?"

"All."

"You know not with whom you deal," cried the Count. Then, lowering his voice, and with a smile that he strove to render amiable. "It was, perhaps, a love-affair," he said. "Young man, which of Doña Rosaura's handmaidens did you seek? Who introduced you into that apartment? Tell me this, satisfy me on a point that concerns myself personally, and not only will I forget all, but remain your debtor."

Whilst thus he spoke, the Count's features expressed very different sen-

timents from those announced by his smooth and placable speech. In their convulsive workings, and in the savage fire of his eyes, jealousy and hatred were plainly to be read; he looked like a tiger about to spring upon its prey.

"Señor," said Federico contemptuously, "you waste time. If a lady did introduce me into your house, rest assured I am not base enough to reveal her name. From me you get no further answer. Do with me as you will. In this unhappy land, might is above right."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Count, fiercely advancing upon his undaunted captive; "you have betrayed yourself. I will destroy you, knave, like an insect. A lady conceal you! What audacious slander is this?" He struggled with his rage, and, mastering himself, resumed. "It has been proved that you are the spy of a dangerous and treasonable association. Where is the paper you stole?"

"I have no paper," replied Federico, "and will answer no more questions. I am in your power; do your worst."

The Count stepped to the dungeon door, and summoned two men in waiting outside. Whilst one of them searched Federico, closely examining each pocket and fold of his dress, but without discovering the much-coveted document, the other listened respectfully to the Count, who gave him instructions in a low voice. His last words, which reached the ear of the student, were not calculated to reassure him as to the future. "Be it so," said Don Tadeo. "The necessary warrant shall at once be made out, and then—despatch." And with a vindictive glance at his prisoner, he left the prison.

It was some consolation to the unfortunate Federico, when again in dismal solitude, and with the prospect of a cruel death before his eyes, to reflect on the firmness he had shown, and on the agony of jealous doubt he had inflicted on his rival. In his defenceless and desperate circumstances, such revenge was doubly sweet; and for a while he dwelt on it with pleasure. Then his thoughts took other direction, and an active and excited imagination transported

him from that gloomy cell to the chamber of the beautiful cause of his misfortunes. She knelt before a crucifix, and wept and prayed for him. He heard her breathe his name, and invoke the saints to his assistance; and in a transport of love and gratitude he extended his arms to clasp her to his heart. They were rudely checked by the chain that linked them to the wall. And now pale spectres flitted through the gloom, and grinned at him with their skeleton mouths, and murmured in his ear that he must die, and never again see her whose kiss was yet hot upon his lips. And the last ominous words and deadly look of his foe recurred to him, chasing all hope. Who would miss him, the humble and friendless student; who inquire where or how he had met his fate? Far greater than he, the wealthy, the titled, the powerful, had met the fate he anticipated, at hangman's hands, in the dark and silent recesses of Spanish dungeons. To the long list of illustrious victims, he, an insignificant one, would be added unnoticed. And the remembrance of those who had preceded him, ennobling an ignominious death, gave Federico courage. "Yes!" he exclaimed aloud. "I will die, as so many great and good men have died before me! Would that I had done service to my poor oppressed country, something to deserve the tyrant's hate! But for thee, Rosaura, will I gladly perish, and to thee only shall my last sigh be given."

His words yet echoed in the dungeon, when he heard steps at the door, and its fastenings again withdrawn. This time, he doubted not it was his death-warrant and the executioner. Nerving himself to endure the worst, he gazed sternly and steadily at his visitors.

"That is he," said the turnkey, to a tall, sullen-looking man.

"Take off his chains," was the answer; "and you, señor, follow me."

"Quick with your work," cried Federico. "Call your aids. I am prepared."

"Silence and follow!" harshly replied the stranger. "Lucky for you if you are prepared for all."

Without the dungeon stood a third man, muffled in a short mantle. Federico shuddered. "Another of the

hangman brood!" he murmured. "Lead on, I fear thee not!" The man followed without a word. After traversing several corridors, they ascended a lofty staircase. Behind each door Federico fancied a torture chamber or a garrote, but none of them revealed what he expected. At last his conductor paused.

"Are you ready," he said, "to appear before your Supreme Judge?"

"I am ready," Federico solemnly replied.

"Then enter here."

A door opened, the student set foot across the threshold, and uttered a cry of surprise. Instead of the garrote, instead of racks and torturers, he beheld a gorgeous saloon, brilliantly lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers. Five or six men of distinguished mien and elegant appearance, with stars and orders upon their breasts, were grouped round a large carved chair, and looked curiously and expectantly at Federico. But he scarcely observed them. Even on a lady of great beauty and majestic aspect, who sat in the chair, wrapped in a costly mantle of embroidered velvet, his attention was fixed but for an instant, for behind her stood another lady, somewhat pale and anxious-looking, but who yet bore so strong a resemblance to the cause of his sufferings, to her of the rose-coloured robe, to Rosaura herself, that all the blood in his veins rushed to his heart. Her name hovered on his lips, and, forgetting everything but love and newly-revived hope, he was about to spring forward and throw himself at her feet, when the lady in the chair addressed him.

"Remain there, señor," she said with a smile and gracious movement of her head, as if she divined the impulse to which the impetuous student so nearly yielded. "You have had strange adventures, I am told, within the last few hours. They will terminate happily for you, if you tell me the whole truth, and relate without reserve all that has occurred. Where have you passed this night? What took you to the house in which you were found hidden? What heard you there?"

"Señora," replied Federico, respectfully, but firmly; "I have

already preferred death to the revelation of a secret that is not mine. My resolution is unchanged. I can answer no questions."

The lady cast a friendly and approving glance at the steadfast youth.

"Now, by our Lady," she said, turning to the gentlemen around her, "this is a chivalrous fidelity, right pleasant to behold in these unchivalrous days. I doubt not, young Sir, that the lady of your affections will know how to repay it. But here are great interests at stake, and your excuse may not avail. You must relate all, truly and without reserve. And to remove your scruples, know that the secret you have so bravely kept is no longer one for any here present. Proceed!"

A look from Rosaura confirmed this assurance, and without further hesitation, Federico told his adventures, and repeated the dialogue he had heard from the closet. At times the listeners seemed surprised; at times they smiled, or looked significantly at each other, and spoke together in brief whispers. Twice had the student to tell his tale, and his words were taken down by one of the gentlemen present. That done, the lady rose quickly from her chair, laid a hand upon his shoulder, and fixing her keen bright eyes searchingly upon his face, pointed to the deposition.

"Can you swear to that?" she cried. "Is it all true? Before God and his saints, did all pass as you have said? No word too much or too little? Saw you the document with your own eyes? *Santa Madre!* Is it possible? Surely it cannot be; and yet—my friends, what say you? What think you, Duke of San Fernando, and you, Marquis of Santa Cruz? What says his Grace of San Lorenzo, and our discreet friend, Martinez de la Rosa? No, I need not fear, whilst thus surrounded by the best and wisest in the land, Cambronero, advise us. How may we defeat the machinations of our crafty foes?"

The gentleman who had written down the deposition, raised his head,

and Federico recognised the features of one renowned throughout Spain as a wise counsellor and learned lawyer. With surprise and respect the student gazed at the distinguished and illustrious persons he had just heard named.

"Much depends," said Cambronero, "on his Majesty's health. If unhappily he departs this life without regaining consciousness, we must recover the surreptitiously obtained document at point of sword. No other course will then be open to us. But if, by God's gracious mercy, the king's senses return, not a moment must be lost in obtaining from his hand a revocation of the act. He must be told every thing; he must be shown how his confidence has been abused, and what base advantage has been taken of a momentary weakness. He must hear the witnesses whom Heaven has raised up for your Majesty."

"Ha!" cried the lady, with an impatient and energetic gesture, "you are right, Cambronero; we must act! All that can be done, Christina will do. They shall not triumph by weakness of hers! Don Fernando still lives, can yet retract. He shall hear how they have laboured to bring shame upon his name; shall learn the perfidy of those who have environed him with their snares! I go to tell him."

The Queen left the room. "To me it seems, Señores," said Cambronero, a quiet smile playing on his shrewd features, "that things have happened for the best, and that the result of all this is not doubtful, provided only the king be not already dead. The Apostolicals have been active. Their creatures have worked their way even into the cabinet and the camarilla. The guards, the captains-general, and many officers of state are long since gained over. In all cases, on King Ferdinand's death, a war is inevitable. The succession to the throne is a Gordian knot, to be cut only by the sword. The Infante will never yield his claim, or admit as valid the abrogation of the ancient Salic law.* And doubtless the crown would be

* By the Pragmatic Sanction, promulgated during the first pregnancy of Christina in May 1830.

his, were not the people and the spirit of the times opposed to him. He is retrograde; the Spain of to-day is and must be progressive. The nation is uneasy; it hates despotic government and the inquisition; it ferments from north to south, from Portugal to the Mediterranean; but that fermentation would lack a rallying point without the decree which commands all to cling to Christina and her children, and repel the Infante. The partisans of Carlos have striven to obtain by craft what they could not hope to conquer by the strong hand, and they have succeeded in making a dying monarch revoke in a moment of delirium or imbecility that all-important act. The revocation is in the hands of the Infante; the Salic law is once more the law of the land, and Christina's children are in their turn disinherited. And if it is impossible to restore the king to consciousness, I fear——"

"What?" cried the Marquis of Santa Cruz.

"That we are on the eve of a great revolution."

"Hush!" said the Duke of San Lorenzo, looking anxiously around him. "These are dangerous words, my friend." And his eye fell upon the handsome countenance of Martinez de la Rosa, who smiled thoughtfully.

"Call it reform, Cambronero," he said; "wise progress of the times, moderate, cautious, adapted to the circumstances; not rash, reckless, sweeping revolution."

The lawyer cast a keen glance at the former minister of the Cortes.

"Reform!" he cried. "Ay, certainly; but what reform? Does Señor de la Rosa mean such reform as he helped to bring about? I bid him beware: these are no times for trifling. Here we stand, but a few paces from the death-bed of a powerful prince. He fettered this revolution or reform; but, Señores, it was only for a while and in appearance. Like the mole, it has laboured and advanced, surely and unseen. Happy for our king if he expires before the vanity of his efforts, and the inutility of the bloodshed and misery they have occasioned, are demonstrated; before he learns that a principle never dies, though all the ar-

tillery of the world be brought to bear upon it. History judges the dead; nations judge the living. Let us so act that we may stand with honour before both tribunals."

"The subject leads us too far," said the poet and minister, rising from his chair and glancing at Federico, who, struck and delighted by Cambronero's words, gazed at him with expanded brow and flashing eyes. "Let us beware of kindling fanaticism: coolness and prudence are becoming to men, and, God knows, we need both."

He took Cambronero's arm, and led him to the other end of the spacious apartment. The noblemen followed, and the conversation was resumed in a lower tone. So enthralling had been the interest with which Federico had listened to the words of these influential Liberals, that for an instant he had neglected Rosaura, who stood nearly concealed behind the swelling cushions and high gilt back of the throne-like chair. Her beautiful face wore an anxious, inquiring expression, which seemed to reproach him with forgetting her; but as he drew near, she smiled, and rays of love and hope broke from beneath her long dark lashes. And under the magic influence of those beaming eyes, Federico's doubts and fears vanished like frost before mid-day sun, and were replaced by a transport of blissful emotion.

"Rosaura!" he exclaimed, "what unspeakable joy is this! Strange, indeed, have been the events of the night! The wonders of Arabian tales are realised. A moment ago, I awaited death in a dungeon; and behold I am in a king's chamber, and at your feet, Rosaura. Explain these things, adored mistress of my heart! How do we thus meet? How came you hither?"

"With our friend, Geronimo Regato," replied the lady.

"The traitor!" indignantly exclaimed Federico. "No thanks to him if I escape with life."

"Judge not so hastily," cried Rosaura: "you know not all you owe Regato. From him I first heard your name. He was my confidant; he knew my aversion to the detested man, who considered me already his

own. My father, of an old family, although not of the highest nobility, was President of the Burgos Tribunal, and by commercial transactions in the time of the Constitution, he acquired great wealth. My hated suitor is also sprung from the people. My father was his friend, and at one time had to thank his influence for escape from persecution. Out of gratitude he promised him my hand, and, dying a year ago, left him my guardian. In that capacity he administered my estates, and had me in his power. But, thanks to the Virgin, I am at last free from his odious control."

She gazed tenderly at Federico, and held out her hand, which he covered with kisses. But she hastily withdrew it, on becoming aware that their proceedings were observed by the group of politicians.

"Is this the time and place?" she said, with a smile of sweet confusion and arch reproach. "And yet, Federico, best beloved, why should I feign indifference, or conceal that my heart is wholly yours?"

"Angel!" cried the enraptured student, trembling with ecstasy.

"Hush!" whispered Rosaura. "Cambronero looks and laughs at us. Hear me, Federico. The decisive moment approaches; but I fear it not—I love and hope. It was Geronimo, disguised as a Gallego, who brought you to my abode: Geronimo hates him whom we hate; he knew me as a child, was my father's friend, and loves us both. He spoke to me of you long before I saw you; he told me the hour of your walks in the Prado. At the first glance I recognised you."

"And where is that singular man?" Federico inquired.

"I know not, but doubtless at no great distance. This night, a few hours ago, I lay sleepless on my pillow, *anxious* for your fate, when a carriage stopped at the door. It was surrounded with guards and torch-bearers, and I was told that my presence was instantly required at the palace. My alarm at so untimely a summons was dissipated by the arrival of Geronimo. 'Fear nothing,' he said: 'the hour of happiness is at hand. He whom you hate is van-

quished. Federico is his conqueror.'"

"I his conqueror!" cried the student. And then, recalling all that had occurred. "Strange destiny!" he continued. "Yes, I now see that the secret intrigues of a dangerous and powerful man have been revealed by my means. But who is he? I in vain conjecture."

"You do not know him?" cried Rosaura, greatly astonished "not know——?" She suddenly paused, for at that moment the door burst open, and the Queen entered the room, in extreme haste and violent agitation.

"His Majesty is recovered," she exclaimed, her voice shrill and quivering with contending emotions: "his swoon is over, God's grace be thanked. I have spoken, my noble friends, and not in vain. The King will himself hear the witnesses. These young people must come with me. Call Geronimo Regato. Remain here, Cambronero, and all of you; I must see you again, I need your counsel—desert me not!"

"When your majesty next honours us with your presence," said Cambronero, bowing low, and raising his voice, "it will be as Queen Regent of Spain."

Regato entered the room, and Federico rubbed his eyes in fresh astonishment. It was the same man in the dark mantle who had followed him from his dungeon to the Queen's audience chamber, and whom he had taken for an executioner. Gradually the mysteries of the night unravelled themselves. He understood that if Regato had accused him, it had been to avert suspicion from himself, and that he might work more effectually for both, by revealing to the Queen or to Cambronero what he had learned from Federico, and by placing before them the list of the conspirators. Musing upon this, and each moment more convinced of Geronimo's wisdom and good faith, he followed the Queen, who, with rapid step, led him and Rosaura through a suite of splendid apartments. Stopping before a door, she turned to the student.

"Speak fearlessly," she said: "suppress no word of truth, and reckon on my favour and protection."

Federico bowed. The door turned

noiselessly on its hinges, and the Queen paused a moment as in anger and surprise, whilst a dark glow flushed her excited and passionate countenance. From the door a view was commanded of the whole apartment, which was dimly lighted, and occupied by several persons, standing in a half circle, round a bed placed near a marble chimney-piece. Upon this bed, propped by cushions into a half sitting posture, lay Ferdinand VII., his suffering features and livid complexion looking ghastly and spectral in the faint light, and contrasted with the snow-white linen of his pillow. A black-robed priest knelt at his feet, and mumbled the prayer for the dying; Castillo the physician held his arm, and reckoned the slow throbs of the feeble pulse. At the bed-side sat a lady, her hands folded on the velvet counterpane, her large dark eyes glancing uneasily, almost fiercely, around the room—her countenance by no means that of a sorrowing and resigned mourner.

"The document!" groaned the sick man, with painful effort; "the document, where is it? To your hands I intrusted it; from you I claim it back. Produce it instantly."

"My gracious sovereign," replied the person addressed—and at the sound of that sinister voice, Federico felt Rosaura's hand tremble in his—"my gracious sovereign, that paper, that weighty and important document, signed after wise and long deliberation, cannot thus lightly be revoked by a momentary impulse."

"Where is it?" interrupted the King angrily.

"In the safest keeping."

"In the hands of the Infante," cried the Queen, entering the room, and approaching the bed.

"Traitor!" exclaimed Ferdinand, making a violent but fruitless effort to raise himself. "Is it thus you repay my confidence?"

"Hear me, gracious sir," cried Tadeo; but his tongue faltered, and he turned deadly pale, for just then he perceived Rosaura, Federico, and Regato standing at the door.

"Hear these," said the Queen, placing her arm affectionately round her suffering husband, and bowing her head over him, whilst tears, real or

feigned, of sympathy or passion, fell fast from her eyes. "They have betrayed you, Sire; they have abused your confidence; they have conspired against me, against you, against your innocent children. Approach, Don Federico; speak freely and fearlessly. You are under the safeguard of your King, who demands of you the entire truth."

"Enough!" said Ferdinand; "I have read the young man's deposition. Look at it, sir," he added, to Tadeo, pointing to the paper, "and deny it if you can."

Tadeo obeyed; as he read, his hand visibly shook, and at last he dropped the paper, and sank upon his knee.

"I cannot deny it," he said, in a troubled voice, "but let your majesty hear my justification. I implore permission to explain my conduct."

The little lady who sat beside the King's bed sprang to her feet, her countenance flaming with wrath, and rushed upon the kneeling man. Unbridled rage flashed from her eyes, and distorted each feature of her face.

"Traitor!" she cried, "where is the document? what have you done with it? You stole it, to deliver to men as vile and base as yourself! Traitor, produce it!"

"Madam!" exclaimed the astonished object of this furious apostrophe.

His remonstrance was cut short, for, quick as lightning, the ungovernable Infanta raised her hand, and let it fall upon his face with such vigour and good will, that the minister, unprepared for so unwomanly an assault, staggered backwards, and narrowly avoided a fall.

"Carlotta!" cried the Queen, seizing her sister's arm, and restraining her from further violence.

"The villain! the traitor!" shrieked the Infanta, in tones that resounded through the palace.

"Away with him from my sight!" cried Ferdinand, his voice growing fainter as he spoke. "The Queen, whom I appoint Regent during my illness, will decide upon his fate. I myself strip him of all offices and honours. Away with him, and for ever! You are no longer my minister, TADEO CALOMARDE. Oh, God! what a bitter deception! He too! He too!

By all the saints, he shall rue it. His treachery is my death-stroke!"

The King sank back like a corpse upon his cushions; but presently recovered himself, and with all speed, before the assembled ministers, the extorted decree was annulled, the Pragmatic Sanction again declared in full force, and the Queen nominated Regent. Whilst this took place, Federico, unheeded in the bustle of such important business, remained like one entranced. It was Calomarde, then, the man whose ruthless hand had been so pitilessly stretched forth over the suffering land—it was the all-powerful minister, the curse of Spain, the butcher of the noble Torrijos and his unhappy companions, whom he, the insignificant student, had cast down from his high state! The giant had succumbed before the pigmy; the virtual ruler of the kingdom had fallen by the agency of one whom, a day previously, he might with impunity have annihilated. Events so extraordinary and of such rapid occurrence, were hard to comprehend; and Federico had scarcely convinced himself of their reality, when he received, a few hours afterwards, a summons to the Queen's presence.

The morning sun shone into the royal apartment, revealing the traces of a sleepless night and recent agitation upon the handsome features of the newly-made Regent. She received the student with a smile, and placed Rosaura's hand in his.

"Fear nothing from Calomarde,"

she said. "He has fled his well-merited punishment. Those sent for his arrest, sought him in vain. You are under my protection, Rosaura—and you also, Don Federico. You have established a lasting claim upon my gratitude, and my friendship shall never fail you."

It does not appear how long these fair promises were borne in mind by a queen whose word, since that time, has been far oftener pledged than redeemed. Perhaps she thought she had acquitted herself of all obligations when, three months later, she honoured with her presence the nuptials of Federico and Rosaura, and with her own hand twined a costly wreath of brilliants through the sable ringlets of the beautiful bride. And perhaps the young couple neither needed nor desired further marks of her favour; for they withdrew from Madrid to reside in happy retirement upon Rosaura's estates. Geronimo Regato went with them; and for a while was their welcome guest. But his old habits were too confirmed to be eradicated, even by the influence of those he loved best. The atmosphere of a court, the excitement of political intrigue, were essential to his existence, and he soon returned to the capital. There, under a very different name from that by which he has here been designated, he played an important part in the stirring epoch that succeeded the death of Ferdinand the Well-beloved.

THE VISIBLE AND TANGIBLE.

A METAPHYSICAL FRAGMENT.

THOSE who have made their way through the German systems of idealism, from Kant to Hegel—destined in a future age to form one of the most curious chapters in the history, or romance, of philosophy—have probably, for the most part, come to the conclusion of their task, with the profound impression of the futility of the study of metaphysics, which, full of labour, is yet fruitless as idleness. *L'art de s'égarer avec méthode*—such it has been wittily defined, and such our Teutonic neighbours have been resolved to demonstrate it. Yet, this is not altogether the impression, we think, which such a course of study ought to produce: a better lesson may be drawn from it. There is, after all, a right as well as a wrong method of philosophising. The one leads, it may be, but to a few modest results, of no very brilliant or original character, yet of sterling value and importance. The other may conduct to startling paradox, to applauded subtleties, to bold and novel speculations, but baseless, transient, treacherous. It evidently requires something more than intellectual keenness; it requires the virtue of forbearance, and a temperate spirit, to adhere to sober rectitude of thought, and eschew the temptations that a daring and self-willed philosophy displays. Such is the lesson which these “folies of the wise” ought to inculcate. They should lead us to intrench ourselves more securely than ever within the sound rules for the investigation of truth.

Philosophise men will—men must. Even the darkest paths, and the most labyrinthine of metaphysics, must be perpetually trodden. In vain is it proclaimed that they lead back only to the point of ignorance from which they started; in vain is it demonstrated that certain problems are indemonstrable. If the same race of men lived for ever upon the earth, such inextricable problems might at length be set at rest. But each new generation finds them as fresh and

attractive as if they had never been touched, never probed and tortured by fruitless examination; to each generation they appear in all the unabated charms of mystery; to each generation must their solution at least be shown to be unattainable. In vain you write over the portal *Lasciate ogni speranza!* there is always a band of youth newly arrived before the gates, who will rush in.

It is futile, therefore, to think of discarding metaphysics; if a good system is not adopted, its contrary will speedily prevail. “A good physician,” says Paul Richter, “saves us—from a bad one—if from nothing else.” And a rational method of philosophising has, at all events, the same negative merit. Good sense, cries one, is sufficient for all the purposes of life, and even for all the useful walks of literature. The remark might be pertinent enough if you could secure a man in the quiet, uninterrupted possession of his plain good sense. But he who has not studied philosophy in his youth, will probably plunge into it, without study, in his old age. There is no guarantee against the infection of speculative thought. Some question suddenly interests the man of hitherto quiescent temper—invades his tranquillity—prompts him to penetrate below the surface of the matter—to analyse its intricacies—to sound its depths. Meanwhile, untutored, undisciplined for such labours, he speedily involves himself in inextricable difficulties—grasps at some plausible theory that had been a thousand times before seized on and relinquished—tilts valiantly at his men of straw—thrice slays the dead—and in short, strong-limbed as he is, and with all his full-grown thews and sinews, plays upon this new arena all the vagaries of a child. It may be said of philosophy, as it has been said of love,—it is, or it has been, or it will one day be, your master.

We have seen reverend doctors of divinity present no very dignified spectacle when they have suddenly

bethought them of paying their somewhat late devotions to philosophy. Accustomed to receive, as their due, a profound respect from others, they assume with easy confidence the cloak of the philosopher; and while they are thinking only how to arrange its folds with classic grace, they are unconsciously winding round their sturdy limbs what will sadly entangle their feet, and bring them, with shame and sore contusions, to the ground. Some will parade an ancient theory of morals, and introduce to us with all the pride of fresh discovery what now looks "as pale and hollow as a ghost." Others explain the beautiful; and with a charming audacity, a courage that is quite exhilarating, propound some theoretic fancy which has the same relation to philosophy that Quarle's Emblems bear to that pictorial art they especially delight to descant upon. But the greater number of these belated wanderers in the paths of philosophy, enter through the portals of religion. How could it be otherwise? Religion and philosophy touch at so many points—have so many problems in common—that the first moment the good man bethinks him he will be profound, sees him plunged in all the darkest enigmas of speculative thought, there to lose himself in we know not what heretical delusions.

Therefore, there is no one thing on which we are more disposed to congratulate Scotland than on her chairs of philosophy. Occupied by her most distinguished men, and teaching a sound system of psychology, they early train her youth to the severest and most useful discipline of thought. They have given its tone and its strength to the intellect of Scotland. They teach it to face all difficulties manfully, and to turn with equal manliness from vain and presumptuous speculations, which, under a boastful show of profundity, conceal invariably an arrant dogmatism. We turn with hearty satisfaction from the tissue of false subtleties which the German professor lays before his youth, to the careful and modest analysis of mental phenomena by which a professor in our northern universities at once enlightens and fortifies the mind. Scotland may well be proud of the position she has now long held in the philoso-

phical world. Her oscillations of error she, too, has no doubt exhibited—a necessary condition this of vitality and progress—but nowhere has a body of philosophers so systematically adhered to the sound canons of reasoning and research, and that upon a subject where there is the greatest facility and temptation to depart from them.

M. Cousin, and others who take that discursive light-tripping philosopher for their guide, have represented the Scotch as a sort of half Germans, and have both praised them, and praised them coldly, on this very account, that they have travelled half-way, and only half-way, towards the region of "high *a priori*" speculation. With M. Cousin's permission, the Scotch come of quite another house. His praise we should beg leave to decline: he may carry it to Alexandria, if he will. The method of philosophising pursued in Germany is fundamentally different from that which happily obtains in Scotland. No two schools of philosophy could resemble each other less. For ourselves, we regard the whole history of modern German speculation—the most remarkable instance, in our judgment, of great mental powers ill applied which the world has ever witnessed—as one continuous comment upon this text, the necessity of adhering to careful, honest observation of mental phenomena, however homely may be the results of such observation, and the astounding conclusions to which a train of thought rigidly pursued may conduct us, if, at its very point of departure, it has broken loose from this the first obligation of philosophy. The whole career of German speculation manifests a disregard of some of those fundamental principles of human belief, which, according to M. Cousin himself, it is the peculiar merit of the Scotch to have seized and held with tenacity.

These observations we will illustrate by a glance at the theories propounded on the great subject of perception—on the nature of our knowledge of the external world, *this visible and tangible creation*.

To a plain unsophisticated man, a stranger to the subtleties of metaphysical thought, it appears quite incon-

ceivable, when he is told that the existence of the visible and palpable scene before him should be converted into a problem of apparently invincible difficulty. Yet so it is. The metaphysician first carries off in triumph what are called its secondary qualities, as colour and heat, proving them to be no qualities of matter, but of mind, or the sensitive being. He next assails what had been pronounced to be its primary or essential qualities; the dark tangible mass that he had left behind is not suffered to retain its inert existence; extension, the power to fill space or resist pressure, what are these, he asks, but our own sensations or remembered sensations of touch, which have got associated, embodied together, agglomerated round some occult cause? What, after all, he exclaims, do we know of matter but as a *something* which possesses certain influences over *us*!—a something which is utterly unrepresented to us by the senses. And now this word “substance,” which formerly expressed a thing so well known, and every moment handled and looked at, is transformed to an invisible, intangible, imperceptible substratum—an unknown upholder of certain qualities, or, in more exact language, an unseen power clothing itself in *our* attributes—an existence far more resembling what is popularly understood by spirit than by matter. At length, even this unseen substratum is drawn within the world of thought, and becomes itself mere thought. There is *no* matter, there is no space, save what the mind creates for, and out of itself. Our man of simple apprehension, much bewildered, not at all convinced, breaks from the chain of sophistry, opens wide his eyes, and declares after all that “seeing is believing.”

We think so too.

On this subject of *perception* it is well known that Reid and Stewart, refusing to be drawn into any hypothesis or unsatisfactory analysis, contented themselves with stating, in the preciser language of the schools, the *fact* as it appears to the plain unsophisticated observer. Reid's explanations are unfortunately mingled up with his controversy against the old hypothesis of *ideas* or *images* of things perceived in the mind—an hypothesis

combated by him with unnecessary vehemence—but this detracts little from their substantive correctness or utility. This strange notion of images emanating from the external object, entering the mind, and being there perceived, was, after all, in its origin, rather a physical than a metaphysical hypothesis. The ancient speculator upon the causes of things felt, as we feel at this moment, the necessity for some medium of communication between the eye and the distant object, and not having detected this medium in the light which traverses or fills the space between them, he had recourse to this clumsy invention of *images* or *species* raying out from the surfaces of things. At the time when Reid wrote, this hypothesis, in its crude form, cannot be said to have existed; but it had left its traces in the philosophical language of the period, and there was certainly a vague notion prevalent that the idea of an object was a *tertium quid*, a something that was neither the mind nor the object.

We will quote the statement which Dugald Stewart makes of Reid's doctrine of perception. As he himself adopts the statement, it will embrace at once the opinion of both these philosophers:—

“To what, may it be asked, does this statement (of Reid's) amount? Merely to this, that the mind is so formed that certain impressions produced on our organs of sense by external objects, are followed by correspondent sensations, and that these sensations (which have no more resemblance to the qualities of matter, than the words of a language have to the things they denote) are followed by a perception of the existence and qualities of the bodies by which the impressions are made; that all the steps of this progress are equally incomprehensible; and that for any thing we can prove to the contrary, the connexion between the sensation and the perception, as well as that between the impression and the sensation, may be both arbitrary; that it is therefore by no means impossible that our sensations may be merely the occasions on which the correspondent perceptions are excited; and that at any rate the consideration of

these sensations, which are attributes of mind, can throw no light on the manner in which we acquire our knowledge of the existence and qualities of body. From this view of the subject, it follows that it is the external objects themselves, and not any species or images of these objects (*or, we may add, any mere agglomeration of present and remembered sensations*) that the mind perceives; and that although, by the constitution of our nature, certain sensations are rendered the constant antecedents of our perceptions, yet it is just as difficult to explain how our perceptions are obtained by their means, as it would be upon the supposition that the mind were all at once inspired with them, without any concomitant sensations whatever." (*Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, Vol. i. p. 92.)

It is seen here that both Reid and Stewart considered perception as a simple elementary fact or phenomenon of the human mind, and refused their assent to that analysis which would resolve it into sensation, accompanied with certain acts of memory and judgment. This last, however, has been the most popular amongst modern psychologists, who have many of them expressed an extreme impatience at the apparent sluggishness of these veterans in philosophy. We remember the time when we shared the same feeling of impatience, and thought it a most useless encumbrance to maintain this *perception* amongst the simple elements of the human mind: we now think otherwise, and see reason to acquiesce in the sound judgment, which took up the only safe, though unostentatious position, which this embarrassing subject affords.

Dr Brown, it is well known, departed from his predecessors at this point, and may here be considered as one of the ablest representatives of the *sensational* school. He expended much ingenuity in his analysis of perception, though in our opinion with very little result. No one saw more distinctly than he, that sensation alone could never give us the idea of an external object, or of space, or any thing external to the mind. No one has more satisfactorily shown

that the notion of an extended resisting body, supposed by many to be resolved into the sensations of touch, cannot be derived from this source alone, but must have some other origin than the pure sensation, which is a mere mental phenomenon or state of the consciousness. But he imagined he had overcome the difficulty by introducing to us a new sensation, the *muscular*, that which we experience when we move our limbs. What he could not derive from the old sense of touch, he thought himself able to deduce from the reasonings of the mind on this muscular sensation; but the same difficulties which he himself so lucidly set forth when treating upon touch, will be found to pursue him here also. This muscular sensation, like every other, is in itself a mere state of the consciousness, begins and ends in a mere pleasure or pain. That it terminates abruptly, and contrary to our volition, in a feeling of resistance, (as when our arm is arrested in its motion,) is saying nothing more than that one sensation gives place to another without our willing it; a statement which might be made in a thousand other cases of sensation with equal propriety. But the author shall explain his own theory.

"The infant stretches his arm for the first time, by that volition without a known object, which is either a mere instinct or very near akin to one; this motion is accompanied with a certain feeling; he repeats the volition, which moves his arm, fifty or one thousand times, and the same progress of feeling takes place during the muscular action. In this repeated progress he feels the truth of that intuitive proposition, which in the whole course of the life that awaits him is to be the source of all his expectations, and the guide of all his actions—the simple proposition that *what has been* as an antecedent, will be followed by *what has been* as a consequent. At length he stretches out his arm *again*, and instead of the accustomed progression, there arises, in the resistance of some object opposed to him, a feeling of a very different kind, which, if he persevere in his voluntary effort, increases gradually to severe pain, before he has half completed the usual progress.

There is a difference, therefore, which we may without any absurdity suppose to astonish the little reasoner; for the expectation of similar consequents from similar antecedents, is observable even in his earliest actions, and is probably the result of an original law of mind, as universal as that which renders certain sensations of sight and sound the immediate result of certain affections of our eye or ear. To any being who is thus impressed with belief of similarities of sequence, a different *consequent* necessarily implies a difference of the *antecedent*. In the case at present supposed, however, the infant, who as yet knows nothing but himself, is conscious of no previous difference; and the feeling of *resistance* seems to him, therefore, something *unknown*, which has its *cause in something that is not himself*."—(Vol. i. p. 514.)

There is a certain pre-arrangement here of the circumstances to suit the convenience of explanation. The little arm of the infant being very closely fastened to its own little body, it could hardly move it fifty or a thousand times in succession, or even once, without its muscular sensation terminating in the sense of resistance, or pressure, which is but another form of the sense of touch. In short, this would be always sooner or later the consequent upon this muscular sensation. And it appears very evident that "the little reasoner," more especially if he held the same doctrine as Brown on the nature of cause and effect, would look no further than the *first* sensation for the cause of the *second*. There would be few instances in his limited experience more marked of invariable antecedence and consequence than this,—that the muscular sensation would sooner or later be followed by a tactual one. If we could suppose it possible that the infant logician had to make the discovery of an external world by an effort of reasoning upon its sensations, we should say that this case was the least likely of any to lead him to the discovery—the least likely to impel him to look out of the circle of sensations for a cause of them.

Mere sensation of any kind, reason on it how we will, cannot account for

the perception of external objects, which is another and separate fact. We are reduced to admit that it is by a simple primary law of our constitution that the organs of sense (which may with equal propriety be called the organs of perception) convey to us a knowledge of the external world. We touch, and a tangible extended body is made known to us; we open our eyes, and a visible body is before us.

Dr Brown, adopting and refining upon Berkeley's theory of vision, attributes originally nothing more than the mere sensation of colour to the eye, which sensation, by association with that of touch, becomes extended, so to speak, over an external surface, and defined into limited figures. We are not disposed to lay any greater stress than Dr Brown himself upon the *image* said to be traced upon the retina; but we say that the eye, as well as the touch, immediately informs us of external surface and definite figure.

There is, it is true, a *sensation* of colour apart from the *perception*. This may be separated, in our reflection, from all external surface. It is a *pleasure* which colour gives, and which enters largely into the complex sentiments of beauty. But our notion of colour itself we cannot dissociate from external surface: we cannot think of colour but as something outward. And if it comes to us originally under the condition of external surface, it must also present itself originally under certain forms and figures; for only where the whole field of vision is occupied by one unvaried colour, as when the eye is fixed upon a cloudless sky, could there be the perception of surface without some figure more or less defined on it.

And why is it, that on a subject of this nature the manifest facts witnessed in the whole animal creation are to be overlooked? If other animals evidently, on the first opening of their eyes, see form, and movement, and the whole world before them; does not this sufficiently intimate the instantaneous knowledge which it is the nature of vision to bestow? The human infant arrives, indeed, more slowly at the perfect use of its senses.

It arrives, also, more slowly at the perfect use of its limbs. But we never conclude because it does not rise and skip about the fields like a dropped lamb, that there is any essential difference between its muscular powers and those of other animals of creation. Why should we suppose that its vision is regulated by different laws merely because it obtains the perfect use of its eyesight somewhat later?

Let us now turn from the imperfect analysis which the *sensational* school presents, to the speculations of the *idealist*. It will be seen that the hasty conclusions of the first gave a sort of basis for the strange results to which the second would conduct us.

Kant looked in vain for the idea of extension, or of space, where the philosophers had been seeking it, in the phenomena of sensation. He pronounced, therefore, that it was not derivable from experience, did not come to us from without, through any direct communication from the senses. Not finding this idea of space where the analytical psychologist had been searching for it, he drew it at once from the mind itself. He described it as a product of the *subject* man, a *form of the sensibility* with which he invests his own sensations.

We must first remark, that to this description of what perception really is, there lies the same objection that may be urged against the account of the *sensationalist*. A sensation clothed in space!—is this intelligible? is it by any means an account of the matter? To invest sensation with space, is it not as if we spoke of a *pleasure* that was *square*, or of a *circular pain*?

So far, however, as this internal origin of the idea of space is concerned, the statement of Kant, though expressed in unusual terms, is not opposed to the general belief of mankind, or to our irresistible convictions. It may merely convey this meaning, that the mind has an immediate knowledge (drawn from the laws of its own cogitation) of space, or extension. But then, according to the universal and unalterable convictions of mankind, this idea of space, though it may be derived from the innate resources of the mind, is in fact the knowledge of an external

reality—of an *objective* truth. Kant decided otherwise. He pronounced this *form of the sensibility* to be merely and only a mode of thought—that space had, in fact, no other existence, was solely a *subjective* truth.

This one decision has been the cause of, or at least has served as the starting-point for a series of the wildest speculations that perhaps philosophy has to record. And this decision, how arbitrary!—how dogmatic!

It must be manifest, we think, to every intelligent person, that, granting we cannot demonstrate the *objective truth* of the existence of space, it is equally impossible to prove its *subjective* nature. We cannot conceive of space but as existing really around us. The metaphysician says we may be deceived. This universal and irresistible conviction—this fundamental law of human belief, may not be correspondent with absolute truth, may not be trustworthy. Granted that we *may* be deceived, that there is footing here for his *scepticism*, he cannot proceed a step further, and show that we *are* deceived. When, in his turn, he would assert, or dogmatise, he at all events is as open to our scepticism as we were to his. If a fundamental belief of this kind is not to be trusted, so neither can it be convicted of falsehood. We cannot launch ourselves out of our own nature; we *cannot test* our own faculties of cognition. This could only be done by some superior intelligence who could survey apart the object and the percipient subject.

We *may* be deceived in believing that we ourselves exist—that there is any permanent being we call ourselves—but there is no demonstrating that we *are* so deceived. The two cases are strictly analogous. We have just the same proof of the existence of the external object as of the thinking and percipient subject. The very first sensation or perception we experience brings with it instantaneously the two correlates, object and subject; they are made known in the same act or feeling; they are made known the one by means of the other—for unless through the means of the antagonist idea of object we should not have that of subject, nor *vice versa*. In our judgment, therefore, there is as little

philosophy in denying the external existence of matter as the internal existence of mind. The two ideas, as we have said, rise instantaneously, synchronously, and are in such manner correlates that it is only by the presence of the one that the other reveals itself.*

When Kant advanced from doubting of the *objective* truth of our knowledge of space, to deciding against it—to asserting that it was purely *subjective*—he was exceeding the limits of the human faculties, and offering a mere dogmatism which can never be brought to any test whatever. He was asking us to judge of the trustworthiness of our faculties of cognition—by what?—by our faculties of cognition. He was elevating what is at best a strange suspicion, a mere *guess*, into a doctrine.

And the whole superstructure of the systems of idealism which his German followers have reared, rests upon this guess!

Kant left nothing of the material world but an indescribable *noumenon*, which did not even exist in space. Of course the categories of Aristotle, classifying as they did those relations which constitute our knowledge of this world, were converted by him into mere forms of the *understanding*, moulding the given products of the *sensibility*. Certain other regulative modes of thought predominating, in their turn, over the products of the *understanding*, he called ideas of the *pure reason*.

His successor, Fichte, it will be seen, advanced but little further when he pronounced for a system of *idealism*. The subjective nature of our knowledge had been laid down; there was

nothing left of the real world but this *noumenon* which had been ejected from the realm of space; he acted, therefore, a consistent and charitable part, in taking this forlorn and banished entity into the region, at least, of thought. All the external world is now but a projection from the individual mind—the *non-ego* is but another development of the *ego*—the *object* is nothing but a sort of limitation or contrast which the subject throws out, to make a life for itself; the web it spins in the blank infinitude. Of the whole material world we have for ever got rid.

Here it might be supposed that speculation in this direction had reached its extreme point; and as idealism is a system in which the mind cannot long rest, contradicting, as it does, its ineradicable convictions, that here would commence a philosophical revolution, and a return to a more sober and accurate method of investigation. But the German mind has put forth at this point an astonishing fertility. It has played with this idealism, refined upon it, varied it, produced new phases of it; reviving the strangest paradoxes of the Alexandrian school; and teaching—in this, the nineteenth century—with the gravest confidence in the world—with all the assurance of an ancient Scald chanting forth his mythological fables, a whole system of idealistic cosmogony!

Schelling, in his idealism, in some measure reinstated the *object*; not by reviving the vulgar notion of its reality, but declaring it to be in its essence identical with the *subject*, and pronouncing both to have an equally real or equally ideal existence. He thus got rid of the embarrassment

* "Relatives are known only together: the science of contraries is one. Subject and object, mind and matter, are known only in correlation and contrast, and in the same common act: which knowledge is at once a synthesis and an antithesis of both, and may be indifferently defined an antithetic synthesis and a synthetic antithesis of the terms. Every conception of *self* necessarily implies a conception of *not self*; every perception of what is different from me, implies a recognition of the percipient subject in contradistinction from the object perceived. In one object of knowledge, indeed, the object is the prominent element, in another the subject; but there is none in which either is known out of relation to the other. The immediate knowledge which Reid allows of things different from the mind, and the immediate knowledge of mind itself, cannot, therefore, be split into two distinct acts. In perception, as in other faculties, the same indivisible consciousness is conversant about both terms of the relation of knowledge."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 103, p. 165.—A very able and elaborate paper, attributed to Sir William Hamilton.

which encounters us in the ordinary systems of idealism, of the subjective *Ego* producing the objective *Ego*. *Thought* and *thing* are identical. But this identity is to be recognised only in the mind of God, in the absolute — which develops what in itself is unity in the form of a duality. As if (to use a rude illustration) the same image should be shot from the interior of a magic lantern through two diverging tubes, making that twofold which was itself identical.

As it is hard for common apprehension to conceive this *absolute*, and seize upon this identity of thought and thing, Schelling invented a faculty of mind expressly for the comprehension of such profound doctrines of philosophy. He called it *intellectual intuition*. Those who possess it not — and it is by no means general — must be content to live without philosophy. Nor can those on whom nature has failed to bestow this intellectual intuition, acquire it by any study or industry of their own. *Philosophus nascitur, non fit.*

Viewed from one aspect, Schelling's philosophy is not without a certain charm. "Spirit is invisible nature, nature is visible spirit." In this view of things, if mind loses its pre-eminence, nature, or the visible world, is exalted and spiritualised. It is a system likely to fascinate the poet and the artist, and we believe it has had a recognised influence on the cultivation of the fine arts in Germany. It awakens our enthusiasm for nature. More than ever is mind, is deity, seen in the visible world. Nature is, in fact, deified, whatever other sacrifices are made.

But if there was something for enthusiasm to lay hold of in the system of Schelling, there was much wanting, it seems, to satisfy the rigid demands of philosophy. His cosmogony, his manner of tracing, *a priori*, the development of all things from the absolute, was considered, by those

who understand such profundities, to be deficient in accuracy. Hegel next trod

"with wandering feet
The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss."

And we are told gravely, by grave expositors, how, beginning with *nothing*, he showed, with logical precision, how every thing had regularly proceeded from it!

In the system of Hegel, object and subject are both lost sight of: nothing exists but the relation between them. As the thing and the thought of it are identical, and as the essence of a thought is the relation between two terms, it follows very logically that this relation is all, and that nothing really exists but relations. We should have supposed this to be a fair *reductio ad absurdum*, proving (if the matter could need of proof) that the *thing* and the *thought* were not identical. But the march of ideal philosophy was not to be so easily arrested.

We have now reached what is distinguished as *absolute idealism*.

"They (the three idealisms) may be thus illustrated," (writes Mr Lewes in his *History of Philosophy*.) "I see a tree. Fichte tells me that it is I alone who exist: the tree is a modification of my mind. This is *subjective idealism*. Schelling tells me that both the tree and my *ego* are existences equally real, or ideal, but they are nothing less than manifestations of the absolute. This is *objective idealism*. But Hegel tells me, that all these explanations are false. The only thing really existing is the idea — the relation. The *ego* and the tree are but two terms of the relation, and owe their reality to it. This is *absolute idealism*."

If Martinus Scribbams were alive, he also might be tempted to give an illustration of these three forms of idealism.

The crowd of spectators at a fair,

¹ Lewes' *Biographical History of Philosophy*, Vol. iv, p. 100. It is very remarkable work. Written with great vivacity and clearness, compact, and a volume of matter in the briefest possible space, — and, O reader, forgive the anticlimax! — at the least possible cost. In fact it forms part of the Series known as "Kitchin's Weekly Volume." To find a strictly original work of so much ability given to the world in this form, proves that the publishers and the main streamers, in this present century, are equal to none in the activity and enterprise with which they render their service to the public.

he might say, if they see a man dancing upon the tight-rope, strained between two posts—have no doubt in the world that the rope, and the man on it, are equally supported by the same two posts, which, moreover, they presume to stand up there in veritable substantiality before them. Were our three sages at the fair, they would reason otherwise. Fichte would say—these people think there are two posts! There is but one. That left-hand post is but the shadow of the other. It is the right-hand *subjective* post which has projected it forth.

Schelling, gravely looking on, observes they are *both shadows*: nay, they are identical. If you were to stand in the centre of the rope, in the *point of indifference* between them, and to turn round till the intellectual intuition were sufficiently excited, you would find the right-hand and the left-hand post blended together—undistinguishable—you would perceive their absolute identity.

Shadows! identical! Very true, says Hegel, slowly stepping forward, but what a mistake have both philosophers and the vulgar been making all this time! They have presumed that these posts support the rope! It is the rope which upholds the posts; which are indeed but its opposite ends. You may see

that, separately, each post is good for nothing; it is the relation between them that is every thing; the rope is all. This alone can be said to exist. Every thing about us is plainly at one end or the other end of this, or some other rope. There runs, he would add, a vulgar tradition that man made the rope. I will demonstrate that the rope made the man and every thing else in the whole fair.

* * * * *

But it is not our object at present to enter further into the labyrinth of German metaphysics; at a future time, if our readers should endure the subject, we will endeavour to act as guide and interpreter through some of its more curious passages; we are here concerned only with the points of view taken of the material world. Have we not said enough to support our thesis? to prove what strange results may be arrived at if philosopher, following after philosopher, bases his speculations on what is current in the school-room, instead of recurring to honest and simple-minded observations of nature—and to show that on this subject of *perception* our veterans Reid and Stewart have taken up the only safe position our present knowledge admits of?

CHARLES DE BERNARD.

THE position of French novels and novelists in the appreciation of the English public, has undergone, within the last few years, a notable change. We need revert to no distant period to recall the day when the word "Paris" on the title-page of a book of fiction, was, to the work so inscribed, virtual sentence of exclusion from respectable library and decent drawing-room this side the Channel. It was the foul-bill of health, the signal of a moral quarantine, interminable and hopeless of pratique. French novels came to England and were read; but the arrivals were comparatively rare, the readers scarce more numerous; whilst by the masses they were condemned as contraband and dangerous merchandise, and eschewed as religiously as Lyons silks by the humane, when Spitalfields are starving. The wilful and wicked minority who took pleasure in their pungent pages, did so clandestinely, and with precaution. In carefully-locked desk, or on top-most shelf of bookcase, lurking behind an honourable front-rank of history and essay, the disreputable literature was bestowed. Nor was its reception more openly hospitable when arrayed in English garb. Translators there were, who strove to render into the manly, wholesome Anglo-Saxon tongue, the puerile—witty, frivolous, prurient, and amusing—of Gallic imagination. But either the translations shared the interdiction incurred by the objectionable originals, or the plan adopted to obtain their partial acceptance, destroyed pitch and point. Letters from plague-ridden shores are fitted for the perusal of the uninfected by fumigation and other mysterious processes. They reach us reeking with aromatics and defaced by perforations, intended doubtless to favour the escape of the demon of pestilence bodily imprisoned within their folds. But their written contents are injured by the salutary operation; the words of affection, the combinations of commerce, the politician's plans, are still to be read upon their stained and punctured sur-

face. Not so with the French novels that underwent fumigation and curtailment at the hands of decorous translators. The knife that extirpated the gangrene, unavoidably trenching upon the healthy flesh: in rooting up the abundant tares, the scanty grain was shaken out, and chaff and straw alone remained.

We speak of times past, although still recent; glance we at the present, and, Heaven help us! what a change is here! *Tempora mutantur et libri*—or it were perhaps more proper to say, *et lectores*. With headlong velocity, one extreme has been abandoned for its opposite. The denounced of yesterday is the favoured of to-day; the scouted is now the cherished; the rejected stone has a lofty place in the literary edifice. French novels, translated, if not original, are as commonly seen in the "best regulated families" as confits at the confectioner's or poison on potter-carrier's shelves. The ban is removed, the anathema revoked; either the Upas has been discovered to be less baneful than was imagined, or the disease lurking at the core has been forgotten in the bright colours and pleasant flavour of the appetible fruit. We take up the newspaper. What heads the column? Half a score advertisements of the "Mysteries of Paris"—a new edition of the "Wandering Jew," illustrated by the first artists—"Memoirs of a Physician," in two penny numbers and shilling volumes; French novels, in short, at all prices and in every form. We step into the club; the produce of Paris and Brussels presses strews the table, and an elderly gentleman, with a solemn face and quakerish coat, soatches amongst them for the nine-and-twentieth volume of "Monte Christo" or of some other French romance of longitude equally sea-serpentine. We call upon our friend Tom Sterling, a worthy fellow, much respected on "Change." Miss Sterling is deep in a natty duodecimo, whose Flemish aspect speaks volumes in favour of international copyright. Our natural clear-sightedness enables

us to read, even from the door, "Société Belge de Librairie" upon its buff paper cover. Is the book hastily smuggled under sofa-cushions, or stealthily dropped into the neglected work-basket? By no means. The fair student deliberately marks her place, and engages us in a controversy as to the merits, faults, and beauties of a score of French romancists, in whose lucubrations she assuredly is far better read than ourselves. In short, English aversion for French modern literature has disappeared, and been replaced by partiality—not to say affection. Dumas is a staple commodity; Sue is voted delightful; English authors of talent and standing translate or "edit"—to use the genteel word now adopted—the works of French ones; even George Sand finds lady-translators, and, we fear, lady readers; French books are reprinted in London, and the Palais Royal is transported to the arcade of Burlington. We shall not take upon ourselves to blame or applaud this change in public taste, to decide how far such large importation and extensive patronage of foreign wares are advantageous or deplorable—to tax with laxity those who write, or with levity those who read, the lively and palatable productions of the present French school. Without encouraging, we will venture to direct, the prevailing appetite, by pointing the attention of Maga's readers—whose name is Legion—to the writings of an author not the best known, but certainly one of the most accomplished, of his class. In France, his reputation stands very high; and if in England it is not yet equally well-established, it must be attributed to his having written little, and to the absence of that charlatanry and egotism which has brought other cultivators of the Belles Lettres into such universal notice here and on the Continent. M. Dumas, for instance, even had his writings, and those of the numerous staff of

literary aid-de-camps to whose bairns he stands godfather, been less diverting, would still have commanded readers in every country where French is understood, and which the post from Paris reaches. The man is his own advertisement; his eccentricities are worth, at a moderate estimate, a dozen advertising vans, a daily paragraph in a score of newspapers, and a cartload of posters. He is a practical puff, an incarnate stimulant to popular curiosity. Let the public appetite for his weekly volumes flag ever so little, and forthwith he puts in practice, for the renewal of his vogue, devices so ingenious, that proceeding from any but the privileged monarch of romance-writers, they would be looked upon as the tricks of a lunatic. One day in a court of assizes, the next at that of a king, on the morrow before a civil tribunal, the illustrious inheritor of the marquise of La Pailleterie parades his graces, jogs the world's memory as to the fact of his existence, and bids it read his books and bow before his footstool. To-day he is on the Corso, to-morrow on the sunny banks of Rhine; the next day he peeps into Etna's crater, or gasps beneath the brazen sky of shadeless Syria. Now we hear of him in Spanish palaces, figuring at royal weddings, and adding one more to the countless ribbon-ends that already grace his button-hole; and scarcely has our admiration subsided, when a Mediterranean breeze murmurs sweet tidings of his presence on African shores, taking his coffee with Beys, commanding war-steamers, riving the captive's fetters, and riveting his claims on his country's gratitude. Wherever he goes, he stands, a modern Gulliver, pre-eminent in moral giantship amidst surrounding pigmies, who

"Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find themselves dishonourable graves."

And the seeming ubiquity of the famous quadroon* is not more marvellous than the multiplicity of cha-

* It is pretty generally known—even to those to whom it has not been granted to stand in the imposing presence of our fast friend and ancient ally, Monsieur Alexandre Dumas—that there is a slight tinge of black in the blood of that greatest of French *romanciers*, past, present, or to come. In connexion with the fact, we will cite an anecdote:—

acters he assumes. "Dumas at Home and Abroad" offers an inexhaustible theme and a boundless field for pen and pencil caricaturists. Alternately dramatist, novelist, tourist, ambassador, the companion of princes, the manager of theatres, an authority in courts of justice, a challenger of deputies, and shining with equal lustre in these and fifty other capacities equally diverse, what wonder that the slightest work flowing from the pen of so remarkable a genius, though it be but a forgotten "trifle of twelve thousand lines," is received with intense gratitude, and caught at like manna by a famished multitude? Eugene Sue is another writer who has taken the world by storm, but in quite a different fashion. The ex-lieutenant of marine does not obtrude his personality upon public notice, and relies more upon the powerful calibre of his guns than upon their number. Two books, lengthy ones certainly, established his reputation. He had been many years a cultivator of literature, and had produced sundry romances of little more than average merit, when he suddenly burst upon the public, in the widely spread *feuilleton* of the *Débats*, with a work which, however objectionable in some respects, is unquestionably of extraordinary power and interest. Like the *Pickwick Papers*, the "*Mystères de Paris*" at once established their author in popular estimation, not only in the land in whose language they were written, but in all the reading countries of Europe. It was the opening of a

new vein in the literary mine, and though the metal might have been purer, it had all the glitter that captivates the multitude. The "*Juif Errant*," inferior to its predecessor, was scarcely less successful. Its bitter attacks on the Jesuits, and the consequent anathemas fulminated against it, with more zeal than wisdom, by certain of the French clergy, doubtless contributed to its vogue. After Sue and Dumas, Balzac (with the exception, perhaps, of Madame Dudevant,) the best known, and most read, out of France, of all the living French novelists. We hold him much over-rated, but his great fertility, and the real excellence of a few of his books, have made him a widely spread reputation. His early efforts were less successful than those of Sue; and his first thirty volumes scarcely attained mediocrity. At last he made a start, and took his place on the first line of his class, in virtue of a few masterpieces, scanty diamonds glittering in a cinder-heap. Over-production, the crying vice of the literature of the day, and an over-weening conceit, prevented Honoré de Balzac from maintaining the position he might and ought to have occupied. Such gems as the "*Père Goriot*" and "*Eugenie Grandet*" were buried and lost sight of under mountains of rubbish. True that he now denied a number of books published under supposititious names, and which had been universally attributed to him; but enough remained, which he could not deny, to tarnish, if not to

A person more remarkable for inquisitiveness than for correct breeding—one of those who, devoid of delicacy and reckless of rebuffs, pry into every thing—took the liberty to question M. Dumas rather closely concerning his genealogical tree.

"You are a quadroon, M. Dumas," he began.

"I am, sir," quietly replied Dumas, who has sense enough not to be ashamed of a descent he cannot conceal.

"And your father?"

"Was a mulatto."

"And your grandfather?"

"A negro," hastily answered the dramatist, whose patience was waning fast.

"And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?"

"An ape, sir," thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interrogator shrink into the smallest possible compass. "An ape, sir,—my pedigree commences where yours terminates."

The father of Alexander Dumas, the republican general of the same name, was a mulatto, born in St Domingo, the son of a negress and of the white Marquis de la Pailleterie. By what legitimatizing process the bend sinister was erased, and the marquise preserved, we have hitherto been unable to ascertain.

cancel his fame. To these he has since, with the reckless and inconsiderate greed that cares not for the public, so long as it finds a publisher, considerably added. His self-sufficiency is unparalleled; and in the preface to an edition of his works published under the comprehensive and presumptuous title of "*La Comédie Humaine*," he puts himself on a level with the first of poets and philosophers, proposing himself the modest aim of portraying human nature in every variety of its moral physiognomy.

Less prolific, more unassuming, and far less universally known than the three authors at whose character and writings we have thus briefly glanced, Charles de Bernard need fear comparison with none of them. That he is faultless we do not assert; that he in great measure eschews the errors of his contemporaries, will be patent to all who peruse his pages. The objections that English readers will make to his books are to be traced to no aberrations of his, but to those of the society whose follies he so ably and wittily depicts. He faithfully sketches, and more often amusingly caricatures, the vices, foibles, and failings of French men and women. If those are to be delineated at all—and, with a view to their amendment, surely they may—the task could hardly be executed with a chaster and less offensive pencil. De Bernard paints immorality—it would be unjust to say that he encourages it. He neither deals in highly-coloured and meretricious scenes *à la* Sue and Dumas; nor supports, with the diabolical talent and ingenuity of a Sand, the most subversive and anti-social doctrines. His works are not befouled with filth and obscenity, such as that impure old reprobate Paul de Kock delights and wallows in—or disgraced by the irreligion, and contempt of things holy, found in the writings of scores of French authors whom we could name, were they worth the naming. It is undeniable that the ingenious plots of his very entertaining books turn, for the most part, on matters difficult to touch upon with propriety, and which English writers usually avoid; frequently, for instance, on illicit passion and conjugal infidelity. And therefore many

Englishmen, with whatever interest and amusement they themselves might read his volumes, would hesitate to recommend them to their sisters and daughters. Some few of his tales, especially of the shorter ones, are in all respects unexceptionable. We instance "*La Peau du Lion*," translated as "*The Cossack's Grave*;" and "*L'Anneau d'Argent*," which has also appeared in English. Gerfaut, one of this author's earliest works, and unquestionably his masterpiece, has little that can justly offend, although its translation met, we believe, a cold reception. The plot turns on an attachment between a married woman and the hero of the story. But if M. de Bernard falls readily enough into the easy, matter-of-course tone in which his countrymen habitually discuss amatory peccadilloes—and he could hardly have attained his present popularity in France had he assumed the prude—he does not disdain or neglect to point a moral after his own fashion. In administering a remedy, a wise physician has regard to the idiosyncrasy of the patient as well as to the nature of the disease. A nation whose morality is unhealthy, must not be treated like a sick horse, whose groom crams a ball down his throat, and holds his jaws together, and his head back, to prevent its rejection. The dose must be artfully disguised, wrapped in a sweetmeat, and the invalid will take it kindly, and sooner or later feel the benefit. We would fain discern, in some of M. de Bernard's books, under a perfumed envelope of palatable trifle, a tendency worthy of applause; a design to combat, by quiet and implied ridicule, the moral maladies of his country. It is not his wont, as with many of his competitors, to make the vicious interesting and the virtuous fools. His husbands are not invariably good-natured, helpless noodles, with whom, even in their direst calamities, the most right-thinking have difficulty to sympathise: the Lovelaces who pursue married women with their insidious and dangerous attentions, are not by him for ever exalted into heroes, redeeming their pleasant vices by a host of high and chivalrous qualities. On the contrary, the apparently easy-going husband often proves a smart fellow, and

thorough Tartar—the brilliant lover, an emancipated bagman, or contemptible *chevalier d'industrie*. Or this we have an example in "Le Gendre," in some respects one of the most objectionable of De Bernard's novels, certainly not well suited for a birth-day present to misses in their teens. A seemingly tame, insipid clown of a husband counteracts the base manoeuvres of a dashing Paris *roué*; and finally, after refusing to fight the would-be seducer, whom he has ascertained to be an arrant swindler, takes truncheon in hand, and belabours him in presence of his intended victim and of a roomful of company. But setting aside any moral tendency which goodwill towards such a vastly pleasant author as De Bernard may induce us, by the aid of our most complaisant spectacles, to discover in his writings, his gentlemanly tone is undeniable, his pictures of French life, especially in Paris, are beyond praise. In the most natural and graphic style imaginable, he dashes off a portrait typifying a class, and in a page gives the value of a volume of the much-vaunted "Physiologies." And this he does, like all he does, in a sparkling, well-bred, impertinent style, peculiar to himself, and peculiarly attractive.

We have already remarked, that M. de Bernard has written little. The assertion was comparative; we meant that he has produced, since the commencement of his literary career—not yet very remote—an average of only three or four volumes per year. This rate, in days when French scribes carry on five romances at a time, in the daily *feuilletons* of five newspapers, and when certain English authors, emulous of Gallic fecundity, annually conceive and elaborate their dozen or two of octavos—says little for his industry, or much for his judicious forbearance. Latterly, however, we regret to observe in him a disposition to increase the length of his books, and abandon the pleasant one, two, and three volume tales with which he began. In this he is wrong; books of so very light a description as his will not bear great prolongation. Things agreeable enough in small quantities, pall and cloy if the ration

be overmuch augmented. However fragrant and well-spiced, syllabub is not to be drunk by the bucketful; neither would it be satisfactory to dine off a *soufflé au marasquin*, though compounded by the philanthropical Regenerator himself. In England, custom has decided that three volumes are the proper length for a novel, and they have become, as a maximum, a rule rarely departed from. We are content that it should be so, and, indeed, heartily rejoice at it, when we see works of fiction spun out by indefatigable French manufacturers into interminable series, through which, at twelve hours a-day, the most insatiable devourer of the romantic needs a month to toil. Following the fashion of the times, and encouraged by the example of his successfully diffuse brethren, M. de Bernard, weary of launching trim corvettes and dashing frigates, has taken to build line-of-battle ships. He had better have kept to the small craft, which he found to float so well. Two of his recent works, "Le Beaupère," and "Le Gentilhomme Campagnard," have lost in merit what they have gained in length. The subject of the former is most unpleasant; its catastrophe unnecessarily painful. And the "Gentilhomme Campagnard," just now concluded, although containing, as do all his books, much spirited dialogue, many well-drawn characters, and well-contrived incidents, is weakened by being spun out, and at times, by its tediousness of detail, reminds us of De Balzac. And here we will remark, that there is a certain general resemblance between the styles of De Bernard and De Balzac: so much so, that when the former first wrote, some persons conjectured his name to be a pseudonyme adopted by the latter, to the detriment of publishers, to whom, it was said, he had contracted to deliver all he should produce. And the malignant hinted, that the author of "Eugenie Grandet" was sufficiently unscrupulous and hungry of gain to render such a stratagem on his part any thing but improbable. Whether Charles de Bernard be an assumed name or not, it has long since been evident, that the books published under it proceed

from a more guarded and uniformly sprightly pen, than that of M. de Balzac.

The plot of the "*Gentilhomme Campagnard*," is based on the dissensions of two villages, or more properly speaking, of a hamlet and a very small town, situated within a mile of each other, and which had once constituted two separate parishes, but had been amalgamated at the revolution of '89, greatly to the detriment and indignation of the weaker party. It is in 1836 that M. de Bernard takes up the imaginary history of their jealousy and squabbles, as a canvass on which to embroider the flowers of his invention. The hamlet, Châteaugiron-le-Vieil, is inhabited, and virtually governed, by the *Gentilhomme Campagnard*, the Baron de Vaudrey—a retired colonel of cuirassiers, whose services under the empire do not prevent his staunch adherence, under the citizen monarchy of July, to the legitimate and exiled sovereigns of France. His nephew, the Marquis of Châteaugiron, less addicted to the fallen Bourbons, arrives, at the opening of the tale, at his family mansion in Châteaugiron-le-Bourg, with certain electioneering projects, highly displeasing to the baron, who resolves vigorously to oppose them, and accordingly gives the whole weight of his influence to a neighbouring iron-master, M. Grandperrin, also a candidate. The iron-master has married a second wife, a heartless vindictive woman, and former mistress of the marquis. She plays an important part in the clever plot, which, although complicated, is perfectly clear. To sketch at any length even the principal of the numerous characters in the amusing comedy, would lead us much too far; we can barely afford to glance at a few of them. On the foremost line—after the *Gentilhomme Campagnard* himself, a fine, generous-hearted veteran, an excellent compound of the soldier and the nobleman, possessed of great good sense and shrewdness, and altogether one of those personages of whom, whether real or imaginary, one reads with pleasure—stands Madame Bonvalot, or *de Bonvalot*, as she best loves to be

styled, the *parvenue* widow of a Bordeaux wine merchant. Her beautiful and amiable daughter, an excellent model of a virtuous French lady, gracefully and delicately drawn, is married to the Marquis of Châteaugiron. The mother, an affected, frivolous, rouged, bejewelled dowager of fifty, who, through ambition to figure at the Tuileries, has extorted from her noble son-in-law a promise that he will adhere to the new order of things, is followed from Paris by one Pichot, ex-clerk to a notary, also a former lover of Madame Grandperrin, and self-styled Viscount de Langerac. This fortune-hunter has managed to worm himself into the intimacy of the marquis, and to kindle, in the too-susceptible breast of Madame Bonvalot, a tender flame, which he diligently fans. Then we have a young country-lawyer, Froidevaux, an honest, independent fellow, and desperate sportsman, who gives advice gratis, thinks more of part-ridges than parchments, prefers a day's shooting to a profitable lawsuit, and is consequently as poor as he is popular, and, to all appearance, has very little chance of obtaining the hand of Mademoiselle Victorine, the iron-master's only daughter and heiress, a plump little beauty, who views Froidevaux with special favour and affection, and with whom he is deeply in love. Amongst the personages of a lower class, the most prominent is Toussaint Gilles, landlord of the Cheval Patriote, and son of one of the revolutionary butchers of the Reign of Terror; a furious republican, who wears a *carmagnole* and a red cap, inherits his father's hatred of the vile aristocrats, and prides himself on his principles, and on a truculent and immeasurable mustache. Amoudru, a pusillanimous mayor; Bobilier, a fiery old justice of the peace, and devoted vassal of the house of Châteaugiron; and Rabusson, once a sergeant in M. de Vaudrey's regiment, now his game-keeper, must not be forgotten. A festival got up by Bobilier to celebrate the marquis's arrival at the castle of his ancestors, stirs the bile of Toussaint Gilles, who sees in it a base adulation of the *ci-devants*. As president of the repub-

lican club of Châteaugiron-le-Bourg, he, on the following day, incites a few discontented spirits to a popular demonstration, to consist in burning down the triumphal arch erected by the servile justice of peace, and in hoisting a brand-new tricolored flag on the tree of liberty—a poplar planted, during the glorious days of July, close to the gate of the marquis's chateau, but which had long since withered into a dry and unsightly maypole. A number of bad characters mingle in the crowd, and the demonstration assumes a more turbulent and criminal aspect than its original promoters had contemplated. The outer gate of the chateau is forced, and stones are thrown, one of which grazes the cheek of the Viscount de Langerac, who receives the wound, so he affirms, whilst heroically interposing his person between Madame de Bonvalot and the shower of missiles. At last the marquis arms his servants, and repels the rioters, already frightened at their own deeds; the justice of peace menaces them with the assizes, Froidevaux exerts his influence, and the disturbance is nearly at an end, when the flames communicate from the triumphal arch to the tree of liberty. Toussaint Gilles, as captain of the firemen, hurries to extinguish the conflagration that menaces the flag-staff, on whose summit Picardet the blacksmith, another zealous member of the democratic club, is busy fastening the tricolored symbol of freedom. The following scene, one of the most detachable in the book, will give a notion of M. de Bernard's lively and pointed style.

"The by-standers, whether firemen or not, hurried after the captain to a shed adjoining the Town-hall. Some of them harnessed themselves to the engine, and dragged it at full speed to the scene of the fire; others seized the buckets, and hastened to fill them; soon a line was formed from the well to the burning tree. Quickly as this was done, the progress of the flames was still more rapid, and Picardet soon found his post untenable. On first perceiving the fire, the smith had climbed, like a frightened cat, to the very top of the poplar, at risk of breaking the tapering stem by the

weight of his body; but the refuge was a very precarious one, for the fire followed him, and he required wings to rise higher than the place he had attained. Three expedients offered themselves to him; all equally unpleasant. To leap from the poplar—he would inevitably break his neck; to slide down the blazing trunk—he would reach the ground roasted; to wait till assistance reached him—would it arrive in time? If not immediate, the tree would be on fire *before it had time to arrive*.

Under such circumstances, the most intrepid might well hesitate, and Picardet, although naturally brave, remained for a moment undecided; but when he saw that the fire crept close to his feet, he understood that delay was mortal, and heroically made up his mind. Relaxing his hold, he glided with lightning velocity from top to bottom of the tree.

"At the very moment that the smith, blinded and suffocated by the smoke, his hair blazing like the tail of a comet, his hands bleeding, and his clothes torn, rolled up on the ground, roaring with pain, a stream of water, issuing from the engine, and directed by Toussaint Gilles, inundated him from head to foot, time enough to save a part of his singed locks.

"Now that Picardet is put out," cried the captain of the firemen, "save the tree of liberty! Come, men! Steady, and with a will!"

"As he spoke, Toussaint Gilles levelled the flexible hose at the poplar, and his assistants pumped vigorously; but before a single drop of water had reached its destination, the firemen, awed with surprise and alarm, the engine rise under their hands, and fall heavily on one side, deluging their legs with the whole of its contents. All eyes fixed themselves in astonishment on M. de Vandrey, who had fallen amongst them like a bomb, and whose herculean strength had just performed this feat. The country gentleman was perfectly calm, but his complexion was high, and his brow moist with perspiration, as if he had walked very fast. A few paces in his rear stood the faithful Rabusson, motionless and in a martial attitude; in one hand he grasped a knotted stick, more like

a mace than a walking-cane; with the other he led Sultan, the baron's enormous watch-dog.

"The stupefied silence that ensued was at last broken by Toussaint Gilles.

"What means this?" he demanded, his voice trembling with rage.

"It is easy to understand," coolly replied M. de Vaudrey.

"Why have you upset our pump?"

"To prevent your pumping."

"And why do you prevent our pumping?"

"Because those who lighted the fire shall not put it out. It pleased you to see yonder wooden columns burn, it pleases me to see the poplar blaze."

"Raise the pump," said the captain to his men, with an imperious air. "We will see who dares upset it again."

"And we will see who dares raise it, when I forbid!" retorted the baron, calmly folding his muscular arms across his vast chest.

"A murmur was heard; but nobody stirred.

"Cowards!" cried Toussaint Gilles, with a furious glance at his friends; "are you all afraid of one man?"

"In the first place, there are two of them," said the prudent Laverdun to his neighbour, "and two who are worth ten; to say nothing of their monster of a dog, who demolishes a wolf with a single bite."

"M. Toussaint Gilles," said the baron, smiling ironically, "when an officer gives an order, and is not obeyed, do you know what he should do?"

"I want none of your advice," cried the captain of firemen, in a brutal tone.

"He should execute his order himself," said M. de Vaudrey with immovable calmness.

"So I will," said Toussaint Gilles, advancing roughly. But at the very moment that he stooped to raise the engine, the baron grasped his collar, and compelled him to stand upright.

"M. Toussaint Gilles," he said, "listen to me. You are a bad fellow, needing correction, and I undertake to correct you."

"To correct me!" cried the captain, struggling, as ineffectually as a

hare in the clutches of an eagle, in the powerful grasp that restrained him.

"He is strangling the captain! Help the captain!" exclaimed several of the spectators.

"But words were all the help they offered to their chief, so greatly were the boldest awed by the colossal figure and well-known strength and courage of the old officer. Gautherot the butcher, constitutionally brave and pugnacious, was the only one who went to his friend's assistance. He rushed upon M. de Vaudrey, when Rabusson barred his passage.

"One to one," said the sergeant; "if you want a thrashing, here am I."

"You've a dog, and a cudgel," replied the butcher; "I have only my fists."

"True."

"With a generosity bordering on imprudence, Rabusson placed his heavy stick in the dog's mouth.

"Keep that, Sultan," said he imperatively, "and don't stir." Then turning to the butcher with an air of defiance—

"Now," he said, "are you ready?"

"Ready," replied Gautherot, putting himself on guard, with the steadiness of an experienced boxer.

The circle which had formed round the baron and the captain, enlarged itself to leave space for the new antagonists. After a few preliminary evolutions, Gautherot assumed the offensive.

"Guard that," he cried, dealing his adversary a blow that would have felled an ox. Rabusson guarded it with his left arm, and repaid it with such a smashing hit in the face, that the bold butcher rolled upon the ground, blood gushing from his nose and mouth.

Although Gautherot had numerous friends amongst the rioters, and although he was then in some sort their champion, a roar of laughter accompanied his overthrow, and all eyes were fixed admiringly upon the conqueror. Popular favour, ever ready to abandon a falling hero, is rarely withheld from him who triumphs.

"At this moment an unexpected incident increased the confusion of the stormy scene. Excited by the shouts

of the mob, and by the light he had witnessed, Sultan forgot his orders, dropped the club confided to his care, and without a bark or other notification of his intentions, sprang furiously upon the person nearest him. This unlucky individual chanced to be Laverdun the grocer.

"Under any circumstances, the honourable vice-president of the Chateaugiron club would have been utterly unable to contend against a dog as big as a lion, and almost as formidable; but on this occasion, attacked without warning, and petrified by fear, he did not even attempt resistance. The consequence was, that in less than a second he lay upon the ground, pale as death, and half strangled, by the side of his friend Gautherot, who, stunned by his fall, made no attempt to rise.

"Whilst this occurred, M. de Vaudrey addressed the following admonition to Captain Toussaint Gilles, who strove in vain to escape from his hands.

"I well know, Mr. Innkeeper, that you have long been in the habit of speaking against me and my nephew, and hitherto I have treated your insolence with the contempt it merited. But though I care nothing for your bark, I shall not allow you to bite. Bear this in mind: to-day I pardon you, but if you value your mustaches and your ears, don't begin again."

"So saying, M. de Vaudrey destroyed, by an irresistible shock, the equilibrium of Toussaint Gilles, and hurled him to the ground to keep company with Gautherot and Laverdun.

"Of the five principal members of the club, three were thus humbled to the dust; the fourth, singed like a fowl in preparation for the spit, was in no condition to show fight; Vernot, the turbulent clerk of the justice of peace, who completed this political quintet, had long since abandoned the field of battle. On beholding the discomfiture of their leaders, the rioters stared at each other with a disconcerted air.

"*Messieurs les bourgeois de Chateaugiron!*" said Monsieur de Vaudrey, looking round at the crowd with a mixture of calm assurance and ironical contempt—"I thank you, in my nephew's name, for having burned the

absurd tree which obstructed the entrance to his château; you planted it, and it was for you to destroy it."

"It was not done on purpose," said a bystander, with great *naïveté*.

"We will plant another," cried a voice from the crowd.

"In the same place?" asked the baron.

"Yes, in the same place," replied the voice.

"Then I beg to be invited to the ceremony," said M. de Vaudrey, with imperturbable phlegm; "some of you seem to have very confused notions with regard to other people's property, and I undertake to complete your education."

"At that moment the poplar, into whose heart the flames had eaten, gave a loud crack, quivered above the heads of the startled crowd, and broke in the middle. The lower half remained erect, whilst the upper portion fell blazing upon the ruins of the triumphal arch, as, in a duel, a desperately wounded combatant falls expiring upon the body of his slain foe.

"Toussaint Gilles, Gautherot, and Laverdun had all risen from their recumbent attitude, but none of them showed a disposition to recommence the engagement. The butcher wiped his bleeding muzzle with a cotton handkerchief, and seemed to count, with the end of his tongue, how many teeth he had left; the grocer, pale as his own tallow candles, examined his throat with a trembling hand, to make sure that the fangs of the terrible Sultan had not penetrated beyond the cravat; finally, the Captain gnawed his mustache, but dared not manifest his fury otherwise."

This energetic interference of the baron and his two aid-de-camps, biped and quadruped, and the fall of the tree of liberty, which the rioters, superstitious in spite of their republicanism, look upon as a bad omen, put an end to the disturbance. The disaffected disperse, and M. de Vaudrey enters his nephew's house, where an amusing scene occurs between him and Madame de Bonvalot. Then come a robbery and a fire, and abundance of incidents

—some tolerably new in conception, all very pleasant in narration. The good sense, perspicacity and straightforward

dealing of the baron, subjugate every one. He unmasks the fictitious viscount, cures his nephew of his electioneering ambition, and the painted dowager of her longing for an invite to the Tuileries; and adopts Froidevaux—whose father had saved his life at Leipsic, and who has himself picked the baron out of a burning house—as his son and heir, thus rendering him a suitable husband for the pretty Victorine. The story ends, as all proper-behaved novels should end, with the discomfiture of the wicked, and a prospect of many years of happiness for the virtuous. In this agreeable perspective, Madame de Bonvalot is a sharer. Having, by the adoption of Froidevaux, alienated the greater part of his fortune from his nephew's children, the baron is resolved to secure them the reversion of their grandmother's ample jointure. But Madame de Bonvalot, whose wrinkles are hidden by her rouge, forgets the half century that has passed over her head, and hankers after matrimony. To

preserve her from it, M. de Vaudrey commences a course of delicate attentions, sufficiently marked to prevent her favouring other admirers, but duly regulated by thermometer, and warranted never to rise to marrying point. And the fall of the curtain leaves the humorous old soldier of fifty-five and the vain coquette of fifty, fairly embarked upon the tepid and rose-coloured stream of flirtation; he quizzing her, she admiring him—she thinking of her wedding, he only of her will. A new and ingenious idea, worthy of a French novelist, and which, we apprehend, could by no possibility have occurred to any other.

We shall close this paper with a tale, appended, as make-weight, to the final volume of the "*Gentilhomme Campagnard*," and whose brevity recommends it for extraction. It is too short and slight to be a fair specimen of M. de Bernard's powers, but, as far as it goes, it is as witty and amusing as any thing he has written. It is entitled—

A CONSULTATION.

Towards the beginning of last autumn, amongst a number of persons assembled in Doctor Magnian's waiting room, sat a man of about forty years of age, fair complexioned, thin, pale, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, and altogether of a weak and sickly aspect, that would have convinced any one he was in the house of a physician. On his entrance, this person had established himself in a corner with an uneasy air, and there waited until all the other patients had had their consultations. When the last had departed, the master of the house approached him with a friendly smile.

"Good morning, Bouchereau," said the doctor; "excuse me for making you wait; but my time belongs in the first instance to the sick, and I trust you have no such claim on an early audience."

"The sufferings of the mind are worse than those of the body," said the pale man, with a stifled sigh.

"What's the matter?" cried the doctor. "You look haggard and anxious. Surely Madame Bouchereau is not ill?"

"My wife is in robust health," replied Bouchereau, smiling bitterly.

"Then what is the cause of your

agitation? The mind, say you? If you do not speak, how am I to tell what passes in yours? Come, how can I serve you?"

"My dear doctor," said the other, sitting down with a most dejected countenance, "we have known each other for twenty years. I look upon you as my best friend, and in you I have unlimited confidence."

"Well, well!" said the doctor—"enough of compliments."

"They are not compliments; I speak from my heart. And the strange confession I have resolved to make to you will be sufficient proof of my esteem for your character."

"To the point!" cried Magnian impatiently.

"The fact is melancholy for me, and may even appear ridiculous. That is why I hesitate. Promise me, in the first place, never to reveal what I am about to tell you."

"The secret of the confessional is as sacred for the physician as for the priest," said Doctor Magnian gravely.

Bouchereau again sighed, bit his lips, and gazed up at the ceiling. "You know Pelletier?" he at last said, looking piteously at his friend.

"The captain on the staff? Of course I do. Sanguine habit, short neck, more shoulders than brains, organisation of a bull! I have always predicted he would die of apoplexy."

"Heaven fulfil your prophecy!"

"You astonish me! I thought you friends."

"Friends!" repeated Bouchereau, with mingled irony and indignation.

"*Que diable!*" Speak out, or hold your tongue. I am no Odipus, to guess your riddle."

The impatience that sparkled in the doctor's eyes brought his doleful friend to the substance of his intended confession.

"Well, my dear Magnian," said he, in an agitated voice, "in two words, here is the case: Pelletier makes love to my wife."

To conceal a smile, the doctor protruded his under-lip, and nodded his head several times with affected gravity.

"Who would have thought it?" he at last exclaimed. "I never suspected the great dragon of such good taste. But are you quite sure? Husbands are usually the last persons to discover those things."

"I am only too sure; and you shall hear how. My wife is at Fontainebleau, passing a few days with her mother. The day before yesterday I happened to remark that the key of my desk fitted her drawers. Mechanically, I opened one of them, and in a sort of mysterious pigeon-hole I found several letters from Pelletier."

"The dence you did! But why open drawers belonging to your wife?"

"It is my right. Besides, do not judge hastily. From the tenor of the correspondence, I am convinced Virginia's only fault is to have received the letters and concealed the fact from me. I am pretty sure she has given the writer no encouragement, and I am therefore much less angry with her than with Pelletier. Him I will never pardon. A man to whom I have thrown open my house! an old comrade at Sainte Barbe! A friend, in short; at least I thought him so!"

"You forget that one is never betrayed but by one's friends."

"I called upon him yesterday."

"Ah!"

"I reproached him with his shameful conduct. Can you guess his answer?"

"He denied the fact."

"At first. But when I showed him his letters he saw it was useless to lie. 'My dear Bouchereau,' he said, in an important manner, 'since you know all about it, I will not take the trouble to contradict you. It is perfectly true that I am in love with your wife; I have told her so already, and I cannot promise you that I will not tell her so again, for very likely I should not keep my promise. I perfectly understand my conduct may be disagreeable to you, but you know I am too much the gentleman not to accept the responsibility of my acts and deeds. And if you feel offended, I am at your orders, ready to give you satisfaction, when, where, and how you like.'"

"Very good indeed!" said the physician, struggling violently to keep his countenance. "What! he had the effrontery to tell you that?"

"Word for word."

"And what was your answer?"

"That he should hear from me shortly. Then I left him, deeming further discussion unbecoming. And so the matter stands."

The Doctor looked grave. After walking once up and down the room, his eyes on the ground, his hands behind his back, he returned to his visitor.

"What shall you do?" he said, looking him steadily in the face.

"What do you advise?"

"Such behaviour is very hard to put up with, but on the other hand, I should be sorry to see you engaged in a duel with that bully Pelletier."

"A *profession d'duelliste*," cried Bouchereau, his eyes opening wider and wider; "a man who passes his mornings in the shooting gallery and fencing room, and has a duel regularly once a quarter!"

"And you," said the Doctor with a piercing look, "have you ever fought a duel?"

"Never," replied the married man, looking paler even than his wont; "not but that I have had opportunities, but duelling is repugnant to my principles. The idea of shedding blood shocks me; it is a barbarous

custom, a monstrous anomaly in these civilised days."

"In short, you have no very strong desire to enter the lists?"

"Were I positively outraged, had I a mortal injury to revenge, the voice of passion would perhaps drown that of humanity; for, in certain moments, the wisest man cannot answer for himself. But in this instance, the affair not being so serious, if Pelletier, instead of affecting an arrogant tone, had made the apology to which I think I have a right, and had promised to behave better in future, then—all things considered—to avoid scandal—don't you think it would have been possible and honourable—"

"Not to fight?" interrupted Magnian; "certainly. If you go out with Pelletier, ten to one that he bleeds you like a barn-door fowl, and that would be unpleasant."

"Doctor, you misunderstand me."

"Not at all. And to prove the contrary, you shall not fight, and the Captain shall make you a satisfactory apology. Is not that what you want?"

The Doctor's penetration called up a faint flush on the cheek of the lover of peace.

"Pelletier is a brute," resumed Magnian, as if speaking to himself. "Staff officers have generally more breeding than that. To make love to the wife, well and good; but to defy the husband is contrary to all the rules of polite society."

"You advise me, then, to let the matter be arranged?" said Bouchereau, in an insinuating tone.

"Certainly," replied the physician laughing, "and what is more, I undertake the negotiation. I repeat my words: to-morrow Pelletier shall retract his provocation, make you a formal apology, and swear never again to disturb your conjugal felicity. This is my share of the business; the rest concerns you."

"The rest?"

"It is one thing to promise, another to perform. It would be prudent to facilitate the observance of the Captain's vow by a little tour, which for a few months would remove Madame Bouchereau from the immediate vicinity of this military Adonis. His duty keeps him at Paris; you are free.

Why not pass the winter in the South: at Nice, for instance?"

"It has already occurred to me that a short absence would be desirable, and I rejoice to find you of my opinion. But why Nice, rather than any other town?"

"The climate is extremely salutary, especially for a person whose chest is rather delicate."

"But my chest is very strong,—at least I hope so," interrupted Bouchereau, in an uneasy tone, and trying to read the Doctor's thoughts.

"Certainly; I say nothing to the contrary," replied Magnian gravely; "I have no particular motive for my advice; but precautions never do harm, and it is easier to prevent than cure."

"You think me threatened with consumption!" cried Bouchereau, who, as has been shown, entertained the warmest affection for Number One.

"I said nothing of the sort," replied the physician, as if reproaching himself for having said too much. "If you want to know why I proposed Nice, I will tell you: it is from a selfish motive. I shall probably pass part of this winter there, and my stay would be made very agreeable by the society of yourself and Madame Bouchereau."

"Well, we will see; the thing may be arranged," replied Bouchereau. And he left the house, more uneasy than he entered it; for to the apprehension of a duel was superadded the fear of a dangerous disease, by which he had never before contemplated the possibility of his being attacked.

At six o'clock that evening, Doctor Magnian entered the Café Anglais, where he made pretty sure to find Pelletier. Nor was he mistaken; the gallant Captain was there, solitarily installed at a little table, and dining very heartily, without putting water in his wine. He was a tall, stout, vigorous fellow, square in the shoulder, narrow in the hip, with a bold keen eye, a well-grown mustache, a high complexion, and a muscular arm; one of those men of martial mien who would seem to have missed their vocation if they were not soldiers, and whose aspect inspires the most presumptuous with a certain reserve and modesty. More doughty champions than the cadaverous Bou-

chereau might have shrunk from an encounter with a lion of such formidable breed.

The physician and the officer saluted each other cordially, and after exchanging a few compliments, took their dinner at different tables. They left the coffee-house at the same time, and meeting at the door, walked arm in arm along the boulevard, in the direction of the Madeleine.

"Well, Doctor," said Pelletier jocosely, "have you found me what I have asked you for at least ten times: a pretty woman—maid or widow, fair or dark, tall or short, all one to me—who will consent to make me the happiest of men, by uniting her lot with mine? I ask only a hundred thousand crowns: you must own I am modest in my expectations."

"Too modest! you are worth more than that."

"You are laughing at me?"

"Not at all; besides the moment would be ill chosen to jest, for I have a serious affair on hand. Bouchereau has commissioned me to speak to you."

"And you call that a serious affair?" said the Captain, laughing scornfully.

"A matter that can only end in bloodshed, appears to me deserving of the epithet," said the Doctor, with assumed gravity.

"Ah! M. Bouchereau thirsts for my blood?" cried Pelletier, laughing still louder; "hitherto, I took him to be rather herbivorous than carnivorous. And with what sauce does he propose to eat me—sword or pistol?"

"He leaves you the choice of arms," replied M. Magellan, with imperturbable seriousness.

"It's all one to me. I told him so already. Let me see: to-morrow I breakfast with some of my comrades; it is a sort of regimental feed, and I should not like to miss it, but the day after to-morrow, I'm your man. Will that do?"

"Perfectly. The day after to-morrow, seven in the morning, at the entrance of the forest of Vincennes."

"Agreed," said the Captain, familiarly slapping his companion's arm with his huge brawny hand. "So you muddle with duelling, Doctor? I should have thought a man of your

profession would have looked upon it as a dangerous competitor."

The physician replied to this very old joke, by a malicious smile, which he immediately repressed.

"At random you have touched me on the raw," he said, after a moment's silence. "Shall I tell you the strange, I might say the monstrous idea that has just come into my head?"

"Pray do. I am rather partial to monstrous ideas."

"It occurred to me that for the interest of my reputation, I ought to wish the projected duel to prove fatal to Bouchereau."

"Why so?" inquired the officer, with some surprise.

"Because if you don't kill him, in less than a year I shall have the credit of his death."

"I don't understand. Are you going to fight him?"

"Certainly not; but I am his physician, and as such, responsible for his existence in the eyes of the vast number of persons who expect medical science to give sick men the health that nature refuses them. Therefore, as Bouchereau, according to all appearance, has not a year to live—"

"What's the matter with him?" cried Pelletier, opening his great eyes.

"Consumption!" replied the Doctor, in a compassionate tone, "a chronic disease, quite incurable! I was about sending him to Nice. We, physicians, as you know, when we have exhausted the resources of medicine, send our patients to the waters or to the South. If nothing happens to him the day after to-morrow, he shall set out; God knows if he will ever return."

"Consumptive! he who is always as sallow as Debureau?"

"Complexion has nothing to do with it."

"And you think he is in danger?"

"I do not give him a year to live; perhaps not six months."

The two men, in the meantime, silent and grave.

"Yes, Captain," said the Doctor, breaking the silence. "We may look upon poor Bouchereau as a dead man, even setting aside the risk he incurs from venereal blood. Before twelve months are past, his wife may think about a second husband. She will

be a charming little widow, and will not want for admirers."

Pelletier cast a sidelong look at his companion, but the Doctor's air of perfect simplicity dispelled the suspicion his last words had awakened.

"If Bouchereau died, his wife would be rich?" said the Captain, musingly, but in an interrogative tone.

"*Peste!*" replied Magnian, "you may say that. Not one hundred thousand, but two hundred thousand crowns, at the very least."

"You exaggerate!" cried the Captain, his eyes suddenly sparkling.

"Easy to calculate," said Magnian confidently—"Madame Bouchereau inherited a hundred thousand francs from her father, she will have a hundred and fifty thousand from her mother, and her husband will leave her three hundred and fifty thousand more: add that up."

"Her husband's fortune is secured to her, then, by marriage contract?" inquired Pelletier, who had listened with rapidly increasing interest to his companion's enumeration.

"Every *sou*," replied the physician, solemnly.

The two words were worth an hour's oration, and with a person whom he esteemed intelligent, M. Magnian would not have added another. But, remembering that the Captain, as he had said a few hours before, was more richly endowed with shoulders than with brains, he did not fear to weigh a little heavily upon an idea from which he expected a magical result.

"For you," he jestingly resumed, "who have the bump of matrimony finely developed, here would be a capital match. Young, pretty, amiable, and a fortune of six hundred thousand francs. Though, to be sure, if you kill the husband, you can hardly expect to marry the widow."

Pelletier forced a laugh, which ill agreed with the thoughtful expression his physiognomy had assumed; then he changed the conversation. Certain that he had attained his end, the Doctor pleaded a professional visit, and left the Captain upon the boulevard, struck to the very heart by the six hundred thousand francs of the future widow.

Without halt or pause, and with the furious velocity of a wounded wild-boar, Pelletier went, without help of omnibus, from the Madeleine to the Bastille. When he reached the Porte St Martin, his determination was already taken.

"Without knowing it," he thought, "the Doctor has given me excellent advice. Fight Bouchereau! not so stupid. I should kill him; I am so unlucky! and then how could I reappear before Virginia? The little coquette views me with no indifferent eye; and luckily I have made love to her for the last three months, so that when the grand day comes, she cannot suppose I love her for her money. Kill Bouchereau! that *would* be absurd. Let him die in his bed, the dear man—I shall not prevent it. I shall have plenty of fighting with my rivals, as soon as his wife is a widow. Six hundred thousand francs! They'll throng about her like bees round a honey-pot. But let them take care; I'm first in the field, and not the man to let them walk over my body."

The following morning, long before the consultations had begun, the Captain strode into Magnian's reception room.

"Doctor," said he, with military frankness, "what you said yesterday about Bouchereau's illness, has made me seriously reflect. I cannot fight a man who has only six months to live. Suppose I wound him: a hurt, of which another would get well, might be mortal to one in his state of health; and then I should reproach myself, all my life, with having killed an old friend for a mere trifle. Did he tell you the cause of our quarrel?"

"No," replied the Doctor, who, in his capacity of negotiator, thought himself at liberty to lie.

"A few hasty words," said Pelletier, deceived by Magnian's candid air; "in fact, I believe I was in the wrong. You know I am very hasty; à propos of some trifle or other, I was rough to poor Bouchereau, and now I am sorry for it. In short, I have had enough duels to be able to avoid one without any body suspecting a white feather in my wing. So if you will advise Bouchereau to let the matter drop, I give you *carte blanche*. Between our-

selves, I think he will not be sorry for it."

"You may find yourself mistaken, Captain," replied the Doctor, with admirable seriousness: "yesterday Bouchereau was much exasperated; although of peaceable habits, he is a perfect tiger when his blood is up. It appears that you hurt his feelings, and unless you make a formal apology—"

"Well, well," interrupted Pelletier, "it is not much in my way to apologize, and this is the first time; but with an old friend, I will stretch a point. I would rather make concessions than have to reproach myself hereafter. Shall we go to Bouchereau?"

"Let us go," said the Doctor, who could hardly help smiling to see how the voice of interest instilled sensibility and humanity into the heart of a professed duellist.

When Magnian and the officer entered his drawing-room, Bouchereau, who had not shut his eyes the whole night, experienced all the sensations of the criminal to whom sentence of death is read. But the first words spoken restored fluidity to his blood, for a moment frozen in his veins. The Captain made the most explicit and formal apology, and retired after shaking the hand of his old friend, who, overjoyed at his escape, did not show himself very exacting.

"Doctor, you are a sorcerer!" cried Bouchereau, as soon as he found himself alone with the physician.

"It is almost part of my profession," replied Magnian laughing. "However, the terrible affair is nearly arranged. I have done my share; do yours. When shall you set out for the south?"

The satisfaction depicted on Bouchereau's physiognomy vanished, and was replaced by sombre anxiety.

"Doctor," said he, in an altered voice, "you must tell me the truth; I have resolution to hear my sentence with calmness; my chest is attacked, is it not?"

"You mean your head."

"My head also!" cried Bouchereau, positively green with terror.

"You are mad," said the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders; "I would willingly change my chest for yours."

"You deceive me. I cannot for-

get what escaped you yesterday. I coughed all night long, and I have a pain between my shoulders which I never perceived before."

"All times."

"I feel what I feel," continued Bouchereau gloomily; "I do not fear death; but I confess that I could not, without regret, bid an eternal adieu, in the prime of life, to my wife and family. It is my duty to be cautious for their sake, if not for my own. Instead of writing to Virginia to return home, I will join her at Fontainebleau, and start at once for Nice."

"Go," said the doctor, "the journey cannot hurt you."

"But do you think it will benefit me?"

"Without a doubt."

"It is not too late, then, to combat this frightful malady."

"Oh, you are not very far gone," said Magnian ironically. "I shall be at Nice myself in less than six weeks, so that you are sure to be attended by a physician in whom you have confidence, if, contrary to all probability, your state of health requires it."

The two friends parted; the Doctor laughing at his patient's fears, the patient imagining himself in imminent peril, and almost doubting whether it would not have been better to fall by the terrible sword of Captain Pelletier than to linger and expire, in the flower of his age, upon an inhospitable foreign shore. In two days, Bouchereau, haunted by his funeral visions, had taken out his passport, arranged his affairs, and completed his preparations. Getting into a post-chaise, he made his unexpected appearance at Fontainebleau; and, exerting his marital authority to an extent he had never previously ventured upon, he carried off his wife, stupified by such a sudden decision, and greatly vexed to leave Paris, when Pelletier's languishing epistles had lately made her find an unusually agreeable residence. By the end of the week, the husband and wife, one trembling for his life, the other regretting her adviser, arrived at Nice, where, towards the close of the autumn, they were joined by Dr Magnian, who thus showed himself scrupulously exact in the fulfilment of his promise.

On an evening of the month of April following, the tragedy of *Les Horaces* was performed at the *Théâtre Français*. Thanks to the young talent of Mademoiselle Rachel, rather than to the old genius of Corneille, the house was crowded. In the centre of the right-hand balcony, Captain Pelletier, accompanied by some blusterers of the same kidney, talked loud, laughed ditto, criticised the actors and spectators, and disturbed all his neighbours, without any one venturing to call him to order; so powerful, in certain cases, is the influence of an insolent look, a ferocious mustache, and an elephantine build.

After examining with his opera glass every corner of the theatre, from the pit to the roof, the Captain at last caught sight of a group, snugly installed in a comfortable box, which at once fixed his attention. It consisted of Monsieur and Madame Bouchereau, in front, and of Doctor Magnian, seated behind the lady. The appearance and attitude of these three persons were characteristic. With his usual pallid complexion and unhappy look, his eyes adorned with a pair of blue spectacles—a new embellishment, which he owed to an imaginary ophthalmia—the pacific husband whiled away the *entr'acte* by the study of a play-bill, which he abandoned when the curtain rose, to bestow his deepest attention on the actors, even though none but the inferior characters were on the stage. Madame Bouchereau trifled with an elegant nosegay, whose perfume she frequently inhaled, and whose crimson flowers contrasted so well with the fairness of her complexion, as to justify a suspicion that there was some coquetry in the manœuvre executed with such apparent negligence. Leaning back in her chair, she frequently turned her head, the better to hear Magnian's smiling and half-whispered remarks. The husband paid no attention to their conversation, and did not seem to remark its intimate and confidential character.

"Who is it you have been looking at for the last quarter of an hour?" inquired one of the Captain's comrades. "At your old flame, Madame Bouchereau? I thought you had forgotten her long ago."

"I did not know she had returned from Nice," replied Pelletier, with a reserved air.

"She has been at Paris a fortnight."

"Does not Bouchereau look very ill? The southern climate has not done him much good. He is twice as pale as before he went. Poor Bouchereau!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the officer, "have you been gulled by the story of the decline? That is really too good."

"What is too good?" asked the Captain abruptly.

"The trick that rogue Magnian played Bouchereau and you; for if I may judge from your astonished look, you also have been mystified."

"Berton, you abuse my patience," said Pelletier in a surly tone.

"Wolves do not eat one another," replied Berton laughing; "so let us talk without anger. The story is this:—all Paris, except yourself, has been laughing at it for a week past. It appears that on the one hand, although no one suspected it, the aforesaid Magnian was in love with Madame Bouchereau, and that on the other, finding himself threatened with a pulmonary complaint, he thought it advisable to pass the winter in a warm climate. What did the arch-schemer? He persuaded Bouchereau that it was he, Bouchereau, whose chest was affected; sent him off to Nice with his pretty wife, and, at his leisure, without haste or hurry, joined them there. You have only to look at them, as they sit yonder, to guess the *dénouement* of the history. The appropriate label for their box would be the title of one of Paul de Kock's last novels; *la Femme, le Mari, et l'Amant*. Magnian is a cunning dog, and has very ingenious ideas. Fearing, doubtless, that the husband might be too clear-sighted, he threatened him with an ophthalmia, and made him wear blue spectacles. Clever, wasn't it? and a capital story?"

"Charming, delightful!" cried the Captain, with a smile that resembled a gnashing of teeth.

The tragedy was over. Dr Magnian left his box; Pelletier followed his example. The next minute the two men met in the lobby.

BELISARIUS,—WAS HE BLIND?

THE name of Belisarius is more generally known through the medium of the novel, the opera, and the print-shop than by the pages of history. Procopius, Gibbon, and Lord Mahon have done less for his universal popularity than some unknown Greek romancer or ballad-singer in the middle ages. Our ideas of the hero are involuntarily connected with the figure of a tall old man, clad in a ragged mantle, with a stout staff in his left hand, and a platter to receive an obolus in his right, accompanied by a fair boy grasping his tattered garments, and carefully guiding his steps.

We shall now venture to investigate the relationship between the Belisarius of romance, and the Belisarius of history; and we believe we shall be able to prove that the historical hero died in full possession of his sight several centuries before the birth of his blind namesake, the hero of romance; that he was not more directly related to the unfortunate sufferer, than our disreputable acquaintance Don Juan of the opera, was to the gallant and presumptuous Don Juan of Austria, the hero of Lepanto; and that in short, as we say in Scotland, there was no connexion but the name. In this case, however, the connexion has proved a pretty close one; for a noble, accomplished and accurate English historian, Lord Mahon, in his "Life of Belisarius" has considered it strong enough to advance a plea of identity between the warrior of history and the beggar of romance.

Such an authority renders the labour of brushing the dust from a few volumes of Byzantine Chronicles to us "a not ungrateful task;" and one that we hope will not prove entirely without interest to our readers. Our object is to re-establish the truth of history, and to restore to some

Greek Walter Scott of the middle ages the whole merit of constructing an immortal tale, which for centuries has tinged the stern annals of the Eastern empire with an unwonted colouring of pathos. Lord Mahon has so fairly stated his case, that we believe his candour has laid criticism to sleep, and his readers have generally adopted his opinions.

The truth is, the Belisarius of history, the bold and splendid general of Justinian, is a hero of the Roman empire, of the Eastern or Byzantine empire, if you please, but still historically a Roman hero. Now, on the other hand, the Belisarius of romance, the vision of a noble victim of imperial ingratitude, is a creation of Greek genius, of modern Greek genius, if you prefer adding the depreciating epithet, but still of Greek genius placed in its undying opposition to Roman power.

We must now introduce to our readers the Belisarius of history as he really lived, acted, and suffered. It is not necessary for this purpose to recite his military exploits. They are described in the immortal pages of Gibbon, and minutely detailed in the accurate biography by Lord Mahon. It will suffice for our purpose to collect a few authentic sketches of his personal conduct and character, and some anecdotes of his style of living, from the works of his secretary Procopius, the last classic Greek writer, and an historian of no mean merit.

Belisarius was born in the city of Germania, a metropolitan see on the frontiers of the Thracian and Illyrian nations.* Thus, though strictly speaking he was neither a Roman nor a Greek, he considered himself, and was considered by his contemporaries, a Roman. The dialect of the inhabitants of Thrace and Illyria is supposed still to possess a representative

* *Procopius de Bello Vandalico*, lib. i. c. 11. GIBBON (vol. vii. p. 161. note e) says that he could not find the Germania, a metropolis of Thrace, mentioned by Alemanni, in any civil or ecclesiastical lists of the provinces and cities. Alemanni's authority may be found in *Notitiæ Græcorum Episcopatumum*, where Germania is the sixty-seventh metropolitan see dependent on the Patriarch of Constantinople.—(*Codinus de officiis*

in the modern Albanian; but in the time of Justinian, the language of the higher classes in the cities was Latin, and there can be no doubt that Belisarius spoke both Latin and Greek with equal fluency. As far as race was concerned, it seems, however, tolerably certain, that he was more closely allied in blood to Scanderberg and Miaoulis than to Scipio or Epaminondas. As he was a man of rank and family, he became an officer of the imperial guard at an early age.* His tall and vigorous frame, smooth and handsome face, joined to a smoother tongue, a calm and equable disposition, and a stout heart, made him the very man to rise rapidly in the Roman service. Accordingly, as early as the year 526, he appears in a high military command.† Like Marlborough, to whom he bears some resemblance in personal character, he strengthened his position at court by marrying the Lady Antonina, the beautiful favourite of the Empress Theodora, though she was as fierce a shrew as the Duchess Sarah, and wherewithal not so modest, if we give credit to her husband's secretary.

It was the fashion at the Horse-guards of Constantinople during the reign of Justinian, to encourage barbarian usages in military affairs. Hussars from the country of the Gepids, cuirassiers from Armenia and the ancient seats of the Goths, and light cavalry from the regions occupied by the Huns, were the favourite bodies of troops. The young nobles of the Roman empire adopted the uniforms of these regiments; wore long hair, inlaid armour, and tight nether garments, and never condescended to invest their persons in the modest

equipments of the old Roman dragoons, or of the modern legionaries whose ranks were officered by mere provincials.

The reasons which compelled the imperial government to prefer foreign mercenaries to native troops were based at first on principles of internal policy, and at last on absolute necessity. Augustus turned the Roman senators and knights, Constantine had not the means of paying for good Roman soldiers, and Justinian could not have found a sufficient number of suitable recruits among the citizens of his vast extended empire. The pivot of the administration of Imperial Rome, as of Imperial Britain, was the treasury, not the Horse-guards. The taxes paid by the citizens filled that treasury; but a soldier was exempt from taxation; consequently, it became a measure of unavoidable necessity on the part of the Roman government to prevent citizens escaping their financial burdens by becoming soldiers. Had the citizens got possession of arms, Rome could not have remained a despotism.

On the other hand, the system of Roman tactics rendered it necessary to procure military recruits of a degree of physical strength far above the average standard of mankind. When the population of the empire had been divided into two widely separated social classes of wealthy citizens and poor cultivators, serfs, or slaves, the supply of recruits furnished by the richest portions of the empire became very small. The danger of employing foreign barbarians, who remained isolated amidst an innumerable population, and surrounded by hundreds of walled towns, manned

Metrop. Ecclesiar. et Aulic. Constantinop. Sittua. p. 330. [1. Par. 1] It is probable that the city Germane of the *Edifics.* of Procopius (ix. 3) is the same as Germania. There was a fort in its territory, called Gormas. *Id. Edif.* iii. 4. Germanos is still a favourite ecclesiastical name with the Greeks. There is a place on the Gulf of Corinth, in the territory of Megara, with splendid remains of the military architecture of an ancient burgh, now called Porto Germano, the ancient Agosthenai. — (*Leake's Travels in Northern Greece*, vol. i. p. 495.) Herodotus mentions Germanii, Γερμανοί, as an agricultural tribe of Persians in the time of Cyrus. (*ibid.* 125.) These various Germans and Germanians can hardly be blood relations of our Germany or Deutschland.

* *Lord Mahon's Life of Belisarius*, p. 3. — *Procopius de Bello Vand.* ii. 6.

† *Procopius de Bello Persico*, i. 12. *Antonin's Fasti Romani.* From this time Procopius was the official secretary of Belisarius.

by their own municipal guards, was evidently less than that of entrusting legions of slaves with arms, and teaching them habits of combination and discipline. The servile wars, which inflicted a mortal wound on the Republic, would have been renewed, and would probably have soon destroyed the Empire.*

It is customary with historians to discourse on the impolicy of the Roman emperors in employing barbarian mercenaries; but the fact is, that their finances did not admit of their purchasing the thews and sinews required for the service any where but among the barbarians. The system certainly answered admirably for the imperial government. It upheld the tyranny of the Cæsars and the terror of the Roman arms for more than a thousand years; and it might have rendered Rome immortal had she not committed suicide.

If the system really be so bad as it is often represented, it seems strange that it should have been adopted with all its imperfections in British India. But the truth is this; the mercenaries of the Roman armies were more faithful to their contract than the emperors. It is by sovereigns and ministers of state, not by generals of mercenaries, that empires are prepared for destruction. Our Indian empire is always in greater danger from a conceited Foreign secretary or a foolish Governor-general than from a rebellion of the native

troops. If our administration be only as wise as that of Imperial Rome, somewhat more just, and a great deal less avaricious, there seems no reason why a British government should rule at Calcutta for a shorter period than a Roman one at Constantinople. The laws of Rome still survive in the courts of justice of the greater part of Europe; the spirit of the Roman Republic breathes, at the present hour, in full energy in the Papal councils; and are we to suppose that the institutions of a more Catholic philanthropy, in the progress of development under the British constitution, are less capable of acquiring an inherent vitality?

The age of Belisarius was deeply imbued with the military spirit of the middle ages; and Belisarius was himself as proud of his accomplishments as a daring horseman, a good lance, and a stout bowman, as of his military science. Cavalry was the favourite portion of the army in his day, and he shared in the general contempt felt for infantry. The horsemen were sheathed in complete steel; and their helmets, breast-plates and shields, were impenetrable even to the shafts of the Persians, who drew their bowstrings to the right ear, and threw discredit on the prowess of the Homeric archers.† The Roman officers, as must always be the case where cavalry is the principal arm, were remarkable for personal courage and impetuous daring; and perhaps in the whole

* A good soldier can only be formed from men between eighteen and forty years of age. In ancient times it required more strength to make a soldier than in modern. The demand for such men, in an improving state of society, makes them too valuable to be expended on the game of war, and hence despots in civilised ages are compelled to use an inferior class. Good troops must always be highly paid. A good heavy-armed soldier, in ancient Greece, had half the pay of his captain. The pay of the celebrated English archers, in the middle ages, was extremely high; as it required the service of a brave and vigorous yeomanry to give that corps the efficiency it displayed in so many hard-fought battles.—(*Hallam's Constitutional History of England*, ch. ix. vol. 2.) Lord Brougham, however, overrates the pay of a mounted archer, in making it "equal to thirty shillings of our money" a-day.—(*Political Philosophy*, part iii. p. 237.)

† Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, vii. 166. It is impossible to resist transcribing Gibbon's note.

Νευρήν ρεῖν μαζ' ὅ σέλασεν τόξω δὲ σιδήρον.

Λίγξ βίβς, νευρή δὲ μίγ' ἵαχεν ἄχτο δ' ἑίστος.

Iliad, iv. 124-125.

"How concise—how just—how beautiful is the whole picture! I see the attitudes of the archer—I hear the twanging of the bow." The figures of the archers in the Æginetan marbles at Munich, admirably illustrate the genius of Homer and the taste of Gibbon.

annals of Rome there cannot be found another period in which headlong rashness was so universally the characteristic of the generals of the Roman armies.

The favourite position of Belisarius on the field of battle was to figure like Richard Coeur-de-Lion as a commander of cuirassiers, not like Marlborough, to perform the duties of a commander-in-chief. Procopius prepares our ears with one of his rashest comments by declaring that he was not in the habit of exposing himself unnecessarily, but on the occasion in question, he owns that Belisarius fought too much like a mere soldier in the front rank.

The whole Gothic army, according to history, Rome had passed the Tiber before Belisarius was aware that his troops, stationed to defend the Milvian bridge, had abandoned their post. On going out to reconnoitre, he met in with the enemy. Instead of retreating, he led on the cavalry that attended him to the charge. He was mounted on his favourite charger; the Greeks called it *Phalton*; the barbarians *Balan*, from its colour: it was a bay with a white face. *Balan* was perfectly broken to his hand, and his armour, wrought by the skill of Byzantine artists, was too light to incommode his powerful frame, yet tempered to resist the best-directed arrow or javelin. The person of Belisarius was soon recognized in the Gothic army, and the shout spread far and wide to the javelin-men and the archers, "At the bay horse! At the bay horse!" The bravest of the Gothic chiefs placed their lances in rest, and rushed forward to bear down the Roman general. The guards of Belisarius, in that trying hour, showed themselves worthy of their own and their general's fame. They closed up by his side so well as to leave him only a single enemy. It is ridiculous to attempt describing a personal encounter thirteen centuries after the event. The duties of Procopius did not place him at the elbow of Belisarius at such an hour, and even if he had been there he could have seen but little of what others were about.

The result of the encounter is

matter of history. A thousand Goths fell in the skirmish, and the bravest of the veteran guards of Belisarius perished by his side. The barbarians were driven back to their camp; but when Belisarius imprudently followed them, he was repulsed by the Gothic infantry forming before the lines, and the Romans were compelled to make a precipitate retreat. They alloped back to the gates of Rome closely pursued by no less than 40,000 Gothic cavalry. But as they reached the walls in disorder, the garrison refused to open the gates, fearing that the Goths might force their way into the city with the fugitives, and believing that Belisarius had perished in the battle. There was now nothing left for the commander-in-chief but to form a small squadron of his faithful guards, and make a desperate and sudden charge on the advancing Goths. The manoeuvre was executed with consummate skill, and the leading ranks of the enemy were broken, thrown into confusion, and forced back on the succeeding squadrons by the impetuous charge. The cry spread that the garrison had made a sally; the obscurity of evening was commencing; the Goths commenced their retreat; and Belisarius and his wearied troops were at last allowed to enter Rome. In this desperate encounter, their respective enemies allowed that Belisarius was the bravest of the Romans, and Wisand of the Goths. The Roman general escaped without a wound, but the valiant Goth, borne down in the combat around the person of Belisarius, was left for dead on the field, where he remained all the next day, and it was only on the third morning, in taking up his body for interment, that he was discovered to be still alive. He recovered from his wounds and lived long afterwards.*

Belisarius, unlike the noble barons of more modern days, who were all pride and presumption in their iron shells, mounted on their dray horses, but useless when dismounted, did not disdain to add to his knightly accomplishments that of a most skilful archer. This skill saved Rome in a dangerous attack. When the Goths

* *Procopius de Bello Gothico*, i. c. 13.

advanced their movable towers against the walls, drawn forward by innumerable yokes of oxen, Belisarius, placing himself on the ramparts, ordered the garrison to allow the towers to advance unmolested by the machines to within bow-shot. Then taking up a long bow, which might have graced the hand of Robin Hood, and choosing two shafts of a yard in length, he drew the bowstring to his ear, and shot his shaft at the tower. The Gothic captain, who was directing its movements from the summit, had trusted too much to the workmanship of his Milan armour. The fabric was not equal to that of Byzantium. The shaft pierced him to the heart; he tottered a moment on the edge of the tower, and then fell headlong forward. The second shaft brought down another Goth. Belisarius then ordered his archers to shoot at the oxen, which soon fell, pierced by a thousand arrows; and the towers that the Gothic army counted on to enable them to make a general assault, remained immovable until the Romans could burn them.*

Belisarius, fond of cavalry, seems to have overlooked, nay, even to have neglected, the discipline of the Roman infantry. While besieged in Rome, he defended the place by a series of cavalry skirmishes, and allowed all the officers of the infantry who could mount themselves to serve on horseback. Some of the native officers of the legionaries, jealous of their reputation, offered to lead their troops on foot. Belisarius would hardly allow them to quit the walls, and plainly expressed his want of confidence in the Roman infantry on the field of battle, while he showed his utter contempt for the city militia, by keeping it carefully shut up within the walls. The battle in which the infantry took part proved unsuccessful; but the officers who led it died bravely, sustaining the combat after the cavalry had fled.†

Yet Belisarius knew well how to appreciate the tactics of the old Roman

legion; and he made use of a singular method of obtaining the great military advantages to be derived from the possession of a body of the best infantry. At the battle of Kallinikon, when his cavalry was broken by the iron-cased horsemen of Persia—the renowned *kataphraktoi*, or original steel lobsters—the Roman general, with the genius of a Scipio or a Cæsar, saw that the steadiness of a body of infantry could alone save his army. He immediately ordered the heavy lancers of his own guard to dismount, and form square before the feebler and less perfectly equipped soldiers of the legions of the line. With this phalanx, presenting its closely serried shields and long lances to the repeated charges of the *kataphraktoi*, he foiled every attack of the victorious Persians, and saved his army.‡

Belisarius, however, acquired more favour at the court of Justinian, and secured the personal affection of the Emperor more, by slaughtering the people of Constantinople in a city rebellion, originating out of the factions of the Circus, than by his exploits against the distant enemies of the empire. The affair was called the Day of Victory. The scene was repeated on the 4th of October 1795, in the city of Paris, and was called the Day of the Sections. The part of the Thracian Belisarius was then performed by the Corsican Bonaparte. In the tragedy of old, three thousand citizens were massacred by the mild Belisarius, in that of Paris, hardly three hundred perished by the inexorable Napoleon.

The personal conduct of Belisarius is presented to us under two totally different points of view, in the works of his Secretary Procopius. In the authentic history of the Persian, Vandal, and Gothic wars, he appears as the commander-in-chief of the Roman armies, his actions are narrated by a Roman historian, and his conduct is held up to the admiration of Roman society. In the secret history, on the

* *Procopius de Bello Gotthico*, i. c. 21.

† *Ibid.* 28-29.

‡ This singular military manœuvre was repeated more than once by Roman generals, and shows how admirably the troops were drilled in what are called the degenerate days of the Roman armies.—(*Finlay's Greece under the Romans*, p. 246.)

contrary, we have, it is true, the same man described by the same author, but the work is addressed to the Greek race, and not to their Roman rulers, and it presents Belisarius as the instrument of a corrupt and tyrannical court, engaged in plundering the people, while crouching under the oppression of who else was the minister. The history of Procopius was written for the libraries of the Byzantine nobles; the annals for the clubs of the Greek people. Though composed in the same language, they belong not only to two different classes of literature, but even to the literature of two different races of men.

Belisarius was a fortunate as well as a great general. His victories over the Vandals and the Goths prove his military talent; but the spectacle of their kings, Godomar and Witiges, the representatives of the dreaded Genseric and the mighty Theodoric, walking as captives through the streets of Constantinople, made a deeper impression on men's minds than the slaughter of the bloodiest battle. Nor was the restoration of the sacred plate of the Temple of the Jews to the city of Jerusalem, an event of less importance, in a superstitious age, than the destruction of a barbarian monarchy. Among the spoils of the Vandals at Carthage, Belisarius had found in the treasury those sacred vessels which Titus, nearly five centuries before, had carried away to Rome from the ruins of Jerusalem. Genseric had transported these relics to Africa, when he plundered Rome in the year 455. Justinian was generous enough to revive the long forgotten ceremony of a Roman triumph in order to augment the glory of Belisarius; and the sacred plate of the Jews was exhibited to the people of Constantinople amidst the pomp of the gorgeous pageant. The emperor then commanded them to be removed to Jerusalem, to be preserved in a Christian church.†

The restoration of the sacred spoil of Jerusalem required the name of Belisarius renowned in the eastern world far beyond the bounds of the Roman empire; the glory of refusing the throne of the Cæsars of the west, amazed the barbarians of Europe as ~~was the fall of the~~ the Goths and the eastern empire.‡ The glory of being deemed worthy of the empire, was eclipsed by the singular display of personal dignity which could refuse the honour. When Belisarius was on the eve of putting an end to the Gothic monarchy by the conquest of Ravenna and the capture of Witiges, the Goths, resting on their national pride in the day of Alaric and Theodoric, when they were only the allies of the empire, offered their submission to Belisarius, and invited him to assume the dignity of Emperor of the West. Belisarius refused the offer. He had seen in his Italian campaigns, that the Gothic nobles of Italy were no longer the same soldiers as the Gothic mercenaries of the imperial armies.§ The merit of refusing the empire must have been deeply felt by Justinian; but the jealousy excited by the renewal, which conferred the option of accepting such power, gradually effaced the impression of that merit in the breasts both of the feeble emperor, and of his energetic and ambitious consort, Theodora. Though Belisarius loved money and splendour, and had more of Pompey than Cæsar in his character, still the boldest cabinet minister must have felt that he could no longer safely be entrusted with the whole military power of the empire. Though his fidelity remained inviolable, a seditious army could compel him, even if unwilling, to become its instrument. From the day, therefore, that Belisarius refused the Empire of the West, a cloud fell over his military career. It was determined by the imperial administration never again to entrust him with a

* The best edition of the works of Procopius is that published at Bonn in the new *Corpus Scriptorum Byzantinæ Historiæ*, commenced under the auspices of Niebuhr. It is edited by W. Dindorf, and contains a corrected text with various readings, and a reprint of the notes of Alenmann on the Secret History. 3 vols. 8vo. 1838 B.

† *Procopius de Bell. Vandalic.* lib. v. c. 9.

‡ *Procopius de Bell. Goth.* lib. i. c. 23. *Procopius de Secret. Hist.* lib. i. c. 1.

§ *Procopius de Bell. Goth.* lib. i. c. 23. *Procopius de Secret. Hist.* lib. i. c. 1.

force sufficient to proceed in a career of conquest.

It is needless to dwell on the military events of the life of Belisarius. Lord Mahon states it as the purpose of his work, to show how the genius of one man averted the dangers, and corrected the defects, which beset the tottering empire.* Gibbon, in gorgeous phrase, exalts him to the dignity of being the Africanus of New Rome; and speaks of the Roman armies as being animated by the spirit of Belisarius, one of those heroic names which are familiar to every age and to every nation.† But if history is to be composed from the facts recorded by historians, rather than from their opinions and their distribution of flattery and censure, it must be owned that Belisarius was only the greatest in a constellation of gallant warriors. Hilbud, Germanos, and Salomon, were his worthy companions in arms; and the eunuch Narses was all but his equal as a general, and greatly his superior as a statesman.

We must now turn to examine the personal conduct of Belisarius. He was unfortunately too much under the influence of his beautiful wife, though she was a few years older than her husband. Her close friendship with the Empress Theodora, her talents, her bold character, and the devoted attachment she displayed to Belisarius, excuses his too servile affection. She embarked with him in the African expedition, though Procopius says that the boldest Roman generals feared the enterprise; and she accompanied him in Italy. In the historical works of Procopius, she is represented as an excellent wife; in his secret libel, as a shameless and profligate woman.

The presence of the Lady Antonina at Carthage and Rome, compelled Belisarius to keep up a splendid and expensive court. The commander-in-chief was fond of wealth, Antonina of splendour. The fortunes of private individuals were still enormous, and rivalled the wealth of Crassus and

the debts of Caesar.‡ Belisarius, like a noble Roman, availed himself of his commands in Africa, and Italy, to become master of sums equalling in amount the mighty accumulations of extortion collected by the consuls and proconsuls of old Rome, when they plundered Syria, Egypt, Pontus, and Armenia. Of this wealth Belisarius made no inconsiderable display when at Constantinople. He passed along the streets, and appeared in the Hippodrome, attended by a numerous and brilliant suite of Gothic, Vandal, and Mauritanian chiefs, mounted on the finest horses, and clad in the richest armour, that wealth could command. In the days of his greatest prosperity, his own guards amounted to 7000 horsemen; and they were more formidable from their discipline and military experience than from their numbers. To this band of well-trained veterans, he owed many of his victories over the Goths in Italy.§

The civil administration of Belisarius was never very successful. His bad financial management involved his African army in revolt; and in Italy he overlooked disorders, which at last produced indiscipline in his own ranks, and famine among the Italians. The expense of supporting his cohorts of personal guards, and the necessity of securing the services of the most experienced and boldest troopers in this chosen corps, induced him to wink at irregularities in Africa and Italy, that he would have been obliged to punish severely near Constantinople or in Greece. At Abydos, he had ordered two Huns of the mercenary cavalry to be hanged for committing a murder; at Rome, he ran the risk of being murdered himself in the midst of a council of-war, by one of his generals, from having neglected too long to check the rapacity and injustice every where perpetrated under the sanction of his authority.

His own personal conduct, and the manner in which he governed Italy, cannot be better illustrated than by two examples recorded, not in the

* *Life of Belisarius*, p. 1.

† *Decline and Fall*, vol. vii. 161.

‡ Crassus was in the habit of saying, that no man was rich who could not maintain an army.

§ *Procopius de Bello Gotthico*, iii. 1.

secret filch, but in the public history of his country Procopius.

Belisarius deposed the Pope of Rome, as well as the Kings of the Vandals and the Goths. The account Procopius gives us of this extraordinary act, is conveyed in so few and in such cautious words, that it is necessary to notice their brevity. "The Pope, silverius was suspected of holding treasonable communication with the Goths, who at that time besieged Rome; Belisarius seized him, and banished him to Greece." But even if the fact that Pope Silverius had really held treasonable communication with the Goths, be admitted, still the manner in which he was condemned by Belisarius affords incontestable evidence of the injustice of his civil administration.

As the representative of the emperor, Belisarius held a court with all the pomp of a sovereign prince. Yet when the Pope, accompanied by his clergy, presented himself at the palace to answer the summons of the imperial lieutenant, he was compelled to enter alone into the cabinet, where the affairs of Italy were decided by the governor-general. In this hall of audience, the Pope found Belisarius seated, while Antonina was reclining on a sofa, in the midst of the assembly, and taking an active part in the business transacted. It was she, and not Belisarius, who interrogated the pontiff. The general's wife insulted the representative of Saint Peter with reproaches, while the general remained a silent spectator of the lady's sarcasms, and did not even investigate the evidence of the Pope's guilt. Prejudiced by the suspicions of Belisarius, and condemned by the anger of Antonina, Silverius was allowed no opportunity of repelling the accusations brought against him. In the very presence of the commander-in-chief, his pontifical robes were torn off; and as he was hurried away, he was hastily covered with the garb of a monk, and immediately embarked for Greece, to die an exile.

Now, whether it be true or not that Belisarius and Antonina persecuted the Pope to gratify the revenge of Theodora, who had vainly demanded his approbation of an heretical excommunication that they committed this act of injustice to gratify their insatiable thirst for his money, there can be no doubt that the administration of the Pope was marked out from the first to meet a cruel death. All confidence in the justice of Belisarius throughout Italy and more this moment every citizen suspected his administration would readily find evidence.

The second example of the arbitrary government of Belisarius, affords the means of estimating the extent to which the members of the army were allowed to employ their position and extortion, as well as the total disregard of all the principles of judicial administration displayed by the commander-in-chief himself, in compelling them to disgorge their plunder. The details of this singular event are reported by Procopius with minuteness and simplicity, and he concludes his narration with a distinct condemnation of the injustice of his patron's conduct. He says, it was the only dishonourable act of his life, but adds, that in spite of the usual moderation of Belisarius, Konstantinos was murdered.†

Konstantinos, a Thracian general, was one of the bravest and most active of the Byzantine officers. He led a division of the army against Perugia and Spoletum; and during the assault of Rome by the Goths, the defence of the tomb of Hadrian had been confided to him. He defended this strange fortress with great valour, though his persecutions have been the subject of execration by the lovers of ancient art. He had used the innumerable statues with which the tomb was adorned, to serve as missiles against the enemy.‡

Procopius, a Roman of Italy, and a man of some distinction, resided at Ravenna under the dominion of the Goths. Wishing to escape from their

* Compare *Procopius de Bello Gothico*, i. c. 25, with *Amatour's Vie de Justinien*, Rome, 1790, p. 100, ed. Paris.

† *De Bello Gothico*, lib. ii. c. 16.

‡ *Ibid.* i. c. 22.

power, he fled, and sought refuge in a church near Spoleto. The only objects of great value he had carried away with him, were two splendid daggers set in gold, and richly adorned with valuable gems. Konstantinos, hearing of this booty, sent his adjutant to take away the daggers. Præsidius hastened to Rome, and on arriving complained to Belisarius, who only requested Konstantinos to arrange the affair. Such conduct appeared to Præsidius a mockery of justice; and one day, as Belisarius was riding through the Agora, he laid hold of the reins of the general's horse, and called with a loud voice, "Is it permitted, Belisarius, by the laws of the Roman empire, that a suppliant who implores your protection against the barbarians be plundered by Roman generals?" In vain the staff officers around ordered Præsidius to let go the general's bridle, and threatened him with punishment; he refused, until he received a promise from Belisarius that he should receive justice. There is something truly Oriental in all this, and very little in accordance with the principles of the Justinian code: the promise of Belisarius is considered of more value than the laws of the empire. He appears in the character of a vizier or a sultan in the Arabian Nights.

Next day a council of the principal officers of the army was convoked in the palace of Belisarius; and, in the presence of the assembled generals, Konstantinos was summoned to restore the jewelled daggers to Præsidius. The attempt to discountenance military license, which had so long been tolerated, appeared to the rude Thracian a parade of justice, assumed merely for the purpose of imposing on the Italians; he conceived, that while surrounded by his colleagues, he might safely despise what he considered to be a farce. He therefore

refused to give up his plunder, and said gaily that he would rather throw the daggers into the Tiber than restore them. Belisarius, enraged at the insolent boldness of his proceeding, exclaimed, "Are you not bound to obey me?" The reply was, "Yes, in every thing else according to the Emperor's commission; but not in this matter." On receiving this answer, the commander-in-chief ordered his guards to be summoned. The order astonished Konstantinos, who saw the affair was assuming a more serious aspect than he had foreseen. Well aware that peculation and extortion were not very heinous offences in the Roman armies, he immediately suspected the existence of a project to ruin him for some other reason, and cried out, "Are the guards ordered in to murder me?" "No," said Belisarius, "only to compel you to restore the plunder which your adjutant seized in the church at Spoleto." Konstantinos saw the commander-in-chief enraged, and knew the Byzantine government well enough to feel his life insecure under the turn affairs seemed taking. With the quick determination of the daring chiefs who then led the fierce soldiers of the empire, he resolved to secure revenge, and perhaps make it the means of escape. Suddenly drawing his sword, he sprang at Belisarius, and made a thrust at his heart. The commander-in-chief, struck with amazement, only contrived to escape by jumping back and dodging behind Bessas, a Thracian Goth of high rank in the Roman army.* Konstantinos turned to escape, but was seized by the generals Ildiger and Valerian; and the guards entering dragged him from the council chamber to another room, where he was shortly after murdered by the order of Belisarius.†

Now it must be recollected that we

* There is a touch of the malicious spirit of the Secret History in the narration of Procopius, caused probably by some recollection of the ridiculous though dangerous position of Belisarius in avoiding the stab aimed at him by Konstantinos. The whole scene could hardly fail to produce a profound impression on the coolest spectator, even in that age, when men were more accustomed to stabbing than in our delicate days of gunshot wounds. 'Ο δὲ (Βελισάριος) καταπαλαίς ἐπίστωι ἀτίστη, καὶ Βέσσαις ἰγνὺς ποὺ ἰστανκίσι περιπαλαίς διαφρονὲν ἰσχυοί. — (*De Bello Gotthico*, ii. 8.) Bessas was as great an extortioner as Konstantinos. — (See *Ibid.* iv. 13.)

† Ildiger, doubtless a barbarian, from his name, was married to a daughter of Antonina by her first husband. — (*De Bello Vandalico*, ii. 8.) Valerian was also pro-

have an account of these two remarkable events in the life of Belisarius from an eye-witness. The very reserve of Procopius, who, in the affair of the Pope, omits all mention of Antonina, and glides over the injustice of the proceedings from dread of the feminine ferocity of the lady, and the priestly persecution of the successor of Silverius, who still continued to occupy the Papal chair when the history was written, affords us an indubitable warrant for the accuracy of the graphic description of the impressive scene which attended the murder of Konstantinos. When the History of the Gothic War was published, many of the generals who had been present at the council were still living.

These pictures of Belisarius and his times are not very favourable. A governor-general sitting in council, with his wife on the sofa directing the despatch of business, and a commander-in-chief holding a council at which one of his generals of division rushes at him with a drawn sword, do not give us an exalted idea of the order maintained in society during the brilliant conquests of Justinian's reign. Reasoning from analogy, it may appear natural enough that such a governor-general and commander-in-chief should end his career by having his eyes put out and by begging his bread.

There was another circumstance which very much increased the probability of Belisarius dying a beggar. We do not wish to deprive the tale of the smallest portion of the just sympathy of the latest posterity. The fact is, Belisarius grew enormously rich during his successful campaigns against Gelimor and Witige, and even contrived to accumulate treasures during his disastrous war with Chosroes and Totila.* Like his friend Bessas and his enemy Konstan-

tinus, as the truth must be spoken, he did not neglect the golden opportunities he enjoyed of gaining golden spoils from all sorts of men. Now, from the days of Sylla to those of Justinian, not to say a good deal earlier and later, it was the avowed system of the financiers of Rome to increase the budget by confiscations. The Ottoman empire heir to most of the vices and some of the grandeur of Imperial Constantinople, cherished the system as a part of its strength, until it adopted the more pitiful vices of Western Europe. Anastasius, not the ecclesiastical historian of the earlier Popes, but the hero of the "Memoirs of a Greek," by Mr. Thomas Hope—in his reflection on the principles of Ottoman finance, gives us a compendious abstract of those of Imperial Rome during eleven centuries, from Augustus to Constantine Dragoes.

"Regarding each officer of the state only in the light of one of the smaller and more numerous reservoirs, distributed on distant points to collect the first produce of dews, and drip, and rills, ere the collective mass be poured into the single greater central basin of the Sultan's treasury, you give yourself no trouble to check the dishonesty of your agent, or to prevent his peculations. You rather for a while connive at, and favour and lend your own authority to his exactions, which will enable you, when afterwards you squeeze him out, to combine greater profit with a more signal show of justice. In permitting a temporary defalcation from your treasury, you consider yourselves as only lending out your capital at more usurious interest. Nine long years, while your work is done for you gratuitously, you feign to sleep, and the tenth you wake from your dozed slumber; like the roused lion, you look round where grazes the fattest prey, stretch your

bably a barbarian, as he commanded a division of federate cavalry in the African war. He was general of the right wing of the Roman army under Narses at the battle of Tagnas or Lentagio, which put an end to the line of the gallant Totila, and gave the mortal wound to the monarchy of the Ostrogoths. (*The Gothic War*, ix. 31.)

* Procopius would lead us to believe that a fine of 300 lbs. of gold (upwards of £140,000 in specie, and twice that sum in value) exacted from Belisarius in 543, was the produce of his profits during the Asiatic campaigns of 541 and 542. But it is difficult to know what confidence ought to be placed in the details of the Secret History. — C. 4, p. 32, l. 1, ed. Bonn. — *Gothic's First Roman*, p. 760.

ample claw, crush your devoted victim, and make every drop of his blood, so long withheld from your appetite, at last flow into the capacious bowels of your insatiable *hazne**—(treasury).*

Belisarius was certainly a fattened prey, and it is no wonder that his inordinate wealth excited the cravings of the minister of finance of the lavish Justinian and the luxurious Theodora. After his return from the conquest of Italy, he lived at Constantinople in a degree of magnificence unrivalled by the proudest modern sovereign. His household consisted, as we have already seen, of a small army; and as he was fond of parade, he rarely appeared in public without a splendid staff of mounted officers. His liberality and his military renown ensured him the applause of the people whenever he presented himself among them. Such wealth, such a train of guards, and such popularity, not unnaturally excited both envy and alarm. Accordingly, when the unsuccessful issue of the campaigns against the Persians under Chosroes, in 541 and 542, had diminished the popularity of Belisarius, the Emperor seized the occasion of rendering him less an object of fear by depriving him of a considerable number of his guards and great part of his treasures.† The picture Procopius has drawn of Belisarius in his disgrace, is by no means flattering to the general; it represents him as a mean-spirited and uxorious courtier. "It was a strange spectacle and incredible, had we not been eye-witnesses of the fact, to behold Belisarius, deprived of all his official rank, walking in the streets of Constantinople almost alone, dejected, melancholy, and fearing for his life."‡

Shortly after, Belisarius was partially reinstated in favour and sent to command in Italy against Totila. In 548, he quitted that country for the second time, after struggling unsuccessfully against the Gothic monarch. The jealousy of Justinian had prevented his receiving the supplies necessary for carrying on the war with vigour; and the want of success is not to be considered as any stain on the military reputation of Belisarius. Though he returned ingloriously to Constantinople, still, even amidst the misfortunes of the Roman arms in Italy, he had not neglected to save or accumulate wealth, and he was enabled to pass the rest of his life in great if not in regal splendour.§

He enjoyed the glory of his earlier exploits, and the popularity secured by his equable temperament, undisturbed for eleven years. In the year 559, an incursion of the Huns was pushed forward to the very walls of Constantinople. The weakness of Justinian, the avarice of his ministers, and the rapacity of his courtiers, had introduced such abuses in the military establishments of the capital, that in this unexpected danger the city appeared almost without a regular garrison. In this difficulty, all ranks, from Justinian to the populace, turned to Belisarius as the champion of the empire. The aged hero, finding the imperial guards useless as a military corps, since it had been converted into a body of pensioners, appointed by the favour of ministers and courtiers, and its ranks filled up with shopkeepers and valets—assembled such of the provincial troops and of his old guards as were living in the capital.|| With a small body of experienced veterans,

* *Anastasius, or the Memoirs of a Greek*, by Thomas Hope, vol. ii. 393., first edition. The writer of these pages remembers reading *Anastasius* with singular pleasure, at the time of its publication. Now, after four-and-twenty years' intimate acquaintance with the East, and with the representatives of most of the classes of men depicted in the novel, he finds that its correctness of description and truth of character give it all the inexhaustible freshness of actual life.

† *Historia Arcana*, c. 4. Tom. iii. p. 34, ed. Bonn.

‡ *Ibid.*, Tom. iii. p. 31.

§ *De Bello Gotthico*, iii. 35.

|| *Agathias*, lib. v. c. 6, p. 159, ed. Paris.—The conversion of royal guards into cheesemongers is by no means a very uncommon corruption. The dreaded janissaries degenerated into a corporation of hucksters and green-grocers. The Hellenic kingdom, founded as an incorporation of the spirit of anarchy and despotism, by the grace of the foreign secretaries of the three great powers of Europe, possesses a more singular body of military than even the defunct Ottoman corps of green-

vious suspicions. Belisarius was kept under arrest in his own palace without any further proceedings being directed against him. These examinations took place on the 5th and 11th of December; and the text of Malalas must be received as convincing evidence that Justinian took no stronger measures against Belisarius before the commencement of the year 563.*

On the 19th of July of that year Belisarius was restored by Justinian to all his honours. Some months of cool reflection had convinced the emperor, that the extorted evidence of a few dependents against an opposition leader, ought not not to outweigh the testimony of a long life of unstained loyalty. The remainder of that life was passed in tranquillity; and in the month of March of the year 565, the patrician Belisarius terminated his glorious career, and his fortune reverted to the imperial treasury. Such is the brief account which we possess of the last days of the conqueror of the Vandals and the Goths—the restorer of the spoils of Jerusalem—the deposer of a Pope—the destroyer of the tomb of Hadrian—and the last of the Romans who triumphed, leading kings captive in his train.† Antonina survived her husband, and lived in retirement with Vigilantia, the sister of Justinian, but in the enjoyment of wealth. Before her death she reconstructed the church of St Procopius, which had been destroyed by fire; and it received, from her affection for Justinian's sister, the name of Vigilantia.‡

We must now notice the accounts of the modern Byzantine writers. George Cedrenus was a monk of the eleventh century, who has left us a history of the world to the year 1057. It contains many popular stories, but

often transcribes or abridges official documents as well as ancient historians. In this work we might expect to find any fable, generally accredited, concerning Belisarius; but the account of his latter days is in exact conformity with those of Theophanes and Malalas.§

John Zonaras had been Grand Drungary, or First Lord of the Admiralty at Constantinople, before he retired to end his days in a monastery on Mount Athos. His Chronicle extends from the Creation to the year 1118, and contains much information not found elsewhere. He is considered as among the most valuable of the Byzantine historians. He mentions that Belisarius was compromised in the plot against the life of Justinian; that he was deprived of his guards and kept prisoner in his house; and that, when he died, his fortune was taken by the imperial treasury.|| Consequently Belisarius was in possession of his fortune at the time of his death, and it is possible that Justinian may have been his legal heir.¶

The chronicle published under the name of Leo Grammaticus, which dates from the twelfth century, states that Belisarius, having been accused of plotting against the Emperor Justinian, died of grief.**

Such are the historical accounts which the annals of the Byzantine empire furnish concerning the fate of Belisarius. But, attached to the collection of Justinian's laws, there is a rescript, which would alone afford conclusive evidence of the restoration of Belisarius to all his honours, if we could place implicit reliance on the date it bears. Unfortunately, however, for our purpose, the authority on which Cujacius published it, is not sufficiently established to give satis-

* *Joannis Antiocheni cognomenti Malalæ Historia Chronica. Pars altera*, p. 84, ed. Venet.

† *Theophanis Chronographia*, p. 201, ed. Paris. The accounts of Theophanes and Malalas must be compared together, as the comparison establishes the fact that they were both drawn from official sources. See also p. 202, 203, and note.

‡ *Georgius Codinus de Originibus Constantinopolitanis*, p. 54.

§ *Georgii Cedreni Compendium Historiarum*, p. 387.

|| *Joannis Zonaræ Annales*, tom. ii., p. 69. ed Paris.

¶ This may have resulted from the marriage of Joanna, the daughter of Belisarius, with Anastasius, the grandson of Theodora.—*Procopii Arcana*, c. 4, p. 34.

** *Leonis Grammatici Chronographia*, p. 132. Bonnæ: 1842. 8vo.

factory authenticity to its date. This date is 565, and in the month of March of this year Belisarius died; and in the month of November Justinian also followed him. The rescript speaks of Belisarius incidentally as "our most glorious patrician;" an expression incompatible with his having suffered any great indignity, or remained in permanent disgrace.*

We must now turn from examining public history, to consider popular feeling. Belisarius, as we have already observed, was the hero of the Roman world; but another society existed in the very heart of that world, which hated every thing Roman. This society was Greek; it had its own feelings, its own literature, and its own church. Of its literature, Procopius has left us a curious specimen in his Secret History, where the facts of his public Roman history are presented to the discontented Greeks, richly spiced with calumny and libels on the Roman administration. Peculiar circumstances gave the reign of Justinian a prominent position in the history of the world, as the last great era of Roman history, and its memory was long cherished with a feeling of wonder and awe.† We must, however, remark, that from the death of Justinian to the accession of Leo III. the Isaurian, the government of the Eastern empire was strictly Roman. From the reign of Leo III. to that of Basil I. the Macedonian (867) if not quite Roman, it was very far from Greek.

Three centuries after the death of Belisarius and Justinian, new feelings arose. The Greeks then looked back on the authentic history of Belisarius as they did on that of Scipio and Sella,—as a history unconnected with their own national glory, but marking the last conquests which illustrated the annals of the Roman empire, and

affording one of those mighty names admirably adapted

"To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

We must now endeavour to prove that its use for this purpose, in the manner transmitted to us, was subsequent to the accession of Basil the Macedonian.

We believe that the blindness and beggary of Belisarius, as recorded in the Greek romance, of which the memory has become a part of the tradition of Western Europe, was suggested to the novelist by the fate of Symeon, an Armenian noble in the Byzantine service, who married the daughter of the Cæsar Basil, the uncle of the Emperor Michael III. The catastrophe of the romance is mentioned by two writers of the twelfth century. One is the anonymous author of a description of Constantinople, who was a contemporary of Zonaras. The other is John Tzetzes, who wrote a rambling work consisting of mythological and historical notices in Greek political, civil, or profane verse, as it may be called, (*versus politici*)—the epic poetry of modern Greece; correctly compared by Lord Byron to the heroic strain of

"A captain bold of Hattin, who lived in country quarters."

This poet flourished at the end of the twelfth century.

The anonymous Guide-Book, relates that Justinian, envying the glory of Belisarius, put out his eyes, and ordered him to be placed in the Lauron with a bowl of earthenware in his hand, that the charitable might bestow on him an obolus.‡ Tzetzes repeats the same story in his learned doggerel, only he gives Belisarius a wooden dish in his hand, and stations him to beg in the Milion or Stadium of Constantinople. But Tzetzes, who piqued himself on his historical

Corpus Juris Civilis. Altera aliquot Constitutionum. Tom. ii. p. 311, ed. ster. 4to. *Privilegium pro Fideiabus et Cujus.* *Orig. lib. x. c. 12.* In a new edition of the *Corpus* there is the following note:—*Hoc privilegium editum est in Cæsar. Orig., and ex quo fonte desumptum sit, non indicatur, nisi quod Cujus a P. Gabrio Hispano se id decerpisse dicit. Non sine ratione addidit Beck, qui in App. Corp. Juris Civ. hanc constitutionem recepit, an genuina sit, dubio non carere.*

Greece under the Romans. p. 229. If the writer of this article may presume to refer to his own authority.

Imperium Orientale studio A. Banduri. Tom. i. *pars tertia. Antiquitatum Constantinopolitanarum,* p. 7. ed. Paris.

knowledge, candidly tells his readers, that other chronicles say that Belisarius was restored to all his former honours.*

The notices of a Greek guide-book, and the tales of a popular versifier, concerning a Roman general, ought certainly to be received with great caution, when they are found to be at variance with all historical evidence. In this case, tradition cannot be admitted to have had any existence for many centuries after the death of Belisarius. The supposed tradition is Greek,—the authentic history is Roman. But historical evidence exists to show that all the details concerning the blindness and beggary of Belisarius have been copied by the author of the romance, from circumstances which occurred at Constantinople in the year 866.

In that year, the Armenian, Symbat, after assisting his wife's cousin the Emperor Michael III. (who rejoiced in the jolly epithet of the Drunkard,) and the future emperor Basil the Macedonian, (who subsequently murdered his patron the Drunkard,) to assassinate his own father-in-law Caesar Bardas, rebelled against his connexion the Drunkard.† He engaged Peganes, the general of the theme of Opsikion, or the provinces on the Asiatic shore of the Hellespont, in his rebellion. Peganes was soon taken prisoner by the imperial troops, and the Drunkard ordered his eyes to be put out and his nose to be cut off, and he then sent him to stand in the Milion for three days successively, with a bowl in his hand, to solicit alms. A month after, the news that Symbat was captured was brought to the emperor, while he was feasting in the palace of St Mamas. He ordered Peganes to be led out to meet the new prisoner, that Symbat might be conducted into

Constantinople with every possible indignity. The blind and mutilated Peganes was compelled to walk before his friend, with a bowl of earthenware in the form of a censer, filled with sulphur, as if burning incense to perfume him. The right eye of Symbat was put out, and his right hand cut off, and in this state he was placed in the Lauron, like a beggar, with a bowl hung before his breast to receive charity. Three days after, the two rebels were allowed to return to their houses, where they were kept prisoners. Symbat regained possession of his sequestered fortune when Basil the Macedonian became emperor.

Now, even if we admit the possibility of the politic Justinian having treated Belisarius as Michael the Drunkard treated the unprincipled Symbat, still it is impossible to compare the words in which the Guide-book and Tzetzes commemorate the misfortunes of the hero with the narratives of the punishment of Peganes and Symbat, without feeling that the former are transcribed from the latter.

To prove this, if necessary, we could quote the words of our authorities. The earliest account of the punishment of Peganes and Symbat is given by George the Monk, a Byzantine writer whose chronicle ends with the year 920. The chronicle of Simeon Metaphrastes, which also belongs to the tenth century, and that of Leo Grammaticus, give the same account, almost in the same words. There can be no doubt that they are all copied from official documents; the style is a rich specimen of the monastic state-paper abridgment.‡

The state-paper style was retained in the romance from which the Guide-book was copied, to impress the feeling of reality on the minds of the people; while the mention of the obo-

* *Joannis Tzetze Historiarum Variarum Chiliades*, p. 94, ed. Kiesslingii, Lipsiæ, 1826, 8vo.

† Basil the Macedonian was originally a groom, and owed his first step in the imperial favour of the Drunkard to his powers as a whisperer. He broke an ungovernable horse belonging to the emperor, by the exercise of this singular quality, and rendered it, to the amazement of the whole court, as tame as a sheep. Leo Grammaticus says, *Τῇ μὲν μὲν χειρὶ τὸν χαλὸν κρατῆσας, τῇ δὲ ἑτέρᾳ τοῦ αὐτοῦ δεσφάμενος εἰς ἐμμερότητα προβάτου μετέβαλον.*—P. 230, ed. Bonn.

‡ *Georgius Monachus*, p. 540. *Simeon Metaph.* p. 419. *Scriptores post Theophanem*, ed. Paris. *Leo Gram.*, p. 469, ed. Paris, p. 247, ed. Bonn.

lus, an ancient coin, marked the antique dignity with which the tale was invested. The obolus had been, for centuries, unknown in the coinage of Constantinople; and the word was no longer in use in the public markets of Greece. But besides this, if the Guide-book is to be admitted as an authority for a historical fact, it very soon destroys the value of its own testimony concerning the blindness and beggary of Belisarius: for, only a few lines after recording his disgrace, it mentions a gilt statue of the hero as standing near the palace of Chalce.

Such is fame. The real Belisarius, the hero of the history and the libels of Procopius, being a Roman general, owes his universal reputation to the creation of an imaginary Belisarius by some unknown Greek romance-writer or ballad-singer. The interest of mankind in the conquests and records of Byzantine Rome has become torpid; but the feelings of humanity, in favour of the victims of courtly ingratitude, are immortal. The unextinguishable aversion of the Hellenic race to tyranny and oppression, has given a degree of fame to the name of Belisarius which his own deeds, great as they were, would never have conferred. This is but one proof of the singular influence exercised by the Hellenic mind over the rest of the world during the middle ages. It may be continually traced in the literature both of the east and the west. Whenever the sympathies are awakened by general sentiments of philanthropy among the emirs of the east, or the barons of the west, there is reason to suspect that the origin of the tale must be sought in Greece. Europe has been guided by the mind of Hellas in every age, from the days of Homer to those of Tzetzes; and its power has been maintained by addressing the feelings common to the whole human race — feelings long cherished in Greece after they had been banished from western society by Goths, Franks, and Normans.*

There is yet one important reflection which, if the study of the age of Beli-

sarius and Justinian does not suggest, we have failed to comprehend its true spirit. In spite of its glory—of its legislative, its legal, its military, its administrative, its architectural, and its ecclesiastical greatness, it was destitute of that spiritual power which rules and guides the souls of men. It was an age entirely material and selfish. Religion was a mere formula: Christianity slept victorious amidst the ruins of extinguished paganism. Belisarius could depose one Pope, and sell the chair and the keys of St Peter to another, without rousing the indignation of the Christian world. Liberty was an incomprehensible term. That energy of individual independence and physical force which excited the barbarians of the north to conquer the western empire, and enabled the Romans of Byzantium to save the eastern, was sinking into lethargy. Patriotism was an unknown feeling. Indeed, what idea of nationality or love of country could be formed by the privileged classes of Constantinople? Their successors the Turks may be taken as interpreters of the sentiments of the Byzantine Romans on this subject, who, while vegetating in Stamboul, gravely tell you that Mecca is their country.

In short, the spirit of liberty and religion was torpid in the empire of Justinian, and perhaps in the soul of Belisarius. These two remarkable men were both governed by the material impulses of military discipline and systematic administration. Verily, the mission of Mahomet was necessary to awaken mankind, and rouse the Christian world from its lethargy to the great mental struggle which, from the hour of the unfolding of the banner of Islam, has left the minds of men no repose; and will henceforth compel them to unite the spirit of religion with all their restless endeavours to realise each successive dream of social improvement that the human soul shall dare to conceive.

Athens, March 20, 1847.

* Things have not changed in our day. Capodistrias lighted his pipe with Canning's treaties and King Leopold's renunciation; and Coletti's makes game of the feeble acts and strong expressions of Viscount Palmerston.

ANCIENT AND MODERN BALLAD POETRY.*

THE first day of April is a festival too prominent in the Kalendar of Momus to be passed over without due commemoration. The son of Nox, who, according to that prince of heralds, Hesiod, presides especially over the destinies of reviewers, demands a sacrifice at our hands; and as, in the present state of the provision market, we cannot afford to squander a steer, we shall sally forth into the regions of rhyme and attempt to capture a versifier.

The time has been when such a task was, to say the least of it, very simple. Each successive spring, at the season when "a livelier iris glows upon the burnished dove," Parnassus sent forth its leaves, and the voices of many cuckoos were heard throughout the land. Small difficulty then, either to flush or to bag sufficient game. But, somehow or other, of late years there has been a sort of panic among the poets. The gentler sort have either been scared by the improvisatore warblings of Mr Wakley, or terrified into silence by undue and undeserved apprehensions of the Knout. Seldom now are they heard to chirrup except under cover of the leaves of a sheltering magazine; and although we do occasionally detect a thin and ricketty octavo taking flight from the counter of some publisher, it is of so meek and inoffensive a kind that we should as soon think of making prize of a thrush in a bed of strawberries. We are much afraid that the tendency of the present age towards the face-tious has contributed not a little to the dearth of sonnets and the extermination of the elegiac stanza. So long as friend Michael Angelo Titmarsh has the privilege of frequenting the house of Mrs Perkins and

other haunts of fashionable and literary celebrity, Poseidon Hicks will relapse into gloomy silence, and Miss Bunion refrain from chanting her Lays of the Shattered Heart-strings. It is a hard thing that a poet may not protrude his gentle sorrows for our commiseration, mourn over his blighted hopes, or rejoice the bosom of some budding virgin by celebrating her, in his Tennysonian measure, as the light-tressed Ianthe or sleek-haired Claribel of his soul, without being immediately greeted by a burst of impertinent guffaws, and either wantonly parodied or profanely ridiculed to his face. So firm is our belief in the humanising influence of poetry that we would rather, by a thousand times, that all the reviews should perish, and all the satirists be consigned to Orcus, than behold the total cessation of song throughout the British Islands. And if we, upon any former occasion, have spoken irreverently of the Nincompoops, we now beg leave to tender to that injured body our heartfelt contrition for the same; and invite them to join with us in a pastoral pilgrimage to Arcadia, where they shall have the run of the meadows, with a fair allowance of pipes and all things needful—where they may rouse a satyr from every bush, scamper over the hills in pursuit of an Oread, or take a sly vizzzy at a water-nymph arranging her tresses in the limpid fountains of the Alpheus. What say you, our masters and mistresses, to this proposal for a summer ramble?

Hitherto we have spoken merely of the gentler section of the bards. But there is another division of that august body by no means quite so diffident. Since our venerated Father

* *The Minstrelsy of the English Border; being a collection of Ballads, ancient, re-modelled, and original, founded on well-known Border Legends.* With illustrative notes by FREDERICK SHELDON. London: 1847.

A Book of Roxburghe Ballads. Edited by JOHN PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. London: 1847.

A Lytell Geste of Robin Hood. Edited by JOHN MATHEW GUTCH, F.S.A. 2 vols. London: 1847.

Poems and Songs of ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. London: 1847.

The Poetical Works of WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. Second Edition, Enlarged. Glasgow: 1847.

Christopher paid, some four years ago, a merited tribute to the genius of Mr Macaulay, commenting upon the *thews and sinews of his verse*, and the manly vigour of his *Lays of Ancient Rome*—ballad poetry in all its forms and ramifications has become inconceivably rampant. The Scottish poetry also, which from time to time has appeared in *MAGA*, seems to have excited, in certain quarters, a spirit of larcenous admiration; and not long ago it was our good fortune to behold in the *Quarterly Review* a laudation of certain lines which are neither more nor less than a weak dilution of a ballad composed by one of our contributors. It would be well, however, had we nothing more to complain of than this. But the ballad fever has got to such a height that it may be necessary to make an example. Our young English poets are now emulating in absurdity those German students, who dress after the costume of the middle ages as depicted by Cornelius, and terrify the peaceful Cockney on the Rhine by apparitions of Goetz of Berlichingen. They are no longer Minnesingers, but warriors of sanguineous complexion. They are all for glory, blood, chivalry, and the deeds of their ancestors. They cut, thrust, and foil as fiercely as fifty *Francalanzas*, and are continually shouting on Saint George. Dim ideas of the revival of the Maltese Order seem to float before their excited imaginations; and, were there the slightest spark of genuine feeling in their enthusiasm, either *Abd-el-Kader* or Marshal Bugeaud would have had by this time some creditable recruits. But the fact is, that the whole system is a sham. Our young friends care about as much for Saint George as they do for Saint Thomas Aquinas; they would think twice before they permitted themselves to be poked at with an unbuttoned foil; and as for the deeds of their ancestors, a good many of them would have considerable difficulty in establishing their descent even from a creditable slopseller—"the founder of our family"—in the reign of George the Third. It is therefore a mystery to us why they should persevere in their delusion. What—in the name of the Bend Sinister—have they to do with the

earlier Harrys or Edwards, or the charge of the Templars at Ascalon, or the days of the Saxon Heptarchy? Are they called upon by some irrepressible impulse to ransack the pages of English history for a "situation," or to crib from the *Chronicles of Froissart*? Cannot they let the old warriors rest in peace, without summoning them, like the *Cid*, from their honoured graves, again to put on harness and to engage in feckless combat? For oh!—weak and most washy are the battles which our esteemed young friends describe! Their war-horses have for the most part a general resemblance to the hacks hired out at seven-and-sixpence for the Sunday exhibition in the Park. Their armour is of that kind more especially in vogue at Astley's, in the composition of which tin-foil is a principal ingredient, and pasteboard by no means wanting. Their heroes fight, after preliminary parley which would do credit to the chivalry of the Hippodrome; and their lances invariably splinter as frush as the texture of the bullrush. Their dying chiefs all imitate Bayard, as we once saw *Widdecomb* do it, when struck down by the infuriated *Gomersal*; and the poem generally concludes with a devout petition to "Our Ladye," not only to vouchsafe her grace to the defunct champion, but to grant that the living minstrel may experience the same end—a prayer which, for the sake of several respectable young members of society, we hope may be utterly disregarded.

The truth is, that instead of being the easiest, the ballad is incomparably the most difficult kind of all poetical composition. Many men, who were not poets in the highest sense of the word, because they wanted the inventive faculty, have nevertheless, by dint of perseverance, great accomplishment, and dexterous use of those materials which are ready to the hand of every artificer, gained a respectable name in the roll of British literature—but never, in any single instance, by attempting the construction of a ballad. That is the *Shibboleth*, by which you can at once distinguish the true minstrel from mere impostor or pretender. It is the simplest, and at the same time the sublimest form of poetry,

nor can it be written except under the influence of that strong and absorbing emotion, which bears the poet away far from the present time, makes him an actor and a participator in the vivid scenes which he describes, and which is, in fact, inspiration of the very loftiest kind. The few who enjoy the glorious privilege, not often felt, nor long conferred, of surrendering themselves to the magic of that spell, cease for the time to be artists; they take no thought of ornament, or of any rhetorical artifice, but throw themselves headlong into their subject, trusting to nature for that language which is at once the shortest and the most appropriate to the occasion; spurning all far-fetched metaphors aside, and ringing out their verse as the iron rings upon the anvil! It was in this way that Homer, the great old ballad-maker of Greece, wrote—or rather chanted, for in his day pens were scarce, wire-wove unknown, and the pride of Moseley undeveloped. God had deprived the blind old man of sight; but in his heart still burned the fury of the fight of Troy; and trow ye not, that to him the silent hills of Crete many a time became resonant with the clang of arms, and the shouts of challenging heroes, when not a breath of wind was stirring, and the ibex stood motionless on its crag? What a difference between Homer and Virgil! Mœonides goes straight to work, like a marshal calling out his men. He moves through the encampment of the ships, knowing every man by headmark, and estimating his capabilities to a buffet. No metaphor or nonsense in the combats that rage around the sepulchre of Ilus—good hard fighting all of it, as befits barbarians, in whose veins the blood of the danger-seeking demigods is seething: fierce as wild beasts they meet together, smite, hew, and roll over in the dust. Jove may mourn for Sarpedon, or Andromache tear her hair above the body of her slaughtered Hector; but not one whit on that account abstain their comrades from the banquet, and on the morrow, under other leaders, they will renew the battle—forman is but as the leaves of the forest, whilst glory abideth for ever.

Virgil, on the contrary, had but

little of the ballad-maker in his composition. He was always thinking of himself, and of his art, and the effect which his *Æneid* would produce,—nay, we are even inclined to suspect that at times he was apt to deviate into a calculation of the number of sesteritia which he might reasonably reckon to receive from the bounty of the Emperor. The *Æneid* is upon the whole a sneaking sort of a poem. The identity of *Æneas* with Augustus, and the studied personification of every leading character, is too apparent to be denied. It is therefore less an epic than an allegory; and—without questioning the truth of Hazlitt's profound apothegm, that allegories do not bite—we confess that, in general, we have but small liking to that species of composition. For in the first place, the author of an allegory strips himself of the power of believing it. He can have no faith in the previous existence of heroes whom he is purposely portraying as shadows, and he must constantly be put to shifts, in order to adapt his story, during its progress, to the circumstances which he attempts to typify. And, in the second place, he commits the error, equally palpable, of disenchanting the eyes of his reader. For the very essence of that pleasure which we all derive from fiction, lies in our overcoming to a certain extent the idea of its actual falsity, and in our erecting within ourselves a sort of secondary belief, to which, accordingly, our sympathies are submitted. Every thing, therefore, which interferes with this fair and legitimate credulity is directly noxious to the effect of the poem; it puts us back one stage further from the point of absolute faith, and materially diminishes the interest which we take in the progress of the piece. Spenser's *Fairie Queen* is a notable example of this. Could we but think that *Una* was intended, though only by the poet's fancy, to be the portraiture of a mortal virgin, unfriended and alone amidst the snares and enchantments of the world, would we not tremble for her sweet sake, knowing that some as innocent and as fair as she have fallen victims to jealousy less dark than *Duessa's*, and wiles less skilfully prepared than those of

the hoary Archimage? But Una never for one moment appears to us as a woman. From the first we feel that she is there, not exposed to temptation, but as a pure and holy spirit, in whose presence hypocrisy is unmasked, and all sin and iniquity unveiled. Nor fear we for the Red-Cross Knight, even when he seems to go astray, and turns from the side of her whom he had sworn to protect and guard; for he bears a talisman upon his shield and his bosom, expressive of his origin, and able to resist for ever the fiery darts of the wicked. Never rode knight and lady through earthly wilderness as these two journey together. For them we have no human interest—not even such tears as we might shed for the lapse of an erring angel. They have not put on mortality, nor do they meet or combat with mortal foes. Truth will do much for us, even in poetry where the mortal interest is most largely intermingled with the supernatural. Some belief we have even in the wildest flights of Ariosto. Astolfo does not cease to be one of ourselves when traversing the regions of air on his hippogriff, or conversing on the mount of terrestrial Paradise with the beloved Apostle John. But which of us even in fancy can ride with the Red-Cross warrior, penetrate with Guyon into the cave of Mammon, or realise the dreary pageant that issued from the House of Pride?

Spenser's is the purer allegory—Virgil's but a secondary one. The *Æneid* is a hybrid poem, wherein the real and the ideal mingle. There is sufficient of the first to preserve for us some epic interest, and enough of the latter at times to stagger our belief. But apart from this, how inferior is the *Æneid* in interest to the

masterpiece of Homer! It consists, epically speaking, of three divisions—the landing at Carthage, the Sicilian visit to Æcetes, and the final campaign of Italy—and the two first of these have no bearing at all upon the third, and even that third is incomplete. Whatever homage we may be compelled to pay to the sweetness of Virgil's muse, and his marvellous power of melody, this at least is undeniable, that in inventive genius he falls immeasurably short of the Greek, and that his scenes of action are at once both tinselled and tame. One magnificent exception, it is true, we are bound to make from such a censure. The second book of the *Æneid* stands out in strong and vivid contrast from the rest; and few poets, whether ancient or modern, have written aught like the conflagration of Troy. Nor shall we, with the severer critics, darkly hint of works which had gone before, but of which the substance long ago has perished—of the *Cyclic poem* of Arctinus, said to have been of all others the nearest in point of energy to the *Iliad*, or of the songs of Lesches and Euphorion. Rather let us be thankful for this one episode, without which the great tale of Ilium would have been incomplete, and the lays of Demodocus in the *Odyssey* remained mere hints of the woful catastrophe of Priam. But if you wish to see how Homer could handle a ballad, turn up the eighth book of your *Odyssey* until you come to the Minstrel's song—or if haply you are somewhat rusted in your Greek, and yearn for the aid of Donnegan, listen to the noble version of Maginn, who alone of all late translators has caught the true fire and spirit of Meonides.

“ The Minstrel began as the Godhead inspired :
He sang how their leaguer the Argives had fired,
And over the sea in trim barks bent their course,
While their chiefs with Odysseus were closed in the horse,
Mid the Trojans who had that fell engine of wood
Dragged on, till in Troy's inmost turret it stood;
There long did they ponder in anxious debate
What to do with the steed as around it they sate.

Then before them three several counsels were laid :
Into pieces to hew it by the edge of the blade :
Or to draw it forth thence to the brow of the rock,
And downward to fling it with shivering shock ;

Or, shrined in the tower, let it there make abode
 As an offering to ward off the anger of God.
 The last counsel prevail'd; for the moment of doom,
 When the town held the horse, upon Ilium had come.

The Argives in ambush awaited the hour
 When slaughter and death on their foes they should shower.
 When it came, from their hollow retreat rushing down
 The sons of th' Achivi smote sorely the town.
 Then, scattered, on blood and on ravaging bent,
 Through all parts of the city chance-guided they went.
 And he sung how Odysseus at once made his way
 To where the proud towers of Deiphobus lay.

With bold Menelaus he thitherward strode,
 In valour an equal to War's fiery god,
 Then fierce was the fight—dread the deeds that were done,
 Till, aided by Pallas, the battle he won.
 So sung the rapt Minstrel the blood-stirring tale,
 But the cheek of Odysseus waxed deadly and pale;
 While the song warbled on of the days that were past,
 His eyelids were wet with the tears falling fast.*"

If we go on twaddling thus about the Greeks and Romans, we shall lose the thread of our discourse, and possibly be found tripping on the subject of Wolf's *Prolegomena*. Let us, therefore, get back as fast as we can to the Moderns.

Unless the poet is imbued with a deep sympathy for his subject, we would not give sixpence for his chance of producing a tolerable ballad. Nay, we go further, and aver that he ought when possible to write in the unscrupulous character of a partisan. In historical and martial ballads, there always must be two sides; and it is the business of the poet to adopt one of these with as much enthusiasm and prejudice, as if his life and fortunes depended upon the issue of the cause. For the ballad is the reflex of keen and rapid sensation, and has nothing to do with judgment or with calm deliberative justice. It should embody, from beginning to end, one fiery absorbing passion, such as men feel when their blood is up, and their souls thoroughly roused within them; and we should as soon think of moralising in a ballad as in the midst of a charge of cavalry. If you are a Cavalier, write with the zeal of a Cavalier combating for his king at Naseby, and do not disgust us

with melancholy whinings about the desolate hearths of the Ironsides. Forget for a time that you are a shareholder in a Life Assurance Company, and cleave to your immediate business of emptying as many saddles as possible. If you are out—as perhaps your great-grandfather was—with Prince Charles at Prestonpans, do not, we beseech you, desert the charging column of the Camerons, to cry the coronach over poor old Colonel Gardiner, fetched down from his horse by the Lochaber axe of the grim Miller of Invernahyle. Let him have the honourable burial of a brave man when the battle is over; but—whilst the shouts of victory are ringing in our ears, and the tail of Cope's horse is still visible over the knowe which rises upon the Berwick road—leave the excellent Seceder upon the sod, and toss up your bonnet decorated with the White Rose, to the glory and triumph of the claus! If you are a Covenanter and a Whig, we need not entreat you to pepper Claverhouse and his guardsmen to the best of your ability at Drumclog. You are not likely to waste much of your time in lamentations over the slaughtered Archbishop: and if you must needs try your hand at the execution of

* We are indebted for the above extract to the Homeric Ballads, published some years since in *Fraser's Magazine*. We hope that some day these admirable translations may be collected together and published in a separate form.

Argyle, do not mince the matter, but make a regular martyr of him at once. In this way should all ballads be written; and such indeed is the true secret of the craft as transmitted to us by the masters of old.

We have warned you against moralising: let us now say a word or two on the subjects of description and declamation. Upon one or other of these rocks, have most of our modern ballad-writers struck and foundered. What can be in worse taste than the introduction of an elaborate landscape into the midst of a poem of action, or an elaborate account of a man's exertions when he is fighting for life or death? A single epithet, if it be a choice one, can indicate the scene of action as vividly and far more effectively than ten thousand stanzas; and, unless you are a tailor and proud of your handiwork, what is the use of dilating upon the complexion of a warrior's breeches, when the claymore is whistling around his ears? Nevertheless, even our best ballad-writers, when their soul was not in their task, have fallen into this palpable error. None of Sir Walter's ballads commences

more finely than "The Gray Brother,"—none has been more spoiled in its progress by the introduction of minute description. We pass from the high altar of Saint Peter to the bank of the Eske, and there we are regaled with a catalogue of the modern seats and villas, utterly out of place and inconsistent with the solemn nature of the theme. But "The Gray Brother" is a mere fragment which Scott never would complete—owing, perhaps, to a secret consciousness, that he had already marred the unity of the poem by sketching in a modern landscape behind his antique figures. Give him, however, a martial subject: let his eye but once kindle, and his cheek flush at the call of the trumpet, and we defy you to find his equal. Read—O ye poetasters who are now hammering at Creech—read the "Bonnets of Dundee," and then, if you have a spark of candour left, you will shove your foolscap into the fire. Or tell us if you really flatter yourselves that, were your lives prolonged to the perpetuity of the venerable Parr, you ever would produce ten stanzas worthy of being printed in the same volume with these:—

"The Coronach's cried on Bennachie,
And down the Don and a',
And Hieland and Lawland may mournfu' be,
For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae saddled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae,
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glays were clanging clear,
The pibroch rang to a siller to do,
Would deafen you to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see:
'Now here a knight that's stout and good,
May prove a jeopardie.

'What would ye do, my squire to-day,
That rides beside my rein,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl this day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

‘To turn the rein were sin and shame,
 To fright were wondrous peril:
 What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
 Were ye Glenallan’s Earl?’

‘Were I Glenallan’s Earl this tide,
 And ye were Roland Cheyne,
 The spear should be in my horse’s side,
 The bridle upon his mane.

‘If they hae twenty thousand blades,
 And we twice ten times ten,
 Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
 And we are mail-clad men.

‘My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
 As through the moorland fern,
 Then ne’er let gentle Norman blude
 Grow cauld for Hieland kerne!’”

Scott was no declaimer. Although bred a barrister, he estimated the faculty of speech at its proper value, and never thought of making his heroes, on the eve of battle, address their soldiery in a harangue which would do credit to a President of the Speculative Society. In certain positions, eloquence is not only thrown away, but is felt to be rank impertinence. No need of rhetorical artifice to persuade the mob to the pumping of a pickpocket, or, in case of a general row, to the assault of an intoxicated policeman. Such things come quite naturally to their hands without exhortation, and it is dangerous to interfere with instinct. The Homeric heroes are, of any thing, a little too much given to talking. You observe two hulking fellows, in all their panoply of shield and armour, drawing nigh to one another at the fords of the Scamander, each with a spear about the size of a moderate ash-tree across his shoulder. The well-greaved Greek, you already know, is deep in the confidences of Minerva; the hairy Trojan, on the contrary, is protected by the Lady Venus. You expect an immediate onslaught; when, to your astonishment, the Greek politely craves some information touching a genealogical point in the history of his antagonist’s family; whereat the other, nothing loath, indulges him with a yarn about Assaracus. Tros being out of breath, the Argive can do no-

thing less than proffer a bouncer about Hercules; so that, for at least half an hour, they stand lying like a brace of Sinbads—whilst Ajax, on the right, is spearing his proportion of the Dardans, and Sarpedon doing equal execution among the unfortunate Achivi on the left. Nor, until either warrior has exhausted his patriarchal reminiscences, do they heave up the boss and the bull-hide, or make play for a thrust at the midriff. Now, unless the genealogy of their opponents was a point of honour with the ancients—which it does not appear to have been—these colloquies seem a little out of place. In the middle ages, a knight would not enter the lists against an opponent of lesser rank; and in such a case, explanation is intelligible. But in battle there was no distinction of ranks, and no man cared a stiver about the birth and parentage of another. Genealogies, in fact, are awkward things, and should be eschewed by gentlemen in familiar discourse, as tending much less towards edification than offence. Many people are absurdly jealous on the subject of their confined sires; nor is it wise in convivial moments to strike up an ancestral ditty to the tune of—

“Green grows the grass o’er the graves of
 my governors.”

It was an unfortunate accident of this kind which led to the battle of the Reidswire.

“Carmichael bade him speak out plainly,
 And cloke no cause for ill nor gude;

The other, answering him as vainly,
Began to reckon kin and blude.
 He rose, and raxed him, where he stode,
 And bade him match him with his marrows :
 Then Tynedale heard them reason rude,
 And they loot off a flight of arrows."

Scott's heroes are unusually terse and taciturn. They know their business better than to talk when they should be up and doing; and accordingly, with them, it is just a word and a blow.

"But no whit weary did he seem,
 When, dancing in the sunny beam,
 He marked the crane on the Baron's crest ;
 For his ready spear was in its rest.
 Few were the words, and stern and high,
 That marked the foemen's feudal hate ;
 For question fierce and proud reply,
 Gave signal soon of dire debate.
 Their very coursers seem'd to know,
 That each was other's mortal foe,
 And snorted fire, when wheel'd around,
 To give each knight his vantage ground.
 In rapid round the Baron bent ;
 He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer ;
 The prayer was to his patron saint—
 The sigh was to his ladye fair.
 Stout Deloraine nor sigh'd nor pray'd,
 Nor saint nor ladye called to aid ;
 But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd his spear,
 And spur'd his steed to full career.
 The meeting of these champions proud
 Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud."

This, you observe, is practical eloquence,—the perfect pantomime of rhetoric; and, when your eyes have recovered the dazzling shock of the encounter, you shall see William of Deloraine lying on the green sward, with the Baron's spear-head sunk a foot within his bosom. Nothing, in short, can be more conclusive or satisfactory.

Let us now take an instance to the

contrary. Few men have written with more fire and energy than Mr Macaulay; and, in the heart of a battle, he handles his falchion like a Legionary. Still, every now and then, the rhetorician peeps out in spite of himself, and he goes through the catalogue of the topics. Nothing can be better or more ballad-like than the blunt declaration by Horatius of his readiness to keep the bridge:—

"Then out spoke bold Horatius,
 The captain of the gate :
 'To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late ;
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his gods?'"

Not one other word should stout old Coes have uttered, of apology for claiming to himself the post of danger and of death. No higher motive need he have assigned than those contained in the last two lines,

which must have gone home at once to the heart of every Roman. But the poet will not leave him there. He interpolates another stanza, which has the effect of diluting the strength of the passage.

“And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 Her baby at her breast ;
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame ?”

The whole of this stanza is bad ;—the last four lines of it simply and purely execrable. Mr Macaulay is far too judicious a critic not to be fully aware of the danger of any weak passage in a short poem of incident ; and we trust, in the next edition, to see this palpable eye-sore removed. But it is in the ballad of Virginia that his besetting tendency towards declamation becomes most thoroughly apparent. You are to suppose yourself in the market-place of Rome ;—the lictors of Claudius have seized upon the daughter of the centurion ; the people have risen in wrath at the outrage ; and, for a moment, there is hope of deliverance. But the name of the decenvir still carries terror with it, and the commons waver at the sound. In this crisis, Icilius, the betrothed of the virgin, appears, and delivers a long essay of some fifty double lines, upon the spirit and tendency of the Roman constitution. This is a great error. Speeches, when delivered in the midst of a popular tumult, must be pithy in order to be effective : nor was Appius such an ass as to have lost the opportunity afforded him by this dialectic display, of effectually securing his captive.

There is no literary legacy for which the people of Scotland ought to be so thankful as for their rich inheritance of national ballads. In this respect they stand quite unrivalled in Europe ; for, although the Scandinavian peninsula has a glorious garland of its own, and Spain and England are both rich in traditionary story, our northern ballad poetry is wider in its compass, and far more varied in the composition of its material. The high and heroic war-chant, the deeds of chivalrous emprise, the tale of unhappy love, the mystic songs of fairy-land, — all have been handed down to us, for centuries, un mutilated and unchanged, in a profusion which is almost marvellous, when we reflect upon the

great historic changes and revolutions which have agitated the country. For such changes, though tending essentially towards the production of the ballad, especially in the historical department, cannot possibly be favourable to its preservation ; and no stronger proof of the intense nationality of the people of Scotland can be found than this—that the songs commemorative of our earlier heroes have outlived the Reformation, the union of the two crowns, the civil and religious wars of the revolution, and the subsequent union of the kingdoms ; and, at a comparatively late period, were collected from the oral traditions of the peasantry. Time had it not in its power to chill the memories which lay warm at the nation's heart, or to efface the noble annals of its long and eventful history. There is a spell of potency still in the names of the Bruce and the Douglas.

By whom those ballads were written, is a question beyond solution. A large portion of them were, we know, composed long before the Press was in existence—some, probably, may date so far back as the reign of Alexander the Third—and to their own intrinsic merit are they indebted for preservation. But we are in ignorance of the authorship even of those which are much nearer to our own immediate period. Much of the Jacobite minstrelsy, and of the songs commemorative of the Fifteen and the Forty-five, is anonymous ; and we cannot tell whether those ditties, which have still the power to thrill our hearts so strangely, were written by gentle or by simple, in the hall or by the cottage fire. After all, it matters not. The poet of Otterbourne will be greater without a name, than fifty modern versifiers whom it would be odious to particularise, notwithstanding the blazon of their Christian and patronymic prefix. Better to live for ever innominate in a song, than to

be quoted for a life-time by one's friends, as a self-marked and immolated driveller.

"Give me," said Fletcher of Saltoun, "the making of a nation's ballads, and I will let you make its laws." This was, in our opinion, a speech of considerable boldness; and if Fletcher really made it, he must have had a high estimate of his own poetical powers. Why then, in the name of Orpheus, did he not set about it incontinently? We presume that there was nothing whatever to have prevented him from concocting as many ballads as he chose; or from engaging, as engines of popular promulgation, the ancestors of those unshaven and raucous gentlemen, to whose canorous mercies we are wont, in times of political excitement, to intrust our own personal and patriotic ditties. Seldom, indeed, have we experienced a keener sense of our true greatness as a poet, than when we encountered, on one occasion, a peripatetic minstrel, deafening the Canongate with the notes of our particular music, and surrounded by an eager crowd demanding the halfpenny broadsheet. "This is fame!" we exclaimed to a legal friend who was beside us; and, with a glow of triumph on our countenance, we descended the North Bridge, to indite another of the same. Notwithstanding this, we cannot aver from experience that our ballads have wrought any marked effect in modifying the laws of the country. We cannot even go the length of asserting that they have once turned an election; and therefore it is not unnatural that we should regard the dogma of Fletcher with distrust. The truth is, that a nation is the maker of its own ballads. You cannot by any possibility contrive to sway people from their purpose by a song; but songs—ballads especially—are the imperishable records of their purpose. And therefore it is that they survive, because they are real and not ideal. It is no feigned passion which they convey, but the actual reflex of that which has arisen, and wrought, and expended itself; and each historical ballad is, in fact, a memorial of a national impulse; and we be to the man who would attempt to illustrate the past, if he cannot again create within himself the sym-

pathies and the motives which led to the deeds he must celebrate. Wo be to him, we say—for as sure as there is truth in the retributive justice of posterity, he will attain an eminent position, not in the roll of beatified bards, but in that of the British blockheads, and be elected by unanimous consent as a proper Laureate for the Fogie Club.

It is now a good many years since Sir Walter Scott compiled his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Previous to the publication of that work, several excellent collections of the older Scottish ballads had been made, and industrious gleaners have since gathered up every stray traditionary ear of corn which still lay unnoticed in the furrow. Our excellent friend Robert Chambers, availing himself of all these labours, has given, in a popular form, the essence and spirit of the whole; nor does there, we believe, exist a single fragment of the least merit which has escaped so rigorous a search. We understood that the English ballads had long ago been collected. These were neither so numerous nor so romantic as ours; but they had fallen at a much earlier date into the hands of the antiquaries, and we hardly expected in our day to be told of a considerable addition. Therefore it was with no little astonishment, and some curiosity, that we perused the announcement of a new work entitled, "The Minstrelsy of the English Border; being a collection of ballads, ancient, remodelled, and original—founded on well-known Border legends. With illustrative notes by Frederick Sheldon."

Predisposed though we certainly were to do every justice to the original strains of Mr Sheldon, he will forgive us when we own that the ancient ballads were the primary objects of our quest. We were eager to discover what kind of materials—what snatches of antique song, he had rescued from oblivion among the wild moors of Northumberland; and his preface gave us ample hope of the choice nature of his budget.

"No doubt," says Mr Sheldon, alluding to Sir Walter's literary researches upon the Border—"no doubt many ballads *did* escape, and still remain scattered up and down the country side, existing, probably, in the

recollection of many a sun-browned shepherd, or the weather-beaten brains of ancient hinds, or 'eldern' women; or in the well-thumbed and nearly illegible leaves of some old book or pamphlet of songs, snugly resting on the 'pot-head,' or sharing their rest with the 'great ha' bible,' 'Scott's Worthies,' or 'Blind Harry's' lines. The parish dominie, or pastor of some obscure village amid the many nooks and corners of the Borders, possesses, no doubt, treasures in the ballad ware, that would have gladdened the heart of a Ritson, a Percy, or a Surtees; in the libraries, too, of many an ancient descendant of a Border family, some black-lettered volume of ballads doubtlessly slumbers in hallowed and unbroken dust. From such sources I have obtained many of the ballads in the present collection. Those to which I have stood godfather, and so baptised and remodelled, I have mostly met with in the 'broad-side' ballads, as they are called; but notwithstanding their fire and pathos, I found so much obscenity and libertinism mingled with their beauties, that I was compelled with a rash hand to pluck the nettles away that choked the healthy growth of the young, fresh, and budding flowers; preserving, as nearly as I could, their ancient simplicity and diction. Others, by local and nameless poets, I have given

as I found them. Those ballads, virtually my own, are stated to be so in the notes, and these, with great fear and tribulation, I hang as a votive wreath on the altar of the Muses." This is explicit and satisfactory, and we shall now proceed to see how our author has redeemed his promise.

We have read every one of the thirty-seven ballads contained in this volume, and the following is our synoptical view. Of "original" ballads—by which Mr Sheldon means those which must be attributed to his own inspired pen, and which constitute, as aforesaid, his votive wreath—there are no less than thirteen; four ballads are taken from the works of Messrs Mackay Wilson, Telfer, and Hall—bards who have flourished during the last twenty years upon the Border; four are "remodelled" by Mr Sheldon; and *sixteen*, having no other distinguishing mark upon them, must be set down as "ancient" compositions. The man who can bestow upon us at the present time sixteen authentic and hitherto unknown ballads, is indeed a public benefactor!

Out of courtesy to Mr Sheldon, we shall, in the first instance, dispose of his own particular garland; and as it would be a pity to dismember such a posy, we shall merely lay before our readers the following *morceau* from the ballad of "Seton's Sons."

"Seton he gaspit and he girn'd,
And showed his teeth sae whyte,
His een were glaikit like a man's
That's strycken wi' affryghte.

Quo' he, 'Lorde Percy, dinna think
I speak your lugs to blaw;
But let him spare my twa brave sonnes
And at his feet I'll fa'!

'And wat them wi' these happing tears
That wash my auld, auld een,—
That channel down these wrynkelets,
Gin he will list bedeen.'

'My bairnies,' quo' the mother then,
'That I have kist sae aft,
Canna we save them frae their death,
But sic a pryce we coft ?

'Thare pretty necks I've slibbered sae
Ah! Percy, gentil lord,
To hae them raxed upon a tree,
And strangled wi' a cord!'

Admirers of the ancient ballad—what do you say to that? There is the fine old Scots dialect in all its purity with a vengeance! In what part of the island such a jargon is spoken, we are fortunately at present unaware. Certain we are that our fathers never heard it; and as for ourselves, though reasonably cognizant of the varieties of speech which are current in Gilmerton, Aberdeen, the Crosscauseway and the Gorbals, we protest that we never yet met with any thing so cacophonous as this. It is impossible, however, to deny Mr Sheldon the merit of pure originality. Nobody but himself could have written the first glorious stanza, which embodies so perfect a picture of despair, or the second, in which the old familiar phrase of “blawing intill his lug” is so appositely adapted to verse, and put into the mouth of a knightly

Scottish commander. Lady Seton, too, is exquisite in her way. The “slibbering” reminiscence—which, we presume, is equivalent to slobbering—is one of those natural touches which, once uttered, can never be forgotten.

It will, we opine, be sufficient to quench the curiosity of our readers, when we state that the above is a fair average specimen of Mr Sheldon’s original productions. We presume that few will thirst for another draught from this pitcherful of the Border Helicon; and—as time presses—we shall now push forward to the consideration of the remodelled poetry. The first of these is called “Halidon Hill,” and, as we are informed in the notes, it dates back to the respectable antiquity of 1827. The following magnificent stanzas will convey some idea of the spirit and style of that production.

“Glower’d the Scot down on his foe;
‘Ye coof, I cam not here to ride;
But syne it is so, give me a horse,
I’ll curry thee thine English hide.’

Quod Benhal, ‘I cam to fight a man
And not a blude masty fl—
Were ye a man and no a pup,
Saint Bride I had as lief.’

‘Foam not, or fret, thou baby knight,
Put some food in thy wame,
For thou art but the champion
Of some fond Norfolk dame.

‘My dog shall shake thy silken hide,
Thy brainis prove his fee,
Gif in that bagie skull of thine
There any brainis be.’

‘Thou art a bragging piece of clay,
Sae fyrest wise prove thy threat:’
Loud geckit Trummall as he cried,
‘I’ll mak’ thee haggish meat!’”

Yes, reader—you may well stare! but such is absolutely the rubbish which has been shot from the Chiswick Press. Next—hear it, ye powers of impudence!—Allan Cunningham’s beautiful ballad of Lady Anne, makes its appearance as “Lady Nell.” We need scarcely add that in such hands the virgin degenerates into a drab. The other remodelments are

trash. The “Merchant’s Garland” is a new version by Sheldon of a street ditty called the “Factor’s Garland,” of which we happen to have a copy in a collection of penny histories. It is as much an ancient ballad as the Murder of William Weare—is dear at the ransom of a brass farthing—and commences thus:

“Behold, here’s a ditty that’s new, and no jest,
Concerning a young gentleman in the East,
Who, by his great gaming came to poverty,
And afterwards went many voyages to sea.

Being well educated, and one of great wit,
 Three merchants of London, they all thought it fit,
 To make him their captain, and factor also,
 And for them to Turkey a voyage he did go."

This is sorry enough doggrel, as every one who has the capacity of reckoning feet upon his fingers must allow; but Sheldon fairly trumps it. In a fit of enthusiasm, he has enlisted

the name of a friend in the service, and that gentleman must doubtless feel infinitely obliged for the honour of such immortalisation.

"Syr Carnegie's gane owre the sea,
 And's plowing thro' the main,
 And now must make a lang voyage,
 The red gold for to gain.

Now woe befall the cogging die,
 And weary the painted beuks,
 A Christian curse go with all naigs,
 And eke all hounds and cocks.

Three merchants of great London town,
 To save the youth were bent,
 And they sent him as factor to Turkish ground,
 For the gaming has hym shent."

Poets of the Isle of Muck, did ye ever listen to such a strain? Now let us take a look at the works of the ancients. The first in point of order is the "Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh," touching which Mr Sheldon gives us the following information. "This ballad was made by the old mountain bard, Duncan Fraser of Cheviot, who lived A.D. 1320, and, was first printed some years ago, from an ancient MS., by Robert Lamb, vicar of Norham." We do not know what exact time may be meant by the phrase "some years ago," but the fact is that the "Laidley Worm,"—which is neither more nor less than a very poor version

of the old Scots Ballad, "Kempion"—was, according to Sir Walter Scott, "*either entirely composed, or rewritten,*" by the Rev. Mr Lamb of Norham," and had been so often published, that it was not thought worth while to insert it in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. For the same reason, and for its inferior quality, it was kept out of Mr S. C. Hall's "*Book of British Ballads*." Intrinsically it is so bad, that Mr Sheldon himself might have written it in a moment of extraordinary inspiration; indeed the following three verses, are in every way worthy of his pen;—

"He sprinkled her with three drops o' the well,
 In her palace where she stood;
 When she grovelled down upon her belly,
 A foul and loathsome toad.

And on the lands, near Ida's towers,
 A loathsome toad she crawls,
 And venom spits on every thing,
 Which cometh to the walls.

The virgins all of Bamborough town,
 Will swear that they have seen
 This spiteful toad of monstrous size,
 Whilst walking in the green."

We are now coolly asked to believe that this stuff was written in the fourteenth century, and reprinted, seven years ago, from an ancient

manuscript. But we must not be surprised at any thing from a gentleman who seems impressed with the idea that the *Chronicles of Roger*

Hoveden are written in the English language.

We next come to a ballad entitled "The Outlandish Knight," whereof Mr Sheldon gives us the following history. "This ballad I have copied from a broadsheet, in the possession of a gentleman of Newcastle; it has also been published in 'Richardson's Table Book.' *The verses with inverted commas, I added at the suggestion of a friend, as it was thought that the Knight was not rendered sufficiently odious, without this new trait of his dishonour.*"

MAY COLLEAN.

"'Tis goodly your steed,' says false Sir John,
'You holded it of your own;
How have I drownded in the ladies fair,
The ninth one you shall see.'

'Cut off, say, ha, thy power fine,
Sweetly and so brave;
They are woe's wife, and over costly
To throw in the sea-wave.'

'Cut off, cut off, your Holland meek,
And lay it on the stone;
It is woven fine and lower costly,
To rot in the salt sea-foam.'

'Oh! turn ye, then about, Sir John,
And look to the leaf of the tree,
It is not comely for a man
A naked woman to see.'

He turned himself straight round about,
To look to the leaf of the tree;
She has twined her arms about his neck,
And thrown him into the sea."

This, it must be acknowledged, is, to use the mildest phrase, an instance of remarkable coincidence.

Notwithstanding the glibness of his preface, and the scraps of antique information which he is constantly parading, Mr Sheldon absolutely knows less about ballad poetry than any writer who has yet approached the subject. As an editor, he was in duty bound to have looked over former collections, and to have ascertained the originality of the wares which he now proffers for our acceptance. He does not seem, however, to have read through any one compilation of the Scottish ballads, and is perpetually betraying his ignorance. For example, he gives us a ballad called "The Laird of Roslin's daughter," and speaks thus of it in his preface:—"This is a fragment of an

So far well; but Mr Sheldon ought, at the same time, to have had the candour to tell us the source from which he pilfered those verses. His belief in the ignorance and gullibility of the public must indeed be unbounded, if he expected to pass off without discovery a vamped version of "May Collean." That fine ballad is to be found in the collections of Herd, Sharpe, Motherwell, and Chambers; and seldom, indeed, have we met with a case of more palpable cribbage, as the following specimen will demonstrate:—

OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

"'Alight thou, from thy milk-white steed,
And deliver it unto me;
Six maids have I drownded where the billows sound,
And the seventh one thou shalt see.'

'But first pull off thy kirtle fine,
And deliver it unto me;
Thy kirtle of green is too rich I ween
To rot in the salt, salt sea.'

'Pull off, pull off thy bonny green plaid,
That thou'rt in the breeze so free,
It is woven fine with the silver twine,
And comely it is to see.'

'If I must pull off my bonny silk plaid,
Oh turn thy back to me,
And gaze on the sun which has just begun
To peer ower the salt, salt sea.'

He turned his back on the fair damsel,
And looked over the beam,
She grasped him tight with her arms so white
And plunged him in the stream."

apparently ancient ballad, related to me by a lady of Berwick-on-Tweed, who used to sing it in her childhood. I have given all that she was able to furnish me with. The same lady assures me that she never remembers having seen it in print, and that she had learnt it from her nurse, together with the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens, and several Irish legends, since forgotten."

This is a beautiful instance of the discovery of a mare's nest! Mr Sheldon's fragment is merely an imperfect version of "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship"—one of the naiciest and wittiest of the Scottish ballads, which has been printed over and over again, and is familiar to almost every child in the country. It is given at full length by Robert Chambers, in his collection, with this note appended

to it:—"This very ingenious and amusing poem, which has been long popular all over Scotland, first appeared in the 'New British Songster,' a collection published at Falkirk in 1785. The present copy is taken directly from Jamieson's 'Popular Ballads,' with the advantage of being collated with one taken from recitation by Mr Kinloch." Such are the consequences of relying upon the traditions of "eldern women!"

We, have, moreover, a version of "Johnny Faa," of which ballad Mr Sheldon seems to consider himself the sole discoverer—at least he does not say one word of its notable existence elsewhere. And we are the more dis-

posed to give him credit for this ignorance, as he hazards an opinion that "the incidents recorded in this ballad must have occurred in the reign of James the Fifth of Scotland, or possibly in that of his father James the Fourth, the King of the Commons;" whereas the story is an historical one, and took place in the times of the Covenant. Be that as it may, Sheldon's version is certainly the worst that we have seen; and the new stanzas which he has introduced are utterly loathsome and vulgar. Only think of the beautiful Lady Cassilis who eloped with a belted knight, being reduced to the level of a hedge-tramper, and interchanging caresses with a caird!

"The Countess went down to the ha'
To hae a crack at them, fairly, O;
'And och,' she cried, 'I wad follow thee
To the end o' the world or nearly, O.'

He kist the Countess' lips sae red,
And her jimp white waist he cuddled, O;
She smoothed his beard wi' her lovely hand,
And a' for her Gipsy laddie, O."

Really we do not think that we ever read any thing in print so intensely abominable as this.

We have no intention of wading through much more of Sheldon's lucubrations—nor is it necessary, as, after a close examination, we cannot discover one single ancient ballad which is new to us in the whole collection. One or two, as we have already shown, are old friends in filthy garments, whose acquaintance we accordingly repudiate. Two or three, such as "Sir John le Sprynge," are mere reprints, and the remainder may be shortly characterised as unmitigated trash. It is rather too much that ditties still redolent of ardent spirits, and distinctly traceable in their authorship to a drunken horse-couper in Hawick, should be presented to the public as genuine Border ballads. For example, we are favoured with an effusion called "Loudon Jock's Courtship," which Mr Sheldon avers to be "a very old ballad, now for the first time

published," and states that he took it down "from the recital of an old drover, called A. Pringle, who attended Kelso market." We do not for a moment doubt that this valuable lay was actually pronounced by the baked lips of Sandy, over half-a-mutchkin of aqua-vitæ in a toll-house; but we decline to register it as ancient upon the authority of such a Pisistratus. On the contrary, the beast who composed it was manifestly free of the Vennel, acquainted with every nauseous close in the old town of Edinburgh, and frequently found at full length upon the Bridge, in a state of brutal intoxication. The localities are quite unequivocal, and mark the date of its composition. The "brig," unfortunately for Mr Sheldon, is by no means an ancient structure. No doubt the ditty is graphic in its way, and full-flavoured enough to turn the stomach of a Gilmerton carter, as the following specimen will testify:

"Jock lifted and fought, gat in mony a scrape,
But it was all the same thing to that rattling chiel,
He wad aye spoil the horn, or else mak' a spoon,
The crown o' the causey, a kirk or a mill,
He rade into Embro' wi' gowd in his pouch,
To look at the ferlies and houses sae grand;

The Castle and Holyrood, the lang walk o' Leith,
Great joy for his coming soon London Jock fund.

"Twas first hae this gill, and then aye anither,
Synne bottles o' sma' yill, and haup s for his kite;
And then cam' the fyther o't, sister and brither,
And Jock stoited awa' at the heel o' the night.

Jock met wi' a hizzy upon the high brig,
That looks o'er the yard as he stoited away;
Jock aye lo'ed a blink o' a bonnie girl's eye,
And she speer'd at the reiver his fortune to spae.

But Jock cam' to questions, and being a fallow
Stout, buirdly and sonsy, he soon pleased her taste,
And awa' went the twasome, haup-jaup in their daffin,
Thro' wynds and blind alleys no time for to waste."

Ancient ballad indeed! the minstrel who would venture to chant such a ditty in the Cowgate, would be cheaply let off with a month's solitary imprisonment on a diet of bread and water.

We pass with pleasure from this medley of balderdash and drivel to the more sober tome of Mr Collier, because we know that whatever he gives us will at least have the merit of being genuine. Out of the thousand black-letter broadsides which constitute the Roxburghe collection, the editor has selected upwards of fifty, and thus states the object of their publication:—"The main purpose of the ensuing collection is to show, in their most genuine state, the character and quality of productions written expressly for the amusement of the lower orders, in the reign of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. Our volume consists of such ordinary materials as formed the stock of the English ballad-singer, during a period not far short of a century. Many traces will be found in them of the modes in which they were rendered acceptable to the crowd, when sung in our most frequented thoroughfares." We need hardly say that the volume is got up with great care; and it will doubtless be an acceptable addition to the libraries of our literary epicures: nevertheless, we are free to confess that we were somewhat disappointed with its contents. We did not, it is true, expect to find, in this quarto, any new historical, or even romantic ballads of the first or highest class. The literature of Elizabeth and James is remarkably sterile in productions of

this nature; and the few which are intrinsically excellent have long since become familiar and have lost the gloss of novelty. But the didactic ballad and the canzonet were then extensively practised, and, with the fugitive poetry of Peele, Marlowe, Greene, and Lodge in our recollection, we had hoped to recover some valuable specimens of their more obscure contemporaries. In the voluminous records of the Elizabethan era, we find mention of many poets who enjoyed a reasonable celebrity at the time, but whose works, devoid of buoyancy, have since settled into oblivion. We find the names of some of these persons, such as Thomas Churchyard, who is spoken of in "The Return from Parnassus," attached to poems in Mr Collier's collection; but we are compelled on perusal to acknowledge that there is much justice in the critical decrees of time, and that very little which is at all worthy of preservation has been silently permitted to perish. In an æsthetical point of view, therefore, we cannot expect to derive much advantage from this reprint of the Roxburghe broadsides. But the antiquary, who has a natural taste for the cast-off raiment of the world, will doubtless fasten upon the volume; and the critical commentator may glean from it some scraps of obsolete information. To them accordingly we leave it, and pass into the glades of Sherwood.

We wonder whether "Robin Hood, that archer good," is as great a favourite in the nursery now as he was in our younger days? We are

afraid not. Our Robin was a mysterious sort of personage, something between an outlaw and an earl,—a kind of Judge Lynch, who distributed arbitrary justice beneath the shade of an enormous oak-tree, and who was perpetually confiscating the moveables of abbots for the exclusive benefit of the poor. Maid Marian we could never distinctly realise. Sometimes she appeared to us as a soft flaxen-haired beauty, not unlike a lay-figure, once the property of Mr Giannetti, which we loved in our youth, and to whose memory we still are constant. Green as emerald was the garb she wore, and the sun loved to shine upon her as she glided from the shadow of the trysting-tree. But then this fairy personage did not tally well with the other figures of the group. We could not conceive her associating familiarly with the gaunt but good-natured Scatheclock, and Mutch the miller's son. Summer, too, must pass away from Sherwood as it does from every sublunary scene. The leaves fall—the birds are mute—the grass has withered down—and there is snow lying two feet deep in the forest,—and then, wo is me for poor Marian, shivering in her slight silken kirtle in the midst of a faded bower! So that we were sometimes compelled per-force to change our fancy, metamorphose Marian into a formidable Girzy, and provide her with a suit of linsey-woolsey against the weather, and a pair of pattens big enough to have frightened all the fallow-deer of the forest with their clatter.

Ivanhoe, however, has played the deuce with our ideal creations, and Robin Hood is now fixed to us for ever in the guise of the yeoman Locksley. We do not like him half so well as we did before. He has, in some degree, compromised his character as an outlaw, by entering into an arrangement with him of the Lion-heart, and he now shoots deer under cover of the kingly license. The old warfare between Little John and the Sheriff of Nottingham is over, and the amicable diacylon conceals the last vestige of their feud. Allan-a-Dale has become a gentleman, and Friar Tuck laid down the quarter-staff, if he has not taken up the breviary.

But if any one wants to know bold

Robin as he really was, let him straightway possess himself of those two delightful volumes for which we are indebted to Mr Gutch. We have here not only the consecutive series of ballads known as “*The Lytell Geste of Robin Hode*,” but every ballad, tale, and song, relating to the famous outlaw; and the whole are beautifully illustrated. Mr Gutch thoroughly understands the duty of an editor, and has applied himself heart and soul to the task: in consequence, he has given us by far the best collection of English ballads which for years has issued from the press.

We have said that the English ballads, as a whole, are decidedly inferior to the Scottish. They are neither, in their individual kinds, so stirring, so earnest, so plaintive, nor so imaginative: and Chevy Chase is a tame concern when weighed against the Battle of Otterbourne. But many of them are of great merit; and amongst the very best are those which relate to Robin Hood, and the three stout bowmen of the North, Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslee. Robin has a fair right to be considered the yeoman hero of England, and the representative of what must have been a tolerably large class of persons throughout the wars of the Roses. In his history, we can trace a kind of tacit protest against absolute despotism and feudal oppression. He is the daring freeman of the soil, who will not live under arbitrary law, and who, in consequence, ends by setting all laws whatever at defiance. He is not a thief, but a free-booter, and is entitled to receive from posterity whatever credit may be attachable to such a character. His is, in many respects, a parallel case to that of Rob Roy Macgregor, though there is far more of deep tragedy as well as of patriotism, interwoven with the history of the Highland outlaw. Robin asserts no tangible principles beyond active opposition to the church, and determined hostility to the game-laws. For the first of these tenets Baines would have fallen down and worshipped him: for the second, John Bright would have clothed his whole company gratuitously in drab. He is fond of fighting, and ready to take up the cudgels with any chance

customer: but, somehow or other, he has invariably the worst of the encounter. Tinker, beggar-man, tanner, shepherd, and curtail friar, in succession, bring him to his knees, and his life would have been many times a forfeit, but for the timely assistance

of his horn, which brought Little John and the rest to the rescue. Guy of Gisborne was, we believe, the only champion whom he slew unaided, and even in that meeting he was placed in sore jeopardy.

“ Robin was reachles— on a root,
And stumbled at that tide,
And Guy was quick and nimble withall,
And hit him upon the side.

Oh dear Ladye! said Robin Hood,
That art both mother and may,
I think it was never man’s destiny
To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our Ladye dear,
And soon he got up again;
And straight he came with a backward stroke
And he Sir Guy hath shaine.”

But there is a fine jovial rollocking spirit about the outlawed hero of Sherwood, which endears Robin to the popular heart of England: and we firmly believe that Shakspeare, when he went out poaching of a moonlight night, was more actuated by poetical precept and impulse than by any sensual covetise for the venison of old Sir Thomas Luey.

Many ingenious persons—nay many excellent poets, have in modern times attempted to imitate the ancient Scottish ballad, but in no single case has there been a perfect fac-simile produced. The reason of the failure is obvious. An ingenious person, who is not a poet, could not for the dear life of him construct a ditty which, in order to resemble its original, must embody a strain of music, and a burst of heroic or of plaintive passion. It is not, however, by any means so difficult to imitate the diction: of which we have a notable example in the ballad of “Childe Ether,” which is included in several of the collections. “Childe Alcohol,” perhaps, would have been the better name, if all the circumstances which we have heard relating to its composition be true; nevertheless it is undeniable that our facetious friends who are chargeable with this literary sin, have succeeded in producing a very passable imitation, and that their phraseology at least is faultless. A poet, again, neither can nor ought to imitate, and when he is writ-

ing in earnest the attempt is absolutely hopeless. For every poet has his own style, and his own unmistakable manner of thought and of expression, which he cannot cast off at will. If he imitates, he ceases for the time to be a poet, degenerates into a rhymester, and his flowers upon close inspection will be found to have been fabricated from muslin.

Very blind indeed must be the man who could mistake “Sir James the Rose” for an ancient Scottish ballad. Michael Bruce, the author, was more than an ingenious person: he was also a poet, and had he lived a little longer, and at a period when simplicity in composition was rated at its true value, he would in all probability have executed something better. But he wanted power, and that pathos which is indispensable for the composition of a perfect ballad. Even Scott, when he attempted too close an imitation, failed. The glorious fragment which we have already quoted, “The Eve of Saint John,” “Lochinvar,” and others, are not to be considered in the light of imitations, but as pure outbursts of his own high chivalrous and romantic imagination. But the third part of “Thomas the Rhymer” is an adaptation to, or continuation of the ancient fragment, with which, however, in no respect can it possibly compare. Indeed the old ballad stands almost isolated in poetry, for its wild imaginative strain.

"She's mounted on her milk-white steed,
 She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;
 And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,
 The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and further on;
 The steed gaed swifter than the wind,
 Until they reached a desert wide,
 And every land was left behind.

"Light down, light down, now, true Thomas,
 And lean your head upon my knee,
 Abide and rest a little space,
 And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
 So thick beset with thorns and briars?
 That is the path of righteousness
 Tho' after it but few inquire.

"And see ye not that braid, braid road,
 That lies across the lily leven?
 That is the path of wickedness,
 Tho' some call it the road to heaven.

"And see ye not that bonny road
 That winds about the fernie brae?
 That is the road to fair Elf land,
 Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye maun hold your tongue,
 Whatever ye may hear or see;
 For if ye speak word in Elfin land
 Ye'll ne'er get back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on and farther on,
 And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
 And they saw neither the sun nor moon,
 But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae stern-light,
 And they waded through red blude to the knee,
 For a' the blude that's shed on earth
 Rins through the springs o' that countrie."

The late ingenious Mr Cromek was not, so far as we know, physically blind, but most assuredly there hung a heavy cloud over his mental light, since he could not discern the burning stamp of original genius in the fragments which were communicated to him by Allan Cunningham, and which he published under the title of "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song." Poor Allan Cunningham has passed away from amongst us, not unknown indeed, nor unhonoured, but without having received that full meed of praise and fame which was justly his due. For Allan, though a most industrious man, was far too careless

of his poetic reputation, and never could be prevailed on to collect together those scattered snatches of song, which he had sown with too liberal a hand in detached and distant places. But the service which he would not render to himself, has been performed by filial piety; and we now congratulate the public on their possessing, in a cheap and elegant form, the works of the most tender and pathetic of the Scottish Minstrels who have arisen since the death of Burns. If this little book does not become a favourite, and if it does not speedily make its way, not only into every library, but into every farm-

steading of Scotland—if the poems of Allan Cunningham do not become as familiar to the lips, and as dear to the hearts, of our shepherds and our peasantry, as those of his great predecessor—then we shall be constrained to believe that the age is indeed an iron one, that the heart of our beloved country has at last grown cold, and its impulses less fervid than of yore. It is now nearly thirty years ago—a long, long time to us—since Cromek's collection of *Remains* was noticed in this Magazine. Cunningham was then in the flush and zenith of his genius, with years, as we had fondly hoped, of fame before him, and all the early difficulties which beset the path of a youthful poet overcome. He was then urged to a diligent cultivation of the glorious talent he possessed, and to a further development of the seeds of poetry which lay within his own bosom, and in the spirit of his native land. And surely had Allan acted thus, and confined himself to the range of literature within which he had few equals and

no superior, he would ere now have gained a lofty and imperishable name. But a mistaken ambition diverted him to other tasks. He left the field of song to wander through the forest of romance, and we fear that he lost himself amidst its mazes.

It is upon the present collection of his poems and songs that Cunningham's fame must rest; and small as is the bulk of the volume, we yet do not hesitate to say that it would be difficult to point out another containing more lyrics of exquisite beauty, with fewer palpable blemishes. Cunningham's poetical style is both rare and remarkable. With a singular simplicity of diction, he combines imagery of the highest kind, and a pathos which at once finds its way to the heart of every reader. To many of our friends the following ballad may be familiar; but as a new generation who know less of Allan has arisen since the days of Cromek, we may be excused for transferring once more to our pages a gem of such purity and lustre.

“She’s gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie,
 She’s gane to dwell in heaven;
 ‘Ye’re owre pure,’ quo’ the voice o’ God,
 ‘For dwelling out o’ heaven!’

O what’ll she do in heaven, my lassie?
 O what’ll she do in heaven?
 She’ll mix her ain thoughts wi’ angel’s sangs,
 An’ make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a’, my lassie,
 She was beloved by a’;
 But an angel fell in love wi’ her,
 An’ took her frae us a’.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,
 Lowly there thou lies;
 A bonnier form ne’er went to the yird
 Nor frae it will arise!

Fu’ soon I’ll follow thee, my lassie,
 Fu’ soon I’ll follow thee;
 Thou left me nought to covet ahin’,
 But took gudeness sel’ wi’ thee.

I look’d in thy death-cold face, my lassie,
 I look’d in thy death-cold face;
 Thou seem’d a lily new cut i’ the bud,
 An’ fading in its place.

I look’d on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
 I look’d on thy death-shut eye;
 And a lovelier light, in the brow of heaven,
 Fell Time shall ne’er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
 Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
 But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
 That sang the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
 There's naught but dust now mine;
 My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
 An' why should I stay behind!"

We really must find fault with Mr Peter Cunningham for calling this, and others of his father's choicest productions, "imitations of the old ballad." They are no more imitations than the finest poems of Burns, or Hogg, or Motherwell. They are, it is true, written in the Scots dialect, and they share, along with the old traditional strains, the charm of a sweet simplicity; but every one of them came direct from the heart of our beloved Allan, and are, in their way, as truly original compositions as any burst that ever yet was uttered by inspired poet under the canopy of heaven. Poor old Cromek, who knew as little about the Scottish ballads as Mr Sheldon, believed them to be ancient, and, we dare say, died in that belief. But every man here, who knew or cared about the matter, saw at once that such poems as "The Lord's Marie," or "Bonnie Lady Anne," were neither ancient nor imitated; and accordingly, by the common consent of his brethren, Allan Cunningham was at once enrolled on the list of the sweet singers of Scotland—and long and distant be the day when his name shall be forgotten on

the flowery braes of Nithsdale, or the pleasant holms of Dalswinton, which in life he loved so well.

The last work which we have to notice is the collected edition of Motherwell's Poems, which has just issued from the Glasgow Press, under the auspices of Mr James McConechy. William Motherwell must always stand very high in the list of the minor Scottish poets, and one lyric of his, "Jeanie Morrison," is as pathetic as any in the language. But of him so much has already been said in former numbers of *MAGA*, that we may dispense with present criticism: and we shall merely draw the attention of the lovers of the supernatural to a more terrific temptation of Saint Anthony than ever was painted by Teniers. Motherwell was a noted ghost-seer, and few could beat him in the magic circle. Witness "Elfinland Wud," which is enough to frighten, not a nursery of children, but a score of bearded callants out of their wits, if they heard it chanted, on an eerie night, in the dim forests of Glenmore.

THE DEMON LADY.

"Again in my chamber!
 Again at my bed!
 With thy smile sweet as sunshine,
 And hand cold as lead!
 I know thee! I know thee!
 Nay, start not, my sweet!
 These golden robes shrunk up
 And showed me thy feet;
 These golden robes shrunk up,
 And taffety thin,
 While out crept the emblems
 Of Death and of Sin.
 Bright beautiful devil!
 Pass, pass from me now;
 For the damp dew of death
 Gathers thick on my brow;
 And bind up thy girdle,
 Nor beauties disclose,
 More dazzlingly white
 Than the wreath-drifted snows:

And away with thy kisses;
 My heart waxes sick,
 As thy red lips, like worms,
 Travel over my cheek!
 Ha! press me no more with
 That passionless hand,
 'Tis whiter than milk, or
 The foam on the strand;
 'Tis softer than down, or
 The silken-leaved flower;
 But colder than ice thrills
 Its touch at this hour.
 Like the finger of death,
 From cerements unroll'd,
 Thy hand on my heart falls
 Dull, clammy, and cold.
 Nor bend o'er my pillow—
 Thy raven-black hair
 O'ershadows my brow with
 A deeper despair;

These ringlets, thick falling,
 Spread fear through my brain,
 And my temples are throbbing
 With madness again.
 The moonlight ! the moonlight !
 The deep-winding bay !
 There are two on that strand,
 And a ship far away !

In its silence and beauty,
 Its passion and power,
 Love breathed o'er the land
 Like the soul of a flower
 The billows were chining
 On pale yellow sands,
 And moonshine was gleaming
 On small ivory hand.

There were bow'rs by the brook's brink,
 And flowers bursting free ;
 There were hot lips to suck forth
 A lost soul from me.

Now mountain and meadow,
 Frith, forest, and river,
 Are mingling with shadows—
 Are lost to me ever.
 The sunlight is fading,
 Small birds seek their nest ;
 While happy hearts, flower-like,
 Sink sinless to rest.
 But I—'tis no matter ;
 Ay, kiss cheek and chin ;
 Kiss—kiss—thou hast won me.
 Bright, beautiful Sin !”

And now we shall lay down our pen, and bid farewell for a season both to poet and to poetaster. If any of our young friends who are now setting up as ballad-writers upon their own account, have a spark of genius within them—and we do think that, with proper training, something might be made of the lads—let them study the distinctions which we have drawn above, and cultivate energy and simplicity as the cardinal virtues of composition. Also let them study, but not copy, the

ancient ballad-book : for it is a domain which we have long preserved from poachers, and if we catch any of them appropriating, remodelling, or transferring from it, we shall beg an after-noon's loan of THE CRUTCH, and lay the delinquent as low as Sheldon. It may be that some do not know what is in that ballad-book : if so—let them read the Death of the Douglas at Otterbourne, and then, if they dare, indulge us with the catastrophe of Harry Hotspur.

“ And then he called his little foot-page,
 And said, ‘ Run speedilie,
 And fetch my ae dear sister's son,
 Sir Hugh Montgomerie.’

‘ My nephew gude,’ the Douglas said,
 ‘ What recks the death o’ ane !
 Last night I dreimed a drearie dreim,
 And I ken the day’s thy ain.

‘ My wound is deep, I fain wad sleep ;
 Tak thou the vanguard o’ the three,
 And bury me by the braken-bush
 That grows on yonder lily-lee.

O bury me by the braken-bush
 Beneath the blumming brier ;
 Let never living mortal ken
 That a kindly Scot lies here !’

He lifted up that noble lord,
 Wi’ the saut tear in his e’e ;
 He laid him in the braken-bush,
 That his merrie-men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
 The spears in flinders flew ;
 And mony a gallant Englishman
 Ere day the Scotsman saw.

The Gordons gude in English blude
 They steep'd their hose and shoon ;
 The Lindsays flew like fire about
 Till a' the fray was dune.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
 That either of other were fain ;
 They swappet swords, and they twa swat,
 Till the blude ran down like rain.

'Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,
 'Or else I shall lay thee low.'
 'To whom shall I yield?' Earl Percy said,
 'Sin' I see it maun be so.'

'Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
 Nor yet shalt thou yield to me ;
 But yield thee to the braken-bush
 That grows on yon lily-lee.'

This deed was dune at the Otterbourne
 About the breaking o' the day.
 Earl Douglas was buriet at the braken-bush,
 And Percy led captive away."

So died in his harness the commemorated by minstrel, be his
 doughty Earl of Douglas, and never age, his land, his birth, or his lan-
 was the fall of a warrior more greatly guage what they may !

EPITAPH OF CONSTANTINE KANARIS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MÜLLER.

I AM Constantine Kanaris :
 I, who lie beneath this stone,
 Twice into the air in thunder
 Have the Turkish galleys blown.

In my bed I died, a Christian,
 Hoping straight with Christ to be ;
 Yet one earthly wish is buried
 Deep within the grave with me.

That upon the open ocean
 When the third Armada came,
 They and I had died together,
 Whirled aloft on wings of flame.

Yet 'tis something that they've laid me
 In a land without a stain :
 Keep it thus, my God and Saviour,
 Till I rise from earth again !

W. E. A.

SCOTTISH MELODIES. BY DELTA.

THE MAID OF ULVA.

The hyacinth bathed in the beauty of spring,
 The raven when autumn hath darken'd his wing,
 Were bluest and blackest, if either could vie
 With the night of thy hair, or the morn of thine eye,—

Fair maid of the mountain, whose home, far away,
 Looks down on the islands of Ulva's blue bay;
 May nought from its Eden thy footsteps allure,
 To grieve what is happy, or dim what is pure!

Between us a foam-sheet impassable flows—
 The wrath and the hatred of clans who are foes;
 But love, like the oak, while the tempest it braves,
 The firmer will root it, the fiercer it raves.

Not seldom thine eye from the watch-tower shall hail,
 In the red of the sunrise the gleam of my sail,
 And lone is the valley, and thick is the grove,
 And green is the bower, that is sacred to love!

The snows shall turn black on high Cruachan Ben,
 And the heath cease to purple fair Sonachan glen,
 And the breakers to foam, as they dash on Tíree,
 When the heart in this bosom beats faithless to thee!

LAMENT FOR MACRIMMON.

Mist wreathes stern Coolin like a cloud,
 The water-wraith is shrieking loud,
 And blue eyes gush with tears that burn,
 For thee—who shall no more return!
 Macrimmon shall no more return,
 Oh never, never more return!
 Earth, wrapt in doomsday flames, shall burn,
 Before Macrimmon home return!

The wild winds wail themselves asleep,
 The rills drop tear-like down the steep,
 In forest glooms the songsters mourn,
 For thee—who shall no more return!
 Macrimmon shall no more return, &c.

Even hoar old Ocean joins our wail,
 Nor moves the boat, though bent with sail;
 Fierce shrieking gales the breakers churn,
 For thee—who shall no more return!
 Macrimmon shall no more return, &c.

No more, at eve, thy harp in hall
 Shall from the tower faint echoes call;
 There songless circles vainly mourn
 For thee—who shall no more return!
 Macrimmon shall no more return, &c.

Thou shalt return not from afar
 With wreaths of peace, or spoils of war;
 Each breast is but affection's urn
 For thee—who shall no more return!
 Macrimmon shall no more return,
 Oh never, never more return!
 Earth, wrapt in doomsday flames, shall burn,
 Before Macrimmon home return!

THE SCOTCH MARRIAGE BILL.

WE trust we have no blind or bigoted admiration of our native institutions, and we willingly allow that the marriage law of Scotland is not incapable of amendment. Any measure, therefore, professing to have that object, would receive our attentive consideration; but we should expect it to be framed with a care and caution corresponding to the grave importance of the social relations which are to be affected, and in a spirit congenial to the deep moral and religious convictions which have always been cherished among our countrymen, and which, on this subject above all others, it is important to preserve unimpaired.

The Bill recently introduced into Parliament "to amend the law of Scotland affecting the constitution of marriage," appears to us not to possess the recommendations which we think essential to such an attempt. We consider it, though well intended, to proceed on a partial and imperfect view of the subject, and to threaten us with the introduction of greater evils than those which it professes to remedy. We regard it as calculated to destroy or deaden the sacred character of the conjugal union, and to diminish the solemnity of its obligations; to give new and dangerous encouragements to precipitate and improper connections; and, more especially as regards young persons, to create formidable temptations to imprudence or immorality, and fatal facilities to the designs of adventurers who may seek by marriage to obtain wealth or advancement.

As the Bill is short, we shall insert it as the text of our observations:

"A BILL to amend the Law of Scotland affecting the Constitution of Marriage."

"Whereas it is expedient that the law of marriage in Scotland should be amended as far as the same affects the constitution of marriage in that country; be it enacted, by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and

Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that from and after the last day of March, One thousand eight hundred and Forty-eight, excepting as hereinafter excepted and provided, *no marriage* to be contracted in Scotland *shall be valid or effectual* unless it shall be registered by the parties contracting the same, in terms of an act passed in the present session of Parliament, intituled, "An Act for registering births, deaths and marriages in Scotland," by the said parties appearing in presence of the registrar, and then and there signing before witnesses the entry of their marriage in the register, and having the same otherwise registered in the manner provided by the said act, in the case of the registration of marriages by the parties themselves contracting marriage; *upon which registration only* the marriage shall be held to be contracted or valid or effectual to any effect or purpose whatever; and it is hereby declared that *such registration shall of itself constitute marriage*, and such parties shall thereafter be held and deemed to be married parties to all effects and purposes whatever.

"Provided always, and be it enacted, that nothing herein contained shall affect or be held or construed to affect the validity of any marriage where the marriage has been solemnised in presence of a clergyman, or of a party professing to be acting as, and believed to be a clergyman, or, in the case of Jews, has been solemnised according to the rites observed by persons professing the Jewish religion, or, in the case of Quakers, according to the rites or form observed by persons belonging to the Society of Friends commonly called Quakers.

"And be it enacted, that the word 'clergyman' shall include all clergymen or ministers of religion authorised to solemnise marriage, whether belonging to the established church, or to any other church, or to any sect or persuasion by whatever name or denomination known.

"And be it enacted, that this act

may be amended or repealed by any act to be passed during the present session of Parliament."

The operation of this Bill, it will be seen, depends so far on the machinery provided by another Bill which is also now before Parliament. "for registering births, deaths, and marriages, in Scotland." Into the details of that Bill, it is unnecessary here to enter; and we shall only mention that it provides for the establishment of resident officers in various districts and sub-districts in Scotland, who are to keep a book for the formal registration of the events specified in the title of the Bill. We are no enemies of a judicious system of registration, though we do not approve of all the enactments of the Bill in question, and we think that they will require special and close examination before they shall be sanctioned by the Legislature. But we shall merely insert at present the clause that seems most material for discussing the merits of the Marriage Bill.

"And be it enacted, that in all cases of marriage contracted in Scotland from and after the last day of December one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, the persons contracting such marriage, at the time of the contraction thereof, or within two months thereafter, shall sign along with two witnesses, in the presence of the registrar, the entry of such marriage in the register-book to be kept by the registrar, and the registrar shall make such entry according to the form of Schedule (C.) hereunto annexed; and if the person so contracting marriage, together with two witnesses as aforesaid, shall, within ten days thereafter, attend upon the registrar for the purpose of signing the entry in the register, the registrar shall for such entry be entitled to a fee of five shillings; and if such persons shall so attend after ten days and within two months of contracting the marriage, the registrar shall be entitled to a fee of ten shillings, or it shall be competent to the persons so contracting marriage to *require the registrar of the subdistrict within which such marriage has been contracted to attend at the contraction, or within two months thereafter, at any place within such subdistrict;*

and such registrar is hereby required, upon a written notice of forty-eight hours given to him to that effect, to attend with the register-book accordingly, and to make the proper entry therein; and for such attendance and entry, if at the contraction or within ten days of the contraction of such marriage, the registrar shall be entitled to a fee of one guinea, besides the sum of sixpence for each mile which such registrar shall be obliged to travel in going from his place of abode to the place of such marriage; and if such attendance shall be required after ten days but within two months of the contraction of such marriage, the registrar shall for such attendance and entry be entitled to a fee of two guineas, besides the sum of sixpence for each mile which such registrar shall be obliged to travel as aforesaid; and any person contracting marriage and failing to register the same, and sign the entry thereof in manner herein prescribed during the period of two months thereafter, shall be liable in a penalty of fifty pounds, and in default of payment thereof to suffer imprisonment for one month."

We cannot help thinking that the Registration Bill, from which we have just quoted, has been framed without any view to the purpose which its machinery is to serve under the Marriage Bill, of not merely registering a marriage otherwise constituted, but also of actually constituting the marriage that is to be registered. There is a gap apparently left between the two Bills, and at least there is something that appears very blank and meagre in the provision made for extra-eclesiastical marriages to be contracted in the registrar's presence. We presume that this officer is not to judge what ceremony or declaration shall constitute a marriage; if he were to do so new difficulties would arise; but we take it for granted that if asked by the contracting parties to register them as married persons, the registrar must immediately obey, when the entry will of itself marry them, whether they were married or not before.

There is certainly something startling in a system of registration which does not precisely settle the antecedent matter on which it is to act; and it is

still more singular to consider mere registration as constituting in itself the very thing that is to be registered. But it seems to be so written in the Bill before us.

Various other observations will occur as to the imperfect structure of the two Acts thus taken in connexion ; but we pass over these minor matters to point out the characteristic principles of this measure, and the consequences which we think it involves.

It will be seen, first, that it declares marriage to be constituted by mere registration to all effects and purposes, so that two parties thus entered in the register, are conclusively and irrevocably united by that simple fact. Second, that it professes no preference, and shows no favour for ecclesiastical marriages over those constituted by simple contract or mere registration, the old-fashioned mode of solemnising them by a clergyman being merely saved from abolition, but shorn of all its privileges, and left, as it were, to die out in due time. Third, that in registration marriages, no proclamation of banns is required, and no notice of any kind is given to the public, nor any interval for deliberation forced upon the parties. Fourth, that no locality is assigned within which the parties may thus marry by registration, it being competent apparently to carry out the arrangement in any district however distant from their ordinary abode, by requiring, in a somewhat Irish fashion, "the registrar of the sub-district within which such marriage HAS BEEN contracted to attend *at the contraction*."

Now we think it can require little argument to show that a system of this kind, introduced as the basis of *the marriage law of the land*, is, as has been predicted, much more likely to prove a bane than a blessing. Marriage is undoubtedly a civil contract, but in all enlightened Christian countries it has been looked upon as a solemn engagement, over which the church ought to preside, in order duly to impress the contracting parties with the religious origin from which it sprung, with the religious duties which it involves, and with the religious sanctions by which those duties are guarded. Considered as the foundation of society itself, as the

source of all pure and kindly affections, as the introduction to the parental as well as to the conjugal relation, it is impossible that it can be lightly treated or hurried over as a matter of mere routine or ordinary business, without lowering its character, and weakening its obligations, and relaxing generally the moral tone of the community.

That under such a system, also, facilities must be given for the hasty contraction of imprudent or improper marriages, is too obvious to be pointed out. A transient resolution, a half frolic, a moment's submission to undue influence, may at once and for ever create the status of matrimony by the simple act of registration, from which there is to be no room for repentance or escape.

But we shall be told that these evils are not introduced for the first time by the present Bill, but already exist in their full extent under the common law. If this were the case, it would be a serious objection to the Bill, that while it professed to amend the law, it left such evils untouched. But on further examination, it will be found that the mischievous consequences to which we have alluded are wholly or almost wholly unknown under the law as now existing, and will either be called into operation by the present Bill, if it should pass into an Act, or will be fearfully aggravated by such a measure.

In the first instance, it must be observed that the law as it stands gives *no countenance* and *no facility* to extra-ecclesiastical marriages. It tolerates but it does not give the sanction of its approval to them. On the contrary, it considers them to be irregular and contrary to good order, and it provides punishment for those who celebrate or engage in them. The present act places them on an entirely new footing. It makes them part and parcel of the statute law. It provides a machinery and pays an officer, according to a settled and moderate tariff, for actually carrying through those summary connexions hitherto deemed irregular, but which can now be deemed irregular no longer. This change of itself involves a serious danger.

Whatever is left to depend on

consuetudinary law, will derive its character from the feelings of the people, among whom the law has been formed and preserved. The one custom, in its growth and progress, is checked and qualified by others of an opposite and counteracting tendency. As matters now stand in Scotland, marriages celebrated without the presence of a clergyman, or without the proclamation of banns, though held to be valid, are denounced as irregular and improper. All the feelings of the people are against them. No one, with any remains of decent pride, or a sense of propriety, would contract marriage in that way; and such a step would infer a loss of social position and respectability, even in the humblest ranks of life.

But, how long would this feeling last under the new bill? Could we rely on its continuance in reference to marriages, which can no longer be called contraband or clandestine, which are recognised and regulated by an Act of Parliament, as being on an equal footing with marriages *in facie ecclesiæ*, and which are henceforward to be performed by a statutory officer, intrusted with important and honourable duties? Are we sure that a change in this respect would not soon come over all but the very best among us; and at least that many thoughtless, and rash, and presumptuous persons, might not give to the registrar's book a position somewhat approaching to the clergyman's benediction? The statute is a clear and intelligible warrant for such a feeling, and may be cited as lending *a stamp and currency* to unclerical marriages, which they do not possess at present, but which it would afterwards be difficult to deny them.

If this change of opinion or practice takes place, and the framers of this bill cannot wonder or find fault if such a result should follow, let us consider what a safeguard would in that way be removed, and how deeply the national character might in time be deteriorated. At present, besides other obstacles and drawbacks, to be immediately noticed, there exists a strong barrier against irregular marriages in their disreputable character. The stigma that attaches to them, *both in law and in fact*, deters all but the

licentious from resorting to them. But let this reluctance once be diminished, and we cannot fail to see that extra-ecclesiastical marriages will be more frequent, particularly under the facilities afforded by this bill, and a wide opening will be made for the admission of all the evils attending them. The bill will thus have a double operation of a detrimental kind, first by removing the legal and moral objections to the marriages now called irregular, and next by providing the means of easily and safely contracting those marriages, by converting the registrar into a *marrying officer*, and, as has been truly said, establishing a popular Gretna-green in every parish.

And here it is proper to remark, that by the present law, irregular marriages are subject to other disadvantages, which operate to prevent them, but which will now be taken away. The very *uncertainty* which attaches to them under the existing law, though an evil in one way, is beneficial in another. Every apparent consent to marry, if irregularly declared out of the presence of the church, is at present liable to inquiry and explanation. The most formal written engagement or verbal declaration is of itself inconclusive; it being always competent to inquire, whether it was not interchanged in jest or in error, or for some other purpose than that of constituting marriage; and several cases have occurred where, upon evidence that there was no genuine and serious intention to marry, such documents or declarations have been wholly disregarded. It is obvious that the very fear of such contingencies, carries with it; some degree of good to the morals and welfare of society. Designing persons seeking to form matrimonial connexions for sordid purposes, cannot be sure that their plan will succeed even if they should entrap their victim into an apparent acquiescence in it; and females possessed of any principle or prudence, will not surrender their persons upon the faith of private contracts, which are not only disreputable in point of character, but doubtful in point of security. Under this Bill, however, all such difficulties would be removed. No interchange

of consent, however hasty, however ill considered, however improperly obtained, could ever be got the better of when once it was registered. A half-tipsy lad and a giddy lass, passing the registrar's house, after a fair, may be irrevocably buckled in three minutes, though they should change their minds before they are well out of the door. A fortune-hunter has only to prevail on a silly girl, who has a few thousand pounds, to walk with him to the office, and there, with two of his associates, make her sign her name in a book, and his purpose is fully and effectually accomplished; while the lady's maid of the family will find it as easy, on the other side, to make a match with her master's son, at any favourable moment that offers.

We do not pretend to know what sort of man the registrar is to be. But his office does not require him to be either a minister or a magistrate. It is not, therefore, necessary that he should offer any advice or remonstrance as to the necessity of due deliberation, or the consent of friends, in entering into the holy state of matrimony. And, indeed, such interference would be an impertinence and a breach of duty. We presume, at the same time, that, as he must be a mortal man, and is to be paid by fees, he will have no objection to encourage every thing that brings grist to the mill. He is not likely to grudge being knocked up at night when a gratuity is to be the result. And thus we conclude that all observance of canonical hours will be dispensed with; and that the great work of matrimonial registration will be practicable at any period of the civil day.

If we were to indulge in the ludicrous on such a subject, we should only have to imagine a marriage bazaar of this kind, opened at a watering-place or at the sea-side, where young ladies might be attended or waylaid by amorous exiles of Erin, watching the *molliæ tempora* to wile the confiding fair one from the library to the pastry-cook's, and from the pastry-cook's to the registrar's shop; or else taking shelter within the statutory office during a shower of rain, or arranging to meet at that happy rendezvous after the concert or

ball. Or take the converse case, of gawky country lads, hooked in by knowing widows or other female adventurers, and the chain riveted in an unguarded moment, before their unhappy parents, or even the witless victims themselves, had dreamed that it was forging. But even this kind of publicity is not necessary. As far as we see, the registrar may, at any hour, be summoned to attend at the most private spot of his district, and there be compelled to witness and *legalise* the most monstrous match that could be imagined, or the most infamous advantage that duplicity ever gained over simple folly or unsuspecting inexperience.

Who can doubt that scenes of this kind are not unlikely to occur under such a change of the law? When the restraints of moral customs and habits have been broken through by the interference of the legislature; and when an invitation is thus held out, and a mechanism provided for precipitate marriages, who can calculate the infinite evils that will ensue? The obvious fruits of such a system will be conjugal unhappiness and consequent infidelity, the neglect of children, and the weakening of all domestic affections. The worst mischiefs to the personal and social character of a people have always sprung from a disregard of the serious and solemn nature of the marriage tie; and the least risk of such laxity is to be deprecated.

"Fœcunda culpæ secula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus et domos;
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit."

In the discussion on this subject out of doors, reference has been made to the English registration act. It is not necessary for us to pronounce an opinion on the merits of that measure. But we will merely say that its character and provisions are essentially different from those of the Scotch Bill we have been considering.

The English marriage act, which introduced a system of registration, is the 6 & 7 William IV., c. 85. It is at least a well-digested and well-developed measure, complete in itself, and laying down the grounds on which it proceeds, and the precise mode of its operation. It was introduced as a concession of religious

toleration, being intended to relieve the scruples of Dissenters, who objected to being married according to the ritual of the Church of England. In that light the present bill is wholly unnecessary. The fullest religious freedom already exists in Scotland; the celebration of marriage by a clergyman of any denomination, after proclamation of banns, being equally valid and regular as when the ceremony is performed by a minister of the Establishment. But the English registration act, so far from throwing ecclesiastical marriages into the shade, shows a studied anxiety to promote and encourage them, and contains numerous provisions directed to that object, as well as intended to give publicity and deliberation to the matrimonial contract to be entered into. It further provides a system by which the scruples of Dissenters are saved without destroying the religious character of the contract, by allowing sectarian places of worship to be registered for the purpose of solemnising marriage therein. It is only after all these provisions, and in order expressly to meet further religious scruples, that a marriage before the registering officer is sanctioned. But in this case also, the statutory period of public premonition is required, as well as the observance of the other precautions against precipitate and clandestine marriages. The clause on this subject is as follows:

"And be it enacted, that any persons who shall object to marry under the provisions of this Act, in any such registered building, may, after due notice and certificate issued as aforesaid, contract and solemnise marriage at the office and in the presence of the superintendent registrar, and some registrar of the district, and in the presence of two witnesses, with open doors, and between the hours aforesaid, making the declaration, and using the form of words herein before provided in the case of marriage, in any such registered building."

A statute of this kind was not likely to undermine the public feeling in favour of the religious celebration of marriage; and we believe that it has not done so. But the Bill now proposed for Scotland is framed on a very different principle,

and would in all probability involve very different results.

But indeed it is needless here to refer to the law of England, which in one essential respect is so widely distinguished from that of our own country. The restraints that, on the other side of the Tweed, have been provided against the marriage of minors without the consent of their parents and guardians, have no existence with us, and the merits of the Bill under consideration must be estimated in reference to that most material fact.

By the theory of the law of Scotland, a boy of fourteen and a girl of twelve may validly contract marriage by mutual consent, without the sanction, and in spite even of the opposition of their guardians. If such be the case, it may be asked, whether and why they do not actually marry at present as rashly and as indiscriminately as they are likely to do under the new bill? The answer is, that such is not the case, and the reason is to be found in the considerations we have already suggested. The law is neutralised, and made nearly a dead letter, by the state of feeling that prevails on the subject, and by the other obstacles to which we have referred. Some are preserved from the danger by ignorance, others by the scandal and discredit attaching to irregular marriages, and others by the doubt and difficulty attending them. If these preventives be taken away, what protection remains? If a statutory marriage by the registrar is not looked upon as discreditable — and why should it be so, since the law enacts it? — then the position of the young is indeed most hazardous. The feelings of shame and fear most likely to operate on youthful minds are withdrawn; and instead of difficulties being thrown in the way, facilities for the evil are created. An encouragement is held out — an office is opened, — a sure and certain method is provided and *advertised* for indulging precipitately the caprice of a moment at the expense of family peace and happiness and respectability for the rest of life.

We might say much more upon this subject had we not, as we believe, sufficiently suggested the mischiefs with which this measure is

fraught. We are not satisfied that, as far as the young are concerned, the existing law as to seduction under promise of marriage can be safely abrogated, unless some other protection is provided in its place; and we suspect that the apparent facility of registration at any time might be used as a means of temptation in the first instance, while it might afterwards be evaded with the most unjust consequences. Neither are we clear that long repute and cohabitation should not, at least, afford a *prima facie* presumption of marriage, so as to supply the want of due evidence of celebration, which may in some cases be lost, particularly by persons coming from other countries to reside in Scotland. We see difficulties, too, as to the effect of registration of marriage under feigned names, which will often be resorted to where there is a desire for concealment. If a marriage so registered is to be bad, what a door is to be opened for deception! If it is to be good, how little security may the registration afford! But we recur to the more comprehensive and radical objections which we have already stated to this Bill, that it destroys the sanctity and reverence attending marriage as a religious engagement, and that it affords dangerous facilities and temptations to the hasty contraction of improper marriages, which, more especially in the case of persons under age, may have a very wide and pernicious operation.

We are glad to see that the Church of Scotland has earnestly taken up this question in the same light with ourselves. But it equally concerns the parents and guardians of youth of every religious denomination. We shall not be suspected of claiming for the Established Church alone the religious right to sanctify the marriage obligation. Every Christian Church in the land has a good claim and a deep interest to give its blessing and its sanction to its own members when so contracting. But all, indeed, who have the moral character and welfare

of their country sincerely at heart, must feel as we do, if they share in the anticipations which we have expressed. Neither is the interest of the subject confined to those who are residents in Scotland. It also concerns every one whose children may enter or remain within our territory at a marriageable age; and if the Scotch law is ever to be thoroughly amended, it will be but imperfectly done unless the feelings and rights of our English neighbours are specially attended to in this important point.

If we were to offer our own views as to a measure that might be safely adopted on this subject, we should be disposed to make the following suggestions for consideration: 1st, That registration should be necessary to validate irregular marriages, but should not constitute marriage; 2d, That the registrar should not attend at the contraction of any irregular marriage; 3d, That a certain period of public cohabitation, in the same residence, as married persons, should constitute or presume marriage; 4th, That, at least in reference to young females, marriage by promise and subsequent connexion should be valid, if steps to declare it were taken within a certain time; 5th, That the marriage of English parties under age should be subjected to some reasonable restraint by requiring prior residence of some duration.

In the mean time, however, we trust the Bill will not receive the countenance of the Legislature. Minor amendments upon it may be proposed, but we do not expect that the principle can be corrected. It has been introduced, no doubt, with a laudable desire to obviate the uncertainty at present attending irregular marriages. But in mitigating that evil, it appears to us to involve others of a much more serious and sweeping kind, which it must be the duty of all religious and reflecting men who see the danger to use every exertion to avert.

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VOL. LXI.

NORTH AMERICA, SIBERIA, AND RUSSIA.

THE circumnavigation of the world is now a matter of ordinary occurrence to our bold mariners: and after a few years it will be a sort of summer excursion to our steamers. We shall have the requisitions of the Travellers' Club more stringent as the sphere of action grows wider; and no man will be eligible who has not paid a visit to Peking, or sunned himself in Siam.

But a circuit of the globe on *terra firma* is, we believe, new. Sir George Simpson will have no competitor, that we have ever heard, to claim from him the honour of having first galloped right a-head—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Pacific to the British Channel. One or two slight divergencies of some thousand miles down the smooth and sunny bosom of the Pacific, are to be reckoned as mere episodes: but Sir George soon recovers his course, plunges in through the regions of the polar star; defies time, trouble, and Tartary; marches in the track of tribes, of which all but the names have expired; follows the glories of conquerors, whose bones have mingled five hundred years ago with the dust of the desert; gives a flying glance on one side towards the Wall of China, and on the other towards the Arctic Circle; still presses on, till he reaches the confines of the frozen civilisation of the Russian empire; and sweeps along, among bowing governors and prostrate serfs,—still but emerging from barbarism—until he does homage to the pomp of the Russian court, and finally lands in the soil of freedom, funds, and the income tax.

What the actual object of all this gyration may have been, is not revealed, nor, probably, *revealeable* by a "Governor of the Hudson's Bay territories," who, having the fear of *other* governors before his eyes, dedicates his two handsome volumes to "The Directors of the Hudson's Bay Company;" but the late negotiations on Oregon, the Russian interest in the new empire rising on the shore of the Northern Pacific, the vigorous efforts of Russia to turn its Siberian world into a place of human habitation, and the unexpected interest directed to those regions by the discovery of gold deposits which throw the old wealth of the Spanish main into the shade, *might* be sufficient motives for the curiosity of an individual of intelligence, and for the anxious inquiries of a great company, bordering on two mighty powers in North America, both of them more remarkable for the vigour of their ambition than for the reverence of their hunters and fishers for the *jus gentium*.

Those volumes, then, will supply a general and a very well conceived estimate of immense tracts of the globe, hitherto but little known to the English public. The view is clear, quick, and discriminative. The countries of which it gives us a new knowledge are probably destined to act with great power on our interests, some as the rivals of our commerce, some as the depôts of our manufactures, and some as the recipients of that overflow of population which Europe is now pouring out from all her fields on the open wilderness of the world.

This spread of emigration to the

Narrative of an Overland Journey Round the World. By Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief of the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories in North America.

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north is a curious instance of the reflux of the human tide; for, from the north evidently was Europe originally peopled. Japhet was a powerful propeller; and often as he has dwelt in the tents of Shem, he is likely to overwhelm the whole territory of the southern brother once more. The Turk, the Egyptian, the man of Asia Minor, the man of Thrace, will yet be but tribes in that army of the new Xerxes which, pouring from Moscow, and impelled from St Petersburg, will renew the invasions of Genghiz and Tamerlane, and try the civilized strength of the west against the wild courage and countless multitudes of Tartary. Into this strange, but important, and prospectively powerful country, we now follow the traveller. Embarking from Liverpool in the *Caledonia*, a vessel of 1300 tons and 450 horse power, he was amply prepared to face the perils of the most stormy of all oceans, the Atlantic. The run across had the usual fortunes of all voyages, and within a week after their departure from *terra firma* they saw a whale, who saw them with rather more indifference, for he lay lounging on the surface until the steamer had nearly run over him. At last he dived down, and was seen no more. Next day, while there was so little wind, that all their light canvass was set, they saw the phenomenon of a ship under close-reefed topsails. This apparent timidity was laughed at by some of the passengers, but the more experienced guessed that the vessel had come out of a gale, of which they were likely to have a share before long, a conjecture which was soon verified.

On the morning of the 9th day, the captain, discovering that the barometer had fallen between two and three inches during the night, due preparations were of course made to meet the storm. It came on in the afternoon, a hurricane. Then followed the usual havock of boats and canvass, the surges making a clean breach over the deck; the passengers, of course, gave themselves up for lost, and even the crew are said to have been pretty nearly of the same opinion. However, the wind went down at last, the sea grew comparatively smooth, and in twenty-four hours more, they found themselves on the banks of

Newfoundland. The writer thinks that it was fortunate for them that the storm had not caught them in the short swell of these shallow waters, as was probably the case of the President, whose melancholy fate so long excited, and still excites a feeling of surprise and sorrow in the public mind.

It was lost in this very storm. Next day came another of the sea wonders. The cry of land started them all from the dinner table; but the land happened to be an immense field of ice, which, with the inequalities of its surface and the effect of refraction, presented some appearance of a wooded country. On that night the cry of "Light a-head," while they were still several hundred miles from land, excited new astonishment. "All the knowing ones" clearly distinguished a magnificent revolver. The paddles were accordingly stopped to have a cast of the lead, but in another half hour it was ascertained that the revolver was a newly risen star.

At length land was really seen, and after a run of fourteen days, they cast anchor in the harbour of Halifax. But as Boston was their true destination they steered for it at once. Their progress had been rapid, for they entered Boston Bay in thirty-six hours from Halifax, a distance of 390 miles. Boston is more English looking than New York. The gently undulating shores of the bay, highly cultivated, bring to memory the green hills of England, and within the town the buildings and the inhabitants have a peculiarly English air.

As speed was an object, the party immediately left the town by the railway, passing through Lowell and reaching Nashua. This is one of the rapid growths of America. In 1819 this place was a village of but nineteen houses. It now contains 19,000 inhabitants, with churches, hotels, prisons, and banks. Here the party went off in two detachments, one in a sleigh with six horses, and the other rattled along in a coach-and-four. At the next stage the author exchanged the coach for a sleigh, a matter of no great importance to the world, but which may be mentioned as a caution against rash changes. For the first few miles the new conveyance went on merrily, and the passengers congratulated

themselves on their wisdom. We must now let him speak for himself.

"The sun, as the day advanced, kept thawing the snow, till at last, on coming to a deep drift, we were repeatedly obliged to get out, sometimes walking up to the knees, and sometimes helping to lift the vehicle out of the snow. However, at length we fairly stuck fast, in spite of all our hauling and pushing. The horses struggled and plunged to no purpose, excepting that the leaders, after breaking part of their tackle, galloped off over the hills and far away, leaving us to kick our heels in the slush, till they were brought back after a chase of several miles."

The road now passed through Vermont, the state of green mountains. The country appeared striking; and Montpelier, where they breakfasted, seems to be a very pretty place, looking more the residence of hereditary ease and luxury, than the capital of a republic of thrifty graziers. It is, in fact, an assemblage of villas: the wide streets run between rows of trees, and the houses, each in its own little garden, are shaded by verandas.

In that very pleasant little book, the "*Miseries of Human Life*," one of those small calamities is, the being called at the wrong hour to go off in the wrong coach from a Yorkshire inn. Time and the railroad have changed all this in England, but in America we have the primitive misery well described.

The author, after forty-two hours of hard jolting, goes to bed at one o'clock to obtain a little repose, leaving orders to be called at five in the morning. He is wrapt in the profoundest of all possible slumbers, when a peal of blows is heard at his door. "In spite, however, of laziness, and a cold morning to boot," he says, "I had completed the operations of washing and dressing by candlelight, having even donned hat and gloves, to join my companions, when the waiter entered my room with a grin. 'I guess,' said the rascal, 'I have put my foot in it. Are you the man that wanted to be called at two?' 'No,' was my reply. 'Then,' said he, 'I calculate I have fixed the wrong man, so you had better go to bed again.' Having delivered himself of this friendly advice,

he went to awaken my neighbour, who had all this time been quietly enjoying the sleep that properly belonged to me. Instead of following the fellow's recommendation, I sat up for the rest of the night." Whether the author possessed a watch we cannot tell, but if he was master of that useful and not very rare article, he might have saved himself his premature trouble, and escaped shaving at midnight.

On crossing into the Canadian territory, he encounters one of those evidences of popular liberty which belong to rather the American than the English side. In the village of St John's, some of the party went a-head to the principal inn, and as it was late at night, and their knocking produced no effect, they appealed to what they regarded as the most accessible of the landlord's susceptibilities, his pocket, by saying that they were fourteen, more coming, with a whole host of drivers. This appeal was the most unlucky possible, for the landlord had another sensibility, the fear of being tarred and feathered, if not hanged. On the door being opened at last, the landlord was not to be found: his brother wandered about, the very ghost of despair. The establishment was searched upside and downside, inside and outside, in vain; and they began to think themselves the cause of some domestic tragedy; but it must have been a late perpetration, for on looking into his bed, they found the lair warm.

However, after a short time, mine host returned with a face all smiles. The mystery was then explained. The election had taken place during the day, and the landlord, having taken the part of the candidate who eventually succeeded, was threatened with vengeance by the losing party. The arrival of the travellers convinced him that his hour was come, and he had jumped out of bed and hidden himself in some inscrutable corner. But a good supper reconciled every thing.

The author crossed the ice to Montreal, and had a showy view of the metropolis of the Canadas. A curious observation is suggested by Montreal, on the different characters of the English and French population. In the days of Wolf and

Amherst, it was all French; but John Bull, with his spirit of activity and industry, has quietly become master of all the trading situations of the city, while the French have as quietly retreated, and spread themselves through the upper sections of it, to a great degree cut off from its commercial portions.

From Montreal the true travel began. The heavy canoes were sent forward some days before, under the charge of some of the Company's officers, the light canoes waited for the author, with Colonel Oldfield, chief engineer in Canada, who was going up the country on a survey of the navigation, and the Earls of Mulgrave and Caledon, who were going to the Red River, buffalo-hunting.

All was now ready in form, and on the 4th of May the two canoes were floating on the Lachine canal. The crews, thirteen to one vessel, and fourteen to the other, were partly Canadians, but principally Iroquois. Those *voyageurs*, as they are called, had each been supplied with a feather in his cap, in honour of the occasion, and evidently expected to produce a *sensation* on shore. But a north-wester blowing prevented the hoisting of their flags, which mulcted the pageant of much of its intended glory. These canoes are thirty-five feet in length, and five feet wide in the centre; drawing about eighteen inches water, and weighing between three and four hundred pounds; capably fitted for a navigation among rocks, rapids, and portages; but they seem most uncomfortable in rough weather. The waves of the St Lawrence rolled like a sea, the gale was biting, and the snow drifted heavily in the faces of the party. In this luckless condition, we are not surprised at the intelligence, that at St Anne's Rapids, notwithstanding the authority of the poet, "they sang no evening hymn."

This style of travelling was not certainly much mingled with luxury. Next morning, after "toiling for six hours," they breakfasted, "with the wet ground for their table, and with rain in place of milk to cool their tea." On this day, while running close under the falls of the Rideau, they seem to have had a narrow escape from a *finale* to their voyage; their

canoes being swept into the middle of the river, under an immense fall, fifty feet in height.

They now learned the art of *bivouacking*, and after a day of toiling through portages, reserving the severest of them, the Grand Calumet, for the renewed vigour of the morning, they made ready for the forest night. The description, brief as it is, is one among many which shows the *artist* eye.

"The tents were pitched in a small clump of pines; while round a blazing fire the passengers were collected, amid a medley of boxes, barrels, cloaks, and on the rock above the foaming rapids were lying the canoes; the men flitting about the fires as if they were enjoying a holiday, and watching a huge cauldron suspended above the fire. The whole with a background of dense woods and a lake."

Yet, startling as this "wooing of nature" in her rough moods may seem to the silk-and-velvet portion of the world, we doubt whether this wild life, with its desperate toil and its ground sleep, may not be the true charm of travel to saint, savage, or sage, when once fairly forced to the experiment. The blazing fire, the bed of leaves, the gay supper, made gayer still by incomparable appetite, and the sleep after all, in which the whole outward man remains imbedded, without the movement of a muscle and without a dream, until the morning awakes him up a new being, are fully worth all the inventions of art, to make us enjoy rest unearned by fatigue, and food without waiting for appetite. "The sleep of the weary man is sweet," said the ancient and wise king who slept among curtains of gold, and under roofs of cedar; the true way to taste that sleep is to spend a day, dragging canoes up Indian portages, and lie down with one's feet warmed by a pine blaze and one's back to the shelter of a forest.

But, as the time will assuredly come when this "life in the woods" will be no more, when huge inns will supersede the canopy of the skies, and down beds will make the memory of birch twigs and heather blossoms pass away, we give from authority the proceedings of an evening's rest, which the next generation will study

with somewhat of the feeling of reading Tacitus De Moribus Germanorum.

As the sun approached his setting, every eye in the canoes, as they pulled along, was speculating on some dry and tolerably open spot on the shore. That once found, all were on shore in an instant. Then the axe was heard ringing among the trees, to prepare for the fires, and make room for the tents. In ten minutes, the tents were pitched, the fires blazing in front of each, and the supper preparing in all its diversities. The beds were next made, consisting of an oil-cloth laid on the ground, with blankets and a pillow; occasionally aided by great-coats, à discretion. The crews, drawing the canoes on shore, first made an inspection of their hurts during the day; and having done this, the little vessels were turned into a shelter, and each man wrapping himself in his blanket defied the weather and the world.

But this state of happiness was never destined to last long. About one in the morning, the cry of "*Leve, leve,*" broke all slumbers. We must acknowledge that the hour seems premature, and that the most patient of travellers might have solicited a couple of hours more of "tired Nature's sweet restorer." But the discipline of the bivouac was Spartan. If the slumberer did not instantly start up, the tent was pulled down about him, and he found himself half-smothered in canvass. However, we must presume that this seldom happened, and, within half an hour, every thing would be packed, the canoes laden, and the paddles moving to some "merry old song." In this manner passed the day, six hours of rest, to eighteen of labour, a tremendous disproportion, even to the sturdy Englishman, or the active Irishman, but perfectly congenial to the sinews and spirit of the gay *voyageur*.

A few touches more give the complete picture of the day. About eight, a convenient site would be selected for breakfast. Three-quarters of an hour being the whole time allotted for unpacking and packing, boiling and frying, eating and drinking. "While the preliminaries were arranging, the *hardier* among us would wash and shave, each person carrying soap and

towel in his pocket, and finding a *mirror* in the same sandy or rocky basin which held the water. About two in the afternoon, we put ashore for dinner, and as this meal needed no fire, or, at least, got none, it was not allowed to occupy more than twenty minutes, or half an hour."

We recommend the following considerations to the amateur boat clubs, and others, who plume themselves on their naval achievements between Putney and Vauxhall bridges. Let them take the work of a Canadian paddle-man to heart, and lower their plumage accordingly.

"The quality of the work, even more than the quantity, requires operatives of iron mould. In smooth water, the paddle is plied with twice the rapidity of the oar, taxing both arms and lungs to the utmost extent. Amid shallows, the canoe is literally dragged by the men, wading to their knees or their loins, while each poor fellow, after replacing his drier half in his seat, laughingly strikes the heavier of the wet from his legs over the gunwale, before he gives them an inside berth. In rapids, the towing line has to be hauled along over rocks and stumps, through swamps and thickets, excepting that when the ground is utterly impracticable, poles are substituted, and occasionally also the bushes on the shore."

This however is "plain sailing," to the Portages, where the tracks are of all imaginable kinds and degrees of badness, and the canoes and their cargoes are never carried across in less than two or three trips; the little vessels alone monopolizing, in the first turn, the more expert half of their respective crews. Of the baggage, each man has to carry at least two pieces, estimated at a hundred and eighty pounds weight, which he suspends in slings placed across his forehead, so that he may have his hands free, to clear his way among the branches and standing or fallen trunks. Besides all this, the *voyageur* performs the part of bridge, or jetty, on the arrival of the canoe at its place of rest, the 'gentlemen passengers' being carried on shore on the backs of these good-humoured and sinewy fellows.

For the benefit of the untravelled, we should say, that a Portage is the fragment of land-passage between the foot and head of a rapid, when the rush of the stream is too strong for the tow-rope.

At one of the halting-places on Lake Superior, a curious tale was told of the Indian's belief in a Providence, of which it had been the scene.

Three or four years before, a party of Salteaux, much pressed for hunger, were anxious to reach one of their fishing stations, an island about twenty miles from the shore. The spring had unluckily reached that point, when there was neither clear water, nor trustworthy ice. A council was being held, to consider the hard alternatives of drowning and starving, when an old man of influence thus spoke :

"You know, my friends, that the Great Spirit gave one of our squaws a child yesterday; now, he cannot have sent it into the world to take it away again directly. I should therefore recommend the carrying the child with us, as the pledge of safety."

We wish that we could have to record a successful issue to this anticipation. But the transit was too much for the metaphysics of the old Indian. They went on the treacherous ice, it gave way, and eight-and-twenty perished.

The Thunder Mountain on their route, struck them as "one of the most appalling objects" which they had seen, being a bleak rock twelve hundred feet high above the level of the lake, with a perpendicular face of its full height. The Indians say, that any one who can scale it, and "turn three times on the brink of its fearful wall, will live for ever." We presume, by dying first.

But the shores of this mighty lake, or rather fresh-water sea, which seemed destined to loneliness for ever, are now likely to hear the din of population and blaze with furnaces and factories. Its southern coasts are found to possess rich veins of copper and silver. Later inquiry has discovered on the northern shore "inexhaustible treasures of gold, silver, copper, and tin," and associations have been already formed to work them. Sir George Simpson

even speaks of the future probability of their rivalling in point of wealth the Altai chain, and the Uralian mountains.

From Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior, the little expedition entered a river with a polysyllabic name, which leads farther on, to the "Far West." The banks were beautiful. When this country shall be peopled, it will be one of the resemblances of the primitive paradise.

It is all picturesque; the river finely diversified with rapids, and with one cataract which, though less in volume than Niagara, throws that far-famed fall into the background, in point of height and wildness of scenery. But we must leave description to the author's pen. "The river, during this day's march, passed through forests of elm, oak, birch, &c., being studded with isles not less fertile and lovely than its banks. And many a spot reminded us of the rich and quiet scenery of England. The paths of the numerous portages were spangled with roses, violets, and many other wild flowers—while the currant, the gooseberry, the raspberry, the plum, the cherry, and even the vine, were abundant. All this bounty of nature was imbued, as it were, with life, by the cheerful notes of a variety of birds, and by the restless flutter of butterflies of the brightest hues." He then makes the natural and graceful reflection—

"One cannot pass through this fair valley without feeling that it is destined to become, sooner or later, the happy home of civilised men, with their bleating flocks, and their lowing herds—with their schools and their churches—with their full garners, and their social hearths. At the time of our visit, the great obstacle in the way of so blessed a consummation was the hopeless wilderness to the eastward, which seemed to bar for ever the march of settlement and cultivation, but which will soon be an open road to the far west with all its riches. That wilderness, now that it is to yield up its long-hidden stores, bids fair to remove the impediments which hitherto it has itself presented. The mines of Lake Superior, besides establishing a continuity of route between the East and the West, will find their

nearest and cheapest supply of agricultural produce in the valley of the Kaminiстаquoia."

One of the especial hazards of the forest now encountered them. Passing down a narrow creek near *Lac le Pluin*, fire suddenly burst forth in the woods near them. The flames crackling and clambering up each tree, quickly rose above the forest; within a few minutes more the dry grass on the very margin of the waters, was in "a running blaze, and before they were clear of the danger, they were almost enveloped in clouds of smoke and ashes. These conflagrations, often caused by a wanderer's fire, or even by his pipe, desolate large tracts of country, leaving nothing but black and bare trunks, one of the most dismal scenes on which the eye can look. When once the fire gets into the thick turf of the primeval wilderness, it sets every thing at defiance. It has been known to smoulder for a whole winter under the deep snow."

Another Indian display quickly followed. After traversing the lake, they were hailed by the warriors of the Salteaux, a band of about a hundred, the fighting men of a tribe of five hundred. Their five chiefs presented a congratulatory address on their safe arrival, requesting an audience, which was appointed, at the rather undiplomatic hour of *four* next morning. But, while the Governor was slumbering, the Indians were preparing means of persuasion more effective, in their conceptions, than even the oratory on which they seem to pride themselves very highly—"while they were napping, the enemy were pelting away at them with their incantations."

In the centre of a conjuring tent—a structure of branches and bark, forty feet in length by ten in width—they kindled a fire; round the blaze stood the chiefs and "medicine men," while as many others as could find room were squatted against the walls. Then, to enlighten and convert the Governor, charms were muttered, rattles were shaken, and offerings were committed to the flames. After all these operations the silent spectators, at a given signal, started on their feet and marched round the magic circle, singing, whooping, and drumming in horrible discord. With occasional intervals, which

were spent by the performers in taking fresh air, the exhibition continued during the whole night, so that when the appointed hour arrived they were still engaged in their observances. At length the two parties met in the open square of the fort. The Indians dressed in all their glory, a part of which consists in smearing their faces entirely out of sight with colours—the prevailing fashion being, forehead white, nose and cheeks red, mouth and chin black.

The Governor and his party of course made their best effort to meet all this magnificence. Lord Caledon and Lord Mulgrave exhibited in regiments; the rest put on their *dressing-gowns*, which, being of showy patterns, were equally effective. Seated in the "hall of conference," the pipes being sent round, hands shaken, and all due ceremonial having been performed, the Indian orator commenced his harangue in the style with which we have now become familiar. Beginning with the creation, &c. &c., which Sir George cut short, and suddenly dropping down into the practical complaint, "that we had stopped their rum," though our predecessors had promised to furnish it "as long as the waters flowed down the rapids," "Now," said he, in allusion to our empty casks, "if I crack a nut, will water flow from it?"

The Governor replied, that the withdrawal of the rum was *not* to save expense but to benefit them. He then gave them his advice on temperance, and promised them a small quantity of rum every autumn. He also promised a present for their civility in bringing their packet of furs, for which they should receive payment besides. Then followed a general and final shaking of hands, and the Congress between the English and Chippaway nations broke up to their mutual satisfaction.

The Red River settlement, of which we heard so often during the quarrels between Lord Selkirk and the Company, will yet be a great colony; the soil is very fertile (one of the most important elements of colonisation,) its early tillage producing forty returns of wheat; and, even after twenty years of tillage, without manure, fallow, or green crop, yielding from

fifteen to twenty-five bushels an acre. The wheat is plump and heavy, and, besides, there are large quantities of other grain, with beef, mutton, pork, butter, cheese, and wool in abundance. This would be the true country for emigration from our impoverished islands, and will, of course, be crowded when conveyances shall become more manageable. A railroad across Canada must still be a rather Utopian conception, but it might be well worth the expense of making by government, even though it produced nothing for the next half-dozen years, for the multitudes whom it would carry through the heart of this superb country in the half-dozen years after, and for the wealth which they would pour into England in every year to come.

The settlement, however, meets, in its turn, the common chances of an American climate. In winter the cold is intense. The summer is short, and the rivers sometimes overflow and drown the crops. Still what are these things to the population, where food is plenty, the air healthy, and the ground cheap, fertile and untaxed. In fact, the difficulties, in such instances, are scarcely more than incitements to the ingenuity of man, to provide resources against them. The season of snow is a time of cheerfulness in every land of the north. In Denmark, Russia, and Canada, when the rivers close up, business is laid by for the next six months; and the time of dancing, driving, and feasting begins. Food is the great requisite; when that is found, every thing follows.

In addition to agriculture, or in place of it, the settlers, more particularly those of mixed origin, devote the summer, the autumn, and sometimes the winter also, to the hunting of the buffalo, bringing home vast quantities of pemmican, dried meat, grease, tongues, &c. for which the Company and voyaging business affords the best market.

The party now proceeded, still with their faces turned to the west, and marched for some days over an immense prairie, which seemed to them to have been once the bottom of a huge lake. A rather striking circumstance is, that nearly every height in this region has its romance of savage life. We give

one of murder, for the benefit of the modern school of novelists.

Many summers ago, a party of Assinabaians fell on a party of Crees in the neighbourhood of the Beatte a Carcajar, a conspicuous knoll in this neighbourhood, and nearly destroyed them all. Among the assailants was the former wife of one of the Crees, who had been carried off from him, in an earlier foray, by her present lord and master. From whatever motive of domestic memory, this Amazon rushed into the thickest of the fight, for the evident purpose of killing the original husband. He, however, escaped; and while the victors were scalping his unfortunate companions, creeping stealthily along for a whole day under cover of the woods, he laid down at night in a hollow at the top of the Knoll. But his wife had never lost sight of him, and no sooner had he, in the exhaustion of hunger and fatigue, sunk into a sound sleep, than she sent an arrow into his brain. She then possessed herself of his scalp, and exhibited it as her prize to the victors. The title of the slain savage was the Wolverine, and the spot is still called the Wolverine's Knoll.

The Indians assert that the ghosts of the murderess and her victim are often to be seen struggling on the height.

Human nature, left to itself, is a fierce and frightful thing; and the stories of savage life are nearly all of the same calibre, and all exhibit a dreadful love of revenge. About twenty years ago, a large encampment of Black-feet and others, had been formed in those prairies for the purpose of hunting. The warriors, however, growing tired of their peaceful occupation, resolved to make an incursion into the lands of the Assinabaians. They left behind them the old men with the women and children. After a successful campaign, they turned their steps homewards, loaded with scalps and other spoils, and on reaching the top of the ridge that overlooked their camp, they gave note of their approach by the usual shouts of victory. But no shout answered, and on descending to their huts, they found the whole of the inmates slaughtered. The Assinabaians had been there to take their revenge.

On beholding the dismal scene, the triumphant warriors cast away their spoils, arms, and clothing, and then putting on robes of leather, and smearing their heads with mud, they betook themselves to the hills for three days and nights, to howl and moan, and cut their flesh. It is observed, that this mode of expressing public grief, bears a striking resemblance to the customs of the Jews. The track towards Fort Vancouver exhibited a country, which may yet make a great figure in the American world,—immense valleys sheltered by mountain ridges, and containing beautiful lakes. In one instance, their tents were pitched in a valley of about five hundred acres enclosed by mountains on three sides, and a lake on the fourth. From the edge of the waters there arose a gentle descent of six or eight hundred feet covered with vines, and composed of the accumulated fragments of the heights above; and on the upper border of this slope there stood perpendicular walls of granite of three or four thousand feet high, while among those dizzy altitudes, the goats and sheep bounded in playful security. This defile had been the scene of an exploit. One of the Crees, whom they had met a few days before, had been tracked into the valley along with his wife and family by five warriors of a hostile tribe. On perceiving the odds against him, the man gave himself up for lost, observing to the woman, that as they could die but once, they had better die without resistance. The wife, however, said, that “as they had but one life to lose, they had the more reason to defend it,” and, suiting the action to the word, the heroic wife brought the foremost of the enemy down to the ground by a bullet, while the husband disposed of two others by two arrows. The fourth warrior was rushing on the woman with uplifted tomahawk, when he stumbled and fell. She darted forward, and buried her knife in his heart. The sole surviving assailant now turned and fled, discharging, however, a bullet which wounded the man in the arm.

They had now reached that rocky range from which the eastern and western rivers of those mighty provinces take their common departure.

Here they estimated the height of the pass to be seven or eight thousand feet above sea-level, while the peaks seemed to be nearly half that height above their heads.

Of course, the party often felt the torture of mosquitoes, but one valley was so pre-eminently infested with those tormentors, that man and beast alike preferred being nearly choked with smoke, in which they plunged, for the sake of escaping their stings. But we advert to this common plague of all forest travel, only for its legendary honours.

“The Canadians vented their curses against the OLD MAID, who had the credit of having brought the scourge upon earth, by praying for something to fill up the leisure of her single blessedness.” And if, as the author observes, “the tormentors would confine themselves to nunneries and monasteries, the world might see something more of the fitness of things in the matter.”

At the close of August, the party reached Fort Vancouver, having crossed the Continent, by a route of five thousand miles, in twelve weeks’ travelling.

They now made a visit to the Russian-American Company’s Establishment of New Archangel. This exhibited considerable signs of commerce. In the harbour were five sailing vessels from 250 to 350 tons; besides a large bark in the offing in tow of a steamer, which brought advices from St Petersburg down to the end of April. An officer came off conveying Governor Etholine’s compliments and welcome. The party landed, and were received in the residence situated on the top of a rock. The Governor’s dwelling consisted of a suite of apartments communicating, according to the Russian fashion, with each other, all the public rooms being handsomely decorated and richly furnished. It commanded a view of the whole establishment, which was, in fact, a little village. About half way down the rock, two batteries frowned respectively over the land and the water. Behind the Bay arise stupendous piles of conical mountains with summits of everlasting snow. To seaward, Mount Edgecumbe, also in the form of a cone, rears its trunk-headed peak, still

remembered as the source of smoke and flame, lava and ashes, but now the repository of the snows of an age. Next day, the Governor, in full uniform, came in his gig to return the visit to Sir George on board his steamer. The party were invited on shore, where they were introduced to Madame Etholine, a pretty and lady-like woman, a native of Finland. They then visited the schools, in which there were twenty boys and as many girls; the boys were intended chiefly for the naval service, nor did religion seem to be neglected any more than education. The Greek Church had its bishop, fifteen priests, deacons, and followers, and the Lutherans had their clergyman. The ecclesiastics were all maintained by the Imperial Government. Such is Sitka, the principal depot of the Russian-American Company. It has various subordinate establishments. The operations of the Company are becoming more extensive, and at this period the returns of the trade amounted to about 25,000 skins of beavers, otters, foxes, &c.

Among the company at the Russian Governor's, was a half-breed native, who had been the leader of an expedition equipped some years ago, for the discovery of what would here be styled the North-East passage. The Russians reached Point Barrow shortly after the expedition under Mr Thomas Simpson had reached the same point from the opposite direction. The climate seems to be sufficiently trying, and during the four days at Sitka there was nearly one continued fall of rain. The weather was cold and squally, snow had fallen, and the channels were traversed by restless masses which had broken off from the glaciers. In short nothing could exceed the dreariness of the coast.

This shore, of which so much has been said and written during the late Oregon negotiations, is described as the very scene for the steam-boat. Here are the Straits of Juan de Fuca; and here Admiral Fonte penetrated up the more northerly inlets. They are the very region made for the steam-boat, as in the case of a sailing vessel their dangers and delays would have been tripled and quadrupled. But steam has also a power almost su-

perstitious on the minds of the natives; besides acting on their fears, it has in a great measure subdued their love of robbery and violence. It has given the savage a new sense of the superiority of his white brother.

A striking instance of this feeling is given. After the arrival of the emigrants from Red River, their guide, an Indian, took a short trip in the Beaver. When asked what he thought of her, "Don't ask me," was his reply. "I cannot speak; my friends will think that I tell lies when I let them know what I have seen. Indians are fools, and know nothing. I can see that the iron machinery makes the ship go, but I cannot see what makes the iron machinery itself go." This man, though intelligent, and partly civilized, was nevertheless so full of doubt and wonder that he would not leave the vessel till he had got a certificate to the effect that he had been on board of a ship which needed neither sails nor paddles,—any document in writing being regarded by the Indians as unquestionable. Fort Vancouver—which will probably be the head of a great colony, is about ninety miles from the sea, the Colombia in front of it, being a mile in width—contains houses, stores, magazines, &c. Outside the fort, the dwellings of the servants, &c. form a little village. The people of the establishment vary in number, according to the season of the year, from one hundred and thirty to more than two hundred. Divine service is regularly performed every Sunday in English to the Protestants. But at the time of this journal there was unfortunately no English clergyman connected with the establishment.

Sir George himself now visited California, the region which the Mexican war is bringing into prominent notice. The harbour of San Francisco is magnificent, the first view of the shore presented a level sward of about a mile in depth, backed by a ridge of grassy slopes, the whole pastured by numerous herds of cattle and horses, which, without a keeper or a fold, fattened whether their owners waked or slept.

The harbour displays a sheet of water of about thirty miles in length

by about twelve in breadth, sheltered from every wind by an amphitheatre of green hills. But this sheet of water forms only a part in the inland sea of San Francisco. Whaler's Harbour, at its own northern extremity, communicates by a strait of about two miles in width with the bay of San Pedro, which leads by means of a second strait into Fresh Water Bay, of nearly the same form and magnitude, and which forms the receptacle of two great rivers, draining vast tracts of country to the south-east and north-east, which are navigable for inland craft, so that the harbour, besides its matchless qualities as a port of refuge on this surf-beaten coast, is the outlet of an immense, fair, and fertile region.

But the beauties of nature are useless when they fall into the hands of idlers and fools. Every thing in those fine countries seems to be boasting and beggary. Every thing has been long sinking into ruin, through mere indolence. The Californians once manufactured the fleeces of their sheep into cloth. They are now too lazy to weave or spin, too lazy even to clip and wash the raw material, and now the sheep have been literally destroyed to make more room for the horned cattle.

They once made the dairy an object of attention, now neither butter nor cheese is to be found in the province. They once produced in the Missions eighty thousand bushels of wheat and maize,—they were lately buying flour at Monterey at the rate of £6 a sack. Beef was once plentiful,—they were now buying salted salmon for the sea-store for one paltry vessel, which constituted the entire line-of-battle of the Californian navy.

The author justly observes, that this wicked abuse of the soil and consequent poverty of the people results wholly from "the objects of the colonisation." Thus the emigrants from England to the northern colonies looked to subsistence from the fruits of labour; ploughed, harrowed, and grew rich, and civilized. On the other hand the colonists of "New France" a name which comprehended the valleys of the St Lawrence and Mississippi, dwindled and pined away, partly because the golden dreams of

the free trade carried them away from stationary pursuits, and partly because the government considered them rather as soldiers than settlers. In like manner Spanish America, with its *Serras* of silver, holding out to every adventurer the hope of earning his bread without the sweat of his brow, became the paradise of idlers.

In California the herds of cattle, and the sale of their hides and tallow, offer so easy a subsistence, that the population think of no other, and in consequence are poor, degenerate, and dwindling. Their whole education consists in bullock hunting. In this view, unjust and violent as may be the aggressions of the American arms, it is difficult to regret the transfer of the territory into any hands which will bring these fine countries into the general use of mankind, root out a race incapable of improvement, and fill the hills and valleys of this mighty province with corn and man.

At present the produce of a bullock in hide, tallow, and horns, is about five dollars, (the beef goes for nothing) of which the farmer's revenue is averaged at a dollar and a half. This often makes up a large income. General Vallego, who had about eight thousand head of cattle, must receive from this source about ten thousand dollars a-year. The former Missions, or Monkish revenues, must have been very large: that of San Jose possessing thirty thousand head of cattle, Santa Clara nearly half the number, and San Gabriel more than both together.

It must be acknowledged that the monks had made a handsome affair of holiness in the good old times. Previously to the Mexican revolution their "missions" amounted, in the upper province alone, to twenty-one, every one of course with its endowment on a showy scale. Every monk had an annual stipend of four hundred dollars. But this was mere pocket-money; they had "donations and bequests" from the living and from the dead, a most capacious source of opulence, and of an opulence continually growing, constituting what was termed the pious fund of California. Besides all these things, they had the cheap labour of eighteen thousand converts. But the drones were to be suddenly smoked out

of their hives. Mexico declared itself a republic; and, as the first act of a republic, in every part of the world, is to plunder every body, the property of the monks went in the natural way. The lands and beeves, the "donations and bequests were made a national property," in 1825. Still some show of moderation was exhibited, and the names and some of the offices of the missions were preserved. But, in 1836, the Californians took the whole affair into their own hands, threw off the Central Government, and were "free, independent," and beggared. The Missions were then "secularized" at their ease. The Mexican government was furious for a while, and threatened the Californians with all the thunders of its rage; but the vengeance ended in the simple condition, that California should still acknowledge the Mexican supremacy, taking her own way in all that had been done, was doing, and was to be done.

The travellers had now an opportunity of seeing the interior of a Californian mansion, the house of the chief proprietor in this quarter, General Vallego.

We must acknowledge that Sir George Simpson would have much improved his volumes by striking out the whole of this description. It is evident that he was received with civilities of every kind;—he was provided with horses and attendants;—he was taken to see all the remarkable features of the estate and the habits of its people; he was *fêted*, introduced to wife and daughters, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, sung and danced for, and smiled on and talked with, as if he had been a prince; and yet his whole account of this hospitality throws it into the most repulsive light imaginable;—cold dinners, bad attendance, rude furniture, and so forth, form the staple of his conceptions; and if his book should ever reach General Vallego's hands, which it probably will, through the zeal of American republication, we can easily imagine that he will become cautious in his hospitality for the time to come. We, at least, shall not extend the vexation of this Spanish gentleman by quoting any part of this unfortunate *bevue*. We say this with regret. But this style of

repaying generous hospitality cannot be too distinctly reprovèd, for the sake of all future travellers who may want, not merely hospitality, but protection.

The next subject of description is Monterey, which has lately assumed a peculiar interest, as one of the objects of the American invasion. The Bay of Monterey forms a segment of a circle with a chord of about eighteen miles. Monterey had always been the seat of government, though it consisted of but a few buildings. But, since the revolution of 1836, it has expanded into a population of about seven hundred souls. The town occupies a plain, bounded by a lofty ridge. The dwellings are the reverse of pompous, being all built of mud bricks. The houses are remarkable for a paucity of windows, glass being inordinately dear; even parchment almost unattainable, and the artists in window-making charging three dollars a-day!

But, to the Californians, perhaps this privation of light is not an evil. "While it makes the rooms cooler, it cannot, by any possibility, interfere with the occupations of those who do nothing. The bed affords a curious contrast to the rest of the furniture. While the apartments exhibit a deal-table, badly made chairs, probably a Dutch clock, and an old looking-glass, the bed "challenges admiration by snowy white sheets, fringed with lace, a pile of soft pillows, covered with the finest linen or the richest satin, and a well-arranged drapery of costly and tasteful curtains." Still this bed is "but a whited sepulchre," with a wool mattress—"the impenetrable stronghold of millions of —." We leave the rest to the imagination.

The history of "Political Causes and Effects" would make a curious volume; and it would admirably display, at once the profound agency of Providence, and the shortsightedness of human policy. It would scarcely be supposed that the devastation of Europe, and the sack of Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow, found their origin in a Spanish treaty, on the banks of the Mississippi, half a century before.

The power of France in the interior of America, which had extended from Canada to Louisiana, and which formed a line of posts for its boundary

along this immense internal frontier, kept the British colonies in a state of constant alarm; and, by consequence, in a state of continual dependence on England. But the English possession of Canada, in 1763, and the cession of Louisiana to Spain at the same period, as they lessened the alarms, loosened the allegiance of the British colonies. The next steps were more obvious. The war of the United States, in which France was an auxiliary, inflamed the French population with the hope of breaking down the strength of England and the aristocracy of France. But the expense of equipping the French allied force fell heavy on an exchequer already burthened by the showy extravagance of the Regent Orleans, and by the gross profligacies of Louis XV. To relieve the exchequer, the States General were summoned; and from that *moment* began the Revolution. The European war was the result of a republican government, and the conquest of the Continent the result of placing Napoleon on the throne of the empire. What further results may be still preparing are beyond our knowledge; but it can scarcely be conceived that the chain is yet finally broken.

But before we take leave of California, we must do it the justice to speak of San Barbara, which, as the author *rather* emphatically expresses it, is to Monterey "what the parlour is to the kitchen."

The bay is an unfavourable one, being exposed to the "worst winds of the worst season." But the town having been selected as the favourite retreat of the more respectable functionaries of the province, Santa Barbara exhibits the charms of aristocratic manners. The houses, externally, are superior to any others on the coast, and, internally, exhibit taste in their furniture and ornament. The ladies excite the author's pen into absolute rapture; their sparkling eyes and glossy hair, are, in themselves, sufficient to negative the idea of tameness or insipidity, while their sylph-like figures exhibit fresh graces at every step. This is supported by the more important qualities, of "being by far the more industrious half of the community, and performing their house-

hold duties with cheerfulness and pride."

The men are a handsome race, and the greatest dandies imaginable, completely modelled on the Andalusian Majo, and displaying the finest linen, the most embroidered pantaloons, and the most glittering jackets in the western world. Of course, it cannot be expected of any Spaniards that they should do much, and beaux so fine cannot be expected to do any thing. Accordingly, his day is spent in riding from house to house, on a horse as fine as himself, a living machine of trappings, and the nights in dancing, billiard-playing, and flirting.

In all countries where serious things are habitually turned into trifles, trifles become serious things. "The balls, in fact, seem more like a matter of business than any thing else that is done in California. For whole days beforehand, sweetmeats are laboriously prepared in the greatest variety, and from beginning to end of the festivities, which have been known to last several successive nights, so as to make the performers, after wearing out their pumps, trip it in sea-boots, both men and women displaying as much gravity as if attending the funeral of their friends."

A still more humanising portion of their tastes is their passion for music. The guitar is heard in every house. Father, mother, and child are all playing and singing; and, to the praise of their taste be it spoken, playing nothing but the fandangoes, seguidillas, and ballads of Spain; the truest, purest, and most touching of all music; well worth all the *hammered* harmonies of the German school, and all the long-winded and laborious bravuras of the Italian. The Spanish music is the most refined, and yet the most natural, in the world.

We are glad to see this experienced judge of men and things speaking of the Californians as "a happy people possessing the means of physical pleasure to the full," even though he qualifies the opinion by their "knowing no higher kind of enjoyment."

It is true, that the Englishman, who knows what *intellectual* enjoyment is, will not abandon that highest, though most toilsome, of all gratifications, for

inferior indulgences; but it would be a fortunate hour for the Englishman when he could get rid of some portion of the toil that wears away his life, in exchange for the lighthearted pleasures and simple occupations of foreign existence. Nor is there any man who less prefers the dogged round of his cheerless exertions, or who is more genuinely susceptible of essential enjoyment. We even think that the cultivated Englishman has a finer relish for enjoyment than the man of any other country. The caperings of the Frenchman, or the grimaces of the Italian, have but little connexion with the mind. All foreigners seem wretched when they have no physical excitement. There is not a more miserable object on earth, than a Frenchman wandering through the streets of London on a Sunday, when he can neither see the print shops in the day, nor go to the play at night. The German is heart-broken for the same reason, and shrouds himself and his sorrow in double clouds of smoke. The Italian would worship Diana of Ephesus, or the Great African Snake, if its pagantry, or puppet-show, would enable him to get through the day of closed shops and *no opera*! Yet, contemptible as this restless hunting after nothings is, it would be fortunate for us if we could qualify the severity and constancy of our national toil by some mixture of the lighter pursuits of the Continent.

The fertility of California is boundless; it produces every thing that human appetite can desire. In the Mission-garden of San Gabriel were produced grapes, oranges, lemons, olives, figs, bananas, plums, peaches, apples, pears, pomegranates, raspberries, strawberries, &c. &c., while in the adjoining Mission were found in addition, tobacco, the plantain, the cocoanut, the indigo plant, and the sugarcane.

But Nature is nothing, in this country, without a miracle; and the history of every village probably furnishes its legend. The Missions, however, may be presumed to be the peculiar favourites of Heaven.

"When Padre Pedro Cambon, and Padre Somera, were selecting a site for the Mission, escorted by ten soldiers, a multitude of Indians, armed,

presented themselves, and setting up horrid yells, seemed determined to oppose its establishment. The fathers, fearing that war would ensue, took out a piece of cloth with the image of our Lady upon it, and held it up in view of the barbarians. This was no sooner done, than the whole were quiet, being subdued by the sight of this most precious image; and throwing on the ground their bows and arrows, their two captains came running to lay the beads, which they had round their necks, at the feet of the Sovereign Queen, in proof of their tender regard." We recommend the trial of this holy Cloth on General Taylor.

But there is no limit to the richness of this region. The valley of the Zulares, in the neighbourhood, would support millions of people. Its lakes and rivers all abound in fish, its forests have all kinds of trees, some of them growing to a size which, but for the force of testimony, would be incredible. One of these is stated by Humboldt as of one hundred and eighteen feet in girth. "But this is a walking-stick compared with another at Bodaga, as described to Sir George by Governor Etholine, of Sitka. It is thirty-six Russian fathoms (seven feet each) in span, and seventy-five in height; so that, if tapered into a perfect cone, it would contain nearly twenty-two thousand tons of bark and timber. In addition, the valley contains immense herds of wild horses, in troops of several thousands each. What a country will this be, when it shall fall into the hands of an intelligent people!

The last of the five posts, San Diego, is, next to San Francisco, the best harbour in the province. Thus, Upper California contains, at its opposite extremities, two of the best harbours on the Pacific Ocean; each of them being enhanced in value by the distance of any others worthy of the name, San Francisco being nearly one thousand miles from Port Discovery in the north, and San Diego six hundred miles from the Bay of Magdalena in the south.

That in the hands of any vigorous possessors this country would form a most powerful kingdom, is beyond all question; and Sir George Simpson evidently thinks that it might easily

be acquired, and with a legitimate claim too, by England. But the still higher question is the policy of a perpetual increase of territory. England already has in America a larger extent of territory than she can people for five hundred years to come. But the possession of California, and perhaps of the whole extent of the Mexican provinces, is on the eve of decision; the American invasion has found no resistance that can deserve the name. The Mexicans fly in every quarter, and a few discharges of cannon put them to flight by thousands. At this moment the whole Mexican Republic, equal in size to half a dozen European States, appears to be crumbling into fragments. The rambling expeditions of the Americans are ravaging it in all directions with impunity, and armies which might have been long since annihilated by a mere guerilla war, have been suffered to march from city to city, with scarcely more resistance than a cattle-stealing skirmish. By the last intelligence, San Juan d'Ulloa has fallen, and Vera Cruz has capitulated after a siege of only three days and a half. The castle is the strongest fortification in the Western World—and, as Napoleon said of Malta, "It is lucky that it had somebody inside to open the gates for us:" the garrison of this fortress seems to have been placed there merely for the purpose of surrendering it. But, whatever may be the fate of men who had such a fortress to defend, and yet whose defence actually cost the assailants but *seventeen* killed! there can be but one feeling of commiseration for the unhappy inhabitants of Vera Cruz, on whom was rained, day and night, a shower of shot and shell amounting to more than seven thousand of those tremendous missiles. It is computed that the slaughter, and that slaughter chiefly of women and children, amounts to thousands. These are terrible things, even where they may be supposed the *necessities* of war. But here we can discover no necessity—Vera Cruz was *no* fortification, it was nearly an open town. We recollect no similar instance of a bombardment. In Europe, it has long been a rule of military morals, that no open

city shall ever be bombarded. We believe it to be the boast of the first living soldier in the world—and we could have no more honourable one—that he never suffered a city to be bombarded; from the obvious fact, that the chief victims were the helpless inhabitants, while the soldiery are sheltered by the casemates and bomb-proofs.

At all events, we must regard the contest as decided. The Government has exhibited nothing more than a sullen resolution; and the people little more than the apathy of their own cattle; the troops have exhibited no evidence of discipline, and the only resource of the Finance has been in the wild projects of an empty Exchequer. Whether the United States will be the more prosperous for this conquest, is a question of time alone. Whether the facility of the conquest may not make the multitude frantic for general aggression,—whether the military men of the States may not obtain a popularity and assume a power which has been hitherto confined to civil life,—whether the attractions of military career may not turn the rising generation from the pursuits of trade and tillage, to the idle, or the ferocious life of the American campaigner,—and whether the pressure of public debt, the necessity for maintaining their half-savage conquests by an army, and the passion for territorial aggrandisement, may not urge them to a colonial war with England,—are only parts of the great problem which the next five-and-twenty years will compel the American Republic to solve.

At the same time, we cannot avoid looking upon the invasion of Mexico as a portion of that extraordinary and mysterious agency which is now shaking all the great stagnant districts of the world; which has already awaked Turkey in Europe and in Asia Minor; which has brought Egypt into civilised action; which has broken down the barbarism of the Algerines, and planted the French standard in place of the furies and profligacies of African Mahometanism. Deeply deprecating the guilt of those aggressions, and condemning the crimes by which they have been sustained, we cannot but regard changes so unex-

pected, so powerful, and so simultaneous, as the operation of a higher power than man's, with objects altogether superior to the short-sightedness of man, and amply bearing the character of working good out of evil, which belongs to the history of Divine Providence in all the ages of the world.

There is one peculiarity in these volumes which we cannot sufficiently applaud, and that is, the thoroughly English spirit in which they are written. Without weak partiality, for the reasons are every where assigned; without narrow prejudice, for the facts are in all instances stated; and without derogating from the merits of other nations, the work is calculated to give a just conception of the value of England to the world.

On his return from the Sandwich Isles — an interesting portion of his travels, to which we have not now time to advert in detail — and preparing to start from the Russian post of New Archangel by a five months' journey through the Russian empire, he gives a glance at what he has done.

"I have," says he, "threaded my way round nearly half the globe, traversing about 220 degrees of longitude, and upwards of 100 of latitude, barely one fourth of this by the ocean. Notwithstanding all this, I have uniformly felt more at home, with the exception of my first sojourn at Sitka, than I should have felt in Calais. I have every where seen our race, under a great variety of circumstances, either actually or virtually invested with the attributes of sovereignty."

After a few words on the vigour of the English blood, as exhibited in the commerce, intelligence, and activity of the United States, he returns to the immediate possessions and prowess of England. "I have seen the English posts which stud the wilderness from the Canadian lakes to the Pacific Ocean. I have seen English adventurers with that innate power which makes every individual, whether Briton or American, a real representative of his country, monopolising the trade, and influencing the destinies of California. And lastly, I have seen the English merchants of a barbarian Archipelago, which promises, under their guidance, to

become the centre of the traffic of the east and the west, of the new world and the old. In saying all this, I have seen less than half the grandeur of the English race. How insignificant in comparison are all the other nations of the earth, one nation alone excepted. Russia and Great Britain literally gird the globe where either continent has the greatest breadth, a fact which, taken in connexion with their early annals, can scarcely fail to be regarded as the work of a special Providence. After the fall of the Roman empire, a scanty and obscure people suddenly burst on the west and east, as the dominant race of the times; one swarm of the Normans making its way to England, while another was establishing its supremacy over the Slavonians of the Borysthenes, the two being to meet in opposite directions at the end of a thousand years."

He regards the gigantic power of Russia as in an unconscious co-partnership with England in the grand cause of commerce and civilisation. He also makes the curious and true remark that, notwithstanding the astonishing successes of the Normans in Europe, they were never numerous enough to establish their language in any of the conquered countries. Their unparalleled successes, therefore, seem to express the idea that those feeble bands of warriors were strengthened every where to accomplish the purposes of Providence.

We now come to the overland journey to Siberia. On the 23d of July, they reached the port of Ochotsk, where, however, they were met by masses of floating ice. Here Sir George had the first intelligence from England, which brought to his English heart the glad tidings of the birth of a Prince of Wales. They found this settlement a collection of huts on a shingly beach. The population is about 800 souls. A more dreary scene can scarcely be conceived than the surrounding country. Not a tree, and even scarcely a green blade is to be seen within miles of the town. The climate is on a par with the soil. The summer consists of three months of damp and chilly weather, during great part of which the snow still covers the hills, and the ice

chokes the harbour, and this is succeeded by nine months of dreary winter. But when men find fault with such a climate as this, the fact is, that the fault is their own. Those climates were never intended for the residence of man; they were intended for the white bear, the seal, the whale, and the fur-bearing animals. To those inhabitants, they are perfectly adapted. If the rage of conquest, or the eagerness for gain, fixes human beings in the very empire of winter, they are intruders, and must suffer for their unsuitable choice of a locale.

The principal food of the inhabitants is fish. On fish they feed themselves; their dogs—which are equivalent to their carriage horses—their cattle, and their poultry, are also chiefly fed on fish. All other provisions are ruinously dear. Flour costs twenty-eight rubles the pood, — (a ruble is worth about a franc, the pood is thirty-six English pounds.) Beef is so dear as to be regarded as a treat, and wines and groceries have to pay a land carriage of seven thousand miles.

Here, too, the people drink tea in the style in which it was introduced in more primitive days into Europe. It is of the kind known as brick tea, being made up in cakes, and is consumed in great quantities by the lower orders in Siberia, being made into a thick soup, with the addition of butter and salt.

On the 27th of the month, they began their journey across Siberia. After leaving the shore, and boating the river Ochota, to an encampment where they were to meet their horses, hired at the rate of forty-five rubles a horse, on an agreement to be conveyed to Yakutsh in eighteen days, they struck into the country, which exhibited forests of pine, their progress being about four or five miles an hour. The Yakuti appear to be very industrious; young and old, male and female, being always occupied in some useful employment. When not engaged in travelling or farming, men and boys make saddles, harness, &c.; while the women and girls keep house, dress skins, prepare clothing, and attend to the dairy. They are also remarkably kind to strangers, for milk and cream, the best things they had to give, were freely offered in

every village. This was the 10th of July, yet the snow was still partially lying on the ground. From day to day they met caravans of horses; and one day they were startled by the shouts of a party at the head of them. Their next sight was a herd of cattle running wildly in all directions, and the cause was seen in a huge she-bear and her cub moving off at a round trot. On this route, the bears are both fierce and numerous. The country had now become more fertile; there was no want of flowering plants, and the forests were enlivened by the warbling of birds, which, contrasted as it was with the deathlike silence of the American woods, was peculiarly grateful to the ear. In the course of the day, the vexatious incident occurred of meeting the courier, with the letters from England, which had been looked for so anxiously on the arrival of the travellers in Siberia; but the bags of course could not be opened on the road.

The presence of the Cossack, who attended the party, was of great importance in quickening the movements of the natives; but they seemed kind and good-natured, full of civility to the strangers, and not without some degree of education. The Yakuti have a singular mode of estimating distances. In Germany, a common measure of distance is the time that it takes to smoke a pipe. In this part of Siberia, they take as their unit the time necessary for boiling a kettle of a particular sort of food. They tell you, that such and such a place is so many kettles off, or half a kettle, or, as the case may be, only part of a kettle.

At last they arrive at the Lena. This is described as one of the grandest rivers in the world. At a distance of thirteen hundred versts from the sea, (three versts are equal to two miles,) it is from five to six miles wide. Its entire length is not less than four thousand versts. The word Lena implies *lazy* — a name justified by the circuitous flowing of its stream. At Yakutsk, the seat of the Governor, they were received with great civility in this capital of the province, latitude sixty-two north, and longitude one hundred and thirty east. The extreme temperature of summer and winter is almost beyond belief, the thermometer

having risen in the shade to 106° of Fahrenheit, and in winter having fallen to 83° below zero—making a difference of 189°. In this district are the enormous deposits of mammoth bones. Spring after spring, the alluvial banks of the lakes and rivers crumbling under the thaw have given up their dead; and the islands opposite to the mouth of the Yana, and, as there was reason for believing, even the bed of the ocean itself, teems with those mysterious memorials of antiquity. The question is, how do those bones come there? Sir George, after giving the opinions of some of the professors of geology, conceives the most natural account of the phenomenon to be, that those animals or their bones were swept from the great Tartarian pasturages of Cobi, by the waters of the Deluge, towards the ocean. We must acknowledge that this has long been our own opinion. It must be remembered that the Scriptural account states the rising of the Deluge to have been gradual. The rain fell forty days and nights. All living things would of course make their way to the heights to escape the rising inundation of the valleys. The cattle thus grouped together in immense herds, (the buffalos in the prairies at the present day sometimes exceed five thousand in one pasturage,) thus gathered into one mass, would be finally submerged, and swept away in whatever irresistible current rushed over the spot on which they stood. The frost of the region, which penetrates the earth to the depth apparently of some hundred feet, would thenceforth preserve them from decay. The tusks form an article of considerable trade, the ivory selling from a shilling to one and ninepence a pound, according to the perfection of the tusks.

One of the travellers' especial wishes was, to have visited the town of Kiachta, the place of commerce between the Russians and the Chinese. But a note from the Governor mentioned that the Chinese had suddenly stopped all communication. But a few words may be given to a commerce so peculiar. By the treaty of Nertshinsk, a reciprocal liberty of traffic was stipulated; and accordingly caravans on the part of the Russian government, and individual traders,

used to visit Pekin. But the Muscovites exhibited so much of the native habits in "drinking and roystering," that, after exhausting the patience of the Celestials during three-and-thirty years, they were wholly excluded. But a cessation of five years having taken place, the Russians in 1728 obtained a treaty, by which individuals were permitted to trade on the frontier; and Kiachta was built. But public caravans were permitted to go on to Pekin. At length, in 1762, Catherine fixed the grand emporium at Kiachta.

This town, standing on a beach of the same name, is within about half a furlong of the Chinese village of Maimatschin, (about the fiftieth parallel of latitude,) being one thousand miles from Pekin, and four thousand from Moscow. Such are the enormous distances through which the eagerness for money-making drives the children of men.

The materials of the Russian traffic are furs, woollens, cottons, linen, &c., with articles in tin, copper, iron, &c.—the whole amounting to about nineteen millions of rubles. The Chinese products are tea, silks, sugar-candy, &c.—nominally to the amount of seven millions of rubles, but probably rising to thrice the value. The chief time of the market is the winter. To the chief Russian merchants this is a species of monopoly, and a most thriving one, some of them being *millionnaires*, and living in the most sumptuous manner, the "merchant princes" of the wilderness!

We had some curiosity to know the condition of the exiles to Siberia from this intelligent eye-witness. But he gives little more than a glance to a subject on which the public mind of England is at present so much engaged. In Russia corporal punishment is much in use; but criminals are seldom put to death. They are marched off to Siberia for every kind of offence, from the highest political crime to petty larceny. The most heinous offenders are sent to the mines; those guilty of minor delinquencies are settled in villages, or on farms; and those guilty of having opinions different from those of the government—statesmen, authors, and soldiers—are

generally suffered to establish themselves in little knots, where they spread refinement through the country. The consequence is, that "all grades of society are decidedly more intelligent than the corresponding grades in any other part of the empire, and perhaps more so than in most parts of Europe."

Many of the exiles are now men of large income.—"The dwelling in which we breakfasted to-day," says the traveller, "was that of a person who had been sent to Siberia *against his will*. Finding that there was but one way of bettering his condition, he worked hard, and behaved well. He had now a comfortably furnished house and a well-cultivated farm, while a stout wife, and plenty of servants, bustled about the premises. His son had just arrived from St Petersburg, to visit his exiled father, and had the pleasure of seeing him amid all the comforts of life, reaping an abundant harvest, and with *one hundred and forty persons* in his pay!"

He adds, "In fact, for the *reforming* of the criminal, in addition to the punishment of the crime, Siberia is undoubtedly the best *penitentiary* in the world. When not bad enough for the mines, each exile is provided with an allotment of ground, a house, a horse, two cows, agricultural implements, and, for the first year, with provisions. For three years he pays no taxes whatever, and for the next ten, only half the full amount. To bring fear as well as hope to operate in his favour, he clearly understands, that his very first slip will send him from his home and family, to toil in the mines. Thus does the government bestow an almost paternal care on the less atrocious criminals."

Yet with this knowledge before the British Government,—for we must presume that they had not overlooked the condition of the Russian exiles; and with the still more impressive knowledge of the growth of our Australian colonies, and the improvement of the convicts; the new-fangled and most costly plan is now to be adopted of *reforming* our criminals by keeping them at home! Thus we are to save the national expenditure by building huge penitentiaries, which will cost millions of money, and to secure

society from depredation, by annually pouring out from those prisons, as the time of their sentences expires, the whole crowd of villany to live on villany once more:—making the very streets a place of danger, and filling the country with hungry crime.

The only argument on the opposite side is, that the free settlers are offended by finding themselves in a population of convicts. But to this the obvious answer is, that the colonisation of Australia was originally intended as a school of reform—that the convicts have been to a great extent reformed, which they never would have been at home—that the convicts were in the colony first, and that the settlers going there with their eyes open, have no reason to complain.

We then have a Notice on another subject, which is at present engrossing the speculations of all Europe, namely, the gold-country on the Yenissei. Krasnoyayk, the capital, stands in a plain in the centre of the district, where the mania of gold-washing broke out about fifteen years ago. Some individuals have been singularly lucky in their search. One person, after having laboured in vain for three years, and expending a million and a half of rubles, suddenly, in this very year, had hit upon a depot which gave him a hundred and fifty poods of gold—worth thirty-five thousand rubles each, or five millions and a half of rubles. Gold here measures every thing: a lady's charms are by weight, "a pood is a good girl, and two or three poods are twice or thrice as good as a wife." This province alone has, in this year, yielded five hundred poods of gold.

Ekaterineburg is the centre of the mining district of the Uralian mountains. The population amounts to about fourteen thousand, who are all connected with the mines. The town has an iron foundery, a mint for copper and silver coin, and various establishments for cutting marble, porphyry, and polishing precious stones. The neighbouring mountains appear to be nature's richest repository of minerals, yielding, in great abundance, diamonds, amethysts, topazes, &c.; gold, silver, iron, and platina. These inexhaustible treasures chiefly belong to Count Demidoff and M. Yako-

vleff. The Count is said to receive half a million sterling a-year from this princely property.

Hurrying now towards England, with the anxiety which every one feels to reach home as the end of a long journey seems to be nigh, the traveller passed through Kazan, second in national honour to Moscow, but found it in ashes from a late fire. He then hurried on to Nishney-Novgorod, the place of the greatest fair in the world, where the traffic brings traders from the ends of the earth, and where the trade amounts to nineteen millions sterling a-year. He then traversed the property of General Sheremetieff, an estate of *two days' journey*, with a hundred thousand serfs—a comfortable race when under a good master, each head of a family having a farm, and paying its rent, part in produce and part in work. The people appear to be a gay race—singing every where; singing on the roads, singing at work, and singing at cutting up their cabbages for the national *luxury* of *saurkraut*.

At length was seen looming in the west, with all its steeples and domes, the queen of the wilderness, Moscow the Magnificent—the most frequently-burned of all cities, and, as Sir George observes, the most *retaliatory* on the burners—it having been burned to embers *four* times, and each time having seen the incendiary nation ruined. It must be admitted, however, that the revenge, however sure, was slow, for it seldom occurred in less than a couple of centuries!—Napoleon's fate being the only instance of promptitude on this point.

From Moscow to St Petersburg, a

macadamised road of seven hundred versts conveyed the traveller to the northern city of the Czar, where, on the 8th of October, he terminated a journey from Ochotsk, of about seven thousand miles. In eight days from St Petersburg he reached Hamburg, and in five days more arrived in London, having rounded the globe in a period of nineteen months and twenty-six days!

We have given an abstract of this work with the more satisfaction, that it not merely supplies a certain knowledge of vast regions of which the European world knows little; but that it gives a favourable view of the condition, the habits, and the temper, of the multitudes of our fellow men, spread over those immense spaces of the globe. Personally, of course, a man of the official rank and individual intelligence of the writer, might expect the hospitality of the Russian employes. But he seems to have been met with general kindness—to have experienced no injury, no obstacle, and no extortion; and, on the whole, having exhibited the good sense which disregards the *inevitable* annoyances of all journeys in distant countries, to have escaped all the severer ones which an ill-tempered traveller naturally brings upon himself. But the feature of his volumes on which we place the still higher value, is the honesty of his English spirit. He knows the value of his country; he does justice to her principles; he gives the true view of her power; he vindicates her intentions; and without depreciating the merits of foreign nations, he pays a manly tribute to the truth, by doing deserved honour to his own.

LETTERS ON THE TRUTHS CONTAINED IN POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

VI.—RELIGIOUS DELUSIONS: THE POSSESSED: WITCHCRAFT.

DEAR ARCHY. — The subjects about which I propose writing to you to-day are, delusions of a religious nature: — the idea of being possessed, — the grounds of the belief in witchcraft. With so much before me, I have no room to waste. So, of the first, first.

The powerful hold which the feeling of religion takes on our nature, at once attests the truth of the sentiment, and warns us to be on our guard against fanatical excesses. No subject can safely be permitted to have exclusive possession of our thoughts, least of all the most absorbing and exciting of any.

“So — it will make us mad.”

It is evident that, with the majority, Providence has designed that worldly cares should largely and wholesomely employ the mind, and prevent inordinate craving after an indulgence in spiritual stimulation; while minds of the highest order are diverted, by the active duties of philanthropy, from any perilous excess of religious contemplation.

Under the influence of constant and concentrated religious thought, not only is the reason liable to give way — which is not our theme — but, alternatively, the nervous system is apt to fall into many a form of trance, the phenomena of which are mistaken by the ignorant for Divine visitation. The weakest frame sinks into an insensibility profound as death, in which he has visions of heaven and the angels. Another lies, in half-waking trance, rapt in celestial contemplation and beatitude; others are suddenly fixed in cataleptic rigidity; others, again, are dashed upon the ground in convulsions. The impressive effect of these seizures is heightened by their supervention in the midst of religious exercises, and by the contagious and sympathetic influence through which their spread is accelerated among the more excitable temperaments and weaker members of large congregations. What chance have ignorant people, witnessing such attacks, or

being themselves the subjects of them, of escaping the persuasion that they mark the immediate agency of the Holy Spirit? Or, to take ordinarily informed and sober-minded people, — what would they think at seeing mixed up with this hysteric disturbance, distinct proofs of extraordinary perceptive and anticipatory powers, such as occasionally manifest themselves as parts of trance, to the rational explanation of which they might not have the key?

In the preceding letter, I have already exemplified, by the case of Henry Engelbrecht, the occurrence of visions of hell and heaven during the deepest state of trance. No doubt the poor ascetic implicitly believed his whole life the reality of the scenes to which his imagination had transported him.

In a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Ambrose Mark Phillips, Esq., published in 1841, a very interesting account is given of two young women who had lain for months or years in a state of religious beatitude. Their condition, when they were exhibited, appears to have been that of half-waking in trance; or, perhaps, a shade nearer the lightest form of trance-sleep. To increase the force of the scene, they appear to have exhibited some degree of trance-perceptive power. But, without this, the mere aspect of such persons is wonderfully imposing. If the pure spirit of Christianity finds a bright comment and illustration in the Madonnas and Cherubim of Raffaele, it seems to shine out in still more truthful vividness from the brow of a young person rapt in religious ecstasy. The hands clasped in prayer, — the upturned eyes, — the expression of humble confidence and seraphic hope, (displayed, let me suggest, on a beautiful face,) constitute a picture of which, having witnessed it, I can never forget the force. Yet I knew it was only a trance. So one knows that village churches are built by common mechanics. Yet when we look over an extensive country, and

see the spire from its clump of trees rising over each hamlet, or over the distant city its minster tower,—the images find an approving harmony in our feelings, and seem to aid in establishing the genuineness and the truth of the sentiment and the faith which have reared such expressive symbols.

In the two cases mentioned in Lord Shrewsbury's pamphlet, it is, however, painful to observe that trick and artifice had been used to bend them to the service of Catholicism. The poor women bore on their hands and feet wounds, the supposed *spontaneous* eruption of delineations of the bleeding wounds of the crucifix, and, on the forehead, the bloody marks of the crown of thorns. To convict the imposture, the blood-stains from the wounds in the feet ran *upwards* towards the toes, to complete a *fac-simile* of the original, though the poor girls were lying on their backs. The wounds, it is to be hoped, are inflicted and kept fresh and active by means employed when the victims are in the insensibility to pain, which commonly goes with trance.

To comprehend the effects of religious excitement operating on masses, we may inspect three pictures,—the revivals of modern times—the fanatical delusions of the Cevennes—the behaviour of the Convulsionnaires at the grave of the Abbé Paris.

"I have seen," says M. Le Roi Sunderland, himself a preacher, [*Zion's Watchman*, New York, Oct. 2, 1842,] "persons often 'lose their strength,' as it is called, at camp-meetings, and other places of great religious excitement; and not pious people alone, but those also who were not professors of religion. In the spring of 1824, while performing pastoral labour in Dennis, Massachusetts, I saw more than twenty people affected in this way. Two young men, of the name of Crowell, came one day to a prayer meeting. They were quite indifferent. I conversed with them freely, but they showed no signs of penitence. From the meeting they went to their shop, (they were shoemakers,) to finish some work before going to the meeting in the evening. On seating themselves they were both struck perfectly stiff. I was immediately sent for, and

found them sitting paralysed [he means cataleptic] on their benches, with their work in their hands, unable to get up, or to move at all. I have seen scores of persons affected the same way. I have seen persons lie in this state forty-eight hours. At such times they are unable to converse, and are sometimes unconscious of what is passing round them. At the same time they say they are in a happy state of mind."

These persons, it is evident, were thrown into one of the forms of trance through their minds being powerfully worked upon; with which cause the influence of mutual sympathy with what they saw around them, and perhaps some physical agency, co-operated.

The following extract from the same journal portrays another kind of nervous seizure, allied to the former, and produced by the same cause, as it was manifested at the great revival, some forty years ago, at Kentucky and Tennessee.

"The convulsions were commonly called 'the jerks.' A writer, (M'Neman,) quoted by Mr Power, (Essay on the Influence of the Imagination over the Nervous System,) gives this account of their course and progress:—

"At first appearance these meetings exhibited nothing to the spectator but a scene of confusion, that could scarcely be put into language. They were generally opened with a sermon, near the close of which there would be an unusual outcry, some bursting out into loud ejaculations of prayer, &c.

"The rolling exercise consisted in being cast down in a violent manner, doubled with the head and feet together, or stretched in a prostrate manner, turning swiftly over like a dog. Nothing in nature could better represent the jerks, than for one to goad another alternately on every side with a piece of red-hot iron. The exercise commonly began in the head, which would fly backwards and forwards, and from side to side, with a quick jolt, which the person would naturally labour to suppress, but in vain. He must necessarily go on as he was stimulated, whether with a violent dash on the ground, and bounce from place to place, like a foot-ball; or hopping round with head,

limbs, and trunk, twitching and jolting in every direction, as if they must inevitably fly asunder, &c."

The following sketch is from *Dow's Journal*. "In the year 1805 he preached at Knoxville, Tennessee, before the governor, when some hundred and fifty persons, among whom were a number of Quakers, had the jerks."

"I have seen all denominations of religions exercised by the jerks, gentleman and lady, black and white, young and old, without exception. I passed a meeting-house, where I observed the undergrowth had been cut away for camp meetings, and from fifty to a hundred saplings were left, breast high, on purpose for the people who were jerked to hold by. I observed where they had held on, they had kicked up the earth, as a horse stamping flies."

Every one has heard of the extraordinary scenes which took place in the Cévennes at the close of the seventeenth century.

It was towards the end of the year 1688 a report was first heard, of a gift of prophecy which had shown itself among the persecuted followers of the Reformation, who, in the south of France, had betaken themselves to the mountains. The first instance was said to have occurred in the family of a glass-dealer, of the name of Du Serre, well known as the most zealous Calvinist of the neighbourhood, which was a solitary spot in Dauphiné, near Mount Péyra. In the enlarging circle of enthusiasts, Gabriel Astier and Isabella Vincent made themselves first conspicuous. Isabella, a girl of sixteen years of age, from Dauphiné, who was in the service of a peasant, and tended sheep, began in her sleep to preach and prophesy, and the Reformers came from far and near to hear her. An advocate, of the name of Gerlan, describes the following scene which he had witnessed. At his request she had admitted him, and a good many others, after nightfall, to a meeting at a chateau in the neighbourhood. She there disposed herself upon a bed, shut her eyes, and went to sleep; in her sleep she chanted in a low tone the Commandments and a psalm; after a short respite she began to preach in a louder voice, not in her own dialect,

but in good French, which hitherto she had not used. The theme was an exhortation to obey God rather than man. Sometimes she spoke so quickly as to be hardly intelligible. At certain of her pauses, she stopped to collect herself. She accompanied her words with gesticulations. Gerlan found her pulse quiet, her arm not rigid, but relaxed, as natural. After an interval, her countenance put on a mocking expression, and she began anew her exhortation, which was now mixed with ironical reflections upon the Church of Rome. She then suddenly stopped, continuing asleep. It was in vain they stirred her. When her arms were lifted and let go, they dropped unconsciously. As several now went away, whom her silence rendered impatient, she said in a low tone, but just as if she was awake, "Why do you go away? Why do not you wait till I am ready?" And then she delivered another ironical discourse against the Catholic Church, which she closed with a prayer.

When Boucha, the intendant of the district, heard of the performances of Isabella Vincent, he had her brought before him. She replied to his interrogatories, that people had often told her that she preached in her sleep, but that she did not herself believe a word of it. As the slightness of her person made her appear younger than she really was, the intendant merely sent her to an hospital at Grenoble, where, notwithstanding that she was visited by persons of the Reformed persuasion, there was an end of her preaching,—she became a Catholic!

Gabriel Astier, who had been a young labourer, likewise from Dauphiné, went in the capacity of a preacher and prophet into the valley of Bressac, in the Vivarais. He had infected his family: his father, mother, elder brother, and sweetheart, followed his example, and took to prophesying. Gabriel, before he preached, used to fall into a kind of stupor in which he lay rigid. After delivering his sermon, he would dismiss his auditors with a kiss, and the words: "My brother, or my sister, I impart to you the Holy Ghost." Many believed that they had thus received the Holy Ghost from Astier, being taken with the same seizure. During the period of the

discourse, first one, then another, would fall down; some described themselves afterwards as having felt first a weakness and trembling through the whole frame, and an impulse to yawn and stretch their arms, then they fell convulsed and foaming at the mouth. Others carried the contagion home with them, and first experienced its effects, days, weeks, months afterwards. They believed—nor is it wonderful they did so—that they had received the Holy Ghost.

Not less curious were the seizures of the Convulsionnaires at the grave of the Abbé Paris, in the year 1727. These Jansenist visionaries used to collect in the church-yard of St Médard, round the grave of the deposed and deceased Deacon, and before long the reputation of the place for working miracles getting about, they fell in troops into convulsions.

Their state had more analogy to that of the Jerkers already described. But it was different. They required, to gratify an internal impulse or feeling, that the most violent blows should be inflicted upon them at the pit of the stomach. Carré de Montgeron mentions, that being himself an enthusiast in the matter, he had inflicted the blows required with an iron instrument, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, with a round head. And as a convulsionary lady complained that he struck too lightly to relieve the feeling of depression at her stomach, he gave her sixty blows with all his force. It would not do, and she begged to have the instrument used by a tall, strong man, who stood by in the crowd. The spasmodic tension of her muscles must have been enormous; for she received one hundred blows, delivered with such force that the wall shook behind her. She thanked the man for his benevolent aid, and contemptuously censured De Montgeron for his weakness, or want of faith and timidity. It was, indeed, time for issuing the mandate, which, as wit read it, ran:

“De par le roi—Défense à Dieu,
De faire miracle en ce lieu.”

Turn we now to another subject:—the possessed in the middle ages,—What was their physiological condition? What was really meant then by

being possessed? I mean, what were the symptoms of the affection, and how are they properly to be explained? The inquiry will throw further light upon the true relations of other phenomena we have already looked at.

We have seen that Schwedenborg thought that he was in constant communication with the spiritual world; but felt convinced, and avowed, that though he saw his visitants without and around him, they reached him first inwardly, and communicated with his understanding; and thence consciously, and outwardly, with his senses. But it would be a misapplication of the term to say that he was possessed by these spirits.

We remember that Socrates had his demon; and it should be mentioned as a prominent feature in visions generally, that their subject soon identifies one particular imaginary being as his guide and informant, to whom he applies for what knowledge he wishes. In the most exalted states of trance-waking, the guide or demon is continually referred to with profound respect by the entranced person. Now, was Socrates, and are patients of the class I have alluded to, possessed? No! the meaning of the term is evidently not yet hit.

Then there are persons who permanently fancy themselves other beings than they are, and act as such.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, there prevailed in parts of Europe a seizure, which was called the wolf-sickness. Those affected with it held themselves to be wild beasts, and betook themselves to the forests. One of these, who was brought before De Lancre, at Bordeaux, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was a young man of Besançon. He avowed himself to be huntsman of the forest lord, his invisible master. He believed, that through the power of his master, he had been transformed into a wolf; that he hunted in the forest as such, and that he was often accompanied by a bigger wolf, whom he suspected to be the master he served—with more details of the same kind. The persons thus affected were called Wehrwolves. They enjoyed in those days the alternative of being exorcised or executed.

Arnold relates in his history of

church and of heresy, how there was a young man in Königsberg, well educated, the natural son of a priest, who had the impression, that he was met near a crucifix in the wayside by seven angels, who revealed to him that he was to represent God the Father on earth, to drive all evil out of the world, &c. The poor fellow, after pondering upon this impression a long time, issued a circular commencing thus,—

“We, John Albrecht, Adelgreif, Syrdos, Amata, Kanemata, Kilkis, Mataldis, Schmalkilimundis, Sabrundis, Elioris, Overarch High-priest, and Emperor, Prince of Peace of the whole world, Overarch King of the Holy Kingdom of Heaven, Judge of the living and of the dead, God and Father, in whose divinity Christ will come on the last day to judge the world, Lord of all Lords, King of all Kings,” &c.

He was thereupon thrown into prison at Königsberg, regarded as a most frightful heretic, and every means were used by the clergy to reclaim him. To all their entreaties, however, he listened only with a smile of pity, “that they should think of reclaiming God the Father.” He was then put to the torture; and as what he endured made no alteration in his convictions, he was condemned to have his tongue torn out with red-hot tongs, to be cut in four quarters, and then burned under the gallows. He wept bitterly, not at his own fate, but that they should pronounce such a sentence on the Deity. The executioner was touched with pity, and entreated him to make a final recantation. But he persisted that he was God the Father, whether they pulled his tongue out by the roots or not; and so he was executed!

The Wehrwolves, and this poor creature, in what state were they? they were merely insane. Then we must look further.

Gmelin, in the first volume of his *Contributions to Anthropology*, narrates, that in the year 1789, a German lady, under his observation, had daily paroxysms, in which she believed herself to be, and acted the part of a French emigrant. She had been in distress of mind through the absence of a person she was attached to, and he was somehow implicated in the

scenes of the French revolution. After an attack of fever and delirium, the complaint regulated itself, and took the form of a daily fit of trance-waking. When the time for the fit approached, she stopped in her conversation, and ceased to answer when spoken to; she then remained a few minutes sitting perfectly still, her eyes fixed on the carpet before her. Then, in evident uneasiness, she began to move her head backwards and forwards, to sigh, and to pass her fingers across her eyebrows. This lasted a minute, then she raised her eyes, looked once or twice around with timidity and embarrassment, then began to talk in French; when she would describe all the particulars of her escape from France, and, assuming the manner of a French woman, talk purer and better accented French than she had been known to be capable of talking before, correct her friends when they spoke incorrectly, but delicately and with a comment on the German rudeness of laughing at the bad pronunciation of strangers; and if led herself to speak or read German, she used a French accent, and spoke it ill; and the like.

Now, suppose this lady, instead of thus acting, when the paroxysms supervened, had cast herself on the ground, had uttered bad language and blasphemy, and had worn a sarcastic and malignant expression of countenance,—in striking contrast with her ordinary character and behaviour, and *alternating with it*.—and you have the picture and the reality of a person “possessed.”

A person, “possessed,” is one affected with the form of trance-waking called double consciousness, with the addition of being deranged when in the paroxysm, and then, out of the suggestions of her own fancy, or catching at the interpretation put on her conduct by others, believing herself tenanted by the fiend.

We may quite allowably heighten the above picture by supposing that the person in her trance, in addition to being mad, might have displayed some of the perceptive powers occasionally developed in trance; and so have evinced, in addition to her demoniacal ferocity, an “uncanny” knowledge of things and persons. To

be candid, Archy, time was, when I should myself have had my doubts in such a case.

We have by this time had intercourse enough with spirits and demons to prepare us for the final subject of witchcraft.

The superstition of witchcraft stretches back into remote antiquity, and has many roots. In Europe it is partly of Druidical origin. The Druidesses were part priestesses, part shrewd old ladies, who dealt in magic and medicine. They were called *all-rune*, all-knowing. There was some touch of classical superstition mingled in the stream which was flowing down to us;—so an edict of a council of Trêves, in the year 1310, has this injunction: “Nulla mulierum se nocturnis horis equitare cum Dianâ propitiatur; hæc enim demoniaca est illusio.” But the main source from which we derived this superstition, is the East, and traditions and facts incorporated in our religion. There were only wanted the ferment of thought of the fifteenth century, the vigour, energy, ignorance, enthusiasm, and faith of those days, and the papal denunciation of witchcraft by the famous Bull of Innocent the VIII. in 1459, to give fury to the delusion. And from this time for three centuries, the flames, at which more than 100,000 victims perished, cast a lurid light over Europe.

One ceases to wonder at this ugly stain in the page of history, when one considers all things fairly.

The Enemy of mankind, bodily, with horns, hoofs, and tail, was believed to lurk round every corner, bent upon your spiritual, if not bodily harm. The witch and the sorcerer were not possessed by him against their will, but went out of their way to solicit his alliance, and to offer to forward his views for their own advantage, or to gratify their malignity. The cruel punishments for a crime so monstrous were mild, compared with the practice of our own penal code fifty or sixty years ago against second-class offences. And for the startling bigotry of the judges, which appears the most discreditable part of the matter, why, how could they alone be free from the prejudices of their age? Yet they did strange things.

At Lindheim, Horst reports, on one occasion six women were implicated in a charge of having disinterred the body of a child to make a witchbroth. As they happened to be innocent of the deed, they underwent the most cruel tortures before they would confess it. At length they saw their cheapest bargain was to admit the crime, and be simply burned alive and have it over. So they did so. But the husband of one of them procured an official examination of the grave; when the child's body was found in its coffin safe and sound. What said the Inquisitor? “This is indeed a proper piece of devil's work; no, no, I am not to be taken in by such a gross and obvious imposture. Luckily the women have already confessed the crime, and burned they must and shall be in honour of the Holy Trinity, which has commanded the extirpation of sorcerers and witches.” The six women were burned alive accordingly.

It was hard upon them, because they were innocent. But the regular witches, as times went, hardly deserved any better fate—considering, I mean, their honest and straight-forward intentions of doing that which they believed to be the most desperate wrong achievable. Many there were who sought to be initiated in the black art. They were re-baptized with the support of responsible witch sponsors, abjured Christ, and entered to the best of their belief into a compact with the devil; and forthwith commenced a course of bad works, poisoning and bewitching men and cattle, and the like, or trying to do so.

One feature transpired in these details, that is merely pathetic, not horrifying or disgusting.

The little children of course talked witchcraft, and you may fancy, Archy, what charming gossip it must have made. Then the poor little things were sadly wrought on by the tales they told. And they fell into trances and had visions shaped by their heated fancies.

A little maid, of twelve years of age, used to fall into fits of sleep, and afterwards she told her parents, and *the judge*, how an old woman and her daughter, riding on a broom-stick, had come and taken her out with

them. The daughter sat foremost, the old woman behind, the little maid between them. They went away through the roof of the house, over the adjoining houses and the town gate, to a village some way off. There they went down a chimney of a cottage into a room, where sat a tall black man and twelve women. They eat and drank. The black man filled their glasses from a can, and gave each of the women a handful of gold. She herself had received none; but she had eaten and drank with them.

A list of persons burned in Salzburg for participation in witchcraft between the years 1627 and 1629 in an outbreak of this frenzy, which had its origin in an epidemic among the cattle, enumerates children of 14, 12, 11, 10, 9, years of age: which in some degree reconciles one to the fate of the fourteen canons, four gentlemen of the choir, two young men of rank, a fat old lady of rank, the wife of a burgomaster, a counsellor, the fattest burghess of Wartzburg, together with his wife, the handsomest woman in the city, and a midwife of the name of Schiekelte, with whom (according to an N.B. in the original report) the whole mischief originated. To amateurs of executions in those days the fatness of the victim was evidently a point of consideration, as is shown by the specifications of that quality in some of the victims in the above list. Were men devils *then*? By no means; there existed then as now upon earth, worth, honour, truth, benevolence, gentleness. But there were other ingredients, too, from which the times are not yet purged. A century ago people did not know—do they now?—that vindictive punishment is a crime; that the only allowable purpose of punishment is to prevent the recurrence of the offence; and that restraint, isolation, employment, instruction, are the extreme and only means towards that end which reason and humanity justify. Alas, for human nature! Some centuries hence, the first half of the nineteenth century will be charged with having manifested no admission of principle in advance of a period, the judicial crimes of which make the heart shudder. The old lady witches had, of course, much livelier ideas than

the innocent children, on the subject of their intercourse with the devils.

At Mora, in Sweden, in 1669, of many who were put to the torture and executed, seventy-two women agreed in the following avowal, that they were in the habit of meeting at a place called Bloclula. That on their calling out "Come forth!" the Devil used to appear to them in a gray coat, red breeches, gray stockings, with a red beard, and a peaked hat with party-coloured feathers on his head. He then enforced upon them, not without blows, that they must bring him, at nights, their own and other peoples' children, stolen for the purpose. They travel through the air to Bloclula either on beasts or on spits, or broomsticks. When they have many children with them, they rig on an additional spar to lengthen the back of the goat or their broom-stick that the children may have room to sit. At Bloclula they sign their name in blood and are baptized. The Devil is a humorous, pleasant gentleman: but his table is coarse enough, which makes the children often sick on their way home, the product being the so-called witch-butter found in the fields. When the Devil is larky, he solicits the witches to dance round him on their brooms, which he suddenly pulls from under them, and uses to beat them with till they are black and blue. He laughs at this joke till his sides shake again. Sometimes he is in a more gracious mood, and plays to them lovely airs upon the harp; and occasionally sons and daughters are born to the Devil, which take up their residence at Bloclula.

I will add an outline of the history, furnished or corroborated by her voluntary confession, of a lady witch, nearly the last executed for this crime. She was, at the time of her death, seventy years of age, and had been many years sub-prioress of the convent of Unterzell, near Wartzburg.

Maria Renata took the veil at nineteen years of age, against her inclination, having previously been initiated in the mysteries of witchcraft, which she continued to practise for fifty years under the cloak of punctual attendance to discipline and pretended piety. She was long in the station of sub-prioress, and would, for her capa-

city, have been promoted to the rank of prioress, had she not betrayed a certain discontent with the ecclesiastic life, a certain contrariety to her superiors, something half expressed only of inward dissatisfaction. Renata had not ventured to let any one about the convent into her confidence, and she remained free from suspicion, notwithstanding that, from time to time, some of the nuns, either from the herbs she mixed with their food, or through sympathy, had strange seizures, of which some died. Renata became at length extravagant and unguarded in her witch propensities, partly from long security, partly from desire of stronger excitement; made noises in the dormitory, and uttered shrieks in the garden; went at nights into the cells of the nuns to pinch and torment them, to assist her in which she kept a considerable supply of cats. The removal of the keys of the cells counteracted this annoyance; but a still more efficient means was a determined blow on the part of a nun, struck at the aggressor with the penitential scourge one night, on the morning following which Renata was observed to have a black eye and cut face. This event awakened suspicion against Renata. Then, one of the nuns, who was much esteemed, declared, believing herself upon her death-bed, that, "as she shortly expected to stand before her Maker, Renata was uncanny, that she had often at nights been visibly tormented by her, and that she warned her to desist from this course." General alarm arose, and apprehension of Renata's arts; and one of the nuns, who previously had had fits, now became possessed, and in the paroxysms told the wildest tales against Renata. It is only wonderful how the subprioress contrived to keep her ground many years against these suspicions and incriminations. She adroitly put aside the insinuations of the nun as imaginary or of calumnious intention, and treated witchcraft and possession of the Devil as things which enlightened people no longer believed in. As, however, five more of the nuns, either taking the infection from the first, or influenced by the arts of Renata, became possessed of devils, and unanimously attacked

Renata, the superiors could no longer avoid making a serious investigation of the charges. Renata was confined in a cell alone, whereupon the six devils screeched in chorus at being deprived of their friend. She had begged to be allowed to take her papers with her; but this being refused, and thinking herself detected, she at once avowed to her confessor and the superiors, that she was a witch, had learned witchcraft out of the convent, and had bewitched the six nuns. They determined to keep the matter secret, and to attempt the conversion of Renata. And as the nuns still continued possessed, they despatched her to a remote convent. Here, under a show of outward piety, she still went on with her attempts to realise witchcraft, and the nuns remained possessed. It was decided at length to give Renata over to the civil power. She was accordingly condemned to be burned alive; but in mitigation of punishment her head was first struck off. Four of the possessed nuns gradually recovered with clerical assistance; the other two remained deranged. Renata was executed on the 21st January 1749.

Renata stated, in her voluntary confession, that she had often at night been carried bodily to witch-Sabbaths; in one of which she was first presented to the Prince of Darkness, when she abjured God and the Virgin at the same time. Her name, with the alteration of Maria into Emma, was written in a black book, and she herself was stamped on the back as the Devil's property, in return for which she received the promise of seventy years of life, and all she might wish for. She stated that she had often, at night, gone into the cellar of the *chateau* and drank the best wine; in the shape of a swine had walked on the convent walls; on the bridge had milked the cows as they passed over; and several times had mingled with the actors in the theatre in London.

A question unavoidably presents itself—How came witchcraft to be in so great a degree the province of women? There existed sorcerers, no doubt, but they were comparatively few. Persons of either sex and of all

ages indiscriminately interested themselves in the black art; but the professors and regular practitioners were almost exclusively women, and principally old women. The following seem to have been some of the causes. Women were confined to household toils; their minds had not adequate occupation: many young unmarried women, without duties, would lack objects of sufficient interest for their yearnings; many of the old ones, despised, ill treated probably, soured with the world, rendered spiteful and vindictive, took even more readily to a resource which roused and gave employment to their imaginations, and promised to gratify their wishes. It is evident, too, that the supposed sex of the Devil helped him here. The old women had an idea of making much of him, and of coaxing, and getting round the black gentleman. But beside all this, there lies in the physical temperament of the other sex a peculiar susceptibility of derangement of the nervous system, a predisposition to all the varieties of trance, with its prolific sources of mental illusion—all tending, it is to be observed, to advance the belief and enlarge the pretensions of witchcraft.

The form of trance which specially dominated in witchcraft was trancesleep with visions. The graduates and candidates in the faculty sought to fall into trances, in the dreams of which they realised their waking aspirations. They entertained no doubt, however, that their visits to the Devil and their nocturnal exploits were genuine; and they seem to have wilfully shut their eyes to the possibility of their having never left their beds. For, with a skill that should have betrayed to them the truth, they were used to prepare a witch-broth to

promote in some way their nightly expeditions. And this they composed not only of materials calculated to prick on the imagination, but of substantial narcotics, too—the medical effects of which they no doubt were acquainted with. They contemplated evidently producing a sort of stupor.

The professors of witchcraft had thus made the singular step of artificially producing a sort of trance, with the object of availing themselves of one of its attendant phenomena. The Thamans in Siberia do the like to this day to obtain the gift of prophecy. And it is more than probable that the Egyptian and Delphic priests habitually availed themselves of some analogous procedure. Modern mesmerism is in part an effort in the same direction.

Without at all comprehending the real character of the power called into play, mankind seems to have found out by a "*mera palpatio*," by instinctive experiment and lucky groping in the dark, that in the stupor of trance the mind occasionally stumbles upon odds and ends of strange knowledge and prescience. The phenomenon was never for an instant suspected of lying in the order of nature. It was construed, to suit the occasion and the times, either into divine inspiration or diabolic whisperings. But it was always supernatural. So the ignorant old lemon-seller in Zschokke's *Selbstschau* thought his "*hidden wisdom*" a mystical wonder; while the enlightened and accomplished narrator of their united stories, stands alone, in striking advance ever of his own day, when he unassumingly and diffidently puts forward his seer-gift as a *simple contribution to psychical knowledge*. And thus, my proposed task accomplished, my dear Archy, finally yours, &c.

MAC DAVES.

THE HYMN OF KING OLAF THE SAINT.

ALTERED FROM THE ICELANDIC.

SWEND, king of all,
 In Olaf's hall
 Now sits in state on high ;
 Whilst up in heaven
 Amidst the shriven
 Sits Olaf's majesty.
 For not in cell
 Does our hero dwell,
 But in realms of light for ever :
 As a ransom'd saint
 To heal our plaint,
 Be glory to thee, gold-giver !

Of raptures there
 He has won his share,
 All cleansed from taint of sin ;
 For on earth prepared,
 No toil he spared
 That holy place to win.
 That he hath won
 Near God's dear Son
 Fast by the holy river —
 Oh, such as thine
 May the end be mine ;
 Be glory to thee, gold-giver !

His sacred form
 Unscathed by worm,
 And clear as the hour he died,
 Lies at this day
 Where good men pray
 At morn and at eventide.
 His nails and his hair
 Are fresh and fair,
 With his yellow locks still growing ;
 His cheek as red,
 And his flesh not dead,
 Though the blood hath ceased from flowing.

If you watch by night,
 In the dim twilight
 You may hear a requiem singing ;
 And the people hear
 Above his bier
 A small bell clearly ringing.
 And if ye wait
 Until midnight late,
 You may hear the great bell toll :
 But none can tell
 Who tolls that bell
 If it sounds for Olaf's soul.

With tapers clear,
 Which Christ holds dear,
 O'er the corpse so still reclining,
 By day and night
 Is the altar light
 And the cross of the Saviour shining.
 For our King did so,
 And all men know
 That washed from sin and shriven,
 All free from taint,
 A ransom'd saint,
 He dwells with the saints in heaven.
 And thousands come,
 The deaf and the dumb,
 To the tomb of our monarch here—
 The sick and the blind
 Of every kind
 They throng to the holy bier.
 With heads all bare
 They breathe their prayer
 As they kneel on the flinty ground :
 God hears their sighs,
 And the sick men rise
 All whole, and healed, and sound.
 Then to Olaf pray,
 To spare thy day
 From wrath, and wrong, and harm ;
 To save thy land
 From the spoiler's hand,
 And the fell invader's arm.
 God's man is he,
 To deal to thee
 What is ask'd in a lowly spirit—
 Let thy prayer not cease,
 And wealth, and peace,
 And a blessing thou shalt inherit.
 For prayers are good,
 If before the rood
 Thy beads thou tellest praying ;
 If thou tellest on,
 Forgetting none
 Of the saints who with God are staying.

W. E. A.

FOUR SONNETS BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TWO SKETCHES.

I.

THE shadow of her face upon the wall
 May take your memory to the perfect Greek ;
 But when you front her, you would call the cheek
 Too full, sir, for your models, if withal
 That bloom it wears could leave you critical,
 And that smile reaching toward the rosy streak :—
 For one who smiles so, has no need to speak,
 To lead your thoughts along, as steed to stall !

A smile that turns the sunny side o' the heart
 On all the world, as if herself did win
 By what she lavished on an open mart :—
 Let no man call the liberal sweetness, sin,—
 While friends may whisper, as they stand apart,
 "Methinks there's still some warmer place within."

II.

Her azure eyes, dark lashes hold in fee :
 Her fair superfluous ringlets, without check,
 Drop after one another down her neck ;
 As many to each cheek as you might see
 Green leaves to a wild rose ! This sign, outwardly,
 And a like woman-covering seems to deck
 Her inner nature ! For she will not fleck
 World's sunshine with a finger. Sympathy
 Must call her in Love's name ! and then, I know,
 She rises up, and brightens, as she should,
 And lights her smile for comfort, and is slow
 In nothing of high-hearted fortitude.
 To smell this flower, come near it ; such can grow
 In that sole garden where Christ's brow dropped blood.

MOUNTAINEER AND POET.

The simple goatherd who treads places high,
 Beholding there his shadow (it is wist)
 Dilated to a giant's on the mist,
 Esteems not his own stature larger by
 The apparent image ; but more patiently
 Strikes his staff down beneath his clenching fist—
 While the snow-mountains lift their amethyst
 And sapphire crowns of splendour, far and nigh,
 Into the air around him. Learn from hence
 Meek morals, all ye poets that pursue
 Your way still onward up to eminence !
 Ye are not great, because creation drew
 Large revelations round your earliest sense,
 Nor bright, because God's glory shines for you.

THE POET.

The poet hath the child's sight in his breast,
 And sees all *new*. What oftenest he has viewed,
 He views with the first glory. Fair and good
 Pall never on him, at the fairest, best,
 But stand before him, holy, and undressed
 In week-day false conventions ; such as would
 Drag other men down from the altitude
 Of primal types, too early dispossessed.
 Why, God would tire of all his heavens as soon
 As thou, O childlike, godlike poet ! did'st
 Of daily and nightly sights of sun and moon !
 And therefore hath He set thee in the midst
 Where men may hear thy wonder's ceaseless tune,
 And praise His world for ever as thou bidst.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE DECLINING STATE OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

(QUITS A FEW PAGES FROM MY EASTERN DIARY.)

—At half-past seven in the evening, we left Smyrna by the *Scamandre*, a French government steamer, and were soon gliding over a sea smooth as glass. The soft tints of the twilight spread gradually around us, and to a beautiful day there succeeded one of those marvellous nights, during which one cannot bring one's-self to the determination of retiring to rest.

The dawn of day surprised me on deck. In the morning we neared the land, which presented to our view a desert plain, covered with dwarf oak. This was the site of ancient Troy; we were coasting near those famous fields, *ubi Troja fuit*: that stream which was throwing itself before our eyes into the sea, was formerly called the "Simois;" those two hillocks which we saw upon the coast, were the tombs of Hector and Patroclus; that huge blue mountain which in the distance raised towards the sky its three peaks covered with snow, was Ida; and behind us, from the midst of the sparkling waves, rose the island of Tenedos. All conversation between the passengers from many nations had long since ceased, and I contemplated in silence that grim desert, which, at Eton, I had dreamed of as full of movement and sound, and that calm sea which I had so often figured to myself as covered with the ships of Agamemnon, of Ulysses, and of Achilles the

"*Impiger, magnus, inexorabilis, acer.*"

At mid-day we entered the Dardanelles, and several hours afterwards, we cast anchor between Sestos and Abydos, before a small white town, containing no remarkable objects. Sestos and Abydos, which it must be owned would not be by any means celebrated, were it not for the enterprises which cost Leander his life and Lord Byron an ague, are two hamlets, which, like the greater portion of Turkish villages, offer in no shape whatever what it is the fashion to

term the Oriental type. They are composed of an assemblage of rose-coloured houses, whose large red roofs, seen through the verdure and flowers, call to one's mind the description of a Chinese village.

Upon its arrival, the *Scamandre* was immediately surrounded by a multitude of caïcks filled with bearded Turks, veiled women, and various coloured bales. Upon deck rose a deafening Babel of voices.—the sailors swore, the women screamed, and the porters fought, until at length quiet was restored, and one hundred and eighty-six new Mussulman passengers came on board the steamer. Amid the caïcks ranged along the sides of the vessel, was one much more richly freighted than the rest: the traveller to whom it belonged was a young Arab, who, standing on a pile of bales, domineered over his boatmen by several feet. His white garments set off to advantage his dark complexion; and a cloak of black wool, profusely embroidered with gold lace, drew upon him the eyes of all. I had seldom, if ever, beheld a head more beautiful or more expressive than that of the young man. His large black eyes were full of intelligence, and in his bearing was a natural nobility and pride. As long as the confusion, described above, continued, he directed his boatmen to keep at a distance, but when all were embarked, and the *Scamandre* was ready to start, he hailed the vessel, and having mounted the side-ladders, gave his hand to six veiled women in succession, whose long white dominos prevented the spectators from even guessing at their age or beauty. The young man, once on board, conducted his odalisques to a fore-cabin, placed a hideous negro at the door as sentinel, and returned immediately to the deck, where another negro presented him with a *maglûbli* (Turkish water-pipe).

Nothing can less resemble our regu-

lar fortifications than the fort of Gallipoli, (before which we soon after passed,) and the other castles of the Dardanelles, which ought to render Constantinople the most impregnable place in the world (from the sea.) The forts are large buildings of a dazzling white colour, perforated with port-holes, similar to those belonging to a ship of war, and mounted with old guns, the greater portion of which are without carriages, and served, ordinarily, by a single artillery-man, assisted in time of war by three or four peasants. In the present century, however, these batteries have shown their prowess, and against our own countrymen too. During the month of February 1807, the British government, justly irritated at the increasing influence that the French ambassador, Count Sebastiani, was obtaining at the Ottoman court, despatched Admiral Sir John Duckworth, in command of a squadron, with orders to bombard, if necessary, the Seraglio itself. Unfortunately, Sir John Duckworth's plan of acting was exactly contrary to what would have been our gallant Nelson's in the same position. After having passed without difficulty before the then disarmed castles of the Dardanelles, after having burned the Ottoman fleet off Gallipoli, while the crews were peaceably celebrating on shore the feast of Courban-Beiram, Sir John presented himself off Constantinople, and threatened to bombard that city, should the Sultan refuse to accept the conditions he offered, at the same time he allowed his Imperial Highness two days to consider the terms; Nelson would have allowed as many hours only. The folly of Admiral Duckworth's conduct was fully shown in the sequel, for, at the conclusion of the forty-eight hours, the approaches to Stamboul and Galata were bristling—thanks to the delay accorded, and to the exertions of the French ambassador—with twelve hundred pieces of cannon; while, at the same time, orders having been sent to the castles of the Dardanelles to mount their batteries, the British squadron was hemmed in on all sides, as if by enchantment. The besieged now became the aggressors, and there soon remained to Admiral Duckworth no other resource than to weigh an-

chor and get away as fast as possible, which he accordingly did. The batteries of the Dardanelles were now, however, prepared for him. A most destructive fire was opened upon the ill-fated fleet: two corvettes were sunk off Gallipoli; the Admiral's flagship, the *Royal George*, lost her mainmast; a huge marble ball, weighing eight hundred pounds, swept away a quantity of hands from the lower deck of the *Standard*, while many officers and seamen were severely wounded. It must be here observed, that the batteries of the Dardanelles owed much of the murderous effect of their cannonading to the skill of eight French engineer officers, whom Count Sebastiani, profiting by the delay accorded by Admiral Duckworth to the Sultan, had despatched to the castles.

These historical reminiscences did not prevent my thoughts occasionally reverting to the six odaliskes, who formed the suite of the young Arab on board. Ever since their arrival, I had been reflecting that in all probability never would so excellent an opportunity offer itself of penetrating the secrets of a Mussulman harem, and of assuring myself of the vaunted beauty of the mysterious women of Asia. As soon as we were again in motion, I began to watch the black Argus to whose guard the fair houris were intrusted. For more than an hour I lurked without success about the fore-hatchway, for, faithful to his trust, the slave was lying at the threshold of the door that closed upon his young mistresses; and I was on the point of losing all patience, when I beheld him suddenly rise and mount rapidly on deck. He had no sooner disappeared than I glided into his place, and, having applied my eye to a large chink in the door, cast a most indiscreet glance into the cabin. In front of me two women were seated upon their heels, one of them had thrown aside her veil; and I was gazing in admiration upon a pale but beautiful face, set off by two immense black and brilliant eyes, when suddenly I heard behind me the sound of hurried steps. It was the negro returning to his post, who, on perceiving me, began to cry out most lustily. Having no desire to commence

a contest with him, I proceeded to mount the hatchway and gain the deck.

The exasperated slave, however, followed me, and hurrying to his master, proceeded to inform him of my escapade, pointing at the same time to me. Two old Turks leaped immediately to their feet with fury depicted on their features; and one of them placed his hand upon the hilt of his *cangiar*, and pronounced in a voice half-choked with passion the word "*Ghiaour*," (infidel): in answer to which, I politely told him, (as I was a good Turkish scholar,) to mind his own business, and that I was rather inclined to consider him the greater infidel of the two. He looked both surprised and vexed at this, but did not attempt to retort. As to the young Arab, he proved himself to be a man of sense; for, contenting himself with smiling at his infuriated attendant, he descended to the cabin of his *odalisques*, from whence he did not emerge during the remainder of our voyage. I did not again see him, and never knew who was the Mussulman, so handsome and at the same time so little fanatical.

The strait through which we had navigated all day, gradually widened as we advanced; the shores as they receded were covered with opal tints; the vessel began to roll, and we entered the sea of Marmora. At sunset the Mussulmans with whom the deck was crowded collected in groups, and devoutly said their evening prayer. Their countenances were wrapped in deep devotion, and they appeared to take no notice of the satirical smiles, which the strangeness of their attitudes called forth from several unreflecting travellers, who, by wanting in respect for the usages of the countries through which they were passing, lowered themselves immensely in the estimation of the inhabitants. The irritation excited by the ill-timed raileries of such foolish persons, is no doubt one of the chief causes of the hatred in which Christians are held in Turkey. Surely nothing could be less calculated to excite mockery, than the sight of the Mussulman travellers at their evening devotions; besides, be it had in mind, that upon this Christian vessel, scarcely a Christian perhaps was thinking of his God, while not a

single Mahometan was to be seen unengaged in prayer, as the sun sunk below the horizon.

The following morning I was early upon deck. The sun had not yet risen, and the air was fresh and invigorating; while upon the white, heavy, oily sea, was a slight fog, which the breeze was dispersing in flakes. Around us a quantity of porpoises were either splashing in the midst of the waves or floating like buoys upon the surface. The most profound silence reigned upon the deck of the steamer. Wet with the night-dews, the half-slumbering seamen of the watch were seated in a circle near the funnel; while numberless Turks, rolled up in their yellow coverlets striped with red, were sleeping forward beneath the netting: the steersman at the wheel and the man on the look-out were alone really wide awake. Suddenly, I perceived dawning in the east a greenish light, which became yellow as it ascended in the heavens; the low and flat shore appeared like a black line upon this luminous back-ground, and by degrees the sea resumed its azure tint. An hour afterwards we were within cannon-shot of the Seraglio; but, alas! a thick fog covered the city. Constantinople was invisible—and I was deploring the mischance, which was depriving me of a long-anticipated pleasure, when suddenly the sun shone forth brightly, and the fog acquired as if by enchantment a wonderful transparency. The curtain was, as it were, torn to bits, and from all quarters at once there appeared to my dazzled eyes forests of minarets with gilded peaks, thousands of cupolas blazing in the light, hills covered with many-coloured houses, surrounded by verdure; an immense succession of palaces with *grotto* windows, blue-roofed mosques, groves of cypress-trees and sycamores, gardens full of flowers, a port filled as far as the eye could discern with ships, masts, and flags; in a word, the whole of that enchanted city, which resembles less an immense capital than an endless succession of lovely kiosks, built in a boundless park, having lakes for docks, mountains for back-ground, forests for thickets, fleets for boats,—in fine, an incomparable spot, and at the same

time so grand and elegant, that it seems to have been designed by fairies, and executed by giants.

Several writers have compared the view of Constantinople to that of Naples. I cannot, however, agree with them. Any one can figure the latter capital, whilst, on the contrary, the City of the Sultan surpasses all that imagination can picture. Our enchantment, however, was of short duration: the vapours again became condensed, the view was gradually covered with a rosy haze, then became dim, and Constantinople disappeared from before us like a dream. The Scamandre, which had stopped for a few minutes, was again put in motion, and having rounded the Seraglio, cast anchor in the midst of the strait which separates Stamboul (the Turkish quarter) from Galata, (the European faubourg.) In a moment the deck of our vessel was one scene of confusion: the sailors were running to and fro, while the passengers were rushing one against another, vociferating after their baggage. Around the vessel there kept gliding two or three hundred black caïcks, rowed by half-naked boatmen; and notwithstanding the orders to the contrary, a quantity of Maltese sailors, Turkish porters, and Levantine ciceroni came on board, and literally took us by storm, bawling out their offers of service, in almost every known language. Clouds of blue pigeons, and whitewinged albatros, flew about over our heads, uttering plaintive cries; add to these the stentorian voice of our French commander, the curiosity and impatience of the travellers demonstrated by their noisy exclamations, and one will have an idea of the spectacle offered by the deck of a steamer on its arrival at a Turkish port.

During the hauling of the vessel to the quay, I scarcely knew upon what to fix my eyes, attracted as they simultaneously were by a thousand different objects. Here was the Golden Horn with its numberless ships, the cypress-trees of Galata, and the seven hills of ancient Byzantium covered with mosques; there, the blue waves of the Propontis, and the glittering banks of Scutari. Giddy with enthusiasm, and intoxicated with ad-

miration, I attempted, as our caïck approached the landing-place, to be the first to leap upon the quay, when, just as I was in the act of springing, my foot slipped, and I fell headlong into a miry stream. Such was my entrance into Constantinople.

As soon as I gained footing, splashed with mud from head to foot, I remained a moment motionless, and almost petrified with astonishment. All was changed around me: the enchanted panorama had disappeared, and I found myself in a small filthy crossway, at the entrance of a labyrinth of narrow, damp, dark, muddy streets. The houses which surrounded me, built as they were of disjointed planks, had a miserable aspect; time and rain had diluted their primitive red colour into numberless nameless tints. One of those minarets which from afar appeared so slender and so beautiful, now that it was close to me proved to be merely a small column devoid of symmetry, while its covering of cracked plaster seemed on the point of falling to pieces. The Turkish promenaders whom from a distance I had taken for richly attired merchants, proved to be a set of miserable tatterdemalions with ragged turbans. Behind the porters who crowded to the landing-place, were butchers embowelling sheep in the open street; while the pavement was covered with bloody mire and smoking entrails, around which several score of hideous dogs, of a fallow colour, were growling and fighting. A fetid stench arose from the damp gutters, where neither air nor light have ever penetrated, where corruptions of all sorts amass, and where one is continually in danger of stepping upon a dead dog or rat. Such is without exaggeration the aspect of the greater part of the streets of Constantinople, and in particular those of Galata. This contrast between the misery of what surrounds you, and the incomparable beauty of the same spot when seen from a distance, has never yet been sufficiently remarked upon by travellers who seek to describe Constantinople. Perhaps they have been unwilling to cool the enthusiasm of their readers in dirtying with these hideous, but true details, their gold and silver-plated descriptions.

Perfectly disenchanted by this sudden change of scene, I followed the bearer of my baggage up a street, which was steep, badly paved, and so narrow that three men could scarcely have walked along it abreast. On the right and left hand were disgusting little shops, or rather booths, filled with green fruit and vegetables. Having proceeded onwards, we rounded the tower of Galata, which, from a near view resembles a handsome dove-cote, and shortly afterwards arrived at Pera, and proceeded to take up our quarters at a kind of hotel, kept by one Giusepine Vitali, where I immediately went to bed and was soon afterwards fast asleep.

At ten o'clock, A.M., I was awakened by my fellow-travellers, and accompanied them to the caravanserai of the Turning Dervishes. A somewhat lengthened residence in the northern provinces of Persia, where a Turkish idiom is spoken, had given me a tolerable fluency in that language, and I was thus enabled to act as interpreter to my friends. The cicerone of the hotel conducted us to a circular building situated in the midst of a small garden, whither was hurrying a crowd composed of Greeks, Armenians, and Turks. Having arrived at the vestibule, we took off our boots and confided them to the care of a man who kept a sort of dépôt for slippers, of which he hired out to each of us a pair. We then entered a large circular hall, lighted from above, in the centre of which was an oaken floor, waxed and polished with the greatest care, and protected by a balustrade. Around this arena were seated a number of spectators of all ages, country, and costumes, and exhaling a strong odour of garlic. The ceremony was commenced: for to the music of a barbarous orchestra, composed of small timbals and squeaking fifes, accompanying some nasal voices, about twenty tall, bearded young men, clad in long white robes, were waltzing gravely round an old man in a blue pelisse. These men carried on their heads a thick beaver cap, similar in form to a flower-pot turned upside down. Their white robes, made of a heavy kind of woollen stuff, were so constantly bulged out with the air that they seemed made of wood.

With their arms extended in the form of a cross, the left hand being somewhat more elevated than the right, and their looks fixed upon the ceiling with a stupid stare, these Dervishes continued to turn rapidly round upon their naked feet with such regularity and impassibility that they seemed like automata put into motion by machinery.

Suddenly the music ceased, upon which the Dervishes threw themselves simultaneously upon their knees, inclining their heads at the same time to the ground. For several minutes they remained motionless in this position, while some attendants threw a large black cloak over each, upon which they again stood up and ranged themselves in a line. Upon this the old man in the blue pelisse, who had hitherto sat motionless upon his heels, began a plaintive nasal chant, to which his subordinates responded in a roaring chorus; this finished, the crowd began to disperse, and we returned to our hotel.

Besides the Turning Dervishes, there are also at Constantinople the Howling Dervishes, who, instead of waltzing until they fall from giddiness, continue to utter the most frightful shrieks, until they fall upon the ground exhausted and foaming at the mouth. Historians have accorded different origins to these singular and absurd exercises; for my part, I am inclined to consider them as remnants of the furious dances taught by the ancient people of Asia to the Corybantes.

The day after my arrival I embarked for Stamboul, the Turkish quarter, in one of those long caicks which are as it were the hackney coaches of Constantinople. The least oscillation is sufficient to upset these light barks, which are impelled with inconceivable rapidity by two or three fine light-looking Arnaouts, dressed in silken shirts. In two minutes, having traversed the Golden Horn, passing through an immense crowd of boats of every form, and ships of every nation, we disembarked upon a landing-place even more dangerous than the caick, on account of its slipperiness and the chances thereby of falling headlong into a receptacle of filth and mud. The streets

of Stamboul are still more narrow, filthy, and fetid than those of Galata and Pera. Wooden hovels, badly constructed, and worse painted; a species of cages pierced with an infinite number of trellised windows, with one story projecting over the ground floor, flank on the right and on the left hand these passages, through which hurry a motley crowd with noiseless tread. The pavement, made of little stones placed in the dust, slip from under one's feet and expose one to continual falls. Upon the boards of the first shops one passes are piled heaps of large fish, whose scales glitter in the sun, in spite of the dust. Fawn-coloured dogs, in much greater numbers than at Galata, run between your legs—and wo to whosoever should disengage himself too energetically from these hideous brutes, which are protected by Mussulman bigotry! The habits of these animals, whose number amounts to above a hundred thousand, are exceedingly singular. They belong to no one, and have no habitation; they are born, they live and they die, in the open street; at every turn one may see a litter of puppies suckled by their mother. Upon what these quadrupeds feed it would be difficult to state. The Turkish government abandons to them the clearing of the streets, and the offal and every sort of filth, together with the dead bodies of their fellows, compose their apparently ordinary nourishment. At night they wander about in the burying grounds, howling in the most frightful manner. Whatever may be their means of existence, they multiply their species with the most surprising rapidity. Some years ago, the canine race had increased to such a degree at Constantinople that it became dangerous, when, to the pious horror of the Old Mussulmans, the Sultan Mahmood, among other reforms, caused twenty thousand of these animals to be, not poisoned, he would not have dared to so greatly offend against the prejudices of the inhabitants, but transported to the isles of Marmora. In a few days they had devoured every thing in the place of exile, after which, tormented by hunger, they made such a hideous row, and uttered such plaintive howls, that

pity was taken upon them, and they were brought back in triumph to Constantinople. Fortunately hydrophobia is unknown in the Levant.

The bazars of Constantinople have been so often described that it would be useless to describe them at any length. I will merely observe, therefore, that though infinitely more considerable, they do not respond, any more than those of Smyrna, to the ideas of luxury and grandeur which untravelled Europeans are apt to conceive of them. The Turkish bazars have a miserable aspect; they are nothing more than an immense labyrinth of large vaulted galleries, clumsily built, and at all times damp in the extreme. Magnificent carpets, stuffs embroidered in gold and silver, and other objects, the richness of which contrasts most singularly with the nakedness of the walls, are hung out for display on cords stretched transversely. The counter is a flat board of wood, very slightly elevated above the ground, and which serves as a divan to the seller and a seat to the buyer. From this place, which is usually covered with a mat, the Mussulman gazes in silence upon the passing foreigner, whom he rarely deigns to address by the name of Effendi; while, on the contrary, the active and loquacious Armenian even leaves his shop to run after him with some tempting object in his hand, at the same time indiscriminately giving him the title of "Signore Capitan." In the bazars are an astonishing number of articles which are often very cheap, such as tissues of silk, dressing gowns, gold embroidery, and Persian carpets, perfumery, precious stones, pieces of amber, furs, sweetmeats, pipes, morocco leather, velvet slippers, silken scarfs and Cashmere shawls cover a space extending over several leagues. In the "*Besestein*," a large building separated from the other bazars, one meets with in quantities those old arms, so sought after by antiquaries, carbines ornamented with coral, magnificent yataghans worn by the Janissaries before their destruction, and the famous blades of Khorasan.

The commerce of Constantinople is closely allied with that of Smyrna; and many branches of trade, such as

silk and opium, being required to pay duties at the customhouse of the capital, the merchants buy them at Constantinople merely in order to pass them over to Smyrna, where they find a more advantageous market for them. In consequence, these goods are twice borne upon the registers of the Turkish customhouses, which, be it observed, are exceedingly badly kept. Wool forms the principal branch of trade at the Porte, which is abundantly furnished with that article from her nearest provinces, Rœmelia, Thessaly, and Bulgaria, which, containing about five million inhabitants, feed about eight million sheep, the value of which may be estimated at about two hundred million piastres, (the Turkish piastre is worth about 2½d.) It would have been impossible for such an important object to have failed exciting the cupidity of a government constituted like that of the Ottoman empire; in consequence, in 1829, they attempted to make a monopoly of the wool-trade. Fortunately, the clamorous despair of the owners of the flocks, and some good advice, caused the Divan to recall the measure, which would in all probability not only have given a fatal blow to the wool-trade, but have entirely put an end to the feeding of flocks throughout Turkey. Instead, therefore, of monopolising this branch of commerce, the government saddled it with such an exorbitant duty, that the provinces definitively gained little by the change. The price of wool was more than quadrupled, and in 1833 there was sold for above 170 piastres the hundredweight what in 1846 cost but forty piastres. The abolition of the monopolies and the modification of the duties have given, since the last six or seven years, some facilities to this trade, without, however, entirely restoring it to its former state of prosperity. Partly destroyed by the severe blow it had received, and shackled by the avarice of the Pashas, it languishes, as indeed does every other branch of trade and industry in the empire.

Of Turkey, which men have rendered a country of misery and of famine, the Almighty seems to have intended to have made a land of promise. For agriculture, He has created immense

plains, unequalled in fertility throughout the globe, and in the bowels of the mountains He has hidden incalculable treasures; and in return for all these gifts, these glorious gifts, what have the inhabitants done? they have left the land uncultivated, and the mountains unsearched. Mines of all sorts abound. Copper, (which is sold in secret only, and is a contraband article,) were its mines worked on a grand scale, would alone furnish a new element of commerce to Constantinople, and might help to draw it from its present state of torpor. But will the Turks ever dream of such a thing? Never! For like the dog in the fable, the Ottomans will neither profit themselves nor let others profit by what is in the territory. Too indolent to work out the natural riches of their soil, they are too jealous to permit others to do it for them. Besides, Europeans, by an ancient law which we have recently seen confirmed, having no right to possess land in Turkey, cannot undertake any agricultural or commercial speculation of any importance. In addition to this, the Turkish government itself is ignorant of most of the natural riches of its territory; for the inhabitants, well knowing the character of the men who have the management of affairs, take every possible precaution to conceal the existence of the mines, for fear they should be forced to work them without remuneration.

The provinces of the Danube have now yielded to Thrace and to Macedon the furnishing of the capital with corn. This important trade has been ruined, like every thing else, by the barbarous measures of a stupid ministry. In reserving to itself the supplying of the capital, the government does not allow the exportation of corn without special permission. Without doubt, the liberty of this trade would have given a new impulse to agriculture, and would have restored prosperity to several provinces; but that would not have been for the interest of those personages who had the power of giving permits, and who consequently made a traffic of the firmans. In 1828, a circumstance occurred which ought to have enlightened the government on this point. The Russians had intercepted

all communication with the capital, and in consequence a want of provisions occurred; for the ill-furnished public magazines afforded such damaged wheat only, that it could with great difficulty be baked into bad and unhealthy bread. To remedy this evil, an employé ventured to suggest that any one who could procure corn should be permitted to supply the capital. The situation of affairs was critical, for the people were beginning to murmur; and the suggestion was carried into effect. No sooner was the permission accorded, than a multitude of farmers and merchants hastened to pour grain into the market, and plenty soon reappeared. This was an excellent lesson to the government, but how did it profit thereby? First of all it reinstated the monopoly, and four years afterwards, in 1832, happening to require a million measures for its magazines, in order to make more sure of speedily procuring that quantity, it forbade the *exportation* of corn, inasmuch that to collect the required million of measures, it destroyed, in all probability, a hundred millions, and ruined about ten thousand cultivators. This barbarous system partly ended in 1838, but it will be long before its withering effects are effaced.

It is in the long corridors of the bazars that the commercial business of the country is carried on. An immense multitude, more curious to view than even the exposition of the different wares, congregates thither daily. Constantinople, notwithstanding its state of decline, is always the point of intersection between the eastern and western world. At this general rendezvous, whither Europe and Asia send their representatives, one may study the human species in almost every possible variety of type. English, Americans, Russians, Greeks, Italians, Germans, Persians, Circassians, Arabs, Koords, Austrians, Hungarians, Abyssinians, Tartars, French, &c. &c., hurry to and fro around the Turk, who smokes and dreams, calm and immovable amidst the active throng, which presents an inconceivable medley of silk pelisses, white bornous and black robes, surmounted by green turbans, red fezz, and beaver hats. Numbers of women,

covered with white dominos, advance slowly and spectre-like through the crowd, which every now and then opens its ranks to give passage to some mounted Pasha, followed by his attendants on foot. Here and there may be seen asses loaded with bales, and at the further end of the galleries are caravans of camels. One's ears are deafened with the piercing cries of the sherbet-sellers, and the howling of the dogs; while quantities of pigeons coo over the heads of the motley crowd. Although, on taking a general view of this spectacle, there is little to admire, still one may select from it an infinite number of original scenes and pictures full of character. Here, for instance, an ambulating musician sings or rather chants to an attentive audience one of those interminable ballads of which the Turks never tire; there, are half a dozen Greeks quarrelling and vociferating so energetically, that one would expect nothing less than that from words they would come to bloodshed; while, further on, a circle of friends are regaling themselves over a basket of green cucumbers. Talking of cucumbers, they almost entirely compose, in summer, the nourishment of the Turks. The Sultan Mahmood II. was excessively fond of this fruit, or rather vegetable, and cultivated it with his own hands in the Seraglio gardens. Having one day perceived that some of his cucumbers were missing, he sent for his head gardener, and informed him that, should such a circumstance occur again, he would order his head to be cut off. The next day three more cucumbers had been stolen, upon which the gardener, to save his own head, accused the pages of his highness of having committed the theft. These unhappy youths were immediately sent for, and having all declared themselves innocent, the enraged Sultan, in order to discover the culprit, commanded them one after another to be disembowelled. Nothing was found in the stomach or entrails of the first six victims, but the autopsy of the seventh proved him to have been the guilty one.

In the midst of the crowds in the Turkish capital, the women present a curious spectacle, wandering about as they do covered with white dominos,

or rather winding-sheets. The lot of this portion of the Mussulman population is much less unhappy than one would be led to expect. They certainly hold a secondary station in society, but, brought up as they are in the most complete ignorance, they are unconscious of their degraded position, and know not that there is a better. They are, in general, treated very kindly by their husbands and masters, and do not undergo, as it is supposed, either capricious or brutal treatment. Although in Europe they still believe a Turk to be constantly surrounded by a multitude of odalisques, to whom, as it suits his fancy, he throws in turn his handkerchief, at Constantinople there are very few Osmanlees who have three or even two wives, and even these they lodge in separate mansions, in general far distant from each other. Almost all the Turks, with the exception of the very few above mentioned individuals, possess in general but one wife, to whom they are most faithful. The grand seignior alone is a Sultan in the full and voluptuous acceptance of the term. He is possessor of a magnificent palace, where no noise from without ever penetrates, and where immense riches have collected together all the wonders of luxury. Marble baths, lovely gardens bounded by a sparkling sea, and vaulted by an indigo sky, legions of slaves, who have no will but his, no law but his caprices; and in this Eden three or four hundred women chosen from out of the most beautiful in the universe; this is the world, this is the life of that man: and yet, although he be so young, all who know him say that the present Sultan is morose, sad, and splenetic.

On mounting, at sixteen, upon the throne of Turkey, Abdul Medjid announced it to be his intention to change nothing that his father Mahmood had established, and declared himself a partisan of the system of reform commenced by that sovereign. Notwithstanding the custom, rendered almost sacred by tradition, he renounced the turban and was crowned with the fez. Contrary to the usage of former Sultans, who on their accession put to death or closely imprisoned all their brothers, he

allowed his brother Abdul Haziz not only his life, but full liberty.

The Hatti-sherif of Gulhanchi, published on the 19th of November 1839, and which has been viewed in so many and different lights, proved at least the good intentions of this sovereign, called so young to support so weighty a burden. At various times he has manifested a desire for instruction, and has taken lessons in geography and in Italian; he has also travelled over a part of his empire.

It is usual at Constantinople for the Sultan to proceed every Friday (the Mussulman Sabbath) to pray in one of the mosques. The one chosen is named in the morning, and he proceeds thither on horseback or in his caïck, according to the quarter in which it is situated. This weekly ceremony is almost the sole occasion on which foreigners can see his highness. During my stay at Constantinople, I had several opportunities of gazing upon the descendant of the Prophet. He is a young man, of slender frame, of grave physiognomy, and a most *distingué* appearance. A crowd of officers and eunuchs formed his suite, and all heads bowed low at his approach. Abdul Medjid, who was the twentieth-born child of his father Mahmood, was born at Constantinople on the 19th of April 1823. His black and stiff beard cause him to appear older than he is in reality. His eye is very brilliant, and his features regular. His face is somewhat marked with the smallpox; but this is not very apparent, as the young sultan, according to the custom of the harem, has an artificial complexion for days of ceremony. Naturally of a delicate frame, excesses have much enfeebled his constitution; his continual ill-health, his pallor, and his teeth already decayed, announce, that though so young in years, he is expiating the pleasures of a Sultan by a premature decrepitude. Abdul Medjid has several children, who are weak and sickly like their father, and the state of their health inspires constant anxiety.

Few sovereigns have been more diversely judged than Mahmood, the father of the present Sultan. Landed to the skies by some, lowered to the dust by

others, he died before Europe was properly enlightened as to his intentions. Now that his work has undergone the ordeal of time, one can appreciate it at its real value. Ascending the throne at an epoch of anarchy and disorder, having at one and the same time to oppose the invasion of Russia, and to put down the rebellion of the Pashas, who were raising their pashalicks into sovereignties, Mahmood gave proofs, during several years, of a force of character almost inconceivable in a man enervated from his childhood by the pleasures of the harem. Unfortunately his intellect was unequal to his obstinacy: every abuse he put down gave rise to or made way for new abuses, which he could not foresee, and was unable to destroy. The established order of affairs, which he fought against, was a hydra, from which, for one head cut off, twenty sprang up. Far from augmenting his power, his greatest enterprises merely tended to enfeeble it. The repression of Ali the Pasha of Janina, cost Mahmood the kingdom of Greece; and had not the powers of Europe intervened, the war against Mehemet Ali would have cost him his throne. Even the destruction of the Janissaries, which was considered so great a cause of triumph by the Sultan, was it in reality so? It is surely permitted to doubt the circumstance. That powerful militia, scattered through the empire, was in some sort the focus of that spirit of fatalism, which had till

then been the principal prop of the imperfect work of the Arabian impostor; to destroy it was to strike a death-blow to that society which breathed as it were in war alone. In overthrowing an obstacle which paralysed his power, Mahmood dug an abyss into which the Turkish empire must sooner or later fall; for the spirit of religious enthusiasm which he destroyed has been replaced by no other incentive.

The chief fault of Mahmood was the cutting down without thinking of sowing; for without properly understanding the extent of what he was doing, he too hastily cast from its old course, without placing it in a better, a dull stupid nation, to transform which required both time and patience. Above all, Mahmood was guided solely by the impulses of an indomitable pride, and seems to have much less considered the interests of his empire, than the satisfying of his own vanity. He hastened to change the aspect and surface of things, deluding himself into the idea that he had metamorphosed an Asiatic people into a European state. Hurried away by the desire of innovation, and at the same time cramped by the effects of a religion which resists all progress, striving in vain to make the precepts of the Koran compatible with civilisation, Mahmood moved during the whole of his reign within a fatal circle, and, dying of an ignoble malady, he left his empire tottering to its fall.

HORA CATULLIANÆ.

LETTER TO EUSEBIUS.

Y^{ou} desire, then, my dear Eusebius, to hear more of the Curate's difficulty. We left him, you remember, with Gratian, who took him by the arm, and walked off to see what his authority would do to quell the parochial disturbance. You have seen the general opinion upon the countenance Gratian would give to delinquents; you will not, therefore, augur very favourably of this expedition. Loving a little mischief, as you do, you will, perhaps, be not quite agreeably disappointed. Had Gratian trusted alone to his character, he would have failed; which shows that sometimes it is dangerous to have too good a one.

Not a parishioner but would have looked upon the patronage of Gratian to the Curate as resulting from the weakness—those who meant to turn it to compliment would say, the excessive kindness, of his nature. A little malice interposing, they were by no means disposed, if they loved Gratian, “to love his dog,”—in the light of which comparison they now looked upon the Curate. Gratian's sly wit, however, availed more than his authority. It seems they had not proceeded very far when they met Prateapace. The Curate having some business in another direction, left Gratian with the maiden-lady. You can imagine his first advances, complimenting her upon her fresh morning looks. Then taking her by the arm, as if for familiar support, transferring his stick to the other hand, and looking his cajolery inimitably, and with a low voice saying, “My dear Miss Lydia, what is all this story I hear that you charge the Curate with?” “Oh, no, not I!” interrupted the maiden; “it is you have done that. I only know that I heard you reprove him for his behaviour to some one or other, whom you seriously declared either must be or ought to be his wife.” “My dear *young* lady,” said Gratian, “that is now quite a

mistake of yours:” he then, as he reports, told her what they had been reading, and that his remarks were upon the book, and the author of it, and had nothing to do with the Curate. To all which she nodded her head incredulously, and laughingly said, “Oh, you good, *good*-natured man; and pray who may that improper author be?” “Why,” quoth Gratian, “Miss Lydia Prateapace wouldn't, I know, have me recommend *her* any *improper* author.” “Oh, no, no!—I don't ask with any intention to read him, I assure you,” she replied. Gratian went on, “Believe me, he is a very old author, a Roman.” “A Roman indeed!” she quite vociferated. “One of those horrid Papists, I suppose! A Roman is he? Then the Curate, why should he read Papistical books, and learn such tricks from them?” It was in vain for Gratian to endeavour to explain. Miss Prateapace had but one notion of the Romans—that there never was one that had not kissed the Pope's toe. So here he very wisely took another tack, and drawing her a little aside, as if he would not have even the very hedges hear him, and with no little affected caution, looking about him, he said, in a half whisper—“Now let me, my dear young lady, tell you a bit of a secret. All this is an idle tale, and is just as I have told you; but this I tell you, that to my certain knowledge, the Curate's *affections*”—laying stress on the word *affections*—“are seriously engaged:” at which Miss Lydia stared, and looked the personification of curiosity. “Engaged is he, did you say?” “No, *he* is not engaged,” said Gratian, “but I happen to know that his affections are——” “Then,” quoth she, “I suppose he has declared as much to the object.” “Ah—no!—there is the very point—you are quite mistaken—she has not the slightest suspicion of it.” This was scarcely credible to the lady's notion of love-making, but the earnest manner of

Gratian was every thing. "No," said he; "he is a most exemplary conscientious young man, and so far avoids the making any show of his feelings, that he affects, I really believe, more indifference towards that lady than to any other. He tells me that he thinks it would not be honourable in his present circumstances and position to engage *her* affections; but he looks forward, as his prospects are fair." Miss Lydia was interested—pondered awhile, and then said, "You dear good man, do tell me who the lady is!" "No," replied Gratian, "I dare not betray a secret; but be assured, my dear Miss Lydia Prateapace, that if our Curate marries, he will make his choice not very far from this." "You don't say so!" cried she: "Really now, who can it be?" "I can only say one thing more," replied our fox Gratian, "and perhaps that is saying too much; but—" whispering in her ear—"of all the letters in the alphabet, her name begins with Lydia." Whereupon he made a start, put his finger upon his lips, as if he had in his hurry told the secret; and she started back a pace in another direction, looked in his face to see if he was in jest; finding there nothing but apparent simplicity, she looked a little confused, and evidently took the compliment and the *hopes* into her own bosom. When she could sufficiently collect her thoughts, she expressed her sorrow for any mischief she might have done, unintentionally; and added, that she would do all in her power to set all things right again. At this point the Curate returned: he addressed her somewhat distantly, which to her was a sign stronger than familiarity, upon the power of which she gave him her hand of *encouragement*. Gratian took care to leave well alone—let go her arm, and leaning upon the Curate's wished her good morning, with a gracious smile about his insidious mouth, to which he put his finger significantly as if entreating her silence upon the subject of their conversation. I have told you the particulars of this interview, Eusebius, as I could gather them from Gratian's narration; and he has a way of acting what he says, as if he had studied in that school where the first requisite for an orator is—

action; the second—action; the third—action!

Our friend Gratian, Eusebius, made no matter of conscience of this fibbing—did not hesitate—wanted no "*ductor dubitantium*"—as he told it to us. He gave, it is true, his limb a smarter tapping; but it was no twinge of conscience that caused the movement of the stick, and there is nothing of the Franciscan about our friend. Did he *say* a word that was not perfect truth?

But what was the intention?—did he mean to deceive? But this is not a question to discuss with you. You will do more than acquit him. So I am answered, and silent. Gratian's answer was this. In his fabulous mood, he asked—"If you should see a lion, an open-mouthed lion of the veritable *χασμ' οδοντων* breed, traversing a wood, and he should accost you thus, 'Pray, sir, did you chance to see a man I am looking after go this way?' would you point out his lurking place, his path of escape? or would you not, if you knew he went to the right, direct the lion by all means to continue his pursuit on the left? Then, sir, which will your worshipful morality prefer, to be the accessory to the murder, or the principal in the deceit?"

I must not omit to tell you that a few days ago Gratian and the Curate spent a pleasant day with the Bishop, who was not a little amused at their narration of the circumstances that produced the singular parochial epistle, which his lordship had duly received. The Bishop's hospitality is well seasoned with conversational ease, and perfect agreeability, and has besides that

"*Seu quid suavius elegantiusve est*" which our Catullus promises to his friend Fabullus. The Bishop, a ripe scholar, spoke much and critically of Catullus, and laid most stress upon the extreme suavity of his measures, especially in the "*Acmen Septimius*." There were present two archdeacons and a very agreeable classical physician. All had at one time or other, they acknowledged, translated "*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus*." The physician said he had only satisfied himself with three lines, and yet he thought their only merit was the

being line for line. He repeated both the original and his translation:—

"*Solis occidere et redire possunt:*

*Nobis, quin semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

"Suns die, but soon their light restore,

While we, when our brief day is o'er,
Sleep one long night to wake no more."

The Curate, with the jealousy of a rival translator, objected to "*suns die*," and thought "*suns set*" would be quite as well and a closer translation. The Physician assented. The Bishop smiled, and said, "*suns die*" was probably a professional lapsus. The Physician replied, that such would be a very unprofessional lapsus; and Gratian quoted the passage from

Fielding, who says it is an unjust misrepresentation that "physicians are the friends of death," and instanced the two physicians who, in the case of the death of Captain Blifil, "dismissed the corpse with a single fee, but were not so disgusted with the living patient." At parting, the Bishop took the Curate most kindly by the hand, and recommended him by all means to cultivate the amiability of versification.

After this, Gratian and the Curate had much business in hand, and we did not meet for some time. Gratian stirred a little in this affair of the Curate's, and with effect. We did meet, however, and recommenced the

HOPE CATULLIANÆ.

You now see us again in the library—time, after tea. Gratian enjoys his easy-chair; a small fire—for it is not cold—just musically whispers among the coals, comfort. Gratian says he has had a busy day of it, and, though not wearied, is in that happy state of repose to enjoy rest, and of excitement to enjoy social converse; and after a little pre-

liminary chat, asked if there was any thing lately from Catullus.

AQUILIUS.—Yes. He is returned from his unprofitable travel, and you seem to be in that state of sensitive quiescence, to feel with him the pleasures of home. He is now at his own villa, and thus welcomes, and acknowledges the welcome offered him by his beloved Sirmio.

AD SIRMIONEM PENINSULAM.

My Sirmio, thou the very gem and eye
Of islands and peninsulas, that lie
In that two-fold dominion Neptune takes
Of the salt sea and sweet translucent lakes!
Oh! with what joy I visit thee again,
Scarce yet believing, how, left far behind,
The tedious Thynian and Bithynian plain,
I see thee, Sirmio, with this peaceful mind.
Oh, what a blessed thing is the sweet quiet,
When the tired heart lays down its load of care,
And after foreign toil and sickening riot,
Weary and worn, to feel at last we are
At our own home—and our own floor to tread,
And lie in peace on the long-wish'd-for bed!
This, this alone, repays all labours past.
Hail to thee, lovely Sirmio! gladly take
Thine own, own master home to thee at last:
And all ye sportive waters of my lake,
Laugh out your welcome to my cheerful voice,
And all that laughs at home, with me rejoice.

GRATIAN.—I well remember this singularly sweet, kind, affectionate address. It is the best version of "Home is home, be it ever so homely," I know. You have needlessly repeated *own*. Why not say, loved master?

CURATE.—Don't you think the *acquiescimus lecto* would be better rendered "sink to rest?" I fancy the Latin expresses the sinking down of the wearied limbs, or rather, whole person, into the soft and deep feather bed.

AQUILIUS.—I set it down so, but altered it, thinking the “lie in peace” was in reality more quiescent than any thing expressing an act—as sinking is a process *in transitu*—the result, lying in peace. It has often been translated, among others, by Leigh Hunt, and that prince of translators, Elton—though I think I was not satisfied with his translation of the Sirmio—of the others I do not remember a word.

CURATE.—Leigh Hunt overdid his work—there is more labour than ease in the line

“The loosened limbs o’er all the wished-for bed.”

Not simple enough for Catullus;

neither is this—a rather affected line—

“Laughs every dimple in the cheek of home.”

GRATIAN.—No, that won’t do—it is a conceit. One would imagine it borrowed or translated from some Italian poet.

AQUILIUS.—The “loosened limbs o’er all the wished-for bed,” strikes me as rather of the ludicrous, and not unlike the description of himself by Berni in his fanciful palace, where he ordered a bed, adjoining that of the French cook’s, which was to be large enough to swim in—“Come si fa nel mare.”

GRATIAN.—Now then, Mr Curate, let us have your version.

CURATE.

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

All hail to thee, delightful Sirmio !
Of all peninsulas and isles the gem,
Which lake or sea in its fair breast doth show
With either Neptune’s arms encircling them.
What joy to find that Thynia, and that plain
Bithynian gone, and see thee safe again !
Charming it is to rest from care and cumber,
When the mind throws its burden, and we come
Wearied with pains of foreign travel home,
And in the bed so longed for sink to slumber.
This pays for all the toil, this quiet after—
Joy, my sweet Sirmio, for thy master’s sake,
Make merry, frolic wavelets of my lake—
Laugh on me, all ye stores of home-bred laughter.

GRATIAN.—I don’t like “the mind throws its burden :” lays it down is better—there is more weariness in it. You must alter that expression, or we see the mind like the “*iniquæ mentis ascellus*,” dropping back its ears, and *throwing* its not agreeable and easy-sitting rider. Why not—

“When the mind lays its burden down, to come :”

But I see you have both of you translated away from the Latin the *Lydiæ undæ*. How comes it so ?

AQUILIUS.—The reasons given for the word meaning Lydian seem to be insufficient; because it is said the Benacus resembles the Lydian rivers Hermus and Pactolus in having gold; or because the Benacus was in the district of the Thusci, who came from the Lydians. I adopted a conjecture once thrown out—and I think it was by the most accomplished scholar,

W. S. Landor, that *Lydiæ* is the adjective of the word *Ludius*—*ludiæ undæ*, or *Lydiæ undæ*, the same thing, for that *ludius* is, as the dictionary tells us, “a Lydis, qui erant optimi saltatores.” If so, *Lydiæ* would mean the sportive, or “dancing waters of the lake.”

CURATE.—I took this hint from Aquilius, though I do not remember from whom the suggestion came. I would venture from the last line—

“*Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum*—”

a remark upon a passage, the celebrated expression in the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, the *αἰρηθμον γέλασμα*. Some call it “countless dimples.” Now is it not possible Catullus may have thought of this, and as it were translated it by *quidquid est cachinnorum*? The question then would be, is it meant to speak to the ear or the eye? Is it of sound or vision? I am inclined

to think it is the sound, the communicative laughter of the many waves. "Dimple" is too little for the gigantic conception of Æschylus, but the laughter of the multitudinous ocean-waves is more after his genius. No one could translate *cachinnus* "a dimple." If, therefore, Catullus had in his mind the Greek passage, it shows his idea of the *ἀνυπόθετος γέλασμα*.

GRAVIUS.—I have often admired how that can be *very* beautiful which is of uncertain meaning. Is it that either construction conveys distinct

thought—clear idea? I confess, I prefer the sound. What comes next?

CURATE.—Missing one or two, we take up his "Request to his friend Cæcilius to come to him to Verona"—who, it seems, was a native of that place, and fellow townsman, as well as most dear friend of Catullus.

AQUILIUS.—Both poets—both kind-hearted: in fact, "The two gentlemen of Verona."

GRAVIUS.—Well, that is saying something for Latin poets. Let us have your version, Curate.

CURATE.

INVITATION TO CÆCILIUS.

Papyrus, to Cæcilius tell
(A touching bard, my friend as well)
That to Verona he must come,
Where his Catullus is at home,
And new-built Comm's walls forsake,
And that sweet shore of Laris Lake.
A friend of mine and his has brought
To light some passages of thought,
Which he must hear. So if he will
Be thriving and improving still,
His speed will swallow up the distance,
Although with amorous resistance,
And both arms clinging round his neck,
That lovely maid his progress check,
With lips a thousand times that say
"Oh, do not, do not go away!"
I mean that maid who, Fame—not I—
Asserts for love of him would die;
For fire consumes her heart and head,
Since first the opening lines she read
Of Cybele the God's great queen.
Maid, learned as the Sapphic muse,
I cannot sympathy refuse:
For not amiss (the book I've seen)
Begins the tale, "The Mighty Queen."

AQUILIUS.—I protest against "so if he will be thriving and improving still." That is the Curate's interpolation. The fact is, he must have rhymed a passage from his last sermon; and it has somehow or other slipped into his Catullus.

AQUILIUS.

Hasten, papyrus! greet you well
That tender poet, my sweet friend
Cæcilius—speedily I send,
As speedily my message tell:
That he should for Verona make
All haste—and quit his Larian Lake;
And Novum Comm—for I would fain
Some certain thoughts he understood
And purposes, that now possess
A friend of mine; and his no less.

CURATE.—No authority! What, then, is meant by "Quare si sapiet?"

AQUILIUS.—Simply, if he would know the secret—the "cogitationes."

GRAVIUS.—I am inclined to agree with you. Now, Aquilius, we will listen to your version.

And if he takes me rightly, say
 His coming will devour the way,
 Though that fair girl should bid him stay,
 And round his neck her arms should throw,
 And cry, Oh, do not, do not go!—
 That girl, who, if the truth be told,
 E'en in her heart of hearts doth hold
 And cherish such sweet love—since he
 First read to her of Cybele,
 “Great Queen of Dindymus” the tale
 Begun. Oh, then she did inhale
 The living breath of love, whose heat
 Into her very life doth eat.
 Thy passion I can well excuse,
 Fair maid! more learn'd than the tenth muse,
 The Lesbian maid—nor couldst thou fail
 To find for love an ample plea,
 In that so nobly open'd tale
 Of the great Goddess Cybele.

CURATE. — What's all this? — the
 “tenth muse!” where is she in the
 Latin?

AQUILIUS. — *Sapphicâ musâ*, Doc-
 tor. That is Sappho, is it not? and
 pray was Sappho one of the *nine*
 muses? No; then of course she was
 the *tenth* — and was not she “the
 Lesbian maid?”

CURATE. — Well, I admit it — you
 have vindicated your muse fairly,
 and I will not pronounce against her,
 though tempted by an apt quotation
 from the mouth of Bacchus, in the
Frogs of Aristophanes.

“Αὐτῇ, πολλὴ ἡ Μοῦσα οὐκ ἐλεσβιάζειν οὐ.”

For your muse is certainly a Lesbian;
 but you have omitted “*misellæ*,”
 which shows that the passion was
 not returned.

GRATIAN. — I don't see that; for
 she throws her arms about his neck.
 But neither of you have well spoken
 the “*millies euntem revocet*,” the
 calling him back after departure, and
 that is very good too. I see the note
 upon *Sapphicâ Musâ*, speaks of various
 interpretations to the passage; but
 adopts this — that the maiden loving
 Cæcilius has more sense (is that
doctior? I doubt) than Sappho, who
 loved a youth too stupid ever to write
 a line; but this maid did not love
 till she had read the commencement of
 his poem. I don't see the necessity

for thinking the passion hopeless
 either, because of the comparison
 with Sappho. Few Roman maidens
 took the Leucadian leap.

CURATE. — It is very odd, and might
 first appear a mark of their good
 manners — that the Romans never
 mention “old maids.” I fear there
 was another cause. I suppose the
 omission may be accounted for by the
 state of society, which was not
 favourable to their existence at all;
 for when a man could put away his
 wife at any moment, and for any
 plea, most women must have managed
 to get a husband for a long or a short
 time.

AQUILIUS. — The only ancient old
 maids were the Fates and Furies — of
 the latter, the burden of the song
 was —

“Oh no, we never mention them,
 Their names are never heard!”

GRATIAN. — Come back to your
 duty: we are wandering, and leaving
 Catullus behind. What are we to
 have now?

AQUILIUS. — An attack upon one
 Egnatius, who, having white teeth,
 took care to show them upon all oc-
 casions. He was not, however, cele-
 brated for his tooth-powder. He is a
 fair mark for the wit of our author.
 The arrow of his satire was occasion-
 ally keen enough and free to fly.

IN EGNATIUM.

Egnatius's teeth are very white,
 And therefore is he ever grinning:

Let pleaders in the court excite
 All hearts to weep—from the beginning
 Even to the end he laughs. The while
 The mother on the funeral bier,
 Sheds o'er her only son the tear,
 Alone Egnatius seems to smile,
 Then opes his mouth from ear to ear :
 Where'er he is, whatever doing,
 He laughs and grins. The thing in fact is
 A tasteless, foolish, silly practice,
 Egnatius, and well worth eschewing.
 Spare all this risible exertion,
 And were you Roman or Tiburtian,
 Sabine, Lanuvian, fat Etruscan,
 Or porcine Umbrian with rare show
 Of tusks—columnar—order Tuscan :
 Or born the other side the Po,
 (And my compatriot, therefore know,) }
 Where folk are civilised I trow,
 And wash their teeth with water cleanly—
 Pure water such as folk might quaff—
 I would entreat you still—don't laugh.
 You look so sillily, so meanly,
 As if you were but witted half.
 Yet being but a Celtiberian,
 Holding the custom of your nation,
 Using that lotion called Hesperian :
 The more you grin, folk say, forsooth,
 What pity 'tis the whitest tooth
 Should have the foulest application !

CURATE.—I did not translate and our host will think one translation quite enough.

GRATIAN.—Go on then to the next. What are we to have ?

CURATE.—His address to his farm. Authors were happy in those

days to have their landed estate.
 Horace always speaks of his with
 delight ; so does Catullus, as we have
 seen, of his Sirmio. This farm was,
 it should seem, like Horace's, among
 the Sabine hills.

TO MY FARM.

My farm ! which those who wish to please
 Thy master's heart, Tiburtian call ;
 But they who call thee Sabine, these
 Respect his feelings not at all :
 And wishing more to tease and fret,
 Will wager thou art Sabine yet—
 How well it pleased me to retreat
 To thy suburban country-seat ;
 Where I sent summarily off
 That plague pulmonary cough ;
 Which, half-deserved, my stomach gave
 Just for a hint no more to crave
 Luxurious living. I had hoped
 With a good dinner to have coped
 At Sextius' table : when he read
 A poisonous speech might strike one dead,
 All gall and venom, to refute
 One Attius in a certain suit.
 Since when, a cold cough and catarrh
 Against my battered frame made war ;

Until I came in thee to settle,
 And cured it with repose and nettle.
 So, now I'm well, I thank thee, farm!
 And that I got so little harm,
 From such great fault. I may be pardon'd
 If to this pitch my heart is harden'd:
 To pray, when Sextius reads again
 Things so abhorr'd of gods and men,
 That that my cough and cold catarrh
 Not mine but Sextius' health might mar—
 Who never sends me invitation
 But for such wretched recitation.

GRATIAN.—A charitable wish this of our good Catullus! But these heathens knew little of “do as you would be done by.” One of the neatest wishes of this kind is in a Greek epigram. I can't remember word for word the Greek, so I give the translation:—“Castor and Pollux, who dwell in beauteous Lacedæmon, by the sweet-flowing river Eurotas, if ever I wish evil to my friend, may it light upon me; but if ever he wishes evil to me, may he have twice as much.”

AQUILIUS.—In a note on *villa*, I see the derivation of that word given, *quasi vehilla*, because there the fruits of the farm were carried; so that the original idea of a villa was quite another thing from the modern suburban construction. Architects, when they call these suburban edifices villas, might as well remember how inappropriate is the term. But here you have my version of this address to his farm:—

AD FUNDUM.

My Farm, or Sabine or Tiburtian,
 (What name I care not we confab in,
 Though they who hold me in aversion,
 Persist and wager you are Sabine,)

In your suburban sweet recesses
 Of that vile cough I timely rid me,
 Merited well, for those excesses
 My stomach failed not to forbid me,

When I with Sextius was convivial,
 Who feasting read me his invective,
 Vilest, 'gainst Attius his rival,
 All venom—and, alas! effective.

For surely 'twas that poison seized me,
 A chill—a heat—a cough then shook me
 E'en to my vitals—and so teased me,
 That to thy bosom I betook me.

Thanks, my good farm! my fault you pardon'd,
 And not revenged. We've much to settle
 On score of thanks: my chest you harden'd,
 And healed with basil-root and nettle.

But from henceforth, if I such vicious
 Invectives read, though Sextius pen 'em,
 Who but invites me with malicious
 Intent to kill me with their venom—

If e'er I yield to his endeavour,
 Expose me to his scrip infectious—
 I call down ague, cold, and fever,
 Oh! fall ye not on me,—but Sextius.

GRATIAN.—I see the next is that one which has been not unfrequently translated and imitated. Is there not one by Cowley, if I remember, much lengthened?

AGATHANG.—It can scarcely be called a translation. The Latin measure is certainly here very sweet and tender.

THE OMEN OF THE SNEEZE.

Septimius, to his bosom pressing,
His Acme, said, "I love thee, Acme!
All my life-long will love thee, Acme!"
Nor day shall come to love thee less in,
Or should it come, I, as common lovers,
In such poor love I love thee only,
May Love in mine mind never
Of cold trifles least attack me,
Wandering forlorn from thee, and lonely
In dreamy reveries."
He spake: Love, at bedtime,
Upon the left hand aptly sneezed.
The omen showed that he was pleased
To give his blessing.

Then, gentle Acme, softly turning,
Upon the breast of her Septimius,
And unto his her face upraising,
And looking in his eyes so burning,
As if imbricate with gazing;
With that her rich red mouth she kissed them,
And said,—"My love, thou, dear Septimius!"
Oh, let us serve our master duly—
Our master Love, as now caressing;
For never yet hath Love so blessed them
As now my thoughts he blesseth truly,
Even to my heart of hearts, Septimius,
The inmost core."
She said: and, as before,
Love on the left hand aptly sneezed.
The omen showed that he was pleased
To give his blessing.

They loved:—were loved:—this sweet beginning
Ordered their future bright condition,
Offer all Asia to Septimius—
Add Britain—put in competition
With Acme—wretchedly obsequious.
They'd call him of your gifts, Ambition,
The only province worth his winning.
Is Acme—Acme's faithful bosom
Knows nought on earth but her Septimius.
Ripe was the fruit, as fair the blossom
Of this their mutual love, and glowing;
And all admired its freshness growing,
Was *never* pale and faded and loving;
And Venus' self looked on approving.

CURATE.—Are you correct in your translation: "Love, as before?" Is it not that, as before he sneezed on the left, now he sneezes on the right hand, — *was* unfavourable — *is* now propitious?

GRATIAN.—I see in the note that the passage bears either construction. There is also authority given; for what to us is the left hand, to the gods is the right. Now, Curate, for your Acme and Septimius.

CURATE.—

OF SEPTIMIUS AND ACME.

Acme to Septimius' breast,
 Darling of his heart, was prest—
 "Acme mine!" then said the youth,
 "If I love thee not in truth,
 If I shall not love thee ever
 As a lover doated never,
 May I in some lonely place,
 Scorch'd by Ind's or Libya's sun,
 Meet a lion's tawny face;
 All defenceless, one to one."—
 Love, who heard it in his flight,
 To the truth his witness bore,
 Sneezing quickly to the right—
 (To the left he sneezed before.)

Acme then her head reflecting,
 Kiss'd her sweet youth's ebriate eyes,
 With her rosy lips connecting
 Looks that glistened with replies.
 "Thus, my life, my Septimillus!
 Serve we Love, our only master:
 One warm love-flood seems to thrill us,
 Throbs it not in me the faster?"—
 Love, who heard it in his flight,
 To the truth his witness bore,
 Sneezing quickly to the right—
 (To the left he sneezed before.)

Thus with omens all-approving,
 Each and both are loved and loving.
 Poor Septimius with his Acme,
 Cares not to whose lot may fall
 Syria's glory—wealthy province!—
 Or both Britains great and small.
 Acme, faithful and unfeigning,
 Gives, creates, enjoys all pleasure,
 With her dear Septimius reigning.—
 Oh! was ever earthly treasure
 Greater to man's lot pertaining?
 Blessed pair!—thus, without measure,
 Venus' choicest gifts attaining.

GRATIAN.—You have a little run riot, good Master Curate; and run out of your rhyming course too, I see—for you don't mean "province" to rhyme to "Acme."—I see the next is, On Approach of Spring—with that beautiful line, "Jam ver egelidos refert tepores." I wish to see how you would have translated that refreshing and cool warmth of expression—almost a contradiction in terms—the season when we inhale the heavenly air with the chill off—like hot tea thrown into a glass of spring-cold water, and drank off immediately.

AQUILUS.—I gave it up in despair, and the Curate too has omitted it.

There are two other perhaps untranslatable lines in this short piece:—

"Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari;
 Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt."

After two other little pieces, we come to a few lines to no less a personage than Marcus Tullius Cicero, who had probably in some cause gratuitously assisted the poet with his eloquence; for to sue *in formâ poetæ*, was, perhaps, pretty much the same as in *formâ pauperis*. It seems that "omnium patronus" was a flattering title on other occasions, and by other persons bestowed upon Cicero, as well as by our poet here. One would

almost think the orator had served the poet an ill turn, and that this superlative praise was but irony: for he not only calls Tullius the most eloquent of men, but as much the best of patrons, as he, Catullus, is the worst of poets. This surely must be a mock humility. Is it a

satire in disguise, and meaning the reverse? After this, follows a little piece to his friend Cornelius Licinius Calvus, with whom he had passed a pleasant and too exciting day—but let him tell his own story. Shall I repeat?

TO LICINIUS.

My dear Licinius, yesterday
We sported in our pleasant way;
Tablets in hand—and at our leisure,
In verse as various as the measure,
Scribbling between our wine and laughter;
But when we parted, mark the after
Vexation:—conquered, and hard hit
By your all-overpowering wit,
I could not eat—nor yet would sleep—
His softly-soothing fingers keep
Upon my weary lids: all night
I toss'd, I turned from left to right }
Impatient for the morning light,
That I might talk with you, and be
Again in your society.
But when my limbs, as 'twere half dead,
Were lying on my restless bed,
I made these lines—which, my good friend,
That you may know my pains, I send.
Now, though so free, so bold to dare,
So apt to scoff—good sir, beware
Lest with the eye of your disdain
You view these lines, my vow, my pain.
Beware of Nemesis, beware!—
For Vengeance, should I cry aloud—
She hears—and punishes the proud.

GRATTAN. — These last lines are very grave: are they not too much so for the intended play of this mock anger? Let us have your version, Master Curate.

CURATE. — I am sure you think one version quite enough. I did not translate it: and believe we must now turn over many pages, and then I have little more to offer.

GRATTAN. — (Turning over the leaves of Catullus.) Here I see is

that beautiful passage in his “*Carmen Nuptiale*.”

“*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis.*”

AQUILUS. — Which did not escape the tasteful, though bold Ariosto. I have made a weak attempt to translate the passage: and as it stands in the middle of a long piece, I have taken it out as a sonnet. I will read it:—

UT FLOS IN SEPTIS, &c.

As in enclosure of chaste garden ground,
The floweret grows—where nor unseemly tread
Of flocks or ploughshares bruise its tender head—
There soft airs soothe it with their gentle sound;
Suns give it strength, and nurturing showers abound,
And raise its tall stem from its sheltered bed;
And many a youth and maiden, passion-led,
With longing eyes admiring walk around:

Pluck'd from the stem that its pure grace supplied,
 Nor youths nor maidens love it as before.
 So the sweet maiden, in the queenly pride
 Of her chaste beauty, many hearts adore ;
 But that her virgin charter laid aside,
 Who lov'd, who cherish'd, cherish, love no more.

CURATE. — I remember Ariosto's translation—for translation it is ; and though you know it, I will repeat it, and, by Gratian's favour, let it pass for my version. For once, borrowed plumes,—and I shall not be the worse bird—though birds of richer plumage have no song.

“La verginella è simile alla rosa,
 Ch'in bel giardin su la nativa spina,
 Mentre sola, e sicura si riposa,
 Ne gregge, ne pastor sele avvicina ;
 L'aura soave, e l'alba rugiadosa
 L'acqua, la terra al suo favor s'inch a :
 Giovani vgli, e donne innamorate,
 Amano averne e seni, e tempore ornate.
 Ma non si tosto dal materno stelo,
 Remossa viene, e dal suo ceppo verde,
 Che, quanto avea dagli uomini, e dal cielo,
 Favor, grazia, ebellezza, tutto perde.”

GRATIAN. — Let us examine the alterations made by one genius, in transferring to his own language the ideas of another genius of another country. Catullus says “the floweret,”—*flosculus* : Ariosto particularises the rose,—the *bel giardin*, “the beautiful garden,” stands for *septis in hortis*, the enclosed. Then he has given the idea of *secretus*, which is certainly “separated,” “set apart,” by the words *sola e sicura*, “alone and safe”—is it so good? but he gives that a grace, a beauty, the original perhaps has not, *riposa*—the floweret enjoys its secret repose. The cutting down the flower by the plough was unnecessary, after telling us of the enclosure ; we scarcely like to be brought suddenly into the ploughed field. Here Ariosto is better—“nor shepherd nor flock come near it.” That enough confirms the idea of its being fenced off, and they wander in their idleness, or, but for the fence, might have reached it ; the plough and the team are a heavy apparatus, and would be a most unexpected intrusion,—so I like the Italian here better. Then, *su la nativa spina* is good : you see the beautiful creature on its native stem or thorn. Then for the enumeration of the airs, the sun, and the shower, the Italian, in his beautiful language, softens the very air, and gives it a sweetness, *l'aura soave*, and ushers in

“the dewy morn :” then, expanding to the glory of the full reverence of nature to this emblem of purity, he makes all bend and bow before it, as before the very queen of the earth. Here he surpasses his original. Then he gives you the object of the wishes of the youths and maidens, the *multi pueri multæ optaveræ puella*. They desire to place it in their bosoms or round their temples : and is not the lovingness of the youths and maidens a good addition? The *giovani vaghi e donne innamorate*. Both are admirable—but I incline to Ariosto.

AQUILUS.—And do you think the Latin poet the original? You forget how little originality the Latin authors can claim. This of Catullus is a translation—a free one, it is true—of perhaps a still more beautiful passage in Euripides. Reach the book : you will find it in that very singular play the Hippolytus. Ay, here it is. He offers the garland to the virgin goddess Artemis—(line 73)

“Σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου
 Λιμνῖνος, ὃ δίστονα, κομῆσας ῥέξω,
 “Εὐθ’ οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρειν βοτῶν
 Οὐτ’ ἡλθέτω σιδήρος, ἀλλ’ ἀκήρατον
 Μέλισσα λιμνῶν” ἑνὶν διέρχεται
 Αἰδώς δὲ ποταμίαισι κητύει δρόσους,
 “Οσοῖς διδάκτων μηδὲν, ἀλλ’ ἐν τῇ φύσει
 Τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἰληχὴν ἐς τὰ πάνθ’ ὁμῶς,
 Τούτους δέξισθαι τῷ κακῷσι, δ’ οὐ βίμης.”

"I bring thee, O mistress, this woven crown, beautifully made up of flowers of the pure untouched meadow—where never shepherd thinks it fitting to feed his flock, nor the sickle comes; but the bee ever passes over the pure meadow breathing fragrance, and meets its garden with the river dew." "Do not who leave unthought, in their hearts, the little chastity, to come only at all times an allowed sanctity to cut these flowers, but not to the evil-minded."

You cannot doubt that the passage in *Capitulus* is taken from the Greek, which is one of the most important in the conclusion, and continued beyond the Latin by the bee, and above all by the personification of Modesty tend-

ing and watering the garden, or rather these especial flowers, with the river-dews.

CURARE. How far more pure is the sentiment, and more quiet the language, in the Greek! "The Greek"—the ancient exponents of glorious language and beautiful fiction.

CURARE. I had reason to expect that. What have we to say?

ALICE. There is a number little piece, to his friend *Ortalus*. I see it has an omission; this edition does not supply it; I only take what I see. He says *Ortalus* had requested him to send him his consolation from *Callimachus*, the "*Comæ Beronides*," which corresponds, though grief for the death of his brother, he had failed to do. He now sends the poem.

ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Though early the sunbeams were ere I hath brought,
Calls me from converse with the sacred Nine,

Nor can my heart incline
To bring to any end inspired thought:—

(For now the waters of the Lethe have been,
How soon it hath it bathed in Death's sad, solemn view.)

A brother's feet so pale;
And I can only groan for life's sake.

The Trojan land on the Rhine, at sleep,
Hath bidden him for ever close those eyes.

And I with glad surprise,
And brother's love, shall now come thine no more:
Loved more than life, dear brother! what can I
But love thee still, and mourn for thee full long
In a funeral song.

In secret to assume, or grief thereby I
As amid many boughs all head-array'd
The Danubian bird, the nightingale, once perched,

When Itys she deplored,
Her mellow sorrows in the thickest shade;
Yet, *Ortalus*, bid me then flow so true,
The work of your *Battiades* I send,

Lest you should deem, dear friend,
Your wishes to be vain, and idly cast;
And from my mind to speak all unexpressed,
As stills the rock, but is surely seen, and hid,
In virgin bosom hid.

When I, forgetful of its lying there,
Would suddenly arise, and run to greet
The coming of her mother, from her vest
And her now loosen'd breast,
The shameless apple rolls before her feet,
And she, poor maid! abashed, and in the hush
Of shame, before her mother cannot speak.

While all her virgin cheek
Brings her sweet in the conscious blush.

CURATE.—It is very tender—the last image is delicately beautiful. I did not translate it.

GRATIAN.—Pretty as the passage of the maiden's disaster in dropping the lover's gift—and that, too, be it observed, in the hurry of her tenderness, which increases the beauty, or rather accomplishes it—yet is it not abrupt in a piece where there is the expression of so much grief? Catullus was an affectionate man, more especially affectionate brother; on other occasions, if I remember rightly, he deplores this brother's loss. Now, Master Curate, what do you offer us?

CURATE.—Not now a verse translation, but an observation on a little piece of raillery, in which Catullus quizzes one Arrius for his aspiring; and, I mean it not as a pun, exasperating, though it should seem that his friends were not a little exasperated at his bad pronunciation. Do we inherit from the Romans this, our (Cockneyism, I was going to say, but

it is too general to allow of such a limit,) vulgarity of speech? "Where," says Catullus, "Arrius meant to say *commoda*, he uttered it as *chommoda*, and *hinsidias* for *insidias*, and never thought he spoke remarkably well unless he laid great stress upon the aspirate, calling it with emphasis *hinsidias*. I believe his mother, his uncle, his maternal grandfather and grandmother all spoke in the same way. When the man went into Syria, all ears had a little rest, and heard those words pronounced without this emphatic aspirate, and began to entertain no fears respecting the use of the words; when on a sudden they hear—that after Arrius had gone thither, the Ionian seas were no longer Ionian, but Hionian." This is curious. As the Romans had possession here more than four hundred years, did they leave us this legacy?

AQUILIUS.—I will, then, give you versions of the two which immediately follow.

DE AMORE SUO.

I love and hate. You ask me how 'tis so.
Small is the reason which I have to show:
I feel it to my cost—'tis all I know."

Then follows a compliment, by comparison, to his Lesbia.

DE QUINTIA ET LESBIA.

Many think Quintia beautiful: she's tall,
And fair, and straight. I know, I grant it all,
When each particular beauty I recall;

But I deny!—when these are uncombined
'To form a whole of beauty—and I find
So large a person with so small a mind.

But Lesbia's perfect person is all soul,
Compact in beauty—as if grace she stole
From all the rest, and made herself one perfect whole.

CURATE.—This is compliment enough as far as comparison goes— but he pays her a much greater shortly after: for he loves her in their greatest quarrels.

OF LESBIA.

"Lesbia mî dicit semper male,"

Lesbia's always speaking ill
Of me—her tongue is never still:
Yet may I die, but 'gainst her will,
She loves me, spite of her detraction.

Why think I so? Because I blame
Her ways, abuse her just the same:
Yet howsoe'er I name her name,
I still love Lesbia to distraction.

GRATIAN. — Perhaps the constancy Catullus. Now then, Aquilius, was more to the credit of Lesbia than —

AQUILIUS. —

DE LESBIA.

Lesbia speaketh ill of me
 Ever — nought it joys me;
 Say she what she will of me,
 Yet I know she loves me.
 Why? — Because in words of hate,
 I am far before her;
 Yet no jot of love abate,
 Rather I adore her.

CURATE. — I don't like "I am far before her." Wesay, "I am not behind" then, — in hate or love — I doubt "before."

Why? — Because in words of hate,
 I go far beyond her,
 Yet no jot of love abate —
 But still grow the fonder.

GRATIAN. — Probatum est.

AQUILIUS. The Curate is too quick upon me. We must go back : he has left out "De Inconstantia Feminei Amoris." CURATE. True. Here is my version. Not being a happy subject, I passed over it.

OF WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

My pretty she will none but me
 For husband, though were Jove her wooer.
 So tells she me : but what a she
 Says to her lover and pursuer,
 Might well be written on the wind,
 Or stream that leaves no track behind.

AQUILIUS. — I object to "pretty" that *mulier* here is a word of contempt. she," for *mulier*. I think, however, I make it out thus :

DE INCONSTANTIA FEMINEI AMORIS.

She says — the woman says — she none would wed
 But me, though Jove came suitor to her bed ;
 She says — but, oh ! what woman says — so fair,
 And smooth to doting man, is writ on air,
 And on the running stream that changeth every where.

AQUILIUS. — We have seen much of been a good hater. The following is our friend Catullus as a loving poet. no bad specimen of his powers in this let us end by showing him to have line : —

IN COMINIUM.

If you, Cominius, old, defiled
 With every vice, contemn'd, and hoary,
 From your vile life were once exiled,
 Your carcass beasts would mar — grim, wild.
 Vultures that tongue, defamatory
 Of all the gentle, good, and mild ;
 And with those eyes, that all detest,
 Pluck'd from their hateful sockets gory,
 Crows cram their maws, or feed their nest,
 And hungry wolves devour the rest !

It was now time, Eusebins, to conclude for the night, and, indeed, to put our Catullus upon his shelf again. Before separating, we reminded Gratian that he was the arbiter, and must make his award. "I remember well,"

said he; "and you, Aquilius, made, I think, this my *baculus* the staff of office. A good umpire might, not very improperly, give the stick to you both, breaking it equally, "*secundum artem baculinam*." But it is a good, useful staff to me; we have had some rubs together, and I won't part with it. True, it has not unfrequently rubbed my pigs' backs, and shall again. But *the* pig Aquilius has made his acquaintance with, has grunted out all his happy days; and, to do him all honour, I have sacrificed him upon

this occasion, to appease the manes of the Latin poet in his anger at your bad translations. But for yourselves, I have still something to award. My pig has two cheeks—there is one for each, and you shall have them put before you at breakfast to-morrow morning; and thus, I think, you will agree with me that I have duly countenanced you both. And I hope my pig will have both sharpened your appetites and your wit, '*sus Minervam*.' Good-night!

'To-morrow to fresh fields and turnips new.' "

POSTSCRIPT.

I here send you, Eusebius, the last of our *Horæ Catullianæ*, which has been lying by a week or more. This little delay enables me to wind up the Curate's affair to your satisfaction. Our friend Gratian gave verbally the Bishop's reply to Mathew Mifflins, who, seeing himself deserted by his principal witness and informer, Prateapace, was not sorry to veer round with the weather-cock, and was obsequiously civil. It was characteristic of our friend Gratian, that he should settle it as he did with that luckster. Going through, as it is called, the main street, I saw him engaged with Mifflins, in his shop, and went in. He was talking somewhat familiarly with the man—of all subjects, on what do you suppose?—on fishing. Gratian had been a great fisherman in his day, as his rheumatic pains can now testify. As he afterwards told me, fearing he might have given the Bishop's message rather sharply, and not liking to pain the man, he turned off the subject, and talked of fishing, to which he knew Mifflins was addicted; and so it ended by Gratian's obtaining his good-will for ever, for he sent him some choice hackles. Prateapace and Gadabout have returned to the church, whereupon the Rev. the cow-doctor has stirred up the wrath of the chapel by a very strong discourse upon back-sliding. A poor woman spoke of it as very affecting; adding, "Some loves 'sons of consolation,' but I loves 'sons of thunder.'" Doubtless there was lightning too; and there is of that vivid kind which bewilders and leaves all darker than before. The Curate *has* found bouquets in the vestry and the

desk, and has been in danger of becoming "a popular."

A subscription has actually been set on foot, by Nicholas Sandwell, at the instigation, it is said, of certain ladies, and even encouraged by Mifflins, to purchase a coffee-pot and tea-spoons for the Curate; but an event a few days ago has put an end to the affair, and given rather a new turn to the parochial feelings. This event is of such moment, that I ought, perhaps, to have told you of it at first—but I should have spoiled my romance, my novel—and what is any writing without a tale in it worth now-a-days? The Curate, then, is actually married—even since the termination of the *Horæ Catullianæ*.

Miss Lydia, ('*alas, false man!*' sighed some one,) of the family at Ashford, is the happy bride. The Curate had unexpectedly come into a very decent independence; and is, and will be for ever after, according to the usual receipt, happy.

Since this event, the bouquets have ceased to be laid in the vestry and the desk. Lydia Prateapace has been heard to say she should not wonder if all was true after all, and affects to be glad, for propriety's sake, that they *are* married. Gadabout runs every where repeating what Prateapace said; and Brazenstare looks audacious indifference, and once stared in the Curate's face and asked him how many Misses Lydia there might be of his acquaintance. My dear Eusebius, "So goes the world, and such the Play of Life. This loves to make, and t'other mends a strife;
Old fools write rhymes—the Curate takes a wife."

Yours ever,

AQUILIUS.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

RARELY, in these days of profuse and unscrupulous scribbling, do we find an author giving the essence, not a dilution, of his wit, learning, and imagination, dispensing his mental stores with frugal caution, instead of lavishing them with reckless prodigality. Such a one, when met with, should be made much of, as a model for sinners in a contrary sense, and as a bird of precious plumage. Of that feather is Monsieur Prosper Mérimée. He plays with literature, rather than professes it; it is his recreation, not his trade; at long intervals and for a brief space, he turns from more serious pursuits to coquet with the Muse, not frankly to embrace her. Willing though she be, he will not take her for a lawful spouse and constant companion, but courts her *par amours*. The offspring of these moments of dalliance are buxom and *debonnaire*, of various but kindly aspect. In two-and-twenty years he has written less than the average annual produce of many of his literary countrymen. In several paths of literature, he has essayed his steps and made good a footing; in not one has he continuously persevered, but, although cheered by applause, has quickly struck into another track, which, in its turn, has been capriciously deserted. His "Studies of Roman history" give him an honourable claim to the title of historian; his "Notes of Archaeological Rambles" are greatly esteemed; he has written plays; and his prose fictions, whether middle-age romance or novel of modern society, rank with the best of their class. He began his career with a mystification. His first work greatly puzzled the critics. It professed to be a translation of certain comedies, written by a Spanish actress, whose fictitious biography was prefixed and signed by Joseph L'Estrange, officer in the Swiss regiment of Watteville. This imaginary personage had made acquaintance with Clara Gazul in garrison at Gibraltar. Nothing was neglected that might per-

fect the delusion and give success to the cheat; fragments of old Spanish authors were quoted to each play, showing conformity with the literature of the country; the style, tone, and allusions were thoroughly Spanish; and, ~~thence~~ ^{thence} in the French dress, the Castilian idiom seemed here and there to peep forth, confirming the notion of a translation. Clara was an Andalusian, half-gipsy, half Moor, skilled in guitars and castanets, saynetes and boleros. L'Estrange makes her narrate her own origin.

"I was born," she told us, "under an orange-tree, by the roadside, not far from Motril, in the kingdom of Granada. My mother was a fortune-teller, and I followed her, or was carried on her back, till the age of five years. Then she took me to the house of a canon of Granada, the licentiate Gil Vargas, who received us with every sign of joy. Salute your uncle, said my mother. I saluted him. She embraced me, and departed. I have never seen her since." And to stop our questions, Doña Clara took her guitar and sang the gipsy song, *Quando me parieron madre, la gitana.*

Biography and comedies were so skillfully got up, the deception was so well combined, that the reviewers were put entirely on a wrong scent. Two years later, M. Mérimée was guilty of another harmless literary swindle, entitled *La Guzla*, a selection of Illyrian poems, said to be collected in Bosnia, Dalmatia, &c., but whose real origin could be traced no further than to his own imagination. Although the name was a manifest anagram of Gazul, the public were gulled. The deceit was first unmasked in Germany, we believe, by Goethe, to whom the secret had been betrayed. Thenceforward the young author was content to publish under his own name works of which he certainly had no reason to be ashamed. One of the earliest of these was, "*La Jacquerie*"—a sort of long melodrama, or series of scenes, illustrating feudal aggressions and cruelties in France,

and the consequent peasant revolts of the fourteenth century. It shows much historical research and care in collection of materials, is rich in references to the barbarous customs and strange manners of the times, and, like the "*Chronicle of Charles IX.*," another historical work of M. Mérimée's, has, we suspect, been found very useful by more recent fabricators of romances.

Educated for the bar, but not practising his profession, M. Mérimée was one of the rising men of talent whom the July revolution pushed forward. After being *chef de cabinet* of the Minister of the Interior, Count d'Argout, he held several appointments under government, amongst others, that of Inspector of Historical Monuments, an office he still retains. In 1844 he was elected to a chair in the French Academy, vacant by the death of the accomplished Charles Nodier. He has busied himself much with archæological researches, and the published results of his travels in the west of France, Provence, Corsica, &c., are most learned and valuable. In the intervals of his antiquarian investigations and administrative labours, he has thrown off a number of tales and sketches, most of which first saw the light in leading French periodicals, and have since been collected and republished. They are all remarkable for grace of style and tact in management of subject. One of the longest, "*Colomba*," a tale of Corsican life, is better known in England than its author's name. It has been translated with accuracy and spirit, and lately has been further brought before the public, on the boards of a minor theatre, distorted into a very indifferent melodrama. The Corsican Vendetta has been taken as the basis of more than one romantic story, but, handled by M. Mérimée, it has acquired new and fascinating interest; and he has enriched his little romance with a profusion of those small traits and artistical touches which exhibit the character and peculiarities of a people better than folios of dry description. "*La Double Méprise*," another of his longer tales, is a clever *novelette* of Parisian life. According to English notions its subject is slippery, its main incident, and some of its minor details,

improbable and unpleasant, although so neatly managed that one is less startled when reading them than shocked on after-reflection. It certainly requires skilful management to give an air of probability to such a scene as is detailed in chapter five. A French *gentleman*, a man of fortune and family, mixing in good society, is anxious for an appointment at court, and to obtain it he reckons much on the influence and good word of a certain Duke of H—. There is a benefit night at the Opera, and the young wife of the aspirant to court honours has a box. Between the acts her husband, who has unwillingly accompanied her, rambles about the house, and discovers the Duke in an inconvenient corner, where he can see nothing. His grace is not alone, but in the society of his kept-mistress. To propitiate his patron, the unscrupulous husband introduces him and his companion into the box of his unsuspecting wife! The sequel may be imagined; the stare and titter of acquaintances, the supercilious gratitude of the Duke, the astonishment of the lady at the singular tone of the pretty and elegantly dressed woman with whom she is thus unexpectedly brought in contact, and whose want of *usage* bespeaks, as she imagines, the newly arrived provincial. All this, which might pass muster in a novel depicting the manners and morals of the Regency, is rather violent in one of our day; but yet, so cleverly are the angles of improbability draped and softened down, the reader perseveres. The plot is very slight; the tale scarcely depends on it, but is what the French call a *tableau de mœurs*, with less pretensions to the regular progress and catastrophe of a novel, than to be a mirror of everyday scenes and actors on the bustling stage of Paris life. The characters are well drawn, the dialogues witty and dramatic, the book abounds in sly hits and smart satire; but its bitterness of tone injured its popularity, and, unlike its author's other tales, it met little success. The opening chapter is a picture of a lively Parisian *ménage*, such as many doubtless exist; a striking example of a *mariage de convenance*, or mis-match.

"Six years had elapsed since the

marriage of Julie de Chaverny, and five years and six months, or thereabouts, since she had discovered that it was impossible for her to love her husband, and very difficult to esteem him. He was not a bad man, neither could he be called stupid, nor even silly; she had once thought him agreeable; now she found him intolerably wearisome. To her every thing about him was repulsive and unpleasant. His most trifling actions, his way of eating, of taking coffee, of talking, gave her umbrage and irritated her nerves. Except at table, the pair scarcely saw or spoke to each other; but they dined together several times a-week, and that sufficed to keep up the sort of hatred Julie entertained towards her husband.

"As to Chaverny, he was rather a handsome man, a little too corpulent for his time of life, with a fresh complexion, full-blooded, and by no means subject to those vague uneasinesses which sometimes torment persons of more intellectual organisation. Piously convinced that his wife's sentiments towards him were those of tender friendship, the conviction caused him neither pleasure nor pain. Had he known Julie's feelings to be of an opposite nature, it would have made little difference to his happiness. He had served several years in a cavalry regiment, when he inherited a considerable fortune, became disgusted with garrison life, resigned his commission, and took a wife. It seems difficult to explain the marriage of two persons who had not an idea in common. On the one hand, a number of those officious friends and relations, who, as Phrosine says, would marry the republic of Venice to the Grand Turk, had taken much pains to arrange it; on the other, Chaverny was of good family; before his marriage he was not too fat; he was gay and cheerful, and what is called a *good fellow*. Julie was glad to see him at her mother's house, because he made her laugh with anecdotes of his regiment, droll enough, if not always in the best taste. She found him amiable, because he danced with her at every ball, and was always ready with excellent reasons to persuade her mother to remain late at theatre or party, or at the *Bois de Boulogne*. Finally, she

thought him a hero, because he had fought two or three creditable duels. But what completed his triumph, was the description of a certain carriage, to be built after a plan of his own, and in which he was to drive Julie, as soon as she consented to become Madame de Chaverny.

"A few months of married life, and Chaverny's good qualities had lost much of their merit. He no longer danced with his wife—that of course. His funny stories had long been thrice told. He complained that balls lasted too late; at the theatre he yawned; the custom of dressing for the evening he found an insufferable bore. Laziness was his bane; had he endeavoured to please, perhaps he would have succeeded, but the least exertion or restraint was torture to him, as to most fat persons. He found it irksome to go into society, because there the manner of one's reception depends on the efforts one makes to please. A rude joviality suited him better than refined amusements; to distinguish himself amongst persons of a similar taste to his own, he had only to talk and laugh louder than his companions—and that he did without trouble, for his lungs were remarkably vigorous. He also prided himself on drinking more champagne than most men could support, and on leaping his horse over a four-foot wall in true sporting style. To these various accomplishments he was indebted for the friendship and esteem of the indefinable class of beings known as 'young men,' who swarm upon our *boulevards* towards eight in the evening. Shooting parties, country excursions, races, bachelors' dinners and suppers, were his favourite pastimes. Twenty times a-day he declared himself the happiest of mortals; and when Julie heard the declaration, she cast her eyes to heaven, and her little mouth assumed an expression of indescribable contempt."

We turn to another of M. Mérimée's books, in our opinion his best, an historical romance, entitled 1572, a "Chronicle of the Reign of Charles the Ninth." "In history," says the author in his preface, "I care only for the anecdotes, and prefer those in which I fancy I discover a true picture of the manners and char-

acters of a particular period. This is not a very elevated taste; but I own, to my shame, that I would willingly give the whole of Thucydides for an authentic memoir of Aspasia, or of one of Pericles' slaves. Memoirs, the familiar gossip of an author with his reader, alone supply those individual portraits that amuse and interest me. It is not from Mezerai, but from Montluc, Brantôme, D'Aubigné, Tavannes, La Noue, &c., that one forms a just idea of the French of the sixteenth century. From the style of those contemporary authors, we learn as much as from the substance of their narratives. In L'Estoile, for instance, I read the following concise note. 'The demoiselle de Chateaufort, one of the king's *mignonnes*, before he went to Poland, having espoused, *par amourettes*, the Florentine Antinotti, officer of the galleys at Marseilles, and detecting him in an intrigue, slew him stoutly with her own hand.' By the help of this anecdote, and of similar ones, which abound in Brantôme, I make up a character in my head, and resuscitate a lady of Henry the Third's court." The "Chronicle" is the result of much reading and combination of the kind here referred to; and M. Mérimée has even been accused of adhering too closely to reality, to the detriment of the poetical character of his romance. He does not make his heroes and heroines sufficiently perfect, or his villains sufficiently atrocious, to suit the palate of some critics, but depicts them as he finds evidence of their having existed—their virtues obscured by the coarse manners and loose morality, their crimes palliated by the religious antipathies and stormy political passions of a semi-civilised age. He declines judging the men of the sixteenth century according to the ideas of the nineteenth. And, with regard to minor matters, he does not, like some of his contemporaries, place in the mouth of a Huguenot leader, or a *Guisarde* countess, the tame and dainty phrase appropriate enough in that of an equeyry, or lady of the bed-chamber at the court of the Citizen King. Eschewing conventionality, and following his own judgment, and the guidance of the old chroniclers, in

whose quaint records he delights, he has written one of the best existing French historical romances.

It would have been easy for a less able writer than M. Mérimée to have extended the "Chronique" to thrice its present length. It is not a complete romance, but a desultory sketch of the events and manners of the time, with a few imaginary personages introduced. Novel readers who require a regular *dénouement* will be disappointed at its conclusion. There is not even a hint of a wedding from the first page to the last; and the only lady who plays a prominent part in the story, a certain countess Diane de Turgis, is little better than she should be. And yet, if we follow M. Mérimée's rule, and judge her according to the ideas and morals of the age she flourished in, she was rather an amiable and proper sort of person. True, she sets her lovers by the ears, and feels gratified when they cut each other's throats: she even challenges a court dame, who has taken the precedence of her, to an encounter with sword and dagger, *en chemise*, according to the prevailing mode amongst the *raffinés*, or professed duellists of the time; and she writes seductive billets-doux in Spanish, and gives wicked little suppers to the handsome cavalier on whom her affections are set. But, on the other hand, she goes to mass, and confesses, and does her best to save her Huguenot lover's body and soul, and obtain the remission of her own sins by converting him from his heresy. So that, as times went in the year 1572, she was to be reckoned amongst the righteous. The handsome heretic, in whose present safety and future salvation she takes so strong an interest, is one Bernard de Mergy, who has come to Paris to take service with the great chief of his co-religionists, Admiral Coligny. His brother, George de Mergy, has deserted the creed of Calvin, and is consequently in high favour at the Louvre, but under the ban of his father, a stern old Huguenot officer, who will not hear the name of his renegade son. Bernard, whilst regretting his brother's apostasy, does not deem it necessary to shun his society. On the road he has been cajoled or robbed of his ready cash by

a pretty gipsy girl, and his good horse has been stolen by one of the hordes of German lanknechts, whom the recent civil war had brought to France. He reaches Paris with an empty purse, and is not sorry to meet his brother, who welcomes him kindly, and supplies his wants, but refuses to recant, and attempts to justify his backsliding. In the course of his defence he gives an insight into the prevalent corruption of the time, and shows how the private vices of great political leaders often marred the fortunes of their party.

“‘You were still at school,’ said De Méry, ‘learning Latin and Greek, when I first donned the cuirass, gilded the Huguenot’s white surcoat, and took share in our civil wars. Your little Prince of Condé, who has led his party into so many errors, looked after your affairs when his intrigues left him time. A lady loved me; the prince asked me to resign her to him; I refused, and he became my mortal enemy. From that hour he lost no opportunity of mortifying me.

Ce petit prince a fait

Qui toujours baise sa mignonne.

held me up to the fanatics of the party as a monster of libertinism and irreligion. I had only one mistress; and as to the irreligion,—I let others do as they like, why attack me?’

“‘I thought the prince incapable of such baseness,’ said Bernard.

“‘He is dead,’ replied his brother, ‘and you have deified him. ’Tis the way of the world. He had great qualities; he died like a brave man, and I have forgiven him. But then he was powerful, and on the part of a poor gentleman like myself, it was guilt to resist him. All the preachers and hypocrites of the army set upon me, but I cared as little for their abuse as for their sermons. At last one of the prince’s gentlemen, to curry favour with his master, called me libertine, before all our captains. I struck him; we fought—and he was killed. At that time there were a dozen duels a day in the army, and no notice taken. In my favour an exception was made; I was fixed upon by the prince to serve as an example. The entreaties of the other leaders, including the Admiral, procured my pardon. But

the prince’s rancour was not yet appeased. At the fight of Jazeneuil, I commanded a company; I had been foremost in the skirmish; my cuirass battered and broken by bullets, my left arm pierced by a lance, showed that I had not spared myself. I had only twenty men left, and a battalion of the king’s Swiss guards advanced against us. The Prince of Condé ordered me to charge them; I asked for two companies of *reitres*, and—he called me coward.’

“Mergy rose and approached his brother with an expression of strong interest. The Captain continued—his eyes flashing with anger at the recollection of the insult:—

“‘He called me coward before all those popinjays in gilt armour who afterwards abandoned him on the battle-field of Jarnac. I resolved to die, and rushed upon the Swiss—vowing, if I escaped with life, never again to draw sword for that unjust prince. Grievously wounded, thrown from my horse, one of the Duke of Anjou’s gentlemen, Beville—the mad fellow whom we dined with to-day—saved my life, and presented me to the duke. He treated me well. I was eager for vengeance. They urged me to take service under my benefactor, the Duke of Anjou; they quoted the line—

*Omne vulnere fortis patria est, ut piscibus
capitula.*

I was indignant to see the Protestants summoning foreigners to their assistance. But why disguise the real motive that actuated me? I thirsted for revenge, and became a Catholic, in hopes of meeting the Prince of Condé in fair fight, and killing him. A coward forestalled me, and the manner of the prince’s death almost made me forget my hatred. I saw his bloody corpse abandoned to the insults of the soldiery; I rescued it from their hands, and covered it with my cloak. I was pledged to the Catholics; I commanded a squadron of their cavalry; I could not leave them. I have happily been able to render some service to my former party; I have done my best to soften the fury of religious animosities, and have been fortunate enough to save several of my friends.’

“ ‘Oliver de Basseville tells every body he owes you his life.’

“ ‘Behold me then a Catholic,’ continued George, in a calmer voice. ‘The religion is as good as another: and then it is an easy and pleasant one. See yonder pretty Madonna: ’tis the portrait of an Italian courtesan; but the bigots praise my piety when I cross myself before it. My word for it, I get on vastly better with Rome than Geneva. By making trifling sacrifices to the opinions of the *canaille*, I live as I like. I must go to mass—very good! I go there and stare at the pretty women. I must have a confessor—*parbleu!* I have one, a jolly Franciscan and ex-dragoon, who for a crown-piece gives me a ticket of confession, and delivers my billets-doux to his pretty penitents into the bargain. *Mort de ma vie!* *Vive la messe!*’

“Mergy could not restrain a smile.

“ ‘There is my breviary,’ continued the Captain, throwing his brother a richly-bound book, fastened with silver clasps, and enclosed in a velvet case. ‘Such a missal as that is well worth your prayer-books.’

“Mergy read on the back of the volume, *Heures de la Cour*.

“ ‘The binding is handsome,’ he said, disdainfully returning the book.

“The Captain smiled, and opening it again handed it to him. Mergy then read upon the first page: *La vie très-horrique du grand Gargantua, père de Pantagruel: composée par M. Alcofribas, abstracteur de Quintessena.*”

Thus, in a single page, does M. Mérimée place before us a picture of the times, with their mixture of fanaticism and irreligion, their shameless political profligacy and private immorality. Bernard de Mergy cannot prevail with his brother to return to the conventicle: so he accompanies him to mass—not to pray, but hoping to obtain a glimpse of Madame de Turgis, whom he has already seen masked in the street, and whose graceful form and high reputation for beauty have made strong impression on the imagination of this novice in court gallantries. On entering the sacristy, they find the preacher, a jolly monk, surrounded by a dozen young rakes, with whom he bandies jokes more witty than wise.

“ ‘Ah,’ cried Béville, ‘here is the Captain! Come, George, give us a text. Father Lubin has promised to preach on any one we propose.’

“ ‘Yes,’ said the monk; ‘but make haste. *Mort de ma vie!* I ought to be in the pulpit already.’

“ ‘Peste! Father Lubin, you swear like the king,’ cried the Captain.

“ ‘I bet he would not swear in his sermon,’ said Béville.

“ ‘Why not, if the fancy took me?’ stoutly retorted the Franciscan.

“ ‘Ten pistoles you do not.’

“ ‘Ten pistoles? Done.’

“ ‘Béville,’ cried the Captain, ‘I go halves in your wager.’

“ ‘No, no!’ replied his friend, ‘I will not share the reverend’s money; and if he wins, by my faith! I shall not regret mine. An oath in pulpit is well worth ten pistoles.’

“ ‘They are already won,’ said Father Lubin; ‘I begin my sermon with three oaths. *Ah! Messieurs les Gentilhommes*, because you have rapier on hip, and plume in hat, you would monopolise the talent of swearing. We will see.’

“He left the sacristy, and in an instant was in his pulpit. There was silence in the church. The preacher scanned the crowded congregation as though seeking his bettor; and when he discovered him leaning against a column exactly opposite the pulpit, he knit his brows, put his arms akimbo, and in an angry tone thus began:

“ ‘My dear Brethren,

“ ‘*Par la vertu!*—*par la mort!*—*par le sang!*’—

“A murmur of surprise and indignation interrupted the preacher, or, it were more correctly said, filled up the pause he intentionally left.

“ ‘—de Dieu,’ continued the Franciscan, in a devout nasal whine, ‘we are saved and delivered from punishment.’

“A general burst of laughter interrupted him a second time. Béville took his purse from his girdle, and shook it at the preacher, as an admission that he had lost.”

The sermon that follows is in character with its commencement. Whilst awaiting its conclusion, Bernard de Mergy in vain seeks the Countess de Turgis; it is only when leaving the church that his brother

points her out to him. She is escorted by a young man, of slight figure and effeminate mien, dressed with studied negligence. This is the terrible Count de Comminges, the duellist of the day, the chief of those *ruffians* who fought on every pretext, and often on no pretext at all. He had had nearly a hundred duels, and a challenge from him was held equivalent to a ticket for the hospital, if not to sentence of death. "Comminges once summoned a man to the *Pre aux Clercs*, then the classic duelling-ground. They stripped off their doublets, and drew their swords. 'Are you not Berny of Auvergne?' inquired Comminges. 'Certainly not,' replied his antagonist; 'my name is Villequier, and I am from Normandy.' 'So much the worse,' quoth Comminges, 'I took you for another man; but since I have challenged you, we must fight.' They fought accordingly, and the unlucky Norman was killed." Since the death of a Monsieur de Lamoignon, slain at the siege of Orleans, Madame de Turgis is without a lover. Comminges aspires to the vacant post; his attentions are rather tolerated than encouraged; but he seems determined that if he does not succeed, nobody else shall, for he has constituted himself her constant attendant, and a wholesome dread of his formidable rapier keeps off rivals. He has sworn to kill all who present themselves.

By the interest of Coligny, whom Charles the Ninth affects to favour whilst he plots his death, Bernard de Mergy receives a commission in the army preparing for a campaign in Flanders. He goes to court to thank the king, and the following scene passes.

"The court was at the Chateau de Madrid. The queen-mother, surrounded by her ladies, waited in her apartment for the king to come to breakfast. The king, followed by the princes, slowly traversed the gallery, in which were assembled the nobles and gentlemen who were to accompany him to the chase. With an absent air he listened to the remarks of his courtiers, and made abrupt replies. When he passed before the two brothers, the Captain bent his knee, and presented the newly-made officer. Mergy bowed profoundly, and thanked his majesty

for the favour shown him before he had earned it.

"'Ha! it is you of whom my father the Admiral spoke! You are Captain George's brother?'

"'Yes, sire.'

"'Catholic or Protestant?'

"'Sire, I am a Protestant.'

"'I ask from idle curiosity. The devil take me if I care of what religion are those who serve me well.'

"And having uttered these memorable words, the king entered the queen's apartments. A few moments later, a swarm of ladies spread themselves over the gallery, as if sent to enable the gentlemen to wait with patience. I shall speak but of one of the beauties of that court, where they so greatly abounded: of the Countess de Turgis, who plays an important part in this history. She wore an elegant riding-dress, and had not yet put on her mask. Her complexion, of dazzling but uniform whiteness, contrasted with her jet-black hair; her well-arched eye-brows, slightly joining, gave a proud expression to her physiognomy, without diminishing its graceful beauty. At first, the sole expression of her blue eye seemed one of disdainful haughtiness; but when animated in conversation, their pupils, dilated like those of a cat, seemed to emit sparks, and few men, even of the most audacious, could long sustain their magical power.

"'The Countess de Turgis—how lovely she looks!' murmured the courtiers, pressing forward to see her better. Mergy, close to whom she passed, was so struck by her beauty, that he forgot to make way till her large silken sleeves rustled against his doublet. She remarked his emotion without displeasure, and for a moment deigned to fix her magnificent eyes on those of the young Protestant, who felt his cheek glow under her gaze. The Countess smiled and passed on, letting one of her gloves fall before our hero, who, still motionless and fascinated, neglected to pick it up. Instantly a fair-haired youth, (it was no other than Comminges,) who stood behind Mergy, pushed him rudely in passing before him, seized the glove, kissed it respectfully, and presented it to Madame de Turgis.

Without thanking him, the lady turned towards Mergy with a look of crushing contempt; and, observing Captain George at his side, 'Captain,' said she, very loud, 'where does that great clown spring from? He must be some Huguenot, judging from his courtesy.'

"The laughter of the bystanders completed the embarrassment of the unlucky Bernard.

"'He is my brother, madam,' was George's quiet reply; 'he has been three days at Paris, and, by my honour! he is not more awkward than Lannoy was, before you undertook his education.'

"The Countess coloured slightly. 'An unkind jest, Captain,' she said: 'Speak not ill of the dead. Give me your hand; I have a message to you from a lady whom you have offended.'

"The Captain respectfully took her hand, and led her to the recess of a distant window. Before she reached it, she once more turned her head to look at Mergy.

"Still dazzled by the apparition of the beautiful Countess, whom he longed to look at, but dared not, Mergy felt a gentle tap upon his shoulder. He turned and beheld the Baron de Vaudrenil, who drew him aside, to speak to him, as he said, without fear of interruption.

"'My dear fellow,' the Baron began, 'you are a stranger at court, and are probably not yet acquainted with its customs?'

"Mergy looked at him with astonishment.

"'Your brother is engaged, and not able to advise you; if agreeable to you I will replace him. You have been gravely insulted; and seeing you in this pensive attitude, I doubt not you meditate revenge.'

"'Revenge? — on whom?' cried Mergy, reddening to the very white of his eyes.

"'Were you not just now rudely pushed aside by little Comminges? The whole court witnessed the affront, and expect you to notice it suitably.'

"'But,' said Mergy, 'in so crowded a room as this an accidental push is nothing very extraordinary.'

"'M. de Mergy, I have not the honour to be intimate with you: but

your brother is my particular friend, and he will tell you that I practise as much as possible the divine precept of forgiveness of injuries. I do not wish to embark you in a bad quarrel, but at the same time it is my duty to tell you that Comminges did not push you accidentally. He pushed you, because he wished to insult you; and if he had not pushed you, you would still be insulted; for, by picking up Madame de Turgis's glove, he usurped your right. The glove was at your feet, *ergo* it was for you alone to raise and return it. And you have but to look around; you will see Comminges telling the story and laughing at you.'

"Mergy turned about. Comminges was surrounded by five or six young men, to whom he laughingly narrated something which they listened to with curious interest. Nothing proved that his conduct was under discussion; but at the words of his charitable counsellor, Mergy felt his heart swell with fury.

"'I will speak to him after the hunt,' he said, 'and he shall tell me——'

"'Oh! never put off a good resolution; besides, you offend Heaven much less in challenging your adversary immediately after the offence than in doing it when you have had time to reflect. In a moment of irritation, which is but a venial offence, you agree to fight; and if you afterwards fulfil your agreement, it is only to avoid committing a far greater sin, that of breaking your word. But I forget that you are a Protestant. Nevertheless, arrange a meeting with him at once. I will bring you together.'

"'I trust he will not refuse to make a fitting apology.'

"'Undeceive yourself, comrade. Comminges never yet said, I was wrong. But he is a man of strict honour, and will give you every satisfaction.'

"Mergy made an effort to suppress his emotion and assume an indifferent air.

"'Since I have been insulted,' he said, 'I must have satisfaction. And whatever kind may be necessary, I shall know how to insist upon it.'

"'Well spoken, my brave friend; your boldness pleases me, for you of

course know that Comminges is one of our best swordsmen. *Puis-je pas* he handles his blade right cunningly. He took lessons at Rome of Brambilla, and Petit-Jean will fence with him no longer.' And whilst speaking, Vaudreuil attentively watched the countenance of Mergy, who was pale, but from anger at the offence offered him rather than from apprehension of its consequences.

'I would willingly be your second in this affair, but I take the sacrament to-morrow, and, moreover, I am engaged to M. de Rheincy, and cannot draw sword against any but him.'

'I thank you, sir. If necessary, my brother will second me.'

'The Captain is perfectly at home in these affairs. Meanwhile, I will bring Comminges to speak with you.'

Mergy bowed, and turning to the wall, did his best to compose his countenance and arrange what he should say. There is a certain grace in giving a challenge, which habit alone bestows. It was our hero's first affair, and he was a little embarrassed; he was less afraid of a sword-thrust than of saying something unbecoming a gentleman. He had just succeeded in composing a firm and polite sentence, when Baron de Vaudreuil, taking him by the arm, drove it out of his head.

'You desire to speak to me, sir?' said Comminges, hat in hand, and bowing with an impertinent politeness, which brought an angry flush upon Mergy's countenance.

'I hold myself insulted by your behaviour,' the young Protestant instantly replied, 'and I desire satisfaction.'

Vaudreuil nodded approvingly; Comminges drew himself up, and placing his hand on his hip, the prescribed posture in such circumstances, replied with much gravity:

'You constitute yourself demander, sir, and, as defendant, I have the choice of arms.'

'Name those you prefer.'

Comminges reflected for an instant. 'The *estoc*,' he at last said, 'is a good weapon, but it makes ugly wounds; and at our age,' he added, with a smile, 'one is not anxious to

appear before one's mistress with a scarred countenance. The rapier makes a small hole, but it is enough.' And he again smiled, as he said, 'I choose rapier and dagger.'

'Very good,' said Mergy, and he took a step to depart.

'One moment!' cried Vaudreuil; 'you forget the place of meeting.'

'The Count uses the *Pres-aux-Cleres*,' said Comminges; 'and if the gentleman has no particular preference—'

'The *Pres-aux-Cleres* be it so!'

'As to the time, I shall not be up before eight o'clock, for reasons of my own, you understand. I do not sleep at home to-night, and cannot be at the *Pré* before nine.'

'Let nine be the hour.'

Just then Mergy perceived the Countess de Turgis, who had left the Captain in conversation with another lady. As may be supposed, at sight of the lovely cause of this ugly affair, our hero threw into his countenance an additional amount of gravity and feigned indifference.

'Of late,' said Vaudreuil, 'it is the fashion to fight in crimson drawers. If you have none, I will send you a pair. They look clean, and do not show blood.' And now, continued the Baron, who appeared quite in his element, 'nothing remains but to fix upon your seconds and thirds.'

'The gentleman is a new comer at court,' said Comminges, 'and perhaps might have difficulty in finding a third. Out of consideration for him I will content myself with a second.'

'With some difficulty, Mergy contracted his lips into a smile.

'Impossible to be more courteous,' said the Baron. 'It is really a pleasure to deal with so accommodating a cavalier as M. de Comminges.'

'You will require a rapier of the same length as mine,' resumed Comminges; 'I can recommend you Laurent, at the Golden Sun, Rue de la Feronnerie; he is the best armourer in Paris. Tell him you come from me, and he will treat you well.' Having thus spoken, he turned upon his heel, and rejoined the group he had lately left.

* It was a rule with the *vaillants* not to commence a new quarrel so long as there was an old one to terminate.

"I congratulate you, M. Bernard," said Vaudreuil; 'you have acquitted yourself admirably. Exceedingly well, indeed. Comminges is not accustomed to hear himself spoken to in that fashion. He is feared like fire, especially since he killed Canillac; for as to St Michel, whom he killed a couple of months ago, he did not get much credit by that. St Michel was not particularly skilful, whilst Canillac had already slain five or six antagonists, without receiving a scratch. He had studied at Naples under Borelli, and it was said that Lansac had bequeathed him the secret thrust with which he did so much harm. To be sure,' continued the Baron, as if to himself, 'Canillac had pillaged the church at Auxerre, and trampled on the consecrated wafers: no wonder he was punished.'

"Mergy, although far from amused by this conversation, thought himself bound to continue it, lest a suspicion offensive to his courage should occur to Vaudreuil.

"'Fortunately,' he replied, 'I have pillaged no church, and never touched a consecrated wafer in my life; so I have a risk the less to run.'

"'Another caution. When you cross swords with Comminges, beware of one of his feints, which cost Captain Tomaso his life. He cried out that the point of his sword was broken. Tomaso instantly guarded his head, expecting a cut; but Comminges's sword was perfect enough, for it entered, to within a foot of the hilt, Tomaso's breast, which he had exposed, not anticipating a thrust. But you fight with rapiers, and there is less danger.'

"'I will do my best.'

"'Ah! one thing more. Choose a dagger with a strong basket-hilt; it is very useful to parry. I owe this scar on my left hand to having gone out one day without a poniard. Young Tallard and myself had a quarrel, and for want of a dagger, I nearly lost my hand.'

"'And was he wounded?' inquired Mergy.

"'I killed him, thanks to a vow I made to St Maurice, my patron. Have some linen and lint about you, it can do no harm. One is not always killed

outright. You will do well also to have your sword placed on the altar during mass. But you are a Protestant. Yet another word. Do not make it a point of honour not to retreat; on the contrary, keep him moving; he is short-winded; exhaust his breath, and, when you find your opportunity, one good thrust in the breast and your man is down.'

"There is no saying how long the Baron would have continued his valuable advice, had not a great sounding of horns announced that the King was about to take horse. The door of the apartment opened; and his Majesty and the Queen-mother made their appearance, equipped for the chase. Captain George, who had just left his lady, joined his brother, and clapped him joyously on the shoulder.

"'By the mass!' he cried, 'thou art a lucky rogue! Only see this youngster, with his cat's mustache; he has but to show himself, and all the ladies are mad after him. The handsome Countess has been talking about you for the last quarter of an hour. Come, good courage! During the hunt, keep by her stirrup, and be as gallant as you can. But what the devil's the matter with you? Are you ill? You make as long a face as a preacher at the stake. *Morbleu!* cheer up, man!'

"'I have no great fancy to hunt to-day,' said Bernard; 'and I would rather—'

"'If you do not hunt,' whispered Vaudreuil, 'Comminges will think you are afraid.'

"'I am ready,' said Mergy, passing his hand across his burning brow, and resolved to wait till after the hunt to inform his brother of his adventure. 'What disgrace,' thought he, 'if Madame de Turgis suspected me of fear; if she supposed that the idea of an approaching duel prevented my enjoying the chase.'

During the hunt, Bernard swerves not from the side of the Countess, who accords him various marks of favour, and finally dismisses Comminges, who has also escorted her, and has a *tête-à-tête* ride with her new admirer. She well knows that a duel is in the wind, and dreads it, for Mergy's sake. Hopeless of his escape with life from

the projected combat, she tries at least to save his soul, and makes a bold attempt at his conversion. But on that head he is deaf even to *her* voice. Baffled, she essays a compromise.

"You heretics have no faith in relics?" said Madame de Turgis.

"Bernard smiled.

"And you think yourselves defiled by touching them?" she continued. "You would not carry on, as we Roman Catholics are wont to do?"

"We hold the custom useless, to say the least."

"Listen. A cousin of mine once attached a relic to his hound's neck, and at twelve paces fired at the dog; an arquebuse charged with slugs."

"And the dog was killed?"

"Not touched."

"Wonderful! I would fain possess such a relic."

"Indeed! — and you would carry it?"

"Undoubtedly — since the relic saved the dog, it would of course."

But stay, is it quite certain that a heretic is as good as a Catholic's dog?"

"Without listening to him, Madame de Turgis hastily unbuttoned the top of her closely fitting habit, and took from her bosom a little gold box, very flat, suspended by a black ribbon. 'Here,' she said, '— you promised to wear it. You shall return it me one day.'

"Certainly. If I am able."

"But you will take care of it? No sacrilege! You will take the greatest care of it!"

"I have received it from you, madam."

"She gave him the relic, and he hung it round his neck.

"A Catholic would have thanked the hand that bestowed the holy talisman."

"Mergy seized her hand, and tried to raise it to his lips.

"No, no! it is too late."

"Say not so! Remember, I may never again have such fortune."

"Take off my glove," said the lady. Whilst obeying, Mergy thought he felt a slight pressure. He imprinted a burning kiss on the white and beautiful hand."

Frank and free were the dames of the ninth Charles's court. Faithless

in the virtues of the relic, feverishly excited by the novelty of his situation, and by the preference the Countess has shown him, which has given life a tenfold value in his eyes, Mergy passes an agitated and sleepless night. When the Louvre clock strikes eight, his brother enters his apartment, bringing the necessary weapons, and vainly endeavouring to conceal his sadness and anxiety. Bernard examines the sword and dagger, the manufacture of the famous Luno of Toledo."

"With such good arms," he said, "I shall surely be able to defend myself." Then showing the relic given him by Madame de Turgis, and which he wore concealed in his bosom, 'Here too,' he added with a smile, 'is a talisman better than coat of mail against a sword-thrust.'

"Whence have you the bauble?"

"Guess." And the vanity of appearing favoured by the fair, made him for a moment forget both Comminges and the duelling sword that lay naked before him.

"I would wager that crazy Countess gave it you! May the devil confound her and her box!"

"It is a relic for protection in to-day's encounter."

"She had better have worn her gloves, instead of parading her fine white fingers."

"God preserve me," cried Mergy, blushing deeply, 'from believing in Papist relics. But if I fall to-day, I would have her know that I died with this upon my heart.'

"Folly!" cried the Captain, shrugging his shoulders.

"Here is a letter for my mother," said Mergy, his voice slightly tremulous. George took it without a word, and approaching the table, opened a small Bible, and seemed busy reading whilst his brother completed his toilet. On the first page that offered itself to his eyes, he read these words in his mother's handwriting; '1st May 1549, my son Bernard was born. Lord, conduct him in thy ways! Lord, shield him from all harm!' George bit his lip violently, and threw down the book. Bernard observed the gesture, and imagining that some impious thought had come into his brother's head, he gravely took up the Bible, put it in an embroidered case, and

locked it in a drawer, with every mark of great respect.

“It is my mother’s Bible,” he said.

“The Captain paced the apartment, but made no reply.”

According to the established rule in such cases—a rule laid down for the especial behoof, benefit, and accommodation of romance writers—the hero of a hundred duels falls by the maiden sword of the tyro, who escapes with a slight wound. So signal a triumph makes the reputation of Mergy. His wound healed, and all danger of persecution by the powerful family of Comminges at an end, he reappears at court, and finds that he has in some sort inherited the respect and consideration formerly shown to his defunct rival. The politeness of the *raffinés* is as overpowering as their envy is ill concealed; and, as to the ladies, in those days the character of a successful duellist was a sure passport to their favour. The raw provincial, so lately unheeded, has but to throw his handkerchief, now that he has dabbled it in blood. But the only one of these sanguinary sultanas on whom Mergy bestows a thought, is not to be found. In vain does he seek, in the crowd of beauties who court his gaze, the pale cheek, blue eyes, and raven hair of Madame de Turgis. Soon after the duel, she had left Paris for one of her country seats, a departure attributed by the charitable to grief at the death of Comminges. Mergy knows better. Whilst laid up with his wound, and concealed in the house of an old woman, half doctress, half sorceress, he detected a masked lady, whom he recognised as De Turgis, performing for his cure, with the assistance of the witch, certain mysterious incantations. They had procured Comminges’s sword, and rubbed it with scorpion oil, “the sovereign’st thing on earth” to heal the wound the weapon had inflicted. And there was also a melting of a wax figure, intended as a love charm; and from all that passed, Bernard could not doubt that the Countess had set her affections on him. So he waits patiently, and one morning, whilst his brother is reading the “*Vie très-horifique de Pantagruel*,” and he himself is taking a guitar lesson from the Signor Uberto Vinibella, a wrinkled duenna brings him a scented

note, closed with a gold thread, and a large green seal, bearing a Cupid with finger on lips, and the Spanish word, *Callad*, enjoining silence.

The best picture of the massacre of St Bartholomew we have read in a book of fiction, is given by M. Mérimée, in small compass and without unnecessary horrors. Less than an hour before its commencement, the Countess informs her lover of the fate reserved for him and all of his faith. She urges and implores him to abjure his heresy; he steadfastly refuses—and she, her love redoubled by his courageous constancy, conceals him from the assassins. In the disguise of a monk, he escapes from Paris, and makes his way to La Rochelle, the last stronghold of the persecuted Protestants. On the road, he falls in with another refugee, the *lanzknecht* Captain Dietrich Hornstein, similarly disguised and bound to the same place. There is an excellent scene at a country inn, where four ruffians, their hands reeking with Protestant blood, compel the false Franciscans to baptise a pair of pullets by the names of carp and perch, that they may not sin by eating fowl on Friday. Mergy at last loses patience, and breaks a bottle over one of their heads; and a fight ensues, in which the bandits are worsted. The two Huguenots reach La Rochelle, which is soon afterwards besieged by the king’s troops. In a sortie, Bernard forms an ambuscade, into which his brother unfortunately falls, and receives a mortal wound. Taken into La Rochelle, he is laid upon a bed to die; and, refusing the spiritual assistance of Catholic priest and Protestant minister, he accelerates his death by a draught from Hornstein’s wine flask, and strives to comfort Bernard, who is frantic with remorse.

“He again closed his eyes, but soon re-opened them and said to Mergy: ‘Madame de Turgis bade me assure you of her love.’ He smiled gently. These were his last words. In a quarter of an hour he died, without appearing to suffer much. A few minutes later Beville expired in the arms of the monk, who afterwards declared that he had distinctly heard in the air the cries of joy of the angels who received the soul of the penitent,

whilst subterranean demons responded with a yell of triumph as they bore away the spiritual part of Captain George."

"It is to be seen in any history of France, how La Nove left La Rochelle, disgusted with civil wars and tormented by his conscience, which reproached him for bearing arms against his king; how the Catholic army was compelled to raise the siege, and how the fourth peace was made, soon followed by the death of Charles IX.

"Did Méry console himself? Did Diana take another lover? I leave it to the decision of the reader, who thus will end the romance to his own liking."

To his countrymen, M. Mérimée's short tales are the most esteemed of his writings. He produces them at intervals much too long to please the editor and readers of the periodical in which they have for some time appeared, the able and excellent *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Once in eighteen months, or two years, he throws a few pages to the public, which, like a starved hound to whom a scanty meal is tossed, snaps eagerly at the gift whilst growling at the niggardliness of the giver: and the publisher of the *Revue* knows that he may safely print an extra thousand copies of a number containing a novel by Prosper Mérimée. Now and then, M. Mérimée comes out with a criticism of a foreign book. His last was a review of "Grote's Greece," and he has also written a paper on "Borrow's Spanish Rambles." A man of great erudition and extensive travel, he is thoroughly master of many languages, and, in writing about foreign countries and people, steers clear of the absurd blunders into which some of his contemporaries, of respectable talents and attainments, not unfrequently fall. His English officer and lady in *Colomba* are excellent: very different from the absurd caricatures of Englishmen one is accustomed to see in French novels. He is equally truthful in his Spanish characters. A great lover of things Spanish, he has frequently visited, and still visits, the Peninsula. In 1831 he published, in the *Revue de Paris*, three charming letters from Madrid. The action of most of his tales passes in Spain or

Corsica, or the South of France, although he now and then dashes at Parisian society. With this he has unquestionably had ample opportunity to become acquainted, for he is a welcome guest in the best circles of the French capital. Still we must hope there is some flaw in the glasses through which he has observed the gay world of Paris. The "Vase Étrusque" is one of his sketches of modern French life, in the style of the "Double Méprise," but better. It is a most amusing and spirited tale, but unnecessarily immoral. Had the heroine been virtuous, the interest of the story would in no way have suffered, so far as we can see; and that which attaches to her, as a charming and unhappy woman, would have been augmented. This opinion, however, would be scoffed at on the other side of the Channel, and set down as a piece of English prudery. And perhaps, instead of grumbling at M. Mérimée for making the Countess Mathilde the mistress of Saint Clair—which nothing compelled him to do—we ought thankfully to acknowledge his moderation in contenting himself with a quiet intrigue between unmarried persons, instead of favouring us with a flagrant case of adultery, as in the "Double Méprise," or initiating us into the very profane mysteries of *opératic fleurantes*, as in "Arsène Guillot." Even in France, where he is so greatly and justly admired, this last tale was severely censured, as bringing before the public eye phases of society that ill bear the light. Fidelity to life in his scenes and characters is a high quality in an author, and one possessed in a high degree by M. Mérimée; but he has been sometimes too bold and cynical in the choice and treatment of his subjects. "*La Porte de Tric-trac*," and "*L'Elèvement de la Fédolte*," are amongst his happiest efforts. Both are especially remarkable for their terse and vigorous style. We have been prodigal of extracts from "Charles IX."—for it is a great favourite of ours—and, although well known and much esteemed by all habitual readers of French novels, it is hitherto, we believe, untranslated into English. But we shall still make room for—

THE STORMING OF THE REDOUBT.

"I rejoined the regiment on the evening of the 4th September. I found the colonel at the bivouac. At first he received me rather roughly; but after reading General B's letter of recommendation, he changed his manner, and spoke a few obliging words. He presented me to my captain, who had just returned from a reconnoissance. This captain, whom I had little opportunity to become acquainted with, was a tall dark man, of hard and repulsive physiognomy. He had been a private soldier, and had won his cross and his epaulets on the battle-field. His voice, hoarse and weak, contrasted strangely with his gigantic stature. They told me he was indebted for this singular voice to a bullet that had passed completely through his body at Jena.

"On hearing that I came from the school at Fontainebleau, he made a wry face, and said, 'My lieutenant died yesterday.'—I understood that he meant to say, 'You are to replace him, and you are not able.' A sharp word rose to my lips, but I repressed it.

"The moon rose behind the redoubt of Cheverino, situate at twice cannon-shot from our bivouac. She was large and red, as is common at her rising; but that night she seemed to me of extraordinary size. For an instant the black outline of the redoubt stood out against the moon's brilliant disc, resembling the cone of a volcano at the moment of an eruption.

"An old soldier who stood near me, noticed the colour of the moon. 'She is very red,' he said; 'tis a sign that yon famous redoubt will cost us dear.' I was always superstitious, and this augury, just at that moment, affected me. I lay down, but could not sleep; I got up and walked for some time, gazing at the immense line of fires covering the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

"When I deemed my blood sufficient cooled by the fresh night air, I returned to the fire, wrapped myself carefully in my cloak, and shut my eyes, hoping not to re-open them till daylight. But sleep shunned me. In-

sensibly my thoughts took a gloomy turn. I said to myself, that I had not one friend amongst the hundred thousand men covering that plain. If I were wounded, I should be in an hospital, carelessly treated by ignorant surgeons. All that I had heard of surgical operations returned to my memory. My heart beat violently; and mechanically I arranged, as a species of cuirass, the handkerchief and portfolio that I carried in the breast of my uniform. I was overwhelmed by fatigue, and continually fell into a doze, but as often as I did so, some sinister idea awoke me with a start. Fatigue, however, at last got the upper hand, and I was fast asleep when the *reveillé* sounded. We formed up, the roll was called, then arms were piled, and according to all appearance the day was to pass quietly.

"Towards three o'clock an aid-de-camp arrived with an order. We resumed our arms; our skirmishers spread themselves over the plain; we followed slowly; and in twenty minutes we saw the Russian pickets withdraw to the redoubt. A battery of artillery took post on our right hand, another on our left, but both considerably in advance. They opened a vigorous fire upon the enemy, who replied with energy, and soon the redoubt of Cheverino disappeared behind a cloud of smoke.

"Our regiment was almost protected from the Russian fire by a ridge. Their bullets, which seldom came in our direction—for they preferred aiming them at the artillery—passed over our heads, or at most sent earth and pebbles in our faces.

"When we had received the order to advance, my captain looked at me with an attention which made me pass my hand two or three times over my young mustache, in the most cavalier manner I could assume. I felt no fear, save that of being thought to feel it. These harmless cannon-balls contributed to maintain me in my heroic calmness. My vanity told me that I ran a real danger, since I was under fire of a battery. I was enchanted to feel myself so much at my

case, and I thought with what pleasure I should narrate the capture of the redoubt of Cleverino in the drawing-room of Madame de B —, Rue de Provence.

"The colonel passed along the front of our company and spoke to me. 'Well!' he said, 'you will see sharp work for your first affair.'

"I smiled most martially, and brushed my coat-sleeve, on which a ball, fallen about thirty paces from me, had sent a little dust.

"It seems the Russians perceived how small was the effect of their round shot, for they replaced them by shells, which could reach us better in the hollow where we were posted. A tolerably large fragment of one of these knocked off my shako and killed a man beside me.

" 'I congratulate you,' said the captain, as I picked up my shako. 'You are safe for to-day.' I knew the military superstition which holds the maxim *Non bis in idem* to be as applicable on a battle-field as in a court of justice. I proudly replaced my shako on my head. 'An unceremonious way of making people bow,' said I, as gaily as I could. Under the circumstances, this poor joke appeared excellent. 'I congratulate you,' repeated the captain; 'you will not be hit again, and to-night you will command a company, for I feel that my turn is coming. Every time I have been wounded, the officer near me has received a spent ball, and,' he added in a low voice, and almost ashamed, 'all their names began with a P.'

"I affected to laugh at such superstitions. Many would have done as I did: many would have been struck, as I was, by these prophetic words. As a raw recruit I understood that I must keep my feelings to myself, and always appear coldly intrepid.

"After half an hour the Russian fire sensibly slackened; then we emerged from our cover to march against the redoubt. Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second was charged to take the redoubt in flank on the side of the gorge; the two others were to deliver the assault. I was in the third battalion.

"On appearing from behind the sort of ridge that had protected us, we were received by several volleys of

musketry, which did little harm in our ranks. The whistling of the bullets surprised me: I turned my head several times, thus incurring the jokes of my comrades, to whom the noise was more familiar. 'All things considered,' said I to myself, 'a battle is not such a terrible thing.'

"We advanced at storming pace, preceded by skirmishers. Suddenly the Russians gave three hurrahs, very distinct ones, and then remained silent, and without firing. 'I don't like that silence,' said my captain. 'It bodes us little good.' I thought our soldiers rather too noisy, and I could not help internally comparing the tumultuous clamour with the imposing stillness of the enemy.

"We rapidly attained the foot of the redoubt: the palisades had been broken, and the earth ploughed by our cannonade. With shouts of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' louder than might have been expected from fellows who had already shouted so much, our soldiers dashed over the ruins.

"I looked up, and never shall I forget the spectacle I beheld. The great mass of smoke had arisen, and hung suspended like a canopy twenty feet above the redoubt. Through a gray mist were seen the Russian grenadiers, erect behind their half-demolished parapet, with levelled arms, and motionless as statues. I think I still see each individual soldier, his left eye riveted on us, the right one hidden by his musket. In an embrasure, a few feet from us, stood a man with a lighted fuse in his hand.

"I shuddered, and thought my last hour was come. 'The dance is going to begin,' cried my captain. 'Good-night.' They were the last words I heard him utter.

"The roll of drums resounded in the redoubt. I saw the musket muzzles sink. I shut my eyes, and heard a frightful noise, followed by cries and groans. I opened my eyes surprised to find myself still alive. The redoubt was again enveloped in smoke. Dead and wounded men lay all around me. My captain was stretched at my feet; his head had been smashed by a cannon-ball, and I was covered with his blood and brains. Of the whole company, only six men and myself were on their legs.

"A moment of stupefaction followed this carnage. Then the colonel, putting his hat on the point of his sword, ascended the parapet, crying '*Vive l'Empereur!*' He was instantly followed by all the survivors. I have no clear recollection of what then occurred. We entered the redoubt, I know not how. They fought hand to hand in the middle of a smoke so dense that they could not see each other. I believe I fought too, for my sabre was all bloody. At last I heard a shout of victory, and, the smoke diminishing, I saw the redoubt completely covered with blood and dead bodies. About two hundred men in French uniform stood in a group, without military order, some loading their muskets, others wiping their bayonets. Eleven Russian prisoners were with them.

"Our colonel lay bleeding on a broken tumbril. Several soldiers were attending to him, as I drew near—'Where is the senior captain?' said he to a sergeant. The sergeant shrugged his shoulders in a most expressive manner. 'And the senior lieutenant?' 'Here is *Monsieur*, who joined yesterday,' replied the sergeant, in a perfectly calm tone. The colonel smiled bitterly. 'You command in chief, sir,' he said to me; 'make haste to fortify the gorge of the redoubt with those carts, for the enemy is in force; but General C. will send you a support.'—'Colonel,' said I, 'you are badly wounded.'—'*Poutre, mon cher*, but the redoubt is taken.'"

"*Carmen*," M. Mérimée's latest production, appeared a few months since in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which appears to have got the monopoly of his pen, as it has of many of the cleverest pens in France. "*Carmen*" is a graceful and animated sketch, in style as brilliant as any thing by the same author—in the character of its incidents less strikingly original than some of his other tales. It is a story of Spanish life, not in cities and palaces, in court or camp, but in the barranca and the forest, the gipsy suburb of Seville, the woodland bivouac and smuggler's lair. *Carmen* is a gipsy, a sort of Spanish Esmeralda, but without the good qualities of Hugo's charming creation. She has no Djali; she is fickle and mercenary,

the companion of robbers, the instigator of murder. She inveigles a young soldier from his duty, leads him into crime, deceives and betrays him, and finally meets her death at his hand. M. Mérimée has been much in Spain, and—unlike some of his countrymen, who apparently go thither with the sole view of spying out the nakedness of the land and making odious comparisons, and who, in their excess of patriotic egotism, prefer Versailles to the Alhambra, and the Bal Mabille to a village *fandango*—he has a vivid perception of the picturesque and characteristic, of the *couleur locale*, to use the French term, whether in men or manners, scenery or costume, and he embodies his impressions in pointed and sparkling phrase. As an antiquarian and linguist, he unites qualities precious for the due appreciation of Spain. Well versed in the Castilian, he also displays a familiarity with the Cantabrian tongue—that strange and difficult *Vascuense* which the Evil One himself, according to a provincial proverb, spent seven years of fruitless labour in endeavouring to acquire. And he patters Romani, the mysterious jargon of the gitanos, in a style no way inferior—so far as we can discover—to Bible Borrow himself. That gentleman, by the bye, when next he goes a missionarying, would find M. Mérimée an invaluable auxiliary, and the joint narrative of their adventures would doubtless be in the highest degree curious. The grave earnestness of the Briton would contrast curiously with the lively half-scoffing tone of the witty and learned Frenchman. Indeed, there would be danger of persons of such opposite character falling out upon the road, and fighting a mortal duel, with the king of the gipsies for bottle-holder. The proverbial jealousy between persons of the same trade might prove another motive of strife. Both are dealers in the romantic. And "*Carmen*," related as the personal experience of the author during an archaeological tour in Andalusia in the autumn of 1830, is as graphic and fascinating as any chapters of the great tract-monger's remarkable wanderings.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE AND LIVE IN IT.

[NO. III.]

HAVING disposed of two grand categories of mistakes and absurdities in house-building, viz., lightness of structure and badness of material, we shall now address ourselves more particularly to the defects of Arrangement and Form, or, as an architect might term it, to the discussion of Plan and Elevation. The former task was ungrateful enough; for therein we had to attack the cupidity and meanness, and the desire for show and spurious display, which is the besetting sin of every Englishman who pays poor-rates; but the present undertaking is hardly less hopeless, for we have to appeal to the intelligence, not only of architects and builders, but also of those who commission them.

Now, there is nothing drier and more unprofitable under the sun, nothing more nearly approaching to a state of addle, than a builder's brains. Your regular builders (and, indeed, not a few of your architects) are the sorriest animals twaddling about on two legs; mere vivified bags of saw-dust, or lumps of lath and plaster, galvanised for a while, and forming themselves into strange, uncouth, unreasonable shapes. A mere "builder" has not two ideas in his head; he has only one; he can draw only one "specification," as he calls it, under different forms; he can make only one plan; he has one set of cornices always in his eye; one peculiar style of panel; one special cut of a chimney. You may trace him all through a town, or across a county, if his fame extends so far; a dull repetition of the same notion characterises all his works. He served his apprenticeship to old Plumblin, in Brick Lane; got up the *Carpenter's Trade-Memoir* by heart; had a little smattering of drawing from Daub the painter, and then set up in business for himself. As for Mr Triangle the architect, who built the grand town-hall here, the other-day, in the newest style of Egyptian architecture, and copied

two mummies for door-posts, and who is now putting up the pretty little Gothic church for the Diocesan Church-and-Chapel-Building and Pew-Extension Society, with an east window from York, and a spire from Salisbury, and a west front from Lincoln—why, he is the veriest stick of a designer that ever applied a T-square to a stretching-board. He has studied Wilkins's Vitruvius, it is true, and he has looked all through Hunt's Tudor Architecture, but his imagination is as poor as when he began them; he has never in his life seen one of the good buildings he is pirating from, barring St Paul's and Westminster Abbey; he knows nothing finer than Regent Street and Pall-Mall, and yet he pretends to be a modern Palladio. It will not do, all this sham and parade of knowledge; we want a new generation, both of architects and builders, before we shall see any thing good arising in the way of houses—but as this new progeny is not likely to spring up within a few days, nor even years, we may as well buckle to the task of criticism at once, and find out faults, which we shall leave others to mend.

And, to lay the foundation of criticism in such matters once more and for ever, let us again assert that good common-sense, and a plain straightforward perception of what is really useful, and suited to the wants of climate and locality, are worth all the other parts of any architect's education. These are the great qualities, without which he will take up his rulers and pencils in vain; without them, his ambitious *façades* and intricate plans will all come to nothing, except dust and rubbish. He may draw and colour like Barry himself; but unless he has some spark of the genius that animated old Inigo and Sir Christopher, some little inkling of William of Wickham's spirit within him, some sound knowledge of the fitness and the requirements of things, he had better throw down his instru-

ments, and give it up as a bad job; he'll only "damn himself to lasting shame."

A moderate degree of science, an ordinarily correct eye, so as to tell which is straightest, the letter I or the letter S, and a good share of plain common-sense—these are the real qualifications of all architects, builders, and constructors whatsoever.

One other erroneous idea requires to be upset; the notion that our modern houses, merely because they are recent, are better built and more convenient than ancient ones. If there be one thing more certain than another in the matter, it is this, that a gentleman's house built in 1700, is far handsomer, stronger, and more convenient, than one built in 1800; and not only so, but if it had had fair play given it, would still outlive the newer one, and give it fifty years to boot;—and also that another house built in 1600, is stronger than the one raised in 1700, and has still an equal chance of survivorship; but that any veteran mansion which once witnessed the year 1500, is worth all the other three put together—not only for design and durability, but also for comfort and real elegance. Pick out a bit of walling or roofing some four or five centuries old, and it would take a modern erection of five times the same solidity to stand the same test of ages.

Let it not be supposed that our ancestors dwelt in rooms smaller, or darker, or smokier, than those we now cram ourselves into. Nothing at all of the kind; they knew what ease was, better than we do. They had glorious bay-windows, and warm chimney-corners, and well-hung buttern hatchets, and good solid old oak tables, and ponderous chairs: had their windows and doors been only a little more air-tight, their comforts could not have been increased.

First of all, then, with regard to the plans best suited for the country residences of the nobility and gentry of England—of that high-minded and highly gifted aristocracy, which is the peculiar ornament of this island,—of that solid honest squirearchy, which shall be the sheet-anchor of the nation, after all our commercial gents, with their ephemeral prosperity,

shall have disappeared from the surface of the land, and have been forgotten,—the plan of a house best suited for the "Fine old English Gentleman;" and we really do not care to waste our time in considering the convenience and the taste of any that do not rank with this class of men. It is absurd for any of the worthy members of that truly noble and generous class of men, to try to erect reminiscences of Italy, or any other southern clime, amid their own "tall ancestral groves" at home, here in old England. They have every right in the world to inhabit the palaces of Italy, which many a needy owner is glad to find them tenanting; they cannot but admire the noble proportions, the solid construction, the magnificent decorations, which meet their eyes on every side, whether at Genoa, at Verona, at Venice, at Florence, or at Rome. But it by no means follows, that what looks so beautiful, and is so truly elegant and suitable on the Lake of Como, will preserve the same qualities when erected on the banks of Windermere; those lovely villas that overlook the *Val d'Arno*, and where one could be content to spend the rest of one's days, with Petrarch and Boccaccio, and Dante, and Michael Angelo, and Raffaele, will not bear transplanting either to Richmond or Malvern. The climate and the sky and the earth of Tuscany and Piedmont, are not those of Gloucestershire and Warwickshire; what may be very harmonious in form and colour when contrasted with the objects of that country which produced it, may have the most disagreeable effect, and be excessively inconvenient, in another region with which it has no relation. Not that the proportions of style and the execution of detail may not be reproduced in England, if sufficient taste and money be applied,—but that all surrounding things are out of harmony with the very idea and existence of the building. The vegetable world is different: the external and internal qualities of the soil jar with the presence of the foreign-looking mansion. An English garden is not, nor can be, an Italian one; an English terrace can never be made to look like an Italian one; those

very effects of light and shade on which the architect counted when he made his plans and elevations, are not to be attained under an English sky. The house, however closely it may be taken from the last Palazzo its noble owner lived in, will only be a poor looking copy after all; and he will wonder, as he paces through its corridors and halls, or views it from every point of the compass on the outside, what can be the cause of such a failure of his hopes? He hoped for and expected an impossibility: he thought to raise up a little Italy in the midst of his Saxon park. Could the experiment end in any thing else than a failure?

Every climate and every country has its own peculiarities, which the inhabitants are found to consult, and which all architects will do well to observe closely before they lay down their plans. The general arrangement, the plan of a house, will depend upon this class of external circumstances more than on any other; while the architectural effect and design of the elevation will have an intimate relation to the physical appearance of the region, to the ideas, the pursuits, and the history of its people.

Thus it was with the ancient Greeks and Romans, as we find their domestic life revealed to us at Pompeii. In that delicious climate of Campania, where the sun shines with a whitening and ever unclouded splendour, and where winter's frosts may be said to be unknown, the great thing wanted was shady coolness, privacy, and the absence of all that might fatigue. Hence, in the arrangement of the Pompeian villas, windows were comparatively unknown; the rooms were lighted from above; the aperture for the light was open to the sky; whatever air could be procured was precious. Colonnades and dark passages were first-rate appendages of a fashionable man's habitation. His sleeping apartment was a dark recess impervious to the sun's rays, lighted only by the artificial glare of lamps, placed on those elegant candelabra, which must be admired as models of fitness and beauty as long as imitative art shall exist. He had not a staircase in all his house, or he would not

have if he could help it. The fatigue of lifting the foot in that hot climate was a point of importance, and he carefully avoided it. The house was a regular *triumvirium*. It answered the end proposed. It was commodious, it was elegant—and it was therefore highly suitable to the people and the place. But it does not therefore follow that it ought to be imitated in a northern clime, nor indeed in any latitude, we would rather say in any country, except Italy itself. Few parts of France and Germany would admit of such erections—some portions of Spain and Greece might. In Greece, indeed, the houses are much after the same plan, but in Spain only portions of the south-eastern coast would allow of such a style of building being considered at all habitable.

Place, then, a Pompeian villa at Highgate or Hampstead—build up an Atrium with an Impluvium, add to it a Caldarium if you please, and a Viridarium, too, and *omne quod erit in um*: but you will not thereby produce a good dwelling-house; far from it, you will have a show-box fit for Cockneys to come and gape at: but nothing else.

Now, if we would only follow the same rule of common sense that the Greek or Roman architect did on the shores of the Parthenopean Gulf, we should arrive at results, different indeed, but equally congruous to our wants, equally correct and harmonious in idea. What is it that we want in this foggy, damp, and cloudy climate of ours, nine days out of every ten? Do we want to have a spacious colonnade and a portico to keep off every ray of a sun only too genial, only too scorching? Is the heavens so bright with his radiance that we should endeavour to escape from his beams? Are we living in an atmosphere of such high temperature that if we could now and then take off our own skins for a few minutes, we should be only too glad to do so? As far as our own individual sensations are concerned, we would that things were so; but we know from unpleasant experience that they are far otherwise.

We believe that every rational householder will agree with us, that the first thing to be guarded against in this country is cold, next

wet, and thirdly darkness. A man who can really prove that he possesses a thoroughly warm, dry, and well-lighted house, may write himself down as a *rerum dominus* at once; a favoured mortal, one of Jove's right-hand men, and a pet of all the gods. He is even in imminent danger of some dreadful calamity falling upon him, inasmuch as no one ever attains to such unheard-of prosperity without being visited by some reverse of fortune. He is at the top of the fickle goddess's wheel, and the least impulse given to one of its many spokes must send him down the slippery road of trouble. Nevertheless, though difficult to attain, these three points are the main ones to be aimed at by every English builder and architect; let him only keep them as the stars by which he steers his course, and he will come to a result satisfactory in the end.

One other point is of importance to be attended to as a *fundamental* one, and indeed as one of superstruction too. From the peculiarly changeable nature of our climate, and from the provision that has to be made for thoroughly warming a house, there is always a danger of the ventilation and the drainage being neglected. Not one architect in a hundred ever allows such "insignificant" points as these to disturb his reveries. All that he is concerned in is his elevation, and his neatly executed details; but whether the inhabitants are stifled in their beds with hot foul air, or are stunk out of their rooms by the effluvia of drains, are to him mere bagatelles. No trifles these, to those who have to live in the house; no matter of insignificance to those who have an objection to the too frequent visits of their medical attendant.

In the first place, then, a gentleman's country house (we are advertising here to country residences alone—to those in the metropolitan haunts of men we shall return hereafter) should be thoroughly warm. Now, of course a man may make a fire-place as big as Soyer's great range at Crockford's—poor dear Crocky's, before it was reformed—and he may burn a sack of coals at a time in it; and he may have one of these in each apartment and lobby of his house—and a pretty

warm berth he will then have of it; but it would be no thanks to his architect that he should thus be forced to encourage his purveyor of the best Wallsend. No: either let him see that the walls are of a good substantial thickness—none of the thin, hollow, badly set, sham walls of the general run of builders; but made either of solid blocks of good ashlar stone, with well-rammed rubble between, and this rubble again laid in an all-penetrating bed of properly sanded mortar with plenty of lime in it, and laid on hot, piping, steaming hot, if possible—and the joints of the stones well closed with cement or putty; or else let the walls be made of the real red brick, the clay two years old or more, well laid in English bond, and every brick in its own proper and distinct bed of mortar, as carefully made as before, and the joints cemented into the bargain. Nor let any stone wall be less than thirty-six, nor any brick wall than thirty inches thick; whereas, if the house exceeds two stories in height, some additional inches may yet be added to the thickness of the lower walls. These walls shall be proof against all cold, and, if they be not made of limestone, against wet also.

"But all this is horridly expensive! why, a house built after this fashion would cost three times the amount of any one now erected upon the usual specifications!" Of course it would. Materials and labour are not to be had gratuitously; but then, if the house costs three times as much, it will be worth three times more than what it would otherwise fetch, and it will last more than three times as long. "But what is the use of building for posterity? what does it matter whether the house is a good one in the time of the next possessor but six? Why not 'run up' a building that will have a handsome appearance in the present, my own life-time, and if my descendant wishes for a better one and a warmer one, why let him build another for himself? Add to which it will grow so dreadfully old-fashioned in fifty years hence, that it is a hundred to one if it is not voted a nuisance, and pulled down as an eyesore to the estate." Such is the reasoning commonly used when any architect more

honest, more scientific, and more truly economical in his regard for his employer's means, ventures to recommend the building of a mansion upon principles, and with dimensions, which can alone fully satisfy the exigencies of his art. We take leave, however, to observe, that such ought not to be the reasoning of an English nobleman or gentleman. In the first place, what is really erected in a proper and legitimate style of architecture, be it classical or mediæval, can never become "old-fashioned" or ugly. Is Hampton Court old-fashioned and ugly? is Audley End so? are Burghley and Hatfield so? If they are, go and build better. Is Windsor Castle so? yes, a large portion of it is, for its architecture is not very correct; and though it has been erected only so few years, in another fifty the reigning sovereign—if there be a sovereign in England in those days—will pull down most of it, and consider it as sham and as trumpery as the Pavilion has at length been found out to have been all along. True; if you build houses in a false and affected and unreal style of architecture, they are ugly from the very beginning; and they will become as old-fashioned as old Buckingham House or Strawberry Hill itself, perhaps in the life-time of him who owns them; or else, like Fonthill, they will crumble about your ears, and remain as monuments of your folly rather than of your taste. But go and build as Thorpe, or Inigo Jones, or Wren used to build. Or even, if you will travel abroad for your models, take Palladio himself for your guide, or Philibert Delorme, or Ducerceau, or Mansard; and your erections shall stand for centuries, and become each year more and more harmoniously beautiful.

Next, your house should be dry; do not, then, go and build it with a slightly-framed low-pitched roof, nor place it in that part of your grounds which would be very suitable for an artificial lake, but not for your mansion. Do not be afraid of a high roof; but let it tower up boldly into the air; let there be, as the French architects of old used to term it most expressively, a good "forest" of timber in its framing; cover it with lead, if you can—if not, with flag-

stones, or else, if these be too dear, with extra thick slates in as large slabs as can be conveniently worked, and as may be suitable to the framing, at least of all with tiles.

"But, good Lord! what ideas you have got of expense! Why, sir, do you know that such a house would cost a great deal of money! and besides this, I am almost certain that in ancient Rome, the houses had quite flat roofs, and even in Italy, at the present day, the palaces have remarkably low-pitched roofs!" Rome and Italy go to the — Antipodes! Did you not stipulate that the house should be dry? do you think that the old Italians ever saw a good shower of rain in all their lives? did they? "*Nocte pluit tota*," is all very well in the poet's fugitive inscription; but did they ever see a six-weeks' rain, such as we have every autumn and spring, and generally in June and July, to say nothing of January and February, in Devonshire? My dear sir, if you wish to lie dry in your bed, and all your family, too, to the seventh generation, downwards, make your roof suited to the quantity of rain that falls; pitch up its sides not less steeply than forty-five degrees, and do not be afraid if it rises to sixty, and so gives you the true mediæval proportion of the equilateral triangle. Do you consider it ugly? Then we will ornament it; and we will make the chimney-stalks rise with some degree of majesty, into an important feature of the architectural physiognomy of the building. Are you grumbling at the expense, as you did just now about that of the walls? What then! are you a Manchester manufacturer, some dirty cotton-spinner? have you no faith in the future? have you no regard for the dignity and comfort of your family? are you, too, bitten with the demoralising commercial spirit of the age? are you all for self and the present? have you no obligations towards your ancestors? and are you unwilling to leave a name to be talked of by your posterity? Why, to be sure it may tighten you up for five or six years; but then do not stop quite so long in London: make your season there rather shorter, and do not go so often to Newmarket, and keep away from

White's or Boodle's, and do not be so mad as to throw away any more of those paltry thousands in contesting the county. Let the Parliament and the country take care of themselves; they can very well spare an occasional debater like yourself; the "glorious constitution" of old England will take no harm even if *you* do not assist in concocting the humbug that is every year added to its heterogeneous mixture. Lay out your money at home, drain your land, build a downright good house for yourself; do not forget your poor tenants, set them a good example, and let us put a proper roof on Humbledown Hall.

Providing, however, that the worthy squire actually consents to pull out a few more hundreds, for the sake of having walls of proper thickness and roofs of right pitch, it does not quite follow that his ground-floor rooms will be dry, unless the mansion is well vaulted underneath, and well drained to boot. We have known more than one ancient manor-house, built in a low dead flat, with a river running by, and the joists of the ground floor resting on the soil, and, yet the whole habitation as dry as a bone; but still more numerous are the goodly edifices which we have witnessed, built on slopes, and even hills, where not a spoonful of water, you would say, could possibly lodge, and yet their walls outside all green with damp, and within mildew, and discoloured loose-hanging paper, telling the tale of the demon of damp. When you are seriously bent on building a good house, put plenty of money under ground; dig deep for foundations, lay them better and stronger even than your superstructure; vault every thing under the lower rooms—ay, vault them, either in solid stone or brick, and drain and counter drain, and explore every crick and cranny of your subsoil; and get rid of your land springs; and do not let the water from any neighbouring hill percolate through your garden, nor rise into a pleasing *jet-d'eau* right under the floor of your principal dining-room. If you can, and if you do not mind the "old-fashioned" look of the thing, dig a good deep fosse all round

your garden, and line it with masonry; and have a couple of bridges over it; you may then not only effectually carry off all intruding visits of the watery sprites, but you may keep off hares from your flower-beds, two-legged cats from your larder, and sentimental "cousins" from your maids. You may thus, indeed, make your hall or mansion into a little fortified place, with fosse and counter-scarp, and covered way, and glacis; or at any rate, you may put a plain English haw-haw ditch and fence all round the sacred enclosure; and depend upon it that you will find the good effects of this extra expense in the anti-rheumatic tendencies of your habitation.

And now for the plan of your mansion, for the Ground Plan—the main part of the business, that, on the proper proportioning and arranging of which the success of your edificative experiment entirely depends. Here take the old stale maxim into immediate and constant use, "Cut your coat according to your cloth;" and, if you are a man of only £2000 a-year, do not build a house on a plan that will require £10,000 at least of annual income to keep the window-shutters open. Nor, seeing that you are living in the country, attempt to cramp yourself for room, and build a great tall staring house, such as would pass muster in a city, but is exceedingly out of place in a park. As a matter of domestic æsthetics, do not think of giving yourself, and still less any of your guests, the trouble of mounting up more than one set of stairs to go to bed, but keep your reception and principal rooms on the ground floor, and your private rooms, with all the bed-chambers, on the floor above. Since, however, you have determined on going to the expense of a proper roof, do not suppose that we are such bad architectural advisers as to recommend that the roof should be useless. No; here let the female servants and the children of the family, perhaps, too, a stray bachelor friend or two, find their lodging; and above all, if you are a family man, if you have any of those tender yearnings after posterity, which we hope you have, introduce into the roof a feature which we will remind you of

by and by, and for which, if we could only persuade people that such a very old and useful idea were a new one, and our own, we would certainly take out a patent.

There should, then, be only two stories in a gentleman's country residence, and a dormer or mansard story if we may so term it, in the roof:—we will not be so vulgar as to call it a garret,—nor yet so classical as to resort to the appellation of an attic. If, therefore, you require a large house, take plenty of ground, and lay out all your rooms *en suite*. Let all the offices, whence any noise or smell can arise, be perfectly detached from the dwelling part of the mansion:—such as the kitchens, sculleries, laundries, &c. They should all be collected into a court with the coach-houses and stables on the outside, and the whole range of the domestic offices on the other. Never allow a kitchen to be placed under the same roof as your dining-room or drawing-room: cut it off completely from the *corps de logis*, and let it only communicate by a passage:—so shall you avoid all chance of those anticipatory smells, the odour of which is sufficient to spoil your appetite for the best dressed dinner in the world. If you would have any use for the vault under your house, keep all your cellar stores, and all your “dry goods” there:—it will be a test of your house being well-built if they do not show any effects of damp after a few months’ stowage below the level of the soil, yet in *airé pleno*. We do not mean to say that we would put one of our best and newest saddles, nor our favourite set of harness, in one of the lower vaults, to judge of the dampness of the house; but depend upon it, a pair or two of old shoes form excellent hygrometers; and you may detect the “dew-point” upon them with wonderful accuracy.

“But only look at how you are increasing the cost of the house by thus stretching out the house, and really wasting the space and ground!”—What! still harping on the same string—that eternal purse-string!—still at the gold and the notes? If you go on at this rate, my good sir, you will never do any thing notable in the house-line. Take a lesson from

Louis XIV. when he built Versailles;—that sovereign had at least this one good quality,—he had a supreme contempt for money;—it cost him a great deal no doubt, but it is “Versailles,” *non pluribus impar*;—why, it is a quarter of a mile long, and there is, or rather was, room in it to have lodged all the crowned heads of Europe, courts, ministers, guards, and all. Never stint yourself for space; the ground you build on is your own; it is only the extra brick and mortar;—the number of windows is not increased by stretching the plan out, the internal fittings are not an atom more expensive. Be at ease for once in your life, and cast about widely for room.

And now, dear sir, if you can but once remove this prejudice of cost from your mind, you may set at defiance all those twaddling architects who come to you with their theories of the “smallest spaces of support,” and who would fain persuade you that, because it is scientific to build many rooms with few materials, *therefore* you ought to dwell in a house erected on such principles,—and that they ought to build it for you. You may send them all to the right-about with their one-sided contracted notions: is the house to be built for *your* sake or for *theirs*? who is going to inherit it—you or they? who is to find out all the comforts and discomforts of the mansion—the owner or the architect?—If *you*, then keep to your two stories and to the old English method of building your house round one or more courts. Go upon the old palatial, baronial, or collegiate plan; no matter what may be the style of architecture you adopt, this plan will be found suitable to any. The advantages of it are as follows: first of all, it gives you the opportunity of having your rooms all *en suite*, and yet not crowded together; next, it is more sociable for the inmates of a large country mansion to have the windows of their apartments looking partly inwards, as it were to the centre of the house, and partly outwards to the surrounding scenery: and thirdly, it requires and it gives the opportunity of having that most admirable and most useful appendage of any large mansion,—a cloister, or covered gallery, running round the

whole interior of the court, either projecting from the plane of the walls—and, if so, becoming highly ornamental, or else formed within the walls, and, if so, giving an unusual degree of warmth and ventilation. In this damp and uncertain climate of ours, just consider how many days there are in the course of the year, when the ladies and the children of a family cannot stir out of doors, not even into the gardens; and then think of what a comfort it would be to have a dry and airy and elegant promenade and place of exercise within their own walls. Then the children may scamper about, if it be a proper cloister external to the house, and make that joyous noise which is so essential to their health, without any fear of annoying even the most nervous of mammas. Within an instant they may all be under her own personal inspection, and yet they may have their perfect freedom. Here may the ladies of the family walk for hours on a wet day, and enjoy themselves without trouble, and with the facility of being at home again in a minute. If the court is well laid out

as a flowery parterre, and the green-house is made to contribute its proper supply of plants to the cloister, it becomes converted into a kind of conservatory, and forms of itself an artificial or winter garden. Both a cloister, and an internal corridor with windows opening into the former, may very appropriately be constructed together, and then the accommodation of this plan is complete.

Whoever has lived in a cloistered and court-built house will know the convenient and comfortable feature we would here point out:—it is especially suited to the climate of England, and to the domestic habits of English families; it is one of the most ornamental features a house can possess; it gives great facilities to the waiting of the servants; it makes the house warm rather than cold; and it adds greatly to the comfort of the whole. As for the additional cost—let the cost be ——! have we not entered our caveat against all such shabby pleas? Take this along with you, good sir,—do the thing well, or don't do it at all.

A TURKISH WATERING-PLACE.

TEN days ago, when snowed up by winter, recurrent for the third time this season, I could not compel myself to the recollection of my Adalian experiences. Now that I am sitting, with window thrown wide open, and with fire raked out, the spirit of the scene encourages memories of my visit to that very hot emporium of Caranania.

We had been kept on the Smyrna station till we pretty well knew it under every changing phase of season. Through the rigour of winter we had been brought now to the very flagrance of the dog-star, to the time when human nature can pretend no opposition to the mood of the lordly sun. Even life in the autumn, those clear skies added so little intermission to the tide of sunbeams, that one is not quite exempt from risk of *coup de soleil*. Indeed this is perhaps the very time when the untutored stranger is particularly exposed to this danger. It is the only time of the year when travelling can be pursued as a serious occupation; or when one of the pale-faced Occidentals can venture forth *sub dio* at mid-day, without positive madness. During the months that, on the admission of the indigenous, do duty as summer, the state of things is so evidently beyond a joke, that no idea of trifling therewith enters into the most unsophisticated mind. Life is reduced to something very like a resignation of the sturdy substance of the day, and a diligent employment of the two fag-ends. The intervening hours must be slept away, or read away, or somehow employed without the requisition of corporeal activity. And, considering that these are the hours during which mosquitoes vex not, and lesser tormentors of the rampant kind are inactive, it is no slight boon to have such an interval, during some part of which you may sleep in peace. As for the night, you may use it for eating ices, or strolling on the Marina, or pulling out on the phosphorescent waters of the bay; but unless you be very fresh, you will hardly

think of using that as the time for turning in. And thus are rendered grateful those slumbers which are induced by the prevailing spirit of noon. Of course, under such conditions of existence, there is no great probability that much risk will be encountered by any one gifted with the ordinary instinct of self-preservation. Should any one be foolhardy enough to dare for himself the experiment, he would scarcely find a *savvy* to furnish animals, or a guide willing to pilot him. And should he even make a start of it, am I not the very man to know what a lesson he would get in the course of the first six hours of his march; and to predict that he would, should any brains be then remaining to him, turn back on the strength of that same sample? It is only a very young, and somewhat foolish person, who would be at all likely to be found in this predicament. The dissuasion of the indigenous is so earnest, and so without exception, that, considering their knowledge of the facts, a prudent stranger must perceive in them the substance of reason. The Asiatics, perhaps, carry a little too far the dread of exposure to the atmospheric influences of summer; for they are careful to shut out even the cool breezes of night, and dread the odour of freshness that a shower calls forth from the earth. This delightful exhalation they affirm to be the producer of fever. But indeed we may concede to them the entertaining of some whimsies on this subject, as being the necessary contingencies on their fatal experiences of marsh malaria.

Happy we Englishmen and Scotsmen, who know not what this *malaria* means! The worst story on the subject that I remember was a personal adventure of my friend Beard. The scene of this adventure is a little out of the way of Adalia, but it may serve to illustrate the style of thing prevailing generally in this direction any where within hail of a marsh. Beard was engaged in that (to those who

like it) delightful, but occasionally perilous duty of surveying. This involves the being sent away in the boats for weeks at a stretch, during which time you go groping along the coast, or threading out-of-the-way channels between islands. It is easy to conceive that with fine weather, and healthy shores, this must be a welcome duty to a young officer, full of zeal, and unaccustomed to command. But sometimes the course will lie along deadly shores, past which you must creep, and snatch hydrographical facts from the teeth of death. Beard, poor fellow—and yet, considering that he lives to tell the tale, we should rather congratulate than pity—Beard was in command of a party of seven. Any one who knows the service, knows that an officer accustomed to command a particular boat, if he be a good fellow, acquires a strong fellow-feeling for and with his men. This is but human nature, seeing that they are subject to frequent and long isolations from the rest of the ship's company. I have felt this influence strongly myself, and am persuaded that a sailor is never so amiable as being as when away from his ship and from civilisation, on some scrambling boat-expedition. He then puts off altogether that selfishness of bearing which it often suits his humour while on board to affect. Beard was one who entered fully into the spirit of these expeditions; indeed he might have led one to suppose that he would willingly have agreed to pass his life in a boat. On this particular occasion they were coasting along Thessaly—those shores so beautiful to look at, but of which the beauty, when the mists of night descend upon them, reek with the breath of death. They proceeded cautiously; and as their labours were protracted into new days and weeks, and none of their little band had been stricken, they began to hope, and perhaps to believe themselves seasoned and safe. The time for them to rejoin the ship at last arrived, and not a man had been ill. One man did indeed complain in the morning, but he laid in his oar, and they hoped would soon be better. Presently another was forced to claim the same exemption, and another. In short, they reached the ship with great difficulty,

and as by miracle, and not one of the party could mount the side. They were all hoisted in, and in a few hours the only man of the party who lived was my friend. In the pretty island of Sciathos is a tomb, wherein sleep the whole party save that one. I have stood by this, and read in the sad story of its inscription a sufficient warning on the subject of marsh *malaria*. Once or twice I have come in its way, but never willingly, and happily always without calamitous result. Once only I have slept within its problematical range, and that was off that pestiferous bit of coast near Epidaurus, and I fancy at a season when the marshes had not their steam up.

We had among us a lesson, but not of this melancholy character, on the absurdity of attempting to brave the daylight heat of summer. It is so natural for an Englishman to look upon the mere natives of any place to which he may come in his travels, as cheats and ignoramuses, that we, as a matter of course, and most complacently, admitted the natives *en masse* and every where to that rating. In the course of our vagaries we stumbled on the pretty island of Mytilene, in the very piping hours of summer. Very cool and pleasant did it look to us shipmen, hanging down its umbrageous olive groves nearly to the water's edge—and very pleasant should we have found it to be, had we been content to defer our landing till the authorised hour of eventide. But besides that the place looked so inviting, we felt bound to give way to a little enthusiasm at this approach to the birthplace of the lady who gave Horace the model of

“*Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ,*” &c.

so nothing could hold us in from immediate disembarkation, and a cross country ride. We went right across from one harbour to another—for it has two, which between them nearly bisect the island. But so frightful was the heat, that nothing but youth and English blood exempted us from the penalty of fever. Some of the party were very nearly knocked up mid-way; and we should scarcely any of us have managed to get back to the ship as we did, had it not been our fortune

to meet a resting-place in the village of Loutri. Such attempts as this are the causes of the sad casualties that we occasionally find happening to Eastern travellers. How many have paid with their lives the penalty of an unseasonable journey in Syria, especially on the coast between Beyrout and Jerusalem. Only choose well your time, and you may proceed in perfect security, so far as the dangers of nature are concerned. Any attempt at forcing a journey is a folly; and a folly of which the correction will come with the first experiment, if it leave to the person any future opportunity of sublunary conduct.

But no one should mention Mytilene without saying a word or two in praise of its beauty. All shrivelled up as we were by the heat—for we were almost past the sudatory stage—we drank in some refreshment from the scenery. Port Olivet has quite the appearance of a lake, and it is only when quite at the spot that you perceive the real nature of the locality. The hills around are finely shaded; and the masses of olive-trees assumed, in the then lurid glare of sky and water, that shadowy appearance that we used to see in Turner's pictures. They are very famous for the production of a fine oil from their olives, which is the staple commodity of the island, and of which they export considerable quantities. By all accounts, nature, unassisted, may claim the praise of this produce, for they are said to be careless manufacturers. We went into one or two of the *ἐργαστήρια* to witness the process of compression, but could not take it upon our veracity to utter an opinion ament them. At least they seem in a fair way to improve their wares; for the new consular agent of France (whom, by the way, we took to his Barataria) is especially knowing in this line, and hopes to produce, in a short time, oil that shall be equal to that of France or Luca.

After all this talk about the impossibility of travelling in the summer, it augurs ill for our account of Adalia, to say that it was the very heat and rage of summer when we landed there. But as we were not volunteers on the occasion, we did not choose our own season. Like the fifty

thousand Cossacks who marched off to the East Indies, not because they liked it, but because they were sent, we were saved all the trouble of deliberation; and once arrived at the spot, we were sufficiently old stagers to adapt ourselves to the ways and means of the place. I remember that we were delighted at the start; catching at the prospect of change, as at the hope of improvement. Certainly things were bad enough with us in Smyrna bay at that time. The pitch was boiling in the seams, the water was hissing along-side; the sky seemed an entire sun, so truly were the fiery rays rendered back from every part of the glowing concave. The sea-breeze, one's only solace under such circumstances, was continually forgetting to come. In spite of the common profession, that without the sea-breeze it would be impossible to live hereaway, we continued to pant through days of breezeless existence. At this time it was that I arrived at the conclusion which is now established in the code of my economics, that the endurance at Calcutta or Port Royal is a joke compared with what one has to undergo in these milder latitudes. The dweller in Anatolia has no such range of Farenheit to alarm him into defensive measures, and thus he falls comparatively unprepared into the conflict with the dog-days. Your Bengalee mounts defences of *tattes* and punkabs that cool down a hot wind, or whistle air into presence in a trice. Whereas in this part of the world, as the Sirocco blows, so it must steal into your room, parching your face, and covering you all over with a clammy stickiness, through which you may distinctly feel the subdolent shudder of incipient ague. When he has darkened his room, and spread cool mats on the floor, the poor Smyrniot has nothing farther that he can do. And if such be the case of those who dwell within the mansions of Ismir, who have at least thick walls between them and the sun, what is likely to be the state of those *disgraziato*s, who people the busy town of ships in the bay?—the rash men

"—digitis à morte remotos
Quatuor aut septem."

Custom, they say, may bring a man to any thing, as it did M. Chabert to

the power of living in an oven; to which achievement, by the way, I should not wonder if the first step had been the passing of a hot summer on board ship in harbour. You may any day see, at some of our gigantic iron-works, custom bringing men to such a pass, that they can endure to stand before a fire that would be the death and cooking of an ox. And so I suppose it was by force of custom that we were able to undergo a style of thing that ought to have been the stewing of any ordinary flesh and blood. But it was a stupid and languid life that we were leading, scarcely venturing on deck even beneath the awning, and not dreaming of shore except quite in the evening. Sometimes a morning's interest would be excited by some story of plague in the Lazaretto, and a proposed adjournment of the ship to Vourlah, to be out of harm's way; and such speculations, though not exactly pleasurable, were at least anti-stagnative in character. In any thing like decent weather it is not bad fun to get down to Vourlah for a time, and to fly from the gaieties of the metropolis to the pleasures of the *chasse* at Rabbit Island. It must ever be soothing to a spirit that has not quite forgotten "the humanities," to walk upon the turf which witnessed the infant gambols of Anaxagoras; and besides that, the locality is pretty, and worthy of being visited on its own account. The town is at the distance of some miles from the Scala, which last is the grand watering-place for the ships on this station. Some few years ago, when the two fleets, French and English, were here, an extempore town was devised on the beach, for the benefit of the thousand and one hangers-on who are always found in such neighbourhoods. This was a stretch of luxury on their part; for generally these nautical suttlers need no other shelter than that of the boat which contains their wares. They are always ready for a start, and glad to be allowed to follow almost anywhither in the wake of a ship. I should think they might be rated amongst the most honest of their compatriots, as they certainly may amongst the most hard-working and courageous.

But no such luck had been ours, as

to be assigned so pleasant an adjournment. The longest cruise we had any of us managed to steal, was perhaps in one of the cutters, as far as what we Englishmen persist in calling St James's castle—a strange name for Turks to give a place, and which, in fact, we have deviously corrupted from their word *sandjeah*.

At last, one happy day—happy in its result, not in the complexion it bore at its opening—we positively did receive orders for a start, and this is the way it came about: The representative of sultanic dignity at the somewhat retired watering-place of Adalia, was a man prone, like the greater number of his countrymen, to judge of things altogether in the concrete. The idea of power could by him be deduced only from present violence; and without some such sensible manifestations, it became to him like one of Fichte's "objects," *i.e.* all moonshine. With regard to foreign powers, they existed for him, and influenced his government, only so far as they sent occasionally a ship of war with its suggestive influence of a frowning broadside to look in his way. They have no very distinct idea, these gentlemen, of geography, nor of political science; and thus are sadly out in their estimation of the relative importance of places. To them the seat of their government is the world; or at least the place in it of importance second to Constantinople. If they be passed over in the distribution of our *corps de demonstration*, they are apt to ascribe the omission to a want of power on our part. Now, with all their excellencies, it can hardly be denied that they are sadly apt to presume on any want of power in a neighbour. So it happens that the unfortunate consuls who are stowed away in the obscurer establishments, are apt to suffer from their caprice. Should it so happen that the particular flag over whose interests the consul is appointed inspector, should not have been displayed in the neighbourhood lately by any ship of war, the short memory of a pasha is in danger of forgetting that nation's claim to respect; for any thing that he knows, it may have been revolutionised or sunk by an earthquake,—at least he cannot bear the trouble of imagining any

other reason for the non-appearance of its executive ministers, than the obvious one of its having no ships to send. Thus, in matters of precedence, consuls are apt sometimes to get snubbed—a point on which, of all others, they are tender; or in matters of justice, their clients will find themselves ousted, in spite of the proverbial integrity of the Turkish judges. Perhaps the readiest way of stumbling on a grievance, is the kind of thing that gave rise to our visit, where some of the populace presume on your want of protection, and commit some aggression on your rights as a man and a brother. This being referred to the authorities, will be apt to be viewed by them in the light of that consideration which they happen to be lending at that moment to your nation. Poor fellows! we must not be hard upon them; nor will we doubt the sound foundation of the panegyrics which many travellers have pronounced on their honesty. They are honest, no doubt, so far as they understand the doctrine of the thing; but the fact is, they do not seem to understand the subject in the abstract. They have no idea of judging a foreigner's cause, without reference to considerations of his nationality and personal importance; and to pronounce readily a decision in favour of one against whom should lie the preponderance in these particulars, would be to them an absurdity. We have had occasion lately to be struck with the tone in which certain writers have spoken on the subject of Mussulman morals. The first notability about such accounts is, that they are very different from the reports of their predecessors—of such an accurate man as Burkhardt for instance; and the second notability, so far as most of us are concerned, is, that they are contrary to the general consent of travellers. That there are excellent men, and honest among them, is a fact; and it is a fact, that in general matters of bargaining, you may trust to them. But when the idea of probity is carried out, so far as to imply a view of things comparatively disparaging to Christian morals, it mounts to an anti-climax, and falls over into the province of nonsense. The Koran has provided them with much ethical

guidance, of which individual Turks, of any pretence to religion, must be in some degree observant. But it is not true that the history of such cases, in their administration of justice, as might have occurred in the court of the old *πολιμαρχος*, will allow us to conclude that they are in possession of a rule coercing them to be just and brotherlike towards the unprotected stranger, abstractly and for justice's sake. Now, with us you may find many individual rogues, but never a roguish court, nor tolerated roguish public body. And of this difference between us Christians and them Turks, it will not be difficult for any one to supply the reason, who will give himself the trouble to think about it.

But as I was saying, at Adalia,—the town I mean, not the province,—lived, with the authority of local governor, a personage styled a *Caimacan*. This is a person inferior to a regular pasha, having in fact a sort of acting rank. One remembers this style and title well, because it puts us in mind of the nicest thing eatable that the Levant affords—*Caimac*, which is something very like Devonshire cream, only better. This Caimacan, being a sort of great man's great man, is apt not to bear his honours meekly. At the precise time of which I speak, the Sultan was raising considerable levies in different parts of his dominions, for the benefit of good order among the Albanians. Near Adalia was a military rendezvous for the forces raised in that neighbourhood, and the command *pro tempore* of the new levies was assigned to the Caimacan. So that the poor man was labouring under an accession of dignity.

At Adalia also lived a certain Ionian—from the Seven Islands, friend, not from Asia—who had been led thither by a speculation in the soap trade. To judge by the evident want of the article, would have been to pronounce a most favourable opinion as to the probable result of such speculation. In fact the man succeeded only too well; he boiled so successfully, and sold so cheaply, that all the native competitors were beaten out of the field. The true believers were, of course, indignant at this con-

duct of an infidel and a stranger ; and as they could not weather on him in the fair way of trade, they determined to try if they could not "choke his luff" by a practical expedient. Paying him a visit one day, they spoiled his stock in trade, broke his gear, gave him a good thrashing, and told him to take that as a gentle hint of what they would do if he did not behave himself for the future. The poor fellow appealed to the Caimacan for satisfaction for the injury done, and for security against future violence. From this person he received no assistance, and was left to fight it out as he best could against his opponents.

Those dear Ionians ! creditable fellow-countrymen are they for us, and profitable. No people assert more unflinchingly their privilege of national relationship with ourselves, and thus do we get the credit of all the rows which they may kick up throughout the Mediterranean. It is highly amusing to see the style in which they will declare themselves to be Englishmen, not merely as allies and protected for the time being, but with the implication of a claim to identity of race. A son of Ithaca or Zante will talk as if he were a true Saxon. Certainly, the Turks seem to make little distinction between the races. That the men are under British protection, is for them sufficient reason for esteeming them to be Englishmen. Sometimes their classification of races shows an amusing ignorance of, and indifference to the whole set of national distinctions among Franks. I remember that all who attended the services of the British chaplaincy at Smyrna, were called English, though among them were many who could speak scarcely a word of the language ; and so all who went to the dissenting meeting-house (for they have one there) were called Americans.

Our poor soap-boiler being reduced to extremity, having lost his goods, and being afraid to make a fresh start of it, betook himself for assistance to the English vice-consul. The office was at that time filled by a very efficient person—one, moreover, who had for many years resided in the country, and understood well the language and national genius. But it

so happened that just then a long time had elapsed since any of our men-of-war had paid a visit to the road-stead and consular dignity was in a condition of proportional depreciation. The consul, however, as in duty bound, paid his visit of remonstrance, and laid before the great man the wrong done within his jurisdiction ; whereupon the Caimacan behaved like any thing but a gentleman, and, far from promising to remedy the ill done, gave him to understand that he did not care sixpence for soap-boiler or consul either. Mr—— had sufficient knowledge of the people to know that this declaration of opinion was strictly true, and that the only plan to correct it, would be to prove himself able to summon an armed force to his assistance. Till they saw this, nothing would be able to persuade the Adalians that he was not either deserted by his country, or that his country had not lost the power to assist him.

And thus it was that Mr—— wrote to his chief at Smyrna a description of the ticklish state of circumstances, and explained that unless English commercial interests at Adalia were to be suffered to go altogether to the wall, some strong preservative must be sent thither in the shape of a stout ship, with a goodly array of long thirty-twos. And so was it that word came to the good ship *Falcon*, which thereupon spread forth her wings, or, in plain language, hoisted her topsails, and set forth on her conciliatory expedition. Besides that we were delighted to get away in any direction from the stagnation of Smyrna—a stagnation affecting air, sea, and society,—it was a recommendation of the cruise in this particular direction that none of us had ever been there before. There is little reason why in a general way it should be visited from one year's end to another,—I mean in the way of business, at least the business of those who have to distribute their attention throughout these seas for the interests of general pacification. The place, as we afterwards found, is not without commerce ; but there are no merchants of our nation except the vice-consul. The advantages of this place as a trading station, more espe-

cially as being a station where he would find no competitors, had induced him to settle here. And the *prestige* lent by the consular name, afforded sufficient inducement for the undertaking of an office, which, if it be not very lucrative, at any rate involves the responsibility of no very serious duties. Though now and then a man in office may forget himself, yet in the long run a consul is sure to be treated with deference, and to reap considerable commercial advantages from his position. Be it understood, that here there are other merchants, — but the indigenous, chiefly Turk-Greek. Besides a single gentleman who acted as assistant to the vice-consul in his various duties, we did not find a Frank resident. We heard, indeed, that there was also an Austrian, but we did not see him, so I suppose that he could hardly have been of much consequence.

The weather at first beguiled us with symptoms of a change for the cooler, and lent to our sails some pleasant breezes as we passed out of the Gulf of Smyrna. As we sped onward, things became even better, and especially delighted us with their aspect off Rhodes. It is a singular fact, well known to those who know the locality, that the day scarcely occurs in the year when this island is afflicted with a calm. For some reason it so happens that, pass when you will, you are pretty sure to find a stiff breeze blowing. One of the points of the island, which thrusts out into the sea a long and low promontory, shows that the natives here know how to turn this physical provision to good effect. This point is in the most curious way studded with windmills, and from this its garniture has received its name in our geography. These poor machines rarely know an hour's quiet, but continually throw about their long arms in what, from a little distance, seems to be a mere confusion of material. Past this exquisitely beautiful island, of whose strand the recollection is fraught with associations of unfeverish existence, we sped rapidly before the breeze, which almost made us regret the land we were leaving. Truly should we have regretted it, had we but known the breezeless condition on which we

were about to enter! For some four-and-twenty hours before we arrived at our port, the weather changed eminently for the worse. The feathery vanes stirred not, and the canvass flapped against the mast, as the old girl rolled lumpingly in the swell. She was a dear old ship as ever floated, but like all other things sublunary, animate or inanimate, was not without her faults. Of these the worst, nay, the only one to speak of, was the habit of rolling about most viciously whenever she had a chance. The sun poured upon us such a flood of heat, that awnings became a joke. Things were so thoroughly heated during the day, that the night scarcely afforded sufficient hours to cool them down, for a fresh start next morning. We began almost to question whether we had not changed bad for worse; and very soon made up our minds that without any mistake we had. We arrived at this conclusion, as the port of our destination hove in sight. It was towards evening that we crept in to our anchorage, through an atmosphere scarcely sufficiently alive to give us motion, and so almost glowing that it seemed to burn us as we passed. The place was wrapped in breathless stillness: no boats came forth to try a market with us, or to gratify their curiosity; and no sounds issued from the shore, which might have been deemed almost unhaunted of men.

When daylight revealed the features of the place, we perceived the pretensions of Adalia in the way of the picturesque to be of a high order. Neither was there wanting matter of admiration even in the night, though we were suffering too much discomfort to be easily pleased by mere pictures. The shore, in its way, afforded an unusual spectacle. The town stands on high ground, and on both sides the line of coast is formed by lofty cliffs, stretching far away into the distance. What of the beauties of these depended on the light of day for development, were reserved for our edification on the morrow. But the good people had ornamented their country just then in a fashion more appropriate to embellish the night than the day. Enormous fires were blazing on the cliffs, which skirted the bay up which we were advan-

cing,—if we may apply so familiar a word to the conflagrations that met our sight. The most active spirit of incendiarism had been afloat, for entire woods were seen in a state of burning. We never discovered whether this destruction was by accident, or of set purpose: if it were done by way of obtaining charcoal, the price of that article one would think must have fallen in the market. But as these fires blazed away in the clear dry air of the night, they lit up the bay, and almost threw upon the waters the dark shadow of our masts and yards. At first, when at some distance, we had been disposed to account for the lurid appearance of the heavens, by supposing that distance and refraction had effected a cheat upon our senses. When we came nearer, the only thing we could suppose was, that the whole country was in the course of destruction. It is hard to say whether the distance at which we anchored from the shore was not too great to allow of the production on us of any sensible effect from these fires: that we had any misgiving on the subject may serve to show that they were enormous. I know that at the time we made up our minds, that to their agency was to be attributed some portion at least of the heat that oppressed us. The wind came off in gusts of overpowering heat; not with that tepid influence that grumblers sometimes denounce as a hot wind, but with the full sense of having come from a baker's oven. At least we had a grand sight for our pains, and therefrom reaped some consolation as we clustered panting on the deck.

I remember to have seen something in this way before, though on a smaller scale, and that was in the island of Eubœa. Once in my life, I had a very near view of the recent scene of such a conflagration in one of the smaller Greek islands. It was in taking, according to our custom, a ramble right across the land, that we came on no less a collection of embers than the *debris* of an entire forest, which lay smouldering at our feet. I know that, having commenced from curiosity the work of picking our way through the ashes, we found the undertaking more arduous than we quite fancied, and that our trowsers and

shoes would afterwards have fetched but little in Monmouth-street. The Greeks, it is understood, light up their bonfires, partly by way of amusing themselves, and partly by way of hinting displeasure at things in general. Of course, it is quite obvious, that any party who wish to prove a minister's rule to be calamitous, assists their argument by increasing the sum of calamity.

But night with its miseries at length was passed. During its course, the thermometer did not get below 90°. What it reached in the daytime it boots not to record—and signifies less, because when the sun is above us, we bargain for a hot day in summer. But oh! those nights, when by every precedent we should have had cooling dews, and refreshing air!

However, the sun rose, and the people on shore rose too. There was no tumultuous rushing forth in boats to have a look at the new comers, as there is so apt to be on the arrival of a man-of-war. A quiet little dingy would steal out, manned by three or four mongrel-looking Greeks, and row round us at a respectful distance. The fact is, that the people had got scent of the reason of our coming: and as a reclamation of right is by them supposed to be incompatible with any thing but an angry mood, they were afraid to approach us. The town itself we perceived to be a most ill-conditioned looking place. Harbour there is none—at least none available in a breeze from seaward. A heavy sea sets right in, and must strand any thing found anchored here. We were afterwards told, that in the bad weather of the winter before our coming, the sea had washed some vessels right up into the town. This want of a harbour is the most serious drawback to the commerce of Adalia. It is, in every respect except this, adapted to serve as the general emporium of the interior. Even at present, notwithstanding its disadvantages, a good deal of business is done here: but ships can never lie before the town in peace, nor commence loading and unloading, with the confidence that they shall be able to get through their work without having first to slip cable and be off. But the town must be in other hands before so arduous

a work is likely to be undertaken.

A most unserviceable rumble of a fort mounted guard over the town, in a position little likely to be of use in repelling an attack by sea. Perhaps it might have been available as a maintainer of good order in the town, should the spirit of insubordination haply spring up therein: but we could hardly have credited the walls as possessed of sufficient stability to stand the shock of a report. We saw the artillery-men, busy as bees, at their guns—evidently standing by to return the salute which we were expected to give. But this would have been far too civil treatment for them, while matter of dispute between us remained. We maintained a dignified silence.

It was not long before Mr—— found his way off to us, and put us up to the actual state of affairs. It seemed that little Pedlington was in an uproar. The whole of the Adalian public were in a state of lively commotion. Of course, as they had bullied loudly, they were abject in concession. Those more immediately concerned in the outrage on the soap-boiler, would have infallibly absconded, had not the strong arm of the law laid an embargo upon them, and laid them by as scape-goats in the first instance. The prevailing opinion about us was, that we should certainly blow the town about their ears, but that still all must be essayed to conciliate us. The Caimacan himself, the great man who had given rise to the remonstrance on our part, had taken himself off, and left his deputy in command. This was professedly to look after some troops that he was recruiting in the neighbourhood, but we gave him the credit of practising a dodge to get out of the way of an awkward business. A striking peculiarity of the business was, that no doubt seemed any longer to be maintained as to the issue of the negotiation. The question of right and wrong was no longer considered as being open: but the verdict was already presumed to be given against those whom we challenged as offenders.

It was thought advisable to pay some attention to appearances on the occasion of our interview with the governor. No suit prospers with them, in a general way, unless backed

by good personal appearance. For this reason we mustered a strong party of officers, in imposing costume; and by way of evincing our determination, proceeded with as little delay as possible to the divan. The usual motley group of stagers gathered round us at the landing, and escorted us up the rugged street to the *palais de justice*. They all seemed to be affected with the spirit of fear, except our partisans, who were in a state of exultation from the like cause. Two individuals in particular were amusingly and palpably possessed with the spirit of triumph, and they were the two attendants of the vice-consul. These men were worthy of notice on other accounts, but singularly remarkable in respect of the external manner in which they seemed to have divested themselves of national prejudices. They were enthusiastic fellows, who had not merely let out their services to the representative of England, but seemed fairly to have made over to him the allegiance of heart and head; retaining no sympathy with their own countrymen. Thus did they seem to rejoice eminently in our coming, and the consequent humbling of the local authorities. They were two strapping fellows—as janissaries, to be any thing worth, should always be—and marshalled us the way in grand style.

The unhappy rabble seemed to be suffering the pangs of most cruel privation when the cortège arrived at the residence of justice, and they found themselves left in the lurch at the threshold. In such mood you see a London mob flattening their noses against the panes of a chemist's window, or hanging outside of a replete magistrate's office. One comfort is, that the economy of a Turkish *menage* perfectly admits of the establishment of a line of scouts, even from the very presence-chamber: so that earliest intelligence may be conveyed to the gentlemen without. Mr—— gave us by the way a few hints as to etiquette, and engaged to prompt us as occasion might demand. I have said already that he was perfectly up to conversation in the native language, and might have well played the part of interpreter. One might might have supposed that this would

have been taken by the people rather as a compliment; and that it would have been considered creditable to a foreign agent to have acquired a knowledge of the vernacular of the people with whom he had constantly to treat. But the contrary is the fact. To speak for one's self is far too simple a mode of conducting business; and he who would preserve his dignity in any consideration, must retain the services of a dragoman. To conduct an important interview without the intervention of this functionary would convey to the Turks an idea of slovenly negligence. A good thing is it when the agent, commercial or diplomatic, possesses sufficient knowledge of the language to enable him to check the version of the interpreter, who otherwise is apt to take liberties with his text. However, we were in this case quite safe: first, in the assurance of Mr — that he would risk his life on his dragoman's veracity; and next, because it was clear that no word could pass which was not likely to be reinterpreted to us.

We marched into the room, and made our salaams—some of us inconsiderable ones very truculently, for we were very irate; and on all such occasions a man's indignation rises in exact proportion to the degree in which he has nothing to say to the matter. The deputy Caimacan was sitting on a divan at the top of the room, and rose politely as we entered. There were too many of us to find room in the divan, so we were scattered about as best we could light on places. The main difficulty was to get a place that looked clean enough to sit upon; for a dirtier palace I never saw, nor a more beggarly. One cannot say whether the head governor had taken all his traps with him when he went a-soldiering; but if what we saw really was his establishment, it is likely enough that he had gone away to avoid exposing his poverty.

"*Hosh Gueldin*," said the Turk; "you are welcome."

And now was to be seen a fine contrast between Oriental apathy and British energy. The Turk sank back on his seat, as if disengaged from all care, and not quite up to the trouble of entertaining his morning visitors. The English Captain sat bolt upright,

"at attention," and opened the business of the *séance* at once.

"Tell the Governor——"

"Stop a moment," said Mr —, "that's not the way to begin."

"What is the way then?"

"First, you must smoke a pipe—there's one coming this way. You would shock all their notions of propriety by entering abruptly on business. We must have first a little talk about things in general."

Just then the Governor roused up, and addressed to the Captain, through the dragoman, some observation on the weather or the crops. Then came a servant with a chibouque and coffee: and the head negotiators were soon co-operatively engaged.

And no bad way of beginning business either; especially in cases where there may be a little awkward rust to rub off. The only objection to the amusement in this case was, that it was not general—pipes being afforded only to the heads of departments. This was a style of treatment so different from all our experience, that it left me more fully persuaded than ever that the Caimacan had walked off with his goods and chattels, not forgetting his pipes.

This fumatory process proceeded for some time, almost in silence. It afforded the several parties opportunity to settle the speeches they intended to make, and certainly must have been useful in the way of allaying the angry passions of their several minds. We, who had none of the business on our consciences, and had come merely to make up the show, employed this interval in taking cognizance of the localities. The household appointments were sadly inferior to those we had been accustomed to see; and especially must this condemnation fall on the servants, who were a most dirty, ill-conditioned set. They stood clustered about the doorway in groups, looking furtively at us, and whispering counsel.

"Halloo!" said Mr —, "they have determined to be prepared for contingencies. There are the culprits, I see, in waiting for the bastinado, if such should be your demand."

And there, sure enough, they had the poor fellows just outside, waiting to be scourged for the propitiating of

our wrath. Evidently they were little aware that the affair had changed altogether its complexion; and that the culpability had in our eyes been transferred from the original rioters to the protectors of the riot.

When, eventually, the signal was given for commencing business, it was a fine thing to see how beautifully submissive the deputy had become. He began by declaring that he could not arrange the matter, but must refer it to his chief, and wanted much to put off the discussion till that functionary should arrive. On this it was hinted to him, that it would have been polite and proper had that gentleman remained in the way to settle the row, which had occurred by his own fault, but that we could not await his return. Either must they undertake at once to make full reparation for the wounded dignity of the Consul, and for the injurious treatment of the Ionian, or they would see what they should see. It needed little pressing on our part to break down the feint which had been set up by way of opposition. The deputy soon declared that all should be as we wished. He still stuck to his declaration, that the actual settlement of the business was beyond his province, and that he must wait for the sanction of his commanding officer. But meanwhile he took upon himself to declare the terms on which things might be considered virtually settled; and they were, that we were to have every thing our own way. This result was obtained by us without recourse had to any thing like bullying; and we were able, in this instance, to behave in a more civilised manner, because we were backed by so much real authority, and show of present power. But little doubt is there, that, however unfavourable the inference with respect to Turkish sense and honesty, the mode most commonly to be recommended in dealings with them, is by *in terrorem* proceeding. They cannot understand the co-ordinate existence of power and moderation. Very good fun will sometimes be enacted by the knowing for the cowing of a pasha; and in almost any case the only fear of *echouance* is where there may exist too much modesty. But only bully hard, and you are tolerably sure to gain

your point. It is by no means necessary that your arguments should carry the cogent force of soundness. Appearances are what weigh chiefly with those whose habits of thinking do not dispose them to discuss argument. One sharp-witted fellow that I knew brought to successful issue a decisive experiment on the readiness of pashas to be taken in by mere sound. He went into the vice-regal presence, attended by a dragoman whom he had previously instructed in the subject-matter to be propounded—some question of redress for grievance. It was necessary that he should say some thing on the occasion, and afford the appearance of telling the dragoman what to say; but as this person already knew his lesson, it was not necessary that what he said should be to him intelligible. Nothing occurred to him as likely to be more effective in delivery than the celebrated speech of Norval about the Grampian hills; which accordingly he recited with due emphasis, standing up to give the better effect to the scene. The end desired was fully attained. The pasha opened wide eyes, as the actor grew excited, and was visibly affected by the assumption of towering passion. He soon began to try to pacify him, and beg him to be easy. "Inshalla! all should be as he wished." The upshot of our argument with the deputy Caimacan was, that he would send immediately to his chief, for a confirmation of the pacification between us, and that meanwhile we were to amuse ourselves as well as we could. But for all we saw, amusement was one of the good things not easily to be had at Adalia. It is so deeply retired in uncivilisation, and so wanting withal in the excitements of energetic barbarism, that human life is there tamed down to the most passionless condition. It was, too, notwithstanding the season, a time of unusual commercial enterprise just then. It was the year of the murrain in Egypt, which destroyed so enormous a proportion of their cattle; and Mehemet Ali was sending in all directions to purchase horses, asses, and kine. A large corvette of his came in while we were there, on this service. She had landed her guns, and was filling her deck with live stock. There was also a deal of business going on just

then in the timber line. But little evidence of this brisk state of the markets was given by the people. A good many visitors certainly came off to see us; but that was rather a reason why we should have accused the populace of idleness. We were struck with the appearance of many of the old fellows who honoured us with visits. They retained, without exception, the orthodox dress and beard of the old school. Among them were a great number of the green turbans, which mark the sacred person of the "Hadji." Such a clustering of these distinguished characters made us fancy at first that Adalia itself must be invested with the idea of some peculiar sanctity. But we found that these gentlemen were merely *en route*, tarrying at Adalia, a great point of embarkation, for opportunity to pursue their journey. The place is in one of the great high roads to the Hedjaz: and of the swarms who pass through it every year, many pilgrims have not sufficient funds to defray the expense of travelling either way. It then becomes a work of charity for the more opulent of the faithful to speed them on the journey. But that they depend on such means of travelling is reason sufficient to account for long gaps in their line of locomotion, and for their congregating here in considerable numbers. Of all places likely to maintain the constant infection of plague, this must be one of the first: for notoriously among no people is the disease so rife as among the pilgrims.

The worthy consul did his best to embellish the days of our sojourn with pleasurable episodes. Society there was not likely to be any; but yet such as, for want of better, they had, he undertook to show us. He really seemed very much obliged to us for our opportune visit, and said that it would be the making of him. It certainly did seem to be quite necessary to the maintaining of the dignity of his office. One invitation we had from a merchant of the place, a man whom they described as being very rich, and of great influence; and a plan was laid for our having a picnic in the country. There is a place in the neighbourhood of the town

which has been prepared expressly for the use of those who make rural excursions. A thick grove of trees keeps off the sun, and soft turf lends a seat to the revellers. We could make out the top of the trees from the anchorage, for the country is of an elevated character, hanging out on lofty cliffs the different features of its panorama. The effect produced by this arrangement of the scenery is highly beautiful. It has in profusion one element of the beautiful, and that is the feature of cascade. There is in one point a congress of waterfalls, whereat may be counted no less than nine separate streams, which pour down their abundance from the cliffs into the sea. The good consul and his satellites bore us pretty constant company; and of great service they were in preserving order among the motley crew that constantly thronged our decks. We did not like to qualify the good report we had so far gained and maintained, by any exhibition of harshness towards the mob. But the sturdy janissary of Mr — thought nothing of laying his stick across a fellow's shoulders, by way of reminder to behave himself. I must say that many of them deserved it, and for their sakes can but hope that they profited by the attention.

Mr — had two men in attendance upon him, without whom he never stirred abroad. They were brothers, but filled situations of different rank. One was dragoman, a post of which the occupation entitled him to the consideration of a gentleman; the other was merely henchman or janissary, of which dignity the allocation is in the kitchen. I remember that it pained me to see one brother walk in to dinner, while the other poor fellow had to keep guard without. But they seemed well used to the enforcement of the distinction, and to find therein nothing of invidiousness. Fine fellows were they both, and highly lauded by their master. There is surely something extraordinary in these instances, where men are brought to devote themselves implicitly to a foreign service, in the heart of their country, and amid the full play of national prejudices. That they really are faithful followers, is I believe beyond doubt; and that sometimes

under trying circumstances. With these two individuals especially, we had so much intercourse, that we were enabled to see how admiration for the English entered into the main current of their feelings. It so happened that we had come here to the very place where that early victim to the zeal of travel, Mr Daniels, had shortly before met his doom. While following in the track of Mr Fellowes, he caught the fatal Xanthian fever; and after many relapses died here. That these men were very kind and attentive to him may be argument only of their humanity. But there was something in the emotion with which they spoke of him, that betokened a sense of fellowship, beyond what men of such differing creeds are apt to feel for a travelling stranger. They spoke of sitting up with him at night, giving him his medicine, and weeping for him, when there remained no room for active solicitude. The idea of dying amidst strangers in a foreign land, with no familiar face at the bedside, is a desolation whose thought cannot pass over the spirit without beclouding its sunniness. And yet we may rely upon it, that amongst those most affectionately tended and most generously wept, have been they who have met their last hour under such circumstances. Human hearts all vibrate in harmony to one chord: in the good this sympathy is ready: in the bad it is dulled; but never while life and hope remain, can the silver chord be said to be cut. And so it is, that the same image of the forlorn, which, as affecting any that we love, appeals at once to the deep wells of compassion, will cause the same feeling of compassion to thrill with the remotest stragglers of the family of Adam. It is not a matter of reasoning, but an instinct. There is in the sight of helpless suffering a power to disarm human ferocity. And if that be the gentlest death-pillow that is breathed upon by the prayer and lighted by the eye of family love, depend upon it that far from the ungentlest is that, whose presence has brought to rude and rough natures the putting off of their roughness, and the recognising of the sweet faculty of compassion. Happy is that desolation, even in the last

hour, which can awaken the heaven-like eagerness to be to the dying one a minister from his far-off home! A man might be happy so to die, that he might light up so much of heaven within a human breast.

Both these *attachés* of the consulate were men of note. The dragoman had been captain of a troop of cavalry in the service of Mehemet Ali, and on some quarrel with his commanding officer had left the service and kingdom. He was a person of polished manners, and some education, and thus enabled to produce agreeably in conversation the results of his experience of many lands and people. He rather astonished us with the extent to which he carried *jeune France* principles, that seem so entirely incompatible with the holding of Mahomedanism. But wonderful it is to see how the French spirit circulates in the most apathetic societies, seeming to find in them a latent vitality suited to its purpose. The manners of a Mussulman are so stereotyped, and his subjects of conversation so provided for by law, that it seemed quite an anomaly to see this Turk drinking wine after dinner, and talking like a man of the world. It would not seem that such an effect on the personal character is the invariable result of educating a Turk in Paris, though such an effect is exactly what we might expect. I have met a native of Constantinople, who had brought back with him from France only the language and the personal deportment, retaining withal the anti-reforming spirit of his orthodox brethren. But this spirit of resistance to innovation is fast fading away: and as innovation once begun here must lead to revolution, it is not difficult to foresee that a few more years only shall have passed, when the character of the Turk will have become historical, and the scenes that at present embellish their corner of the world, will have to be sought for in the descriptions of pen and pencil. Whether the influence emanate from the throne, or whether the court be following the popular metropolitan movement, it is difficult to say. But among them is assuredly at work the spirit of change, that must shortly carry away the mouldering edifice of their present institutions. This is

something too vetust to abide the shock of any agitation. Let us hope that their changes may be successively biassed towards the better: may they acquire the urbanity of our great masters in elegance, without their profligacy; and if they reject Mahomedanism, may it be to receive in exchange something better than mere infidelity.

The brother of the *ci-devant* captain was a quiet, unassuming fellow, who wanted language to communicate with us freely. Nevertheless he managed to interest us much, with an account of the sufferings and trials of his youth. They were by birth Moreote Turks; and in the revolution of that country, when first the Greeks arose against their Turkish masters, (for really one must particularise in talking of Greek revolutions,) they had suffered the loss of all their protecting kindred, and hardly, children as they were, by some kindly intervention, been themselves saved. It is a sad thing, but a truth, that in this exterminating war, the cold-blooded massacreing was not all on one side. The horror and hatred of these deeds have, with their infamy, rested chiefly on the Turks, because theirs was the power to exceed in enormity; but the black veil of guilt rests on both sides of the strife. Still, however blameable the Greeks may be, for the cruelty committed on occasion, they were far from having power to work the enormous destruction of harmless life, whose memory still weighs on the Turkish power, and whose record is still extant in the evidence of ruined and dispeopled cities. But a short time before coming to Adalia, we had visited the island of Scio—that island which once was the garden of the Levant, and the storehouse of her riches. Even now, the great majority of the Greek merchants who are so prosperous a body in London, are Sciotes; and in those days they had pretty well all the commerce of the Levant in their hands. They delighted themselves in adorning their beautiful island with the artifices which money can command to the decorating of nature. At present a mass of ruins defaces that lovely spot. One is disposed to wonder that the Turks have never been at the pains to clear away

the wreck of the town, if only for the sake of removing the monument of their cruelty. Mere selfish motives might induce them to be at that pains, and to restore this island to its former fitness for the habitations of the rich. At present it is one wide ruin; noble streets are there, with the shells of their houses remaining, as they were left in the day of massacre and pillage. The few inhabitants are stowed away in the one or two odd rooms of the old mansions that remain; being now reduced to such poverty that they have had neither spirit nor money to build for themselves; and probably finding it more congenial to the present spirit of their fortunes to roost among the bats and owls, rather than in trim streets. One occurrence gave us much pleasure, because it gave the lie to a story which has many abettors. It is said that when the garrison in the fortress, and the fleet before the town, were promoting the havoc, the English consul, from some punctilio on the subject of neutrality, refused shelter to the miserables who fled to his threshold. One old woman, in the story of her sufferings, gave us a full contradiction to this most incredible tradition. She had invited us into her dwelling to look at her wares, in the shape of preserves and purses—a strange combination, but nevertheless the articles by the sale of which they eke out their living. We were fully consoled for the trouble of passing over and through the *debris* of some half-dozen houses which lay between us and her domicile. It came out that she herself had been saved by flying to the English consulate. It was a comfort to hear this—and to hear it in a way that involved the fact of an indefinite number of refugees having found the same shelter. Many rejoice to say that the French consul was the only efficient protector in that day of horror; and of these times, though so recent, it is not easy always to get such correct information as may sustain a contradiction of popular report.

In a country of such limited resources in the way of amusement, it was not very easy for our zealous friends to cater for us, during the long days that we had to await the answer from the Caimacan. Riding was out of the question, and there were no

antiquities within reach. Thus were we cut off from the two great resources of men in our position. But they played their part of entertainers hospitably and well. They told us long stories of the courts, and of what was to be seen in actual service in the camp of the Egyptian viceroy. Above all, they did us good by showing how thoroughly happy the whole party had been rendered by our coming. We were only afraid that they might become a little too bumptious on the strength of it, and be, after giving us another job. But they did more than simply bear us company; they bore us to the cool grove, which I have said we could desery from the deck of our ship, there to be introduced to certain worthies, and to make *kef* in their company. Nothing to my mind comes up to an *al fresco* entertainment in proper season and country, be it understood; for an English gipsy party is a very different affair.

Our host conceived it to be a duty incumbent on him to develop, on this occasion, the full power of the resources of Adalia. We should have been far better satisfied if he had contented himself with doing things in a smaller way; but he was bent on magnificence. It was quite treat enough to lie on the soft turf, with the thick shade above, and to allow the hours to pass away as they led on evening. But he had been at the trouble to retain a band of musicians for our sakes. Such a set they were!—surpassing, in discordant prowess, the worst street musicians among our beggar melodists. It is quite surprising that invention has so long slumbered with these native artistes. With Musard concerts and Wilhelm music-meetings all around them, it is wonderful that they do not catch the note of something better than their villanous mandolins and single-noted pipes. Does any one need to be told what a mandolin is? It is something very different, let me assure him, from the ideal instrument of Moore's Melodies. Not even the lovely maidens that Moore paints could render tolerable a performance upon it; whereas it is made to resound by some especially ugly fellow, whose rascality of appearance is relieved by no touch of the poetic. I did once hear a Turco-Greek lady

perform, and on a more civilised instrument—a lady of high reputation as a performer on the guitar and a vocalist. And seldom has the spirit of romantic preparation received a more sudden chill than did mine on that occasion. Nothing could be more outrageously absurd than the whole thing was—accompaniment and song. I never afterwards was solicitous to hear an Oriental's musical performance; and am quite satisfied, that in them dwells no musical faculty, creative or perceptive; or that at least it is in a dormant state.

These musicians began with a symphony on the full band—mandolins leading, drums doing bass, and the whole lot of ugly fellows screeching forth what might have been esteemed air or accompaniment, as the case might be. That a sorry musical effect was produced will surprise no one who considers the build of the most musical of their instruments. The mandolin is by way of being a guitar, or banjo—only in a very small way indeed. Nothing has been added to the idea since first Mercury stumbled on the original *testudo*—indeed, I should guess that the dried sinews of a tortoise would give out a far purer sound than the jingling wires with which the mandolin is mounted. I have sometimes stood at the door of a *café*, or, to give it the real name, *καφενέιον*, and listened in wonder to the strains of some minstrel holding forth within. The wonder was, not that the man should play egregiously ill, but that the effect of good music should be produced by his evil playing. The people were evidently excited to sorrow when the attempt was at a mournful strain, and to ardour when the lilt took a loftier flight. To me who stood by, the difference of intention on the part of the performer was hardly discernible; indeed to be recognised only by the occasional catching of some familiar word in the burden of the song. The same observation may apply to the current Greek poetry. There can be no mistake in the conclusion, that it produces the effect of real poetry on the people, urging them in the direction whither works the imagination of the poet. But men of taste have come to, and can come to, but one decision on

the judgment of Romaic poetasters. The spirit of poetry has died out of, and is become extinct from the genius of their tongue. It is but the enthusiasm of by-gone days, the inkling of Attic glory, that lingers about the circumstances of their modern productions, and cheats men with the mere similarity of idiom. Poetry is of universal application, and were the pretensions of the modern Greek genuine, his productions would touch the hearts of the poetic of other lands.

These fellows who entertained us on this occasion, struck a good deal of enthusiasm out of their jingle,—enthusiasm to themselves, he it remarked, and not to us. I saw them grow sad in face, while the strain proceeded at a slow pace, and the *voce di canto* degenerated into a more lugubrious howl than ever. By these tokens, I judged them to be singing some tale of sorrow, and so it seemed they were. The gentleman who performed for us the part of Chorus, gave us to wit, that they were lamenting the fall of Algiers, and imprecating maledictions on the head of the French. This they evidently considered a delicate and appropriate attention to us as Englishmen. I was only surprised to find they entered so far into the family distinctions of the Franks. There was some heart, too, in the manner in which they gesticulated and declaimed; and I have little doubt but that they were in earnest—especially if any of these happened to have friends or relations down that way, who had been roused out of house and home by the Gallic Avatar. When they were tired with singing, or perhaps presumed that they had therewith tired us, they took to playing the fool. Not merely in a general sense, in which they may be said to have been so engaged all along; but with heavy effort, and under the express direction of a professional master of the ceremonies. The Adalian jester was a tall ugly fellow, who had considerable power of comic expression in his face, but whose forte lay in a cap of fantastic device. It was made of the skin of some animal, whose genus I will not venture to guess; and had been contrived in such fashion that the tail hung over the top, and whisked about at the caprice of the wearer. This was a never-failing

source of amusement to the performer himself, as well as to the native bystanders. As he bobbed his head up and down, and ran after this tail, the people burst into peals of laughter. They were quite taken up with the exhibition, except when they stole a moment now and then for a peep to see how the Frank visitors were amused with their wit. Besides this, the jester had a number of practical jokes, such as coming quietly alongside of some unsuspecting person, and catching hold of his leg, barking loudly the while, so as to make him think that some dog had bitten him. But this part of the performance was decidedly coarse, and did not improve our idea of the civilisation of the place. A good deal of sketching was going on in the course of this day; and the visages of some of these musicians, and especially of the jester, and of a blind old choragus, have been handed down to the posterity of our affectionate friends. We had a visit this day of a gentler kind. A Greek lady, the owner of considerable landed property in the place, came with her youthful daughter to interchange civilities with us. She was a plain, almost ugly old woman; but, like nine out of ten of all women extant, was of kind and *feminine* disposition. Moreover, like the rest of the ladies, she was very fond of talking; but, on this particular occasion, unhappily could speak no single word that would convey meaning to us. Still it was not to be expected that she could hold her tongue; so she squatted down by us, and talked, perhaps all the faster because she had the conversation all to herself. Her daughter was a young lady, whom by appearance in England, you would call somewhere in her teens; but, hereaway they are so precocious that one is constantly deceived in guessing their age. She would have been pretty if she had been clean; and was abundantly and expensively ornamented. Sometimes we hear it figuratively said of a domestic coquette, that she carries all her property on her back. These Greeks must be well off, if it may not sometimes be so said with propriety of them. They have a plan of advertising a young lady's assets, in a manner that must be

most satisfactory to fortune-hunters, and prevent the mistakes that with us constantly foil the best-laid plans. They turn a girl's fortune into money, and hang it—*at*, the fortune proper—the *gouge* and the *gougeon*—about her neck. They do not buy jewels worth so many hundreds or tens—but trans-pierce the actual coin, and of them compose a necklace of whose value there can be no doubt, and whose fashion is not very variable. This may be called a fair and above-board way of doing things. The swain, as he sits by the beloved object, may amuse himself by counting the number of precious links in the chain that is leading him into matrimony, and debate within himself, on sure data, the question whether or no he shall yield to the gentle influence. There would not have been much doubt about the monetary recommendations of this young lady, for she was abundantly gilt, as became the daughter of one reputed so rich as the old lady. Poor girls! It makes one sad to look upon them, brought up with so little idea of what is girlish and beautiful; to see them ignorant yet sophisticated, bejeweled and unwashed. This poor child was decked out in the most absurd manner, and sat for admiration most palpably. She also sat for something else, which was her picture. This was taken by several of the party, so much to the satisfaction of mother and daughter, that the old lady insisted on taking her turn as model. We invariably found them pleased with the productions of our art in these cases, and satisfied of the correctness of the likeness. The only objections they would occasionally make, would refer to the pretermission of some such thing as a tassel in the cap. The fidelity of the likeness they took implicitly on trust.

I have said we could not talk to this old lady, Greek though she was, and furnished though some of us were with the language of her compatriots. The deficiency was on her part—not on ours. She could not speak one single word of her own language. And so it is, that of all the Greeks of Adalia, not one can converse in the language of their fathers. Separated from their countrymen, they have become almost a distinct race; and, losing

that language of which they have no practice, have learnt to use as their own the vernacular of the land in which they are immigrants of such antiquity standing. They talk Turkish—live almost like Turks; and by their religion only are distinguished from their neighbours. For religious purposes they use their own language; and, by consequence, understand no single word of the ritual or lessons. This is certainly a singular national position—impossible, except from religious prevention. It is just the reverse of what may be seen elsewhere: for instance, in the mountains of Thessaly you find a colony of Germans, who, though completely shut in by the people of the land, and holding intercourse with none other, remain foreigners and Germans, resisting the tendency to amalgamation. So in Sicily you find the *Pomer della Grecia*, where the original Greek colonists have kept their language and customs in their integrity. But where else, save in this one spot, will you find people who, after having imbibed the influences of the country to the extent of adoption of its language, have been able to resist amalgamation with its denizens in every respect?

By the bye, these people have opened a sort of royal road to the acquisition of the Turkish language. The orthography of this language is a most vexed and perplexed affair. Those who have made the attempt to master its difficulties may say something in its vituperation; but the practice of many of those who are well acquainted therewith, says a great deal more. These Greeks, for instance, though they have adopted this language as their own, and have been accustomed in no other to list to their nurses, have altogether discarded the orthography. They speak as do the natives, but write in their own character: accommodating the flexible capabilities of their alphabet to the purposes of Turkish orthoepy. Thus have you the means of reading Turkish in a familiar character, which also has the advantage of presenting your words in a definite form. The real Turkish alphabet is anything but definite; at least to one within any decent term of years of his commencing the study. This is a mode of

teaching which I have known to be insisted on by at least one good master: though of course the man of any ambition would regard this by-way to knowledge as merely a step preliminary in the course.

This was not the only party at which we assisted during our visit. A rich Greek merchant invited us to enjoy the coolness of evening in his gardens. It was duly impressed on our minds by the gentleman of the place that this old fellow was worth his weight in gold. They did say that his name was good for £150,000—a long figure, certainly, to meet in such a place. He was a quiet-looking, unpretending person, with very much the air of a moneyed man. The hope that we had formed of seeing a display of the youth and fashion of Adalia was disappointed. It was by an express relaxation of the law of etiquette that we had the opportunity of seeing even the one or two ladies belonging to the family. Greeks, in their own country, though exceedingly jealous, and apt to build up alarms on the slightest foundation, are yet by no means chary in showing their women. In-doors and out, you will meet them, both old and young; and perfectly unconstrained and companionable you will find them. But here the case is far otherwise. They have acquired so much of Mussulman notions, that they do not allow their women to mix in society. This is the general rule: more pliant to occasion than the law of the Turks, which never yields. And not only here is there a strong feeling on this subject: the same prejudice prevails widely in the Turco-Greek islands. For instance, in Mytilene, on occasion of taking that long excursion which I have already mentioned, we observed that all the women we met were old and ugly. From this observed fact we drew conclusions unfavourable to the general appearance and presentability of the Mytilenian ladies. But subsequently we found the reason of the phenomenon to be, that the young and pretty girls were kept within doors, and the old ones alone allowed the privilege of walking forth—a difference of condition that might almost induce the girls of Mytilene to wish for age and wrinkles.

They did not, at Adalia, use us quite so ill as to withhold their ladies from the entertainment. The mother was there and a daughter—a young lady with the romantic name of Dúdù. With such a name as this she ought to have been very pretty, and certainly she did not fall far short of such condition. It was clearly to be perceived that she was unaccustomed to mix in general society, and that the company of strange men disturbed her. But she was not ungraceful either in manner or dress, or in her evident desire to please. The place of our reception was in the central court, which the best kind of houses preserve—a contrivance which gives to each of the four sides on which the building is disposed, the advantages of a pure and thorough current of air. Here we sat drinking sherbet, and, of course, smoking the unfailing chibouque. The lady mother was painfully anxious to talk to us, and pretty Miss Dúdù was seriously bent on listening; but we could not manage to execute a colloquy. All the civil things imaginable were expressed to us by gesture, and the young lady came out strong in the presentation of bouquets. One fortunate man received from her an orange, the only one remaining at that time in the garden; this we persuaded ourselves must, in their symbolical language, imply a declaration of some soft interest. Miss Dúdù would not have been such a very bad *parti*, being, as she was, the sole heirress of her father's thousands. However, she was, we understood, engaged already to a youth, who was obeying the cruel law prevalent in this place, which compels the accepted swain to absent himself from his inamorata for a long probation. I think the time was said to be a year; during which no communication must pass between the parties. Should the first overtures of a suitor be rejected, it is a settled matter of etiquette, that he never again is to see or speak to the young lady. This must be likely, we would think, to render a man cautious in proposing: but certainly it must tend to lessen the number of eventual old maids, by rendering the young ladies also chary of saying No, when they mean Yes. On

the whole, we can scarcely admire their matrimonial tactics. We found that we were among a family of Hadjis. Miss Dûdû was a Hadji, and so were her father and mother. In their case the place of pilgrimage is Jerusalem, a visit to which confers on them the respectable title of Hadji for life. This old gentleman had made a pious use of some of his money, by promoting the cause of pilgrimage among his less opulent brethren. The desire to tread the holy soil is common to them all; not only to the religious. These have their motives; but so also have the disorderly and wicked, who think that a world of cheating and ill-living is covered over by the wholesome cloak of pilgrimage. There are also certain less considerable places of pilgrimage, invested with considerable sanctity, though inferior in character to the one great rendezvous of the religious. Health to body seems often the expected result of visits to these secondary places, to which recourse will frequently be had when medical aid has failed to be available. Dûdû's father had made himself highly popular by chartering a vessel, and conveying, for charity's sake, as many devotees as chose to go on one of these minor expeditions. The island of Cyprus has a convent of peculiar sanctity, a visit to which is highly esteemed as an antidote to bodily ills. He gave a great number the opportunity of testing the truth of the tradition.

It was not bad fun, after all, tarrying a few days in Adalia: only, by choice, we would hardly choose that particular season for the excursion.

What between the Consul's gardens, and the old Greek, and the little bit of business we had upon our hands, we managed to get through the time pleasantly enough. We saw that we had here a good specimen of the variety of life commonly described as deadly-lively. Were it not that they have such a lot of strangers constantly passing through the place, they might seem to be in danger of a *moral anchylosis* of falling into a state of mind so rusty, as to be incapable of direction to any object, save such as lay before them, in the way of immediate physical requirement. The few days that we remained there did not afford time enough for the disease to make much head with us. Indeed, for us it was a variety of experience, sufficiently stirring for the time, to mark the ways of a people so deeply buried in imperturbability and incuriosity.

I think we were not sorry when at last the messenger returned from the Caimacan, and we found we were in condition to leave the place. The Consul was set on his legs again, and the English name in better odour than ever. The *attachés* of the consulate had taken care that our visit should fail in no degree of its wholesome influence, for want of their good word; and I fancy that the town's people thought themselves rather well off that we left their town standing. We left, too, with the full reputation for merciful dealing; as we had spared the poor soap-rioters the infliction of the bastinado.

And so we sped on our way to Rhodes.

PACIFIC ROVINGS.*

WE were much puzzled, a few weeks since, by a tantalising and unintelligible paragraph, pertinaciously reiterated in the London newspapers. Its brevity equalled its mystery; it consisted but of five words, the first and last in imposing majuscules. Thus it ran:—

“OMOO, by the author of TYPEE.”

With Trinculo we exclaimed, “What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive?” Who or what were Typee and Omoo? Were things or creatures thus designated? Did they exist on the earth, or in the air, or in the waters under the earth; were they spiritual or material, vegetable or mineral, brute or human? Were they newly-discovered planets, nicknamed whilst awaiting baptism, or strange fossils, contemporaries of the Megatherium, or Magyar dissyllables from Dr Bowring’s vocabulary? Perchance they were a pair of new singers for the Garden, or a fresh brace of beasts for the legitimate drama at Drury. Omoo might be the heavy elephant; Typee the light-comedy camel. Did danger lurk in the enigmatical words? Were they obscure intimations of treasonable designs, Swing advertisements, or masonic signs? Was the palace at Westminster in peril? had an agent of Barbarossa Joinville undermined the Trafalgar column? Were they conspirators’ watchwords, lovers’ letters, signals concerted between the robbers of Rogers’s bank? We tried them anagrammatically, but in vain: there was nought to be made of Omoo; shake it as we would, the O’s came uppermost; and by reversing Typee we obtained but a pitiful result. At last a bright gleam broke through the mist of conjecture. Omoo was a book. The outlandish title that had perplexed us was intended to perplex; it was a bait thrown out to that wide-mouthed fish, the public; a specimen of what is theatrically

styled *gag*. Having but an indifferent opinion of books ushered into existence by such charlatanical manœuvres, we thought no more of Omoo, until, musing the other day over our matutinal hyson, the volume itself was laid before us, and we suddenly found ourselves in the entertaining society of Marquesan Melville, the phoenix of modern voyagers, sprung, it would seem, from the mingled ashes of Captain Cook and Robin Crusoe.

Those who have read Mr Herman Melville’s former work will remember, those who have not are informed by the introduction to the present one, that the author, an educated American, whom circumstances had shipped as a common sailor on board a South-Seaman, was left by his vessel on the island of Nukuhiva, one of the Marquesan group. Here he remained some months, until taken off by a Sydney whaler, short-handed, and glad to catch him. At this point of his adventures he commences Omoo. The title is borrowed from the dialect of the Marquesas, and signifies a rover: the book is excellent, quite first-rate, the “clear grit,” as Mr Melville’s countrymen would say. Its chief fault, almost its only one, interferes little with the pleasure of reading it, will escape many, and is hardly worth insisting upon. Omoo is of the order composite, a skilfully concocted Robinsonade, where fictitious incident is ingeniously blended with genuine information. Doubtless its author has visited the countries he describes, but not in the capacity he states. He is no Munchausen; there is nothing improbable in his adventures, save their occurrence to himself, and that he should have been a man before the mast on board South-Sea traders, or whalers, or on any ship or ships whatever. His speech betrayeth him. His voyages and wanderings commenced, according to his own account,

* *Omoo; A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas.* By HERMAN MELVILLE. London: 1847.

at least as far back as the year 1838 ; for aught we know they are not yet at an end. On leaving Tahiti in 1843, he made sail for Japan, and the very book before us may have been scribbled on the greasy deck of a whaler, whilst floating amidst the coral reefs of the wide Pacific. True that in his preface, and in the month of January of the present year, Mr Melville hails from New York ; but in such matters we really place little dependence upon him. From his narrative we gather that this literary and gentlemanly common-sailor is quite a young man. His life, therefore, since he emerged from boyhood, has been spent in a ship's fore-castle, amongst the wildest and most ignorant class of mariners. Yet his tone is refined and well-bred ; he writes like one accustomed to good European society, who has read books and collected stores of information, other than could be perused or gathered in the places and amongst the rude associates he describes. These inconsistencies are glaring, and can hardly be explained. A wild freak or unfortunate act of folly, or a boyish thirst for adventure, sometimes drives lads of education to try life before the mast, but when suited for better things they seldom persevere ; and Mr Melville does not seem to us the manner of man to rest long contented with the coarse company and humble lot of merchant seamen. Other discrepancies strike us in his book and character. The train of suspicion once lighted, the flame runs rapidly along. Our misgivings begin with the title-page. " Lovel or Belville," says the Laird of Monkbarne, " are just the names which youngsters are apt to assume on such occasions." And Herman Melville sounds to us vastly like the harmonious and carefully selected appellation of an imaginary hero of romance. Separately the names are not uncommon ; we can urge no valid reason against their junction, and yet in this instance they fall suspiciously on our ear. We are similarly impressed by the dedication. Of the existence of Uncle Gansevoort, of Gansevoort, Saratoga County, we are wholly incredulous. We shall commission our New York correspondents to inquire as to the reality of Mr

Melville's avuncular relative, and, until certified of his corporality, shall set down the gentleman with the Dutch patronymic as a member of an imaginary clan.

Although glad to escape from Nukuheva, where he had been held in a sort of honourable captivity, Typee—the *alias* bestowed upon the rover by his new shipmates, after the valley whence they rescued him—was but indifferently pleased with the vessel on which he left it, and whose articles he signed as a seaman for one cruise. The Julia was of a beautiful model, and on or before a wind she sailed like a witch ; but that was all that could be said in her praise. She was rotten to the core, incommodious, and ill-provided, badly manned, and worse commanded. American-built, she dated from the Short war, had served as a privateer, been taken by the British, passed through many vicissitudes, and was in no condition for a long cruise in the Pacific. So mouldering was her fabric, that the reckless sailors, when seated in the fore-castle, dug their knives into the dank boards between them and eternity as easily as into the moist sides of some old pollard oak. She was much dilapidated and rapidly becoming more so ; for Black Baltimore, the ship's cook, when in want of firewood, did not scruple to hack splinters from the bits and beams. Lugubrious indeed was the aspect of the fore-castle. Landsmen, whose ideas of a sailor's sleeping-place are taken from the snow-white hammocks and exquisitely clean berth-deck of a man of war, or from the rough, but substantial comfort of a well-appointed merchantman, can form no conception of the surpassing and countless abominations of a South-Sea whaler. The " Little Jule," as her crew affectionately styled her, was a craft of two hundred tons or thereabouts ; she had sailed with thirty-two hands, whom desertion had reduced to twenty, but these were too many for the cramped and putrid nook in which they slept, ate, and smoked, and alternately desponded or were jovial, as sickness and discomfort, or a Saturday night's bottle and hopes of better luck, got the upper hand. Want of room, however, was one of

the least grievances of which the *Julia's* crew complained. It was a mere trifle, not worth the naming. They could have submitted to close stowage, had the dunnage been decent. But instead of swinging in cosy hammocks, they slept in *bunks* or wretched pigeon-holes, on fragments of sails, unclean rags, blanket-shreds, and the like. Such unenviable accommodations ought hardly to have been disputed with their luckless possessors, who nevertheless were not allowed to occupy in peace their broken-down bunks and scanty bedding. Two races of creatures, time out of mind the curse of old ships in warm latitudes, infested the *Julia's* fore-castle, resisting all efforts to dislodge or exterminate them, sometimes even getting the upper hand, dispossessing the tortured mariners, and driving them on deck in terror and despair. The sick only, hapless martyrs unable to leave their cribs, lay passive, if not resigned, and were trampled under foot by their ferocious and unfragrant foes. These were rats and cockroaches. Typee—we use the name he bore during his *Julian* tribulations—records a singular phenomenon in the nocturnal habits of the last-named vermin. “Every night they had a jubilee. The first symptom was an unusual clustering and humming amongst the swarms lining the beams overhead, and the inside of the sleeping-places. This was succeeded by a prodigious coming and going on the part of those living out of sight. Presently they all came forth; the larger sort racing over the chests and planks; winged monsters darting to and fro in the air; and the small fry buzzing in heaps almost in a state of fusion. On the first alarm, all who were able darted on deck; while some of the sick, who were too feeble, lay perfectly quiet, the distracted vermin running over them at pleasure. The performance lasted some ten minutes.” Persons there are, weak enough to view with loathing and aversion certain sable insects that stray at night in kitchen or in pantry, and barbarous enough to circumvent and destroy the odoriferous coleopteræ by artful devices of glass traps and scarlet wafers. Such persons will probably form their ideas of Typee’s cockroaches from their

own domestic opportunities of observation. That were unjust to the crew of the *Julia*, and would give no adequate idea of their sufferings. As a purring tabby to a roaring jaguar, so is a British black-beetle to a cockroach of the Southern Seas. We back our assertion by a quotation from our lamented friend Captain Cringle, who in his especially graphic and attractive style thus hits off the peculiarities of this graceful insect. “When full grown,” saith Thomas, “it is a large dingy brown-coloured beetle, about two inches long, with six legs, and two feelers as long as its body. It has a strong anti-hysterical flavour, something between rotten cheese and asafœtida, and seldom stirs abroad when the sun is up, but lies concealed in the most obscure and obscene crevices it can creep into; so that, when it is seen, its wings and body are thickly covered with dust and dirt of various shades, which any culprit who chances to fall asleep with his mouth open, is sure to reap the benefit of, as it has a great propensity to walk into it, partly for the sake of the crumbs adhering to the masticators, and also, apparently, with a scientific desire to inspect, by accurate admeasurement with the aforesaid antennæ, the state and condition of the whole potato-trap.” A description worthy of Buffon. Such were the delicate monsters, the savoury sexipedes, with whom Typee and his comrades had to wage incessant war. They were worse even than the rats, which were certainly bad enough. “Tame as Trenck’s mouse, they stood in their holes, peering at you like old grandfathers in a doorway;” watching for their prey, and disputing with the sailors the weevil-biscuit, rancid pork, and horse-beef, composing the *Julia's* stores; or smothering themselves, the luscious vermin, in molasses, which thereby acquired a rich woodcock flavour, whose cause became manifest when the treacle-jar ran low, greatly to the disgust and consternation of the biped consumers. There were no delicate feeders on board, but this saccharine essence of rat was too much even for the unscrupulous stomachs of South-Sea whalers. A queer set they were on board that Sydney barque. Paper

Jack, the captain, was a feeble Cockney, of meek spirit and puny frame, who glided about the vessel in a nankeen jacket and canvass pumps, a laughing-stock to his crew. The real command devolved upon the chief mate, John Jermin—a good sailor and brave fellow, but violent, and given to drink. The junior mate had deserted; of the four harpooners only one was left, a fierce barbarian of a New Zealander—an excellent mariner, whose stock of English was limited to nautical phrases and a frightful power of oath, but who, in spite of his cannibal origin, ranked as a sort of officer, in virtue of his harpoon, and took command of the ship when mate and captain were absent. What a capital story, by the bye, Typee tells us of one of this Bembo's whaling exploits! New Zealanders are brave and bloodthirsty, and excellent harpooners, and they act up to the South-Seaman's war-cry, "A dead whale or a stove boat!" There is a world of wild romance and thrilling adventure in the occasional glimpses of the whale fishery afforded us in Omoo; a strange picturesqueness and piratical mystery about the lawless class of seamen engaged in it. Such a portrait gallery as Typee makes out of the Julia's crew, beginning with Chips and Bungs, the carpenter and cooper, the "Cods," or leaders of the fore-castle, and descending until he arrives at poor Rope Yarn, or Ropey, as he was called, a stunted journeyman baker from Holborn, the most helpless and forlorn of all land-lubbers, the butt and drudge of the ship's company! A Dane, a Portuguese, a Finlander, a savage from Hivahoo, sundry English, Irish, and Americans, a daring Yankee *bench-comber*, called Salem, and Sydney Ben, a runaway ticket-of-leave-man, made up a crew much too weak to do any good in the whaling way. But the best fellow on board, and by far the most remarkable, was a disciple of Esculapius, known as Doctor Long-Ghost. Jermin is a good portrait; so is Captain Guy; but Long-Ghost is a jewel of a boy, a complete original, hit off with uncommon felicity. Nothing is told us of his early life. Typee takes him up on board

the Julia, shakes hands with him in the last page of the book, and informs us that he has never since seen or heard of him. So we become acquainted with but a small section of the doctor's life; his subsequent adventures are unknown, and, save a chance hint or two, his previous career is a mystery, unfathomable as the Tahitian coast, where, within a biscuit's toss of the coral shore, soundings there are none. Now and then he would obscurely refer to days more palmy and prosperous than those spent on board the Julia. But however great the contrast between his former fortunes and his then lowly position, he exhibited much calm philosophy and cheerful resignation. He was even merry and facetious, a practical wag of the very first order, and as such a great favourite with the whole ship's company, the captain excepted. He had arrived at Sydney in an emigrant ship, had expended his resources, and entered as doctor on board the Julia. All British whalers are bound to carry a medico, who is treated as a gentleman, so long as he behaves as such, and has nothing to do but to drug the men and play drafts with the captain. At first Long-Ghost and Captain Guy hit it off very well; until, in an unlucky hour, a dispute about politics destroyed their harmonious association. The captain got a thrashing; the mutinous doctor was put in confinement and on bread and water, ran away from the ship, was pursued, captured, and again imprisoned. Released at last, he resigned his office, refused to do duty, and went forward amongst the men. This was more magnanimous than wise. Long-Ghost was a sort of medical Tom Cofin, a raw-boned giant, upwards of two yards high, one of those men to whom the between-decks of a small craft is a residence little less afflicting than one of Cardinal Balue's iron cages. And to one who "had certainly, at some time or other, spent money, drunk Burgundy, and associated with gentlemen," the Julia's fore-castle must have contained a host of disagreeables, irrespective of rats and cockroaches, of its low roof, evil odours, damp timbers, and dungeon-like aspect. The captain's table, if

less luxurious than that of a royal yacht or New York liner, surely offered something better than the biscuits, hard as gun-flints and thoroughly honeycombed, and the shot-soup, "great round peas polishing themselves like pebbles by rolling about in tepid water," on which the restive man of medicine was fain to exercise his grinders during his abode forward. As regarded society, he lost little by relinquishing that of Guy the Cockney, since he obtained in exchange the intimacy of Melville the Yankee, who, to judge from his book, must be exceeding good company, and to whom he was a great resource. The doctor was a man of learning and accomplishments, who had made the most of his time whilst the sun shone on his side the hedge, and had rolled his ungainly carcass over half the world. "He quoted Virgil, and talked of Hobbes of Malmsbury, besides repeating poetry by the canto, especially *Hudibras*. In the easiest way imaginable, he could refer to an amour he had in Palermo, his lion-hunting before breakfast among the Caffres, and the quality of the coffee to be drunk in Muscat." Strangely must such reminiscences have sounded in a whaler's fore-castle, with Dunks the Dane, Finland Van, and Wymon-too the Savage, for auditors.

The Julia had hitherto had little luck in her cruise, and could scarcely hope for better in the state in which Typee found her. Besides the losses by desertion, her crew was weakened by disease. Several of the men lay sick in their berths, wholly unfit for duty. The captain himself was ill, and all would have derived benefit from a short sojourn in port; but this could not be thought of. The discipline of the ship was bad, and the sailors, desperate and unruly fellows, discontented, as well they might be, with their wretched provisions and uncomfortable state, were not to be trusted on or near shore. Three-fourths of them, had they once set foot on dry land, would have absconded, taken refuge in the woods or amongst the savages, and have submitted to any amount of tattoo, paint, and nose-ringing, rather than return to the ship. Already, at St Christina, one of the Marquesas, a large party had

made their escape in two of the four whale-boats, scuttling the third, and cutting the tackles of the fourth nearly through, so that when Bembo jumped in to clear it away, man and boat went souse into the water. By the assistance of a French corvette, and by bribing the king of the country with a musket and ammunition, the fugitives were captured. But it was more than probable that they and others would renew the attempt should opportunity offer; so there was no alternative but to keep the sea, and hope for better days and for the convalescence of the invalids. Two of these died. Neither Bible nor Prayer-book were on board the godless craft, and like dogs, without form of Christian burial, the dead were launched into the deep. The situation of the survivors inspired with considerable uneasiness the few amongst them capable of reflection. The captain was ignorant of navigation; it was the mate who, from the commencement of the voyage, had kept the ship's reckoning, and kept it all to himself. He had only to get washed overboard in a gale, or to walk over in a drunken fit, to leave his shipmates in a fix of the most unpleasant description, ignorant of latitude, longitude, and of every thing else necessary to be known to guide the vessel on her course. And as to the sperm whales, which Jermin had promised them in such abundance that they would only have to strike and take, not a single fin showed itself. At last the captain was reported dying, and the mate took counsel with Long-Ghost, Typee, and others of the crew. He would gladly have continued the cruise, but his wish was overruled, and the whaler's stern was turned towards the Society Islands.

The first glimpse of the peaks of Tahiti was hailed with transport by the Julia's weary mariners. They had got a notion that if the captain left the ship, their articles were no longer binding, and they should be free to follow his example. And, at any rate, the sickness on board and the shaky condition of the barque, guaranteed them, as they thought, long and blissful leisure amongst the waving palm-groves and soft-eyed Neuhas of Polynesia. Their arrival in sight of Papeetee, the Tahitian

capital, was welcomed by the boom of cannon. The frigate *Reine Blanche*, at whose fore flew the flag of Admiral De Petit Thouars, thus celebrated the compulsory treaty, concluded that morning, by which the island was ceded to the French.

Captain Guy and his baggage were now set on shore, and it was soon apparent to his men that whilst he nursed himself in the pure climate and pleasant shades of Tahiti, they were to put to sea under the mate's orders, and after a certain time to touch again at the island, and take off their commander. The vessel was not even allowed to go into port, although needing repairs, and in fact unseaworthy; and as to healing the sick, selfish Paper Jack thought only of solacing his own infirmities. The fury of the ill-fed, reckless, discontented crew, on discovering the project of their superiors, passed all bounds. Chips and Bungs volunteered to head a mutiny, and a round-robin was drawn up and signed. But when Wilson, an old acquaintance of Guy's, and acting consul in the absence of missionary Pritchard, came on board, the gallant cooper, who derived much of his courage from the grog-kid, was cowed and craven. The grievances brought forward, amongst others that of the *salt-horse*, (a horse's hoof with the shoe on, so swore the cook, had been found in the pickle,) were treated as trifles and pooh-poohed by the functionary, "a minute gentleman with a viciously pugged nose, and a decidedly thin pair of legs." But if Bungs allowed himself to be brow-beaten, so did not his comrades. Yankee Salem flourished a bowie-knife, and such alarming demonstrations were made, that the *counsellor*, as the sailors persisted in calling the consul, thought it wise to beat a retreat. Jernin now tried his hand, holding out brilliant prospects of a rich cargo of sperm oil, and a pocket-full of dollars for every man on his return to Sydney. The mutineers were proof alike against menace and blandishment, and, at the secret instigation of Long Ghost and Typee, resolutely refused to do duty. The consul, who had promised to return, did not show; and at last the mate, having now but a few invalids and landsmen to work the ship and keep

her off shore, was compelled to enter the harbour. The *Julia* came to an anchor within cable's length of the French frigate, on board which consul Wilson repaired to obtain assistance. The *Reine Blanche* was to sail in a few days for Valparaiso, and the mutineers expected to go with her and be delivered up to a British man-of-war. Undismayed by this prospect, they continued stanch in their contumacy, and presently an armed cutter, "painted a 'pirate black,' its crew a dark, grim-looking set, and the officers uncommonly fierce-looking little Frenchmen," conveyed them on board the frigate, where they were duly handcuffed, and secured by the ankle to a great iron bar bolted down to the berth-deck.

Touching the proceedings on board the French man-of-war, its imperfect discipline, and the strange, un-nautical way of carrying on the duty, Typee is jocular and satirical. American though he be—and, but for occasional slight yankeisms in his style, we might have doubted even that fact—he has evidently much more sympathy with his cousin John Bull than with his country's old allies, the French, whom he freely admits to be a clever and gallant nation, whilst he broadly hints that their valour is not likely to be displayed to advantage on the water. He finds too much of the military style about their marine institutions. Sailors should be fighting men, but not soldiers or musket-carriers, as they all are in turn in the French navy. He laughs at or objects to every thing; the mustaches of the officers, the system of punishment, the sour wine that replaces rum and water, the soup instead of junk, the pitiful little rolls baked on board, and distributed in lieu of hard biscuit. And whilst praising the build of their ships—the only thing about them he does praise—he ejaculates a hope, which sounds like a doubt, that they will not some day fall into the hands of the people across the Channel. "In case of war," he says, "what a fluttering of French ensigns there would be! for the Frenchman makes but an indifferent seaman, and though for the most part he fights well enough, somehow or

other, he seldom fights well enough to beat:"—at sea, be it understood. We are rather at a loss to comprehend the familiarity shown by Typee with the internal arrangements and architecture of the *Reine Blanche*. His time on board was passed in fetters; at nightfall on the fifth day he left the ship. How, we are curious to know, did he become acquainted with the minute details of "the crack craft in the French navy," with the disposition of her guns and decks, the complicated machinery by which certain exceedingly simple things were done, and even with the rich hangings, mirrors, and mahogany of the commodore's cabin? Surely the ragged and disreputable mutineer of the *Julia*, whose foot had scarcely touched the gangway, when he was hurried into confinement below, could have had scanty opportunity for such observations: unless, indeed, Herman Melville, or Typee, or the *Rover*, or by whatever other *alias* he be known, instead of creeping in at the hawse-holes, was welcomed on the quarter-deck and admitted to the gun-room, or to the commodore's cabin, an honoured guest in broad-cloth, not a despised merchant seaman in canvass frock and hat of tarpaulin. We shall not dwell on these small inconsistencies and oversights in an amusing book. We prefer accompanying the *Julia's* crew to Tahiti, where they were put on shore contrary to their expectations, and not altogether to their satisfaction, since they had anticipated a rapid run to Valparaiso, the fag-end of a cruise in an English man-of-war, and a speedy discharge at Portsmouth. Paper Jack and Consul Wilson had other designs, and still hoped to reclaim them to their duty on board the crazy *Julia*. On their stubborn refusal, they were given in charge to a fat, good-humoured, old Tahitian, called Captain Bob, who, at the head of an escort of natives, conveyed them up the country to a sort of shed, known as the Calabooza Beretanee or English jail, used as a prison for refractory sailors. This commences Typee's shore-going adventures, not less pleasant and original than his sea-faring ones; although it is with some regret that we lose sight of the vermin-haunted

barque, on whose board such strange and exciting scenes occurred.

Throughout the book, however, fun and incident abound, and we are consoled for our separation from poor little Jule, by the curious insight we obtain into the manners, morals, and condition of the gentle savages, on whom an attempted civilisation has brought far more curses than blessings.

"How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai,"

how gladsome and grateful the rustle of leaves and tinkle of rills, and silver-toned voices of Tahitian maidens, to the rough seamen who had so long been "cabined, cribbed, confined," in the *Julia's* filthy fore-castle! Not that they were allowed free range of the Eden of the South Seas. On board the *Reine Blanche* their ankles had been manacled to an iron bar; in the Calabooza, (from the Spanish *calabozo*, a dungeon,) they were placed in rude wooden stocks twenty feet long, constructed for the particular benefit of refractory mariners. There they lay, merry men all of a row, fed upon *taro* (Indian turnip) and bread-fruit, and covered up at night with one huge counterpane of brown *tappa*, the native cloth. It was owing to no friendly indulgence on the part of Guy and the consul, that their diet was so agreeable and salutary. Every morning Ropey came grinning into the prison, with a bucket full of the old worm-eaten biscuit from the *Julia*. It was a huge treat to the unfortunate Cockney, thus to be instrumental in the annoyance of his former persecutors; and lucky for him that their limbo'd legs prevented their rewarding his visible exultation otherwise than by a shower of maledictions. They swore to starve rather than consume the maggotty provender. Luckily the natives had it in very different estimation. They did not mind maggots, and held British biscuit to be a piquant and delicious delicacy. So in exchange for their allotted ration, the mutineers obtained a small quantity of vegetable food, and an unlimited supply of oranges, thanks to which refreshing regimen the sick were speedily restored to health. And after a few days of stocks and submission, jolly old Captain Bob, who spoke sailor's English, and obstinately

claimed intimacy with Captain Cook, —whose visit to the island had occurred some years before his birth—relaxed his severity, and allowed the captives their freedom during the day. They profited of this permission to forage a little, in a quiet way; assisting at pig-killings, and dropping in at dinner-time upon the wealthier of their neighbours. Tahitian hospitality is boundless, and the more praiseworthy that the island, although so fertile, produces but a scanty amount of edibles. Bread-fruit is the chief resource; fish, a very important one, the chief dependence of many of the poorer natives. There is little industry amongst them, and on the spontaneous produce of the soil the shipping make heavy demands. Polynesian indolence is proverbial. Very light labour would enable the Tahitians to roll in riches, at least according to their own estimate of the value of money and of the luxuries it procures. The sugar-cane is indigenous to the island, and of remarkably fine quality; cotton is of ready growth; but the fine existing plantations “are owned and worked by whites, who would rather pay a drunken sailor eighteen or twenty Spanish dollars a month, than hire a sober native for his fish and *taro*.” Wholly without energy, the Tahitians saunter away their lives in a state of drowsy indolence, aiming only at the avoidance of trouble, and the sensual enjoyment of the moment. The race rapidly diminishes. “In 1777, Captain Cook estimated the population of Tahiti at about two hundred thousand. By a regular census taken some four or five years ago, it was found to be only nine thousand !” Diseases of various kinds, entirely of European introduction, and chiefly the result of drunkenness and debauchery, account for this frightful decrease, which must result in the extinction of the aborigines.

“The palm-tree shall grow,
The coral shall spread,
But man shall cease.”

So runs an old Tahitian prophecy, soon to be realised. And if Pomaree, who is under forty years of age, proves a long-lived sovereign, she may chance to find herself a queen without subjects. Concerning her

majesty and her court, Typee is diffuse and diverting. This is an age of queens, and although her dominions be of the smallest, her people few and feeble, and her prerogative wofully clipped, she of Tahiti has made some noise in the world, and attracted a fair share of public attention. At one time, indeed, she was almost as much thought of and talked about as her more civilised and puissant European sisters. In France, *La Reine Pomaree*? was looked upon as a far more interesting personage than Spanish Isabel or Portuguese Maria; and extraordinary notions were formed as to the appearance, habits, and attributes of her dusky majesty. Distance favoured delusion, and French imagination ran riot in conjecture, until the reports of the valiant Thouars, and his squadron of protection, dissipated the enchantment, and reduced Pomaree to her true character, that of a lazy, dirty, licentious, Polynesian savage, who walks about barefoot, drinks spirits, and hen-pecks her husband. Her real name is Aimata, but she assumed, on ascending the throne, the royal patronymic by which she is best known. There were Cæsars in Rome, there are Pomarees in Tahiti. The name was originally assumed by the great Otoo, (to be read of in Captain Cook,) who united the whole island under one crown. It descended to his son, and then to his grandson, who came to the throne an infant, and, dying young, was succeeded by her present majesty, Pomaree Vahineé I., the first female Pomaree. This lady has been twice married. Her first husband was a king's son, but the union was ill assorted, a divorce obtained, and she took up with one Tancee, a chief from the neighbouring island of Imeco. She leads him a dog's life, and he consoles himself by getting drunk. In that state, he now and then violently breaks out, contemns the royal authority, thrashes his wife, and smashes the crockery. Captain Bob gave Typee an account of a burst of this sort, which occurred about seven years ago. Stimulated by the seditious advice of his boon companions, and under the influence of an unusually large dose of strong waters, the turbulent king-consort forgot the respect due to his

wife and sovereign, mounted his horse, and ran full tilt at the royal cavalcade, out for their afternoon ride in the park. One maid of honour was floored, the rest fled in terror, save and except Pomaree, who stood her ground like a man, and apostrophised her insubordinate spouse in the choicest Tahitian Billingsgate. For once her eloquence failed of effect. Dragged from her horse, her personal charms were deteriorated by a severe thumping on the face. This done, Othello-Tanee attempted to strangle her, and was in a fair way to succeed, when her loving subjects came to her rescue. So heinous a crime could not be overlooked, and Tanee was banished to his native island; but after a short time he declared his penitence, made *amende honorable*, and was restored to favour. He does not very often venture to thwart the will of his royal wife, much less to raise his hand against her sacred person, but submits with exemplary patience to her caprices and abuse, and even to the manual admonitions she not unfrequently bestows upon him.

Upon the whole, life at the Calabooza was not very disagreeable. The prisoners, now only nominally so, had little to complain of, except occasional short commons, arising not from unwillingness, but from disability, on the part of the kind-hearted natives, to satisfy the cravings of the hungry whalers, whose appetites were remarkable, especially that of lanky Doctor Long Ghost. The doctor was a stickler for quality as well as quantity; the memory of his claret and beccafico days still clung to him, like the scent of the roses to Tom Moore's broken gallipot; he was curious in condiments, and whilst devouring, grumbled at the unseasoned viands of Tahiti. Cayenne and Harvey abounded not in those latitudes, but pepper and salt were on board the *Julia*, and the doctor prevailed on Rope Yarn to bring him a supply. "This he placed in a small leather wallet, a monkey bag (so called by sailors) usually worn as a purse about the neck. 'In my poor opinion,' said Long Ghost, as he tucked the wallet out of sight, 'it behoves a stranger in Tahiti to have his knife in readiness, and his castor slung.'" And thus equipped, the doctor and his

brethren in captivity rambled over the verdant slopes and through the cool groves of Tahiti, bathed in the mountain streams, and luxuriated in orange orchards, where "the trees formed a dense shade, spreading overhead a dark, rustling vault, groined with boughs, and studded here and there with the ripened spheres, like gilded balls." Then they had plenty of society; native visitors flocked to see them, and Doctor Johnson, a resident English physician, was constant in his attendance, knowing that the Consul must pay his bill. Three French priests also called upon them, one of whom proved to be no Frenchman, but a portly, handsome, good-humoured Irishman, well known and much disliked by the Polynesian protestant missionaries. A strong attempt was made by Guy and Wilson to get the men to do duty. A schooner was about to sail for Sydney, and they were threatened to be sent thither for trial. They still refused to hand rope or break biscuit on board the *Julia*. Long Ghost made some cutting remarks on the captain; and the sailors, who had been taken down to the Consul's office for examination, began to bully, and talked of carrying off Consul and Captain to bear them company in the Calabooza. The same ill success attended subsequent attempts, until Captain Guy was compelled to look out for another crew, which he obtained with difficulty, and by a considerable advance of hard dollars. And at last, "It was Sunday in Tahiti, and a glorious morning, when Captain Bob, waddling into the Calabooza, startled us by announcing, 'Ah, my boy—shippee you, harree—maky sail!' in other words, the *Julia* was off," and had taken her stores of old biscuit with her: so the next morning the inmates of the Calabooza were without rations. The Consul would supply none, and it was pretty evident that he rather desired the departure of the obstinate seamen from that part of the island. The whole of his proceedings with regard to them had served but to render him ridiculous, and he wished them out of his neighbourhood; but the ex-prisoners found themselves pretty comfortable, and preferred remaining. They were better off than they had

for some time been, for Jermin—not such a bad fellow, after all—had sent them their chests ashore: and these, besides supplying them with sundry necessaries, gave them immense importance in Tahitian eyes. They had been kindly treated before, but now they were courted and flattered, like younger sons in marching regiments, who suddenly step into the family acres. The natives crowded round them, eager to swear eternal friendship, according to an old Polynesian custom, once universal in the islands, but that has fallen into considerable disuse, except when something is to be gained by its observance. A gentleman of the name of Kooloo fixed his affections upon Typee—or rather upon his goods and chattels; for when he had wheedled him out of a regatta shirt, and other small pieces of finery, he transferred his affections to a newly-arrived sailor, whose chest was better lined, and who bestowed on him a love-token, in the shape of a heavy pea-jacket. In this garment, closely buttoned up, Kooloo took morning promenades, with the tropical sun glaring down upon him. He frequently met his former friend, but passed him with a careless “How d’ye do?” which presently dwindled into a nod. “In one week’s time,” says poor Typee, “he gave me the cut direct, and lounged by without even nodding. He must have taken me for part of the landscape.”

After a while the contents of the chests, and even the chests themselves—esteemed by the Tahitians most valuable pieces of furniture—were given or bartered away, and, as the Consul still refused them rations, the sailors knew not how to live. The natives helped them as much as they could, but their larders were scantily furnished, and they grew tired of feeding fifteen hungry idlers. So at last the latter made a morning call upon the Consul, who, being unwilling to withdraw, and equally so to press, charges which he knew would not be sustained, refused to have any thing to say to them. Thereupon some of the party, strong in principle and resolution, and seeing how grievous an annoyance their presence was to their enemy, Wilson, swore to abide near him and never to leave him. Others,

less obstinate or more impatient of a change, resolved to decamp from the Calabooza. The first to depart were Typee and Long Ghost. They had received intelligence of a new plantation in Imeco, recently formed by foreigners, who wanted white labourers, and were expected at Papeete to seek them. With these men they took service under the names of Peter and Paul, at wages of fifteen silver dollars a month; and, after an affecting separation from their shipmates—whose respectable character may be judged of by the fact, that one of them picked Long Ghost’s pocket in the very act of embracing him,—they sailed away for Imeco, and arrived without accident in the valley of Martair, where the plantation was situate. The chapters recording their stay here are amongst the very best in the book, full of rich, quiet fun. Typee gives a capital description of his employers. They were two in number, both “whole-souled fellows; one was a tall robust Yankee, born in the backwoods of Maine, sallow, and with a long face; the other, a short little Cockney who had first clapped his eyes on the Monument.” Zeke the Yankee, had christened his comrade “Shorty;” and Shorty looked up to him with respect, and yielded to him in most things. Both showed themselves well disposed towards their new labourers, whom they at once discovered to be superior to their station. And they soon found their society so agreeable, that they were willing to keep them to do little more than nominal work. As to making them efficient farm servants, they quickly gave up that idea. As a sailor, Typee had little fancy for husbandry; and the doctor found his long back terribly in his way when requested to dig potatoes and root up stumps, under a sun which, as Shorty said, “was hot enough to melt the nose off a brass monkey.” Long Ghost very soon gave in; the extraction of a single tree-root settled him; he pleaded illness, and retired to his hammock, but was considerably vexed when he heard the Yankee propose a bullock hunting expedition, in which, as a sick man, he could not decently take part. This was only the prologue to his annoyances. Mosquitoes, unknown in

Tahiti, abound in Imeco. They were brought there, according to a native tradition, by one Nathan Coleman, of Nantucket, who, in revenge for some fancied grievance, towed a rotten water-cask ashore, and left it in a neglected *taro* patch, where the ground was moist and warm. Mosquitoes were the result. "When tormented by them, I found much relief in coupling the word Coleman with another of one syllable, and pronouncing them together energetically." The mosquito chapter is very amusing, showing the various comical and ingenious manoeuvres of the friends to avoid their tormentors, and obtain a night's sleep. At last they entered a fishing canoe, paddled some distance from shore, and dropped the native anchor, a stone secured to a rope. They were awakened in the morning by the motion of their boat. Zeke was wading in the shallow water, and towing them from a reef towards which they had drifted. "The water-sprites had rolled our stone out of its noose, and we had floated away." This was a narrow escape, but nevertheless they stuck to their floating bedstead as the only possible sleeping place. A day's successful hunting, followed by a famous supper and jollification under a banian-tree, put the doctor in good humour, and he made himself vastly agreeable. The natives beheld his waggish pranks with infinite admiration, and Zeke looked upon him with particular favour; so much so, that when upon the following morning an order came from a ship at Papeete, for a supply of potatoes, he almost hesitated to tell funny Peter to assist in digging them up. But the emergency pressed, and the work must be done. So Peter and Paul were set to unearth the vegetables. This was no very cruel task, for "the rich tawny soil seemed specially adapted to the crop; the great yellow murrhies rolling out of the hills like eggs from a nest." But when they were dug up, they had to be carried to the beach; and to this part of the business the lazy adventurers had a special dislike, although Zeke kindly provided them, to lighten their toil, with what he called the barrel machine—a sort of rural sedan, in which the servants carried their loads with comparative ease, whilst

their employers sweated under shouldered hampers. But no alleviation could reconcile the sailor and the physician to this novel and unpleasant labour, and the potato-digging was the last piece of work, deserving the name, that either of them did. A few days afterwards they gave their masters warning, greatly to the vexation of Zeke, although he received the notice with true Yankee imperturbability. He proposed that Long Ghost, who, after the hunt, had shown considerable culinary skill, should assume the office of cook, and that Paul-Typee should only work when it suited him, which would not have been very often. The offer was friendly and favourable, but it was refused. A hospitable invitation to remain as guests as long as was convenient to them, was likewise rejected, and, bent upon a ramble, the restless adventurers left the vale of Martair. Even greater inducements would probably have been insufficient to keep them there. They had been so long on the rove, that change of scene had become essential to their happiness. The doctor, especially, was anxious to be off to Tamai, an inland village on the borders of a lake, where the fruits were the finest, and the women the most beautiful and unsophisticated in all the Society Islands. Epicurean Long Ghost had set his mind upon visiting this terrestrial paradise, and thither his steady chum willingly accompanied him. It was a day's journey on foot, allowing time for dinner and siesta; and the path lay through wood and ravine, unpeopled save by wild cattle. About noon they reached the heart of the island, thus pleasantly described. "It was a green, cool hollow among the mountains, into which we at last descended with a bound. The place was gushing with a hundred springs, and shaded over with great solemn trees, on whose mossy boles the moisture stood in beads." There is something delightfully hydropathic in these lines; they cool one like a shower-bath. He is a prime fellow, this common sailor Melville, at such scraps of description, terse and true, placing the scene before us in ten words. In long yarns he indulges not, but of such happy touches as the above, we could

quote a score. We have not room, either for them, or for an account of the valley of Tamai, its hospitable inhabitants, and its heathenish dances, performed in secret, and in dread of the missionaries, by whom such saturnalia are forbidden. The place was altogether so pleasant, that the doctor and his friend entertained serious thoughts of settling there, or at least of making a long stay, when one morning they were put to flight by the arrival of strangers, said to be missionaries, with whom, vagrants as they were, they had no wish to fall in. So they returned to their friend Zeke, nursing new and ambitious projects. They had no intention of remaining with the good-hearted Yankee, but merely paid him a flying visit, and that with an interested motive. What they wanted of him was this. Although feeling themselves gentlemen every inch, they were not always able to convince the world of their respectability. So they resolved to have a passport, and pitched upon Zeke to manufacture it, he being well known and much respected in Imeco. Zeke was gratified by the compliment, and set to work with a rooster's quill, and a piece of dirty paper. "Evidently he was not accustomed to composition; for his literary throes were so violent, that the doctor suggested that some sort of a Caesarian operation might be necessary. The precious paper was at last finished; and a great curiosity it was. We were much diverted with his reasons for not dating it. 'In this here dummed climate,' he observed, 'a feller can't keep the run of the months, no how; 'cause there's no seasons, no summer and winter to go by. One's eternally thinking it's always July, it's so pesky hot.' A passport provided, we cast about for some means of getting to Taloo."

The decline of the Tahitian monarchy—the degradation of the regal house of Pomaree, is painful to contemplate. The queen still wears a crown—a tinsel one, received as a present from her sister-sovereign of England,—she has also a court and a palace, such as they are; but her power is little more than nominal, her exchequer seldom otherwise than empty. Typee draws a touching contrast between times past and present.

"'I'm a greater man than King George,' said the incorrigible young Otoo, to the first missionaries; 'he rides on a horse and I on a man.' Such was the case. He travelled post through his dominions on the shoulders of his subjects, and relays of immortal beings were provided in all the valleys. But, alas! how times have changed! how transient human greatness! Some years since, Pomaree Vahinece I., granddaughter of the proud Otoo, went into the laundry business, publicly soliciting, by her agents, the washing of the linen belonging to officers of ships touching in her harbours." Into the court of this washerwoman-queen, Typee and Long Ghost were exceedingly anxious to penetrate. Vague ideas of favour and preferment haunted their brains. During their Polynesian cruise they had seen many instances of rapid advancement; vagabond foreigners, of all nations, domesticated in the families of chiefs and kings, and sometimes married to their daughters and sharing their power. At one of the Tonga islands, a scamp of a Welshman officiated as cupbearer to the king of the cannibals. The monarch of the Sandwich islands has three foreigners about his court—a Negro to beat the drum, a wooden-legged Portuguese to play the fiddle, and Mordecai, a juggler, to amuse his majesty with cups and balls and sleight of hand. On the Marquesan island of Hivahoo, they had found an English sailor who had attained to the highest dignity in the country. He had deserted from a merchant ship, and at once set up, on his own hook, as an independent sovereign, without dominions, but by disposition most belligerent. A musket and a store of cartridges were his whole possessions; but in a land where war was rife, carried on with the primitive weapons of spear and javelin, they were sufficiently important to make a native prince covet his alliance. His first battle was a decisive victory, a perfect Waterloo, and he became the Wellington of Hivahoo, receiving, as reward for his distinguished services, the hand of a princess, and a splendid dowry of hogs, mats, and other produce. To conform to the prejudices of his new family, he allowed himself to be tattoo-

ed, tabooed, and otherwise paganized, becoming as big a savage as any in the island. A blue shark adorned his forehead; a broad bar, of the same colour, traversed his face. The tabooing was a less ornamental but more decidedly useful formality, for by it his person was declared sacred and inviolable. Typee and his medical friend had a strong prejudice against cerulean sharks and the like embellishments; but if these could be dispensed with, they felt no disinclination to form part of Pomaree's household. They had not quite made up their minds what office would best suit them, but their circumstances were unprosperous, and they resolved not to be particular. They understood that the queen was mustering around her all the foreigners she could recruit, to make head against the French. She was then at Taloo, a village on the coast of Imeco, and thither the two adventurers betook themselves, hoping to be at once elevated to important posts at court; but quite resigned, in case of disappointment, to work as day-labourers in a sugar-plantation, or go to sea in a whaler, then in the harbour for wood and water. Disgusted with their desultory, hand-to-mouth existence, they yearned after respectability and a prime-ministership. To their sanguine anticipations, both of these seemed easy of attainment. Long Ghost, indeed, who, amongst his various accomplishments, was a very Orpheus upon the violin, insisted strongly upon the probability of his becoming a Tahitian Rizzio. But a necessary preliminary to the realisation of these day-dreams, was a presentation at court, and that was difficult to obtain. Once before Queen Pomaree, they doubted not but she, with Napoleonic sagacity, would discern their merits, and forthwith make Typee her admiral, and Long Ghost inspector-general of hospitals. But they lacked an introduction. The proper course, according to the practice of travelling nobodies, desirous of intruding their plebeianism into a foreign court, would have been to apply to their ambassadors. Unfortunately Deputy-Consul Wilson, the only person at hand of a diplomatic character, was by no means disposed to act as master of the ceremonies to the insur-

gents of the Julia. And their costume, it must be confessed, scarcely qualified them to appear at levee or drawing-room. A short time previously, their ragged and variegated garb had given them much the look of a brace of Polynesian Robert Macaires. Typee had made himself a new frock out of two old ones, a blue and a red, the irregular mingling of the colours producing a pleasing parrot-like effect; a tattered shirt of printed calico was twisted round his head, turban-fashion, the sleeves dangling behind, and bullock's-hide sandals protected his feet. The doctor was still more fantastical in his attire. He sported a *roora*, a garment similar to the South American poncho, a sort of mantle or blanket, with a hole in the centre, through which the head passes. This simple article of apparel, which in the doctor's case was of coarse brown tappa, fell in folds around his angular carcass, and in conjunction with a broad-brimmed hat of Panama grass, gave him the aspect of a decayed grandee. Thus clad, the two friends arrived in the neighbourhood of the royal residence, and there were fortunate enough to fall in with Mrs Po-Po, a benevolent Tahitian matron, who provided them with clean frocks and trousers, such as sailors wear, and in all respects was as good as a mother to them. Her husband, Jeremiah Po-Po, a man of substance and consideration, made them welcome in his house, fed and fostered them, without hope of fee or recompense. A little of this generous hospitality was owing to the hypocrisy of that villain, Long Ghost, who, finding his entertainers devoutly disposed, muttered a "Grace before Meat" over the succulent little porkers, baked *à la façon de Barbarie* in the ground, upon which their kind-hearted Amphitruon regaled them. But neither clean canvass, nor simulated piety, sufficed to draw upon the ambitious schemers the favourable notice of Queen Pomaree. Accustomed to sailors, she held them cheap. A uniform, though but the moth-eaten undress of a militia ensign, would have been a powerful auxiliary to their projects of aggrandisement. Like some others of her sex, Pomaree loves a soldier's coat, and maintained in more prosper-

ous days a formidable regiment of body-guards, in pasteboard shakos, and without breeches.

To go to court, however, Typee and his comrade were fully resolved; and they were not very scrupulous as to the manner of their introduction. They made up to a Marquesan gentleman of herculean proportions, whose office it was to take the princes of the blood an airing in his arms. Typee, who spoke his language, and had been at his native village, soon ingratiated himself with Marbonna, who introduced them to one of the queen's chamberlains. Bribery and corruption now came into play: a plug of tobacco proved an excellent passport to within the royal precincts, but then Marbonna was suddenly called away, and the intruders found themselves abandoned to their fate amongst the ladies of the court, amiable and affable damsels, whom a little "soft sawder" induced to conduct them into the queen's own drawing-room. Here were collected numerous costly articles of European manufacture, sent as presents to Pomaree. Writing-desks, cut glass and beautiful china, valuable engravings, and gilt candelabras, arms and instruments of all kinds, lay scratched and broken, musty and rusting amongst greasy calabashes, old matting, paddles, fish-spears, and rubbish

of all kinds. It was supper-time; and presently the queen came out of her private boudoir, attired in a blue silk gown and rich shawls, but without shoes or stockings. She lay down upon a mat, and fed herself with her fingers. Presumptuous Long Ghost, unabashed before royalty, was for immediately introducing himself and friend; but the attendants opposed this forward proceeding, and, in doing so, made such a fuss that the queen looked up from her calabash of fish, perceived the strangers, and ordered them out. Such was the first and last interview between Typee the mariner and Pomaree the queen.

"Disappointed in going to court, we determined upon going to sea." The *Leviathan*, an American whaler, lay in harbour, and Typee shipped on board her. Long Ghost would have done the same, but the Yankee captain disliked the cut of his jib, swore he was a "Sidney bird," and would have nought to say to him. So Typee divided his advance of wages with the medical spectre—drank with him a parting bottle of wine, surreptitiously purchased from a pilfering member of Pomaree's household—and sailed on a whaling cruise to the coast of Japan. We look forward with confidence and interest to an account of what there befel him.

ON THE NUTRITIVE QUALITIES OF THE BREAD NOW IN USE.

BY PROFESSOR JOHNSTON.

A FEW plain words on this subject may not be unacceptable to the popular reader at the present time.

We are fond of what is agreeable to the eye as well as pleasant to the taste, and therefore we love to have our bread made of the whitest and finest of the wheat. Attaching superior excellence to what thus pleases the eye, we call the good Scotch bannock an inferior food, and the wholesome black bread of the north of Europe a disgusting article of diet. When our experience and knowledge are local and confined, our opinions necessarily partake of a similar character.

In regard to the different qualities of wheat flour, our judgments are not so severe. All things which pertain to this aristocratic grain—this staff of English life—like the liveries and horses of a great man—are treated with a certain degree of respect. Still, they are only the appendages of the noble seed, and the more thoroughly they are got rid of, the better the kernel is supposed to become.

In many of our old-fashioned families, indeed, the practice still lingers of baking bread from the whole meal of wheat for common use in the kitchen or hall, and for occasional consumption on the master's table. An enthusiastic physician also now and then rouses himself, and does battle with the national organs of taste on behalf of the darker bread, and the browner flour—and dyspeptic old gentlemen or mammas who have over-pampered their sickly darlings, listen to his fervid warnings, and the star of the brown loaf is for a month or two in the ascendant.

But gradually the warning sound is lost to the alarmed ear, and the pulses of the commoved air waft it on to mingle with the thousand other long-quenched voices which people the distant realms of space, and form together that unutterable harmony

which, by consent of the poets, is named the music of the spheres.

There are times, however, when good men, though aware of this passing tendency of human efforts, and of the thankless impotency of a struggle against the public voice—that *vox populi* which wise men (so-called) have pronounced to be also *vox Dei*—will nevertheless return to what they believe to be a useful though unvalued labour. The present is one in which any thing which can be said in favour of the less-valued parts of our imperial grain, will be more readily listened to than at any other period in the lifetime of the existing generation; and being listened to, may be productive of the greatest national good.

I propose, therefore, to show, in an intelligible manner, that whole meal flour is really more nourishing, as well as more wholesome, than fine white flour as food for man.

The solid parts of the human body consist, principally, of three several portions: the fat, the muscle, and the bone. These three substances are liable to constant waste in the living body, and therefore must be constantly renewed from the food that we eat. The vegetable food we consume contains these three substances almost ready formed. The plant is the brick-maker. The animal voluntarily introduces these bricks into its stomach, and then involuntarily—through the operation of the mysterious machinery within—picks out these bricks, transports them to the different parts of the body, and builds them into their appropriate places. As the miller at his mill throws into the hopper the unground grain, and forthwith, by the involuntary movements of the machinery, receives in his several sacks the fine flour, the seconds, the middlings, the pollard, and the bran; so in the human body, by a still more refined separation, the fat is extracted

and deposited here, the muscular matter there, and the bony material in a third locality, where it can not only be stored up, but where its presence is actually at the moment necessary.

Again, the fluid parts of the body contain the same substances in a liquid form, on their way to or from the several parts of the body in which they are required. They include also a portion of salt or saline matter which is dissolved in them, as we dissolve common salt in our soup, or Epsom salts in the pleasant draughts with which our doctors delight to vex us. This saline matter is also obtained from the food.

Now, it is self-evident, that that food must be the most nourishing which supplies all these ingredients of the body most abundantly on the whole, or in proportions most suited to the actual wants of the individual animal to which it is given.

How stands the question, then, in regard to this point between the brown bread and the white—the fine flour, and the whole meal of wheat?

The grain of wheat consists of two parts, with which the miller is familiar—the inner grain and the skin that covers it. The inner grain gives the pure wheat flour; the skin, when separated, forms the bran. The miller cannot entirely peel off the skin from his grain, and thus some of it is unavoidably ground up with his flour. By sifting, he separates it more or less completely: his seconds, middlings, &c., owing their colour to the proportion of brown bran that has passed through the sieve along with the flour. The whole meal, as it is called, of which the so-named brown *household bread* is made, consists of the entire grain ground up together—used as it comes from the mill-stones unsifted, and therefore containing all the bran.

The first white flour, therefore, may be said to contain no bran, while the whole meal contains all that grew naturally upon the grain.

What is the composition of these two portions of the seed? How much do they respectively contain of the several constituents of the animal body? How much of each is contained also in the whole grain?

1. *The fat.* Of this ingredient a thousand pounds of the

Whole grain, contain	23 lbs.
Fine Flour, „	20 „
Bran, „	60 „

So that the bran is much richer in fat than the interior part of the grain, and the whole grain ground together (whole meal) richer than the finer part of the flour in the proportion of nearly one half.

2. *The muscular matter.* I have had no opportunity as yet of ascertaining the relative proportions of this ingredient in the bran and fine flour of the same sample of grain. Numerous experiments, however, have been made in my laboratory, to determine these proportions in the fine flour and whole seed of several varieties of grain. The general result of these is, that the whole grain uniformly contains a larger quantity, weight for weight, than the fine flour extracted from it does. The particular results in the case of wheat and Indian corn were as follows:—A thousand pounds of the whole grain and of the fine flour contained of muscular matter respectively,—

	Whole grain.	Fine Flour
Wheat, .	156 lbs.	130 lbs.
Indian Corn, .	140	110

Of the material out of which the animal muscle is to be formed, the whole meal or grain of wheat contains one-fifth more than the finest flour does. For maintaining muscular strength, therefore, it must be more valuable in an equal proportion.

3. *Bone material and Saline matter.*—Of these mineral constituents, as they may be called, of the animal body, a thousand pounds of bran, whole meal and fine flour, contain respectively,—

Bran, . . .	700 lbs.
Whole meal, .	170 „
Fine flour, .	60 „

So that in regard to this important part of our food, necessary to all living animals, but especially to the young who are growing, and to the mother who is giving milk—the whole meal is three times more nourishing than the fine flour.

Our case is now made out. Weight for weight, the whole grain or meal is

more rich in all these three essential elements of a nutritive food, than the fine flour of wheat. By those whose only desire is to sustain their health and strength by the food they eat, ought not the whole meal to be preferred? To children who are rapidly growing, the browner the bread they eat, the more abundant the supply of the materials from which their increasing bones and muscles are to be produced. To the milk-giving mother, the same food, and for a similar reason, is the most appropriate.

A glance at their mutual relations in regard to the three substances, presented in one view, will show this more clearly. A thousand pounds of each contain of the three several ingredients the following proportions.

	Whole meal.	Fine flour.
Muscular matter,	156 lbs.	130 lbs.
Bone material, .	170 „	60 „
Fat,	28 „	20 „
Total in each,	354	210

Taking the three ingredients, therefore, together, the whole meal is one-half more valuable for fulfilling all the purposes of nutrition than the fine flour—and especially it is so in regard to the feeding of the young, the pregnant, and those who undergo much bodily fatigue.

It will not be denied that it is for a wise purpose that the Deity has so intimately associated, in the grain, the several substances which are necessary for the complete nutrition of animal bodies. The above considerations show how unwise we are in attempting to undo this natural collocation of materials. To please the eye and the palate, we sift out a less generally nutritive food,—and, to make up for what we have removed, experience teaches us to have recourse to animal food of various descriptions.

It is interesting to remark, even in apparently trivial things, how all nature is full of compensating processes. We give our servants household bread, while we live on the finest of the wheat ourselves. The mistress eats that which pleases the eye more, the maid which sustains and nourishes the body better.

But the whole meal is more wholesome, as well as more nutritive. It is

on account of its superior wholesomeness that those who are experienced in medicine usually recommend it to our attention. Experience in the laws of digestion brings us back to the simple admixture found in the natural seed. It is not an accidental thing that the proportions in which the ingredients of a truly sustaining food take their places in the seeds on which we live, should be best fitted at once to promote the health of the sedentary scholar, and to reinvigorate the strength of the active man when exhausted by bodily labour.

Some may say that the preceding observations are merely theoretical; and may demand the support of actual trial, before they will concede that the selection of the most nourishing and wholesome diet is hereafter to be regulated by the results of chemical analysis. The demand is reasonable in itself, and the so-called deductions of theory are entitled only to the rank of probable conjectures, till they have been tested by exact and repeated trials.

But such in this case have been made; and our theoretical considerations come in only to confirm the results of previous experiments—to explain why these results should have been obtained, and to extend and enforce the practical lessons which the results themselves appeared to inculcate.

Thus, from the experiments of Majendie and others, it was known that animals which in a few weeks died if fed only upon fine flour, lived long upon whole meal bread. The reason appears from our analytical investigations. The whole meal contains in large quantity the three forms of matter by which the several parts of the body are sustained, or successively renewed. We may feed a man long upon bread and water only, but unless we wish to kill him also, we must have the apparent cruelty to restrict him to the coarser kinds of bread. The charity which should supply him with fine white loaves instead, would in effect kill him by a lingering starvation.

Again, the pork-grower who buys bran from the miller, wonders at the remarkable feeding and fattening effect which this apparently woody and useless material has upon

his animals. The surprise ceases, however, and the practice is encouraged, and extended to other creatures, when the researches of the laboratory explain to him what the food itself contains, and what his growing animal requires.

Economy as well as comfort follow from an exact acquaintance with the wants of our bodies in their several conditions, and with the composition of the various articles of diet which are at our command. In the present condition of the country, this economy has become a vital question. It is a kind of Christian duty in every one to practise it as far as his means and his knowledge enable him.

Perhaps the whole amount of the economy which would follow the use of whole meal in stead of fine flour, may not strike every one who reads the above observations. The saving arises from two sources.

First, The amount of husk, separated by the miller from the wheat which he grinds, and which is not sold for human use, varies very much. I think we do not over-estimate it, when we consider it as forming one-eighth of the whole. On this supposition, eight pounds of wheat yield seven of flour-consumed by man, and one of pollard and bran which are given to animals—chiefly to poultry and pigs. If the whole meal be used, however, eight pounds of flour will be obtained, or eight people will be fed by the same weight of grain which only fed seven before.

Again, we have seen that the whole meal is more nutritious—so that this coarser flour will go farther than an equal weight of the fine. The numbers at which we arrived, from the results of analysis, show that, taking all the three sustaining elements of the food into consideration, the coarse is one-half more nutritive than the fine. Leaving a wide margin for the influence of circumstances, let us suppose it only one-eighth more nutritive, and we shall have now nine people nourished equally by the same weight of grain, which, when eaten as fine flour, would support only seven. *The wheat of the country*, in other words, *would in this form go one-fourth farther than at present.*

But some one may remark, if all

this good is to come from the mere use of the bran, why not recommend it to be withheld from the pigs, and consume it by man in some way alone? This would involve no change in the practice of our millers, and little in the habits and bread of the great mass of the population.

But such a course, if possible, would not bring us to the economical end we wish to attain. Suppose it could be made palatable and eaten by man, little comparative saving would be effected.

First, Because, when eaten alone, the fine flour will not go so far as when mixed with a certain proportion of bran: that is to say,—a given weight of fine flour will produce an increased nutritive effect when mixed with the bran: greater than is due to the constituents of the bran taken alone. The mixture of the two in reality increases the virtues of both. Again, if eaten alone, bran would prove too difficult, and therefore slow of digestion in most stomachs. Much would thus pass, unexhausted of its nutritive matter, through the alimentary canal, as whole oats often do through that of horses, and thus a considerable waste would ensue.

And further, supposing all to be dissolved in the stomach, there would still, of necessity, be a waste of material, since the bran actually contains a larger proportion of bone material and saline matter compared with its other ingredients, than the body, in its natural healthy state, can make use of. All this excess must, therefore, be rejected by the body, and, as nutritive matter, for the time be wasted.

Lastly, it is doubtful if bran alone contains enough of starch, or of any substitute for it, to meet the other demands of the human system. I have not spoken of the use of the starch of the grain in the preceding observations, because, as both whole meal and fine flour contain a sufficient quantity of it to supply the wants of the living animal, it was unnecessary to the main object of this paper. But with bran the case is different. It is doubtful if the purposes of the starch could be fully, and with sufficient speed, fulfilled by the ingredients which, in the bran, take the place of starch in the flour. The cellular fibre

or woody matter, of which it contains a considerable proportion, is too slowly soluble in the stomachs of ordinary men. While, therefore, much of it would pass through the body undigested, it would require to be eaten in far larger proportions than its composition indicates, if the body was to be supported, and thus a further waste would be incurred.

On the whole, therefore, we come back to the whole meal, as the most economical as well as the most nutritive and wholesome form in which the grain of wheat can be consumed. The Deity has done far better for us, by the natural mixtures to be found in the whole seed, than we can do for ourselves. The materials, both in form and in proportion, are adjusted in each seed, as wheat, in a way more suitable to us than any which, with our present knowledge, we appear able to devise.

A word to our Scottish readers, before we conclude. We do not recommend to you even the whole meal of wheat as a substitute for your oatmeal

or your oaten-cake. The oat is more nutritive even than the whole grain of wheat, taken weight for weight. For the growing boy, for the hard-working man, and for the portly matron, oatmeal contains the materials of the most hearty nourishment. This it owes in part to its peculiar chemical composition, and in part to its being, as it is used in Scotland, a kind of whole meal. The finely sifted oatmeal of Yorkshire and Lancashire is not so agreeable to a Scottish taste, and, I believe, is not so nutritious, as the rounder and coarser meal of the more northern counties.

While, therefore, the whole meal of wheat is superior to the fine flour, in economy, in nutritive power, and in wholesomeness, and therefore should be preferred by those who *must* live upon wheat,—in all these respects the oat has still the advantage, and therefore ought religiously to be adhered to. You owe it to the experience of your forefathers, for a thousand years, not to forsake it.

Durham, 19th May, 1847.

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